

now preparing to commence their last, not only for the season, but the last they should ever work together, as George was making preparations to go early in the spring to America. Even this running was going on to their satisfaction, and the singlings had been thrown again into the still, from the worm of which projected the strong medicinal *first-shot*, as the doubling commenced—this last term meaning the spirit in its pure and finished state. On this occasion the two worthies were more than ordinarily anxious, and certainly doubled their usual precautions against a surprise, for they knew that Pentland's visits resembled the pounces of a hawk or the springs of a tiger more than anything else to which they could compare them. In this they were not disappointed. When the doubling was about half finished, he made his appearance, attended by a strong party of reluctant soldiers—for, indeed, it is due to the military to state that they never took delight in harassing the country people at the command of a keg-hunter, as they generally nicknamed the gauger. It had been arranged that the vidette at the iron plate should whistle a particular tune the moment that the gauger or a red-coat, or in fact any person whom he did not know, should appear. Accordingly, about eight o'clock in the morning, they heard the little fellow, in his highest key, whistling up that well-known and very significant old Irish air "Go to the devil an' shake yourself"—which in this case was applied to the gauger in anything but an allegorical sense.

"Be the pins," which was George's usual oath, "be the pins, Mickey, it's over with us—Pentland's here, for there's the sign."

Mickey paused for a moment and listened very gravely; then squirting out a tobacco spittle, "Take it aisy," said he; "I have half a dozen fires about the hills, anyone as like this as your right hand is to your left. I didn't spare trouble, for I knew that if we'd get over this day, we'd be out of his power."

"Well, my good lad," said Pentland, addressing the vidette, "what's this fire for?"

"What is it for, is it?"

"Yes; if you don't let me know instantly, I'll blow your brains out, and get you hanged and transported afterwards." This he said with a thundering voice, cocking a large horse pistol at the same time.

"Why, sir," said the boy, "it's watchin' a still I am; but be the hole o' my coat, if you tell upon me, it's broilin' upon these coals I'll be soon."

"Where is the still, then? An' the still-house, where is it?"

"Oh, begorra, as to where the still or still-house is, they wouldn't tell *me* that."

"Why, sirra, didn't you say this moment you were watching a still?"

"I meant, sir," replied the lad, with a face that spoke of pure idiocy, "that it was the gauger I was watchin', and I was to whistle upon my fingers to let the boy at that fire on the hill there above know that he was comin'."

"Who told you to do so?"

"Little George, sir, and Mickey."

"Ay"

of th

most notorious schemers unhanged they are both. But now, like a good boy, tell me the truth, and I'll give you the price of a pair of shoes. Do you know where the still or still-house is? Because if you do, an' won't tell me, here are the soldiers at hand to make a prisoner of you; an' if they do, all the world can't prevent you from being hanged, drawn, and quartered."

"Oh, bad cess may seize the morsel o' me knows that; but if you'll give me the money, sir, I'll tell you who can bring you to it, for he tould me yesther-day mornin' that he know, an' offered to bring me there last night, if I'd steal him a bottle that my mother keeps the holy water in at home, tal he'd put whiskey in it."

"Well, my lad, who is this boy?"

"Do you know Harry Neil, or Mankind, sir?"

"I do, my good boy."

"Well, it's a son of his, sir; an' look, sir: do you see the smoke farthest up to the right, sir?"

"To the right? Yes."

"Well, 'tis there, sir, that Darby Neil is watchin'; and he *says* he knows."

"How long have you been watching here?"

"This is only the third day, sir, for *me*; but the rest, them boys above, has been here a good while."

"Have you seen nobody stirring about the hills since you came?"

"Only once, sir, yesterday, I seen two men having an empty sack or two, runnin' across the hill there above."

At this moment the military came up, for he had himself run forward in advance of them, and he repeated the substance of his conversation with our friend the vidette. Upon examining the stolidity of his countenance, in which there certainly was a woful deficiency of meaning, they agreed among themselves that his appearance justified the truth of the story which he told the gauger, and upon being still further interrogated, they were confirmed that none but a stupid lout like himself would entrust to his keeping any secret worth knowing. They now separated themselves into as many detached parties as there were fires burning on the hills about them, the gauger himself resolving to make for that which Darby Neil had in his keeping, for he could not help thinking that the vidette's story was too natural to be false. They were just in the act of separating themselves to pursue their different routes, when the lad said:

"Look, sir! look, sir! bad scran be from me, but there's a still, anyway. Sure I often seen a still: that's jist like the one that Philip Hogan the tinker mended in George Steen's barn."

"Hollo, boys," exclaimed Pentland; "stoop! stoop! they are coming this way, and don't see us: no, hang them, no! they have discovered us now, and are off towards Mossfield. By Jove, this will be a bitter trick if they succeed; confound them, they are bent for Ballagh, which is a fine place."

may I be hanged  
it is

vigour equal to the ingenuity of this singular act of retaliation on the gauger. Pentland himself being long-winded from much practice in this way, and being further stimulated by the prospective loss which he dreaded, made as beautiful a run of it as any man of his years could do. It was all in vain, however. He merely got far enough to see the still-head and worm heaved across the march ditch into his own property, and to reflect, after seeing it, that he was certain to have the double consolation of being made a standing joke of for life, and of paying heavily for the jest out of his own pocket. In the meantime, he was bound, of course, to seize the still, and report the caption; and, as he himself farmed the townland in question, the fine was levied to the last shilling, upon the very natural principle that, if he had been sufficiently active and vigilant, no man would have attempted to set up a still so convenient to his own residence and property.

This manœuvre of keeping in reserve an old or second set of apparatus, for the purpose of acting the lapwing and misleading the gauger, was afterwards often practised with success; but the first discoverer of it was undoubtedly Mickey M'Quade, although the honour of the discovery is attributed to his friend George Steen. The matter, however, did not actually end here, for in a few days afterwards some malicious wag—in other words, George himself—ad

correct information sent. Pentland touching the locality of the cavern and the secret of its entrance. On this occasion the latter brought a larger military party than usual along with him, but it was only to make him feel that he stood in a position if possible more ridiculous than the first. He found, indeed, the marks of recent distillation in the place, but nothing else. Every vessel and implement connected with the process had been removed, with the exception of one bottle of whiskey, to which was attached by a bit of twine the following friendly note:—

“MR. PENTLAND, SIR,—Take this bottle home and drink your own health. You can't do less. It was distilled *under your nose* the first day you came to look for us, and bottled for you while you were speaking to the little boy that made a hare of you. Being distilled, then, under your nose, let it be drunk in the same place, and don't forget while doing so to drink the health of  
“G. S.”

The incident went abroad like wildfire, and was known everywhere. Indeed for a long time it was the standing topic of the parish; and so sharply was it felt by Pentland that he could never keep his temper if asked, “Mr. Pentland, when did you see little George Steen?”—a question to which he was never known to give a civil reply.

## THE SHEBEEN HOUSE, AND THE CURSE OF KISHOGUE.

BY SAMUEL LOVER.

I HAD been wandering over a wild district, and thought myself fortunate, in default of better quarters, to alight upon a shebeen house, the *suberge* of Ireland. It had been raining heavily; I was wet, and there was a good turf fire to dry me. From many hours of exercise I was hungry, and there was a good rasher of bacon and a fresh egg to satisfy the cravings of nature; and to secure me from cold, as a consequence of the soaking I had experienced, there was a glass of pure “mountain dew” at my service—so pure, that its rustic simplicity had never been contaminated by such a worldly knowledge as the king's duty. What more might a reasonable man want, than a shebeen house, under such circumstances?

When I arrived at the house, the appearance of a well-dressed stranger seeking its hospitality created quite a “sensation;” the bare-legged girl, who acted in the capacity of waiter, was sent driving about in all directions; and I could overhear the

to her by “the mistress” from time

myself before the fire.

I tell you—

room;—hurry it up soon.” Then away trotted Judy; but before she had gone many steps there was another call.

“And, Judy!”

“Well, ma'am.”

“Put a candle in the tin sconce.”

“Sure, Terry Regan has the sconce within there”

—pointing to an adjoining apartment where some peasants were very busy making merry.

“Well, no matter for that; scoop out a pratee, and that'll do well enough for Terry—sure he knows no better—and take the sconce for the gentleman.”

I interrupted her here to beg she would not put herself to any inconvenience on my account, for I was very comfortable where I was, before her good fire.

“Oh, as for the fire, your honour, Judy shall put some live turf on the hearth, and you'll be as snug as you please.”

“Yes, but I should be very lonesome, sitting there all night by myself, and I would much rather stay where I am; this fire is so pleasant, you'll hardly make another as good to-night, and I like to see people about me.”

"Indeed, an' no wonder, sir, and that's thrue; but I'm afeard you'll find *them* men dhrinkin' within there troublesome; they're laughin' like mad."

"So much the better," said L; "I like to see people happy."

"Indeed, and your honour's mighty agreeable; but that's always the way with a gentleman—it makes no differ in life to the *real* qual'ty."

"Say no more about it," said I, "I beg of you; I can enjoy myself here by this good fire, and never mind the sponce, nor anything else that might inconvenience you; but let me have the rasher as soon as you can, and some more of that good stuff you have just given me, to make some punch, and I will be as happy as a king."

"Throth, then, you're aisely satisfied, sir; but sure, as I said before, a rale gentleman takes everything as it comes."

Accordingly, the rasher was dressed on the fire before which I sat, and it was not long before I did honour to the simple fare; and being supplied with the materials for making punch, I became my own brewer on the occasion.

In the meantime, the mirth grew louder in the adjoining compartment of the house; and Terry Regan, before alluded to, seemed to be a capital master of the revels; and while I enjoyed my own tipples beside the lively fire, I had all the advantage of overhearing the conversation of Terry and his party. This was of a very motley description: the forthcoming sporting events on a neighbouring racecourse, the last execution at the county jail, and an approaching fair, were matters of discussion for some time; but these gave place, at last, to the politics of the day.

It was the period when the final downfall of Napoleon had created such a sensation, and it was a long time before the peasantry of Ireland could believe that the hero of France was so utterly discomfited. The conversation of these peasant politicians turned upon his imprisonment at St. Helena, and some of the party, unwilling to believe it, doubted the affair altogether.

"By the powdher's o' war," said one, "I'll never b'lieve that he's a presoner. Tut—who could take him pres'ner? There's none o' them aignal to it."

"Oh, I'm afeard it's too thrue it is," said another.

"An' you b'lieve it then?" said a third.

"Faix, I do. Sure, Masther Frank—the captain, I mane, said he seen him there himself."

"Tare-an-ouns, did he see him in airnest?"

"Sure enough, faith, with his own two eyes."

"And was he in chains, like a rale pres'ner?"

"Oh, no, man alive! sure they wouldn't go for to put a chain an *him*, like any other housebraker, or the like o' that."

"Well, sure I heard them makin' spaches about it at the meetin' was beyant in the town last summer; and a gentleman out o' Dublin, *that kem down an purpose*, had the *hoith* o' fine language all about it; and I remember well he said these very words:—'They will never blot the stain from their *annuals*; and when he *dies* it will be a *livin'* disgrace to them: for

what can he do but die, says he, *non compossed* as he is by the wide ocean, chained, undher a burnin' *climax*, to that *salutary* rock? Oh! think o' that!!'—So you see he was chained, accordin' to his account."

"But, Masther Frank, I tell you, says he *seen* him; and there's no chain an him at all; but he says he is *there* for sartin."

"Oh, murther, murther!—Well, if he's there, sure he's a pres'ner, and that'll brake his heart."

"Oh, thrue for you;—think o' Bonyparty bein' a pres'ner like any other man, and him that was able to go over the whole world wherever he plazed, being obleeged to live on a rock."

"Ay," said the repeater of the *spache*, "and the villains to have him undher that burnin' climax. I wondher what is it."

"I didn't hear Masther Frank say a word about that. Oh, what will my poor Bony do, at all at all!!"

"Bedad, it is hard for to say."

"Begor!" said Terry Regan, who had been hitherto a silent listener, "I dunna what the devil he'll do wid himself now, *barrin' he takes to dhrink*."

"Faix, an' there is great comfort in the sup, sure enough," said one of his companions.

"To be sure there is," said Terry—"Musha, thin' Phil," said he to one of the party, "give us the 'Jug o' Punch,' the sorra betther song you have than that same, and sure it's just the very thing that will be *nate and opprobrious* at this present, as they say in the *spaches* at the char'ty dinners."

"Well, I'll do my endeavour, if it's plazin' to the company," said Phil."

"That's your sort," said Terry. "Rise it! your sowl!"

Phil then proceeded to sing, after some preliminary hums and hahs and coughing to clear his voice, the following old ballad:—

#### "THE JUG OF PUNCH.

"As I was sitting in my room,  
One pleasant evening in the month of June,  
I heard a thrush singing in a bush,  
And the tune he sung was a jug o' punch.  
Toor a loo! toor a loo! toor a loo!  
A jug o' punch, a jug o' punch,  
The tune he sung was a jug o' punch.

"What more divarashin might a man desire  
Than to be seated by a nate turf fire,  
And by his side a purty wench,  
And on the table a jug o' punch?  
Toor a loo, &c.

"The Muses twelve and Apollio famed,  
In *Castilian* pride dhrinks *pernicious*\* *shtraines*,  
But I would not grudge them tin times as much  
As long as I had a jug o' punch.  
Toor a loo, &c.

"Then the mortal gods dhrinks their nectar wine,  
And they tell me claret is very fine:  
But I'd give them all, just in a bunch,  
For one jolly pull at a jug o' punch.  
Toor a loo, &c.

\* How long the

"The docthor fails, with all his art,  
To cure an imprisonment in the heart;  
But if life was gone—within an inch—  
What would bring it back but a jug o' punch?  
Toor a loo, &c.

"But when I am dead and in my grave,  
No costly tombstone will I crave;  
But I'll dig a grave both wide and deep,  
With a jug o' punch at my head and feet.  
Toor a loo, toor a loo, toor a loo, fol lol dhe roll;  
A jug o' punch! a jug o' punch!!  
Oh, more power to your elbow, my jug o' punch!"

Most uproarious applause followed this brilliant lyric, and the thumping of fists and the pewter-pots on the table testified the admiration the company entertained for their minstrel.

"My sowl, Phil!" said Terry Regan, "it's betther and betther you're growing every night I hear you; the real choice sperit is in you that improves with age."

"Faith, an' there's no choicer spert than this same Mrs. Muldoody has in her house," said one of the party, on whom the liquor had begun to operate, and who did not take Terry Regan's allusion.

"Well, fill your glass again with it," said Terry doing the honours; and then, resuming the conversation and addressing Phil again, he said, "Why then, Phil, you have a terrible fine voice."

"Throth, an' you have, Phil," said another of the party; "it's a pity your mother hadn't more of yez;—oh, that I may see the woman that deserves you, and that I may dance at your weddin'!"

"Faix, an' I'd rather sing at my own wake," said Phil.

"Och, that you may be able!" said Terry Regan; "but I'm afeard there'll be a man hanged the day you die."

"Pray for yourself, Terry, if you plaze," said Phil.

"Well, sing us another song then."

"Not a one more I remimber," said Phil.

"Remember!" said Terry; "bad cess to me, but you know more songs than would make the fortune of a ballad singer."

"Throth, I can't think of one."

"Ah, don't think at all, man, but let the song out of you; sure it'll come of itself, if you're willin'."

"Bad cess to me if I remimber one."

"Oh, I'll jog your memory," said Terry, "sing us the song you deludhered owld Boony's daughter with."

"What's that?" said Phil.

"Oh, you purtind not to know, you desaiiver."

"Throth, an I don't," said Phil.

"Why, bad fortune to you, you know it well—sure the poor girl was never the same since she heerd it, you kem over her so, with the tindherness."

"Well, what was it, can't you tell me?"

"It was, 'The Pig that was in Aughrim.'"

"Oh, that's a beautiful song; sure enough, and it's no thrue in. Oh, them vagabone staymers that's no good—the divil a pig they'll

"Faix, I'm afeard so;—but that's no rule why you should not sing the song. Out with it, Phil, my boy."

"Well, here goes," said Phil, and he commenced singing, in a most doleful strain, the following ballad:—

#### "THE PIG THAT WAS IN AUGHHRIM.

"The pig that was in Aughrim was dhruv to foreign parts,  
And when he was goin' an the road it bruk the ould sow's heart.

"Oh," says she, 'my counthry's ruin'd and deserted now  
by all,  
And the rise of pigs in England will ensure the counthry's fall.

For the landlords and the pigs are all going hand in hand—"

"Oh! stop, Phil, jewel," said the fellow who had been doing so much honour to Mrs. Muldoody's liquor—"stop, Phil, my darlin'!"—and here he began to cry in a fit of drunken tenderness. "Oh! stop, Phil—that's too much for me—oh, I can't stand it at all. Murther, murther, but it's heart-breakin', so it is."

After some trouble on the part of his companions, this tender-hearted youth was reconciled to hearing the "Pig that was in Aughrim" concluded, though I would not vouch for so much on the part of my readers, and therefore I will quote no more of it. But he was not the only person who began to be influenced by the potent beverage that had been circulating, and the party became louder in their mirth, and more diffuse in their conversation, which occasionally was conducted on the good old plan of a Dutch concert, where every man plays his own tune. At last, one of the revellers, who had just sufficient sense left to know it was time to go, yet not sufficient resolution to put his notion in practice, got up and said, "Good-night, boys."

"Who's that sayin' good-night?" called out Terry Regan, in a tone of indignation.

"Oh, it's only me, and it's time for me to go, you know yourself, Terry," said the deserter; "and the wife will be as mad as a hatter if I stay out longer."

"By the powers o' Moll Kelly, if you had three wives you mustn't go yet," said the president.

"Bedad I must, Terry."

"Ah, then, why?"

"Bekase I must."

"That's so good a rayson, Barny, that I'll say no more—only mark my words: you'll be sorry."

"Will be sorry!" said Barny. "Faix, an' it's sorry enough I am—and small blame to me; for the company's pleasant and the dhrink's good."

"And why won't you stay, then?"

"Bekase I must go, as I towld you before."

"Well, be off wid you at wanst, and don't be spylin' good company if you won't stay. Be off wid you, I tell you, and don't be standin' there with your hat in your hand like an ass betwix two bundles o' hay, as you are, but go if you're goin'—and the Curse o' Kishogue an you!"

"Well, good-night, boys," said the departing reveller.

"Faix, you shall have no good-night from us.

You're a bad fellow, Barny Corrigan—so the Curse o' Kishogue an you!"

"Oh, tare an ouns," said Barny, pausing at the door, "don't put the curse an a man that is goin' the road, and has to pass by the Rath, more betoken, and no knowin' where the fairies would be."

"Throth, then, and I will," said Terry Regan, increasing in energy, as he saw Barny was irresolute; "and may the Curse o' Kishogue light on you again and again!"

"Oh, do you hear this!!!" exclaimed Barny, in a most comical state of distress.

"Ay!" shouted the whole party, almost at a breath, "the Curse o' Kishogue an you—and *your health to wear it!*"

"Why, then, what the dickens do you mane by *that* curse?" said Barny. "I thought I knew all the curses out, but I never heerd of the Curse o' Kishogue before."

"Oh, you poor ignorant craythur," said Terry; "where were you born and bred, at all at all? Oh, signs on it, you are always in a hurry to brake up good company, or it's not askin' you'd be for the maynin' of the Curse o' Kishogue."

"Why, then, what *does* it mane?" said Barny, thoroughly posed.

"Pull off your caubeen and sit down forinist me there, and tackle to the dhrink like a man, and it is I that will enlighten your benighted undherstandin', and a beautiful warnin' it will be to you all the days o' your life, and all snakin' chaps like you, that would be in a hurry to take to the road and leave a snug house like this, while there was the froth an the pot or the bead an the naggin'."

So Barny sat down again, amidst the shouts and laughter of his companions, and after the liquor had passed merrily round the table for some time, Terry commenced his explanation of

### "THE CURSE OF KISHOGUE."

You see there was wanst a mighty decent boy, called Kishogue—and not a complater chap was in the siven parishes nor himself—and for dhrinkin' or coortin' (and by the same token he was a darlint among the girls, he was so bowid), or cudgellin', or runnin', or wrastlin', or the like o' that, none could come near him; and at pattrern, or fair, or the dance, or the wake, Kishogue was the flower o' the flock.

Well, to be sure, the gentlemen iv the country did not belove him so well as his own sort—that is, the *sidherly* gentlemen; for as to the young squires, begor, they loved him like one of themselves, and betther a'most, for they knew well that Kishogue was the boy to put them up to all sorts and sizes of divilment and divarabin, and that was all they wanted—but the owld, studdy (steady) gentlemen—the responsible people like, didn't give into his ways at all;—and, in throth, they used to be thinkin' that if Kishogue was out of the country, body and bones, that the country would not be the worse iv it in the laste, and that the deer, and the hares, and the

partheridges wouldn't be scarcer in the laste, and that the throuth and the salmon would lade an aisier life:—but they could get no howlt of him good or bad, for he was as cute as a fox, and there was no sitch thing as getting him at an amplush at all, for he was like a weasel a'most—*asleep wid his eyes open.*

Well, that's the way it was for many a long day, and Kishogue was as happy as the day was long, until, as bad luck id have it, he made a mistake one night, as the story goes, and bedad, how he could make the same mistake was never cleared up yet, barrin' that the night was dark, or that Kishogue had a dhrup o' dhrink; but the mistake *was* made, and *this* was the mistake, you see: that he consaived he seen his own mare threspassin' an the man's field, by the roadside, and so with that, he cotched the mare—that is, the mare, to all appearance; but it was not his own mare, but the squire's horse, which he tuk for his own mare—all in a mistake, and he thought that she had sthrayed away, and not likin' to see *his* baste threspassin' an another man's field, what does he do, but he dhrives home the horse *in a mistake*, you see, and how he could do the like is hard to say, excep'n that the night was dark, as I said before, or that he had a dhrup too much in; but howsomever the mistake was made, and a sore mistake it was for poor Kishogue, for he never persaved it at all, until three days aafter, when the polisman kem to him and towld him he should go along with him.

"For what?" says Kishogue.

"Oh, you're mighty innocent," says the polisman.

"Thru for you, sir," says Kishogue, as quite (quiet) as a child. "And where are you goin' to take me, may I make bowld to ax, sir?" says he.

"To jail," says the Peeler.

"For what?" says Kishogue.

"For staalin' the squire's horse," says the Peeler.

"It's the first I heerd of it," says Kishogue.

"Throth, then, 'twont be the last you'll hear of it," says the other.

"Why, tare an ouns, sure it's no housebrakin' for a man to dhrive home his own mare," says Kishogue.

"No," says the Peeler; "but it is *burglaarious* to sarcumvint another man's horse," says he.

"But supposin' 'twas a mistake?" says Kishogue.

"Begor, it'll be the *dear* mistake to you," says the polisman.

"That's a *poor* case," says Kishogue.

But there was no use in talkin'—he might as well have been whistlin' jigs to a milestone as sthrivin' to invaigle the polisman, and the ind of it was, that he was obleeged to march off to jail, and there he lay in lavender, like Paddy Ward's pig, until he 'sizes kem an, and Kishogue, you see, bein' of a high sperrit, did not like the iday at all of bein undher a compliment to the king for his lodgin'. Besides, to a chap like him, that was all his life used to goin' round the world for sport, the thoughts o' confinement was altogether contagious, though indeed his friends endayvoured for to make it as agreeable to him as they could, for he was mightily beloved in the country, and they wor goin' to see

him mornin', noon, and night—throth, they led the turnkey a busy life lettin' them in and out, for they wor comin' and goin' evermore, like Mulligan's blanket.

Well, at last the 'sises kem an, and down kem the shoriffs, and the judge, and the jury, and the witnesses, all book-sworn to tell nothin' but the born truth; and with that, Kishogue was the first that was put an his thrial for not knowin' the differ betune his own mare and another man's horse, for they wished to give an example to the counthry, and he was bid to howld up his hand at the bar (and a fine big fist he had of his own, by the same token), and up he held it, no ways danted at all, but as bowld as a ram. Well, then, a chap in a black coat and a frizzled wig and spectacles gets up, and he reads and reads, and you'd think he'd never have done readin'; and it was all about Kishogue—as we heard afther—but could not make out at the time—and no wondher: and, in throth, Kishogue never done the half of what the dirty little ottomy was readin' about him—barrin' he knew lies iv him; and Kishogue himself, poor fellow, got frokened at last, when he heerd him goin' an at that rate about him, but afther a bit, he tuk heart and said:

"By this and by that, I never done the half o' that, anyhow."

"Silence in the coort!!!" says the crier—puttin' him down that-a-way. Oh, there's no justice for a poor boy at all!

"Oh, murther!" says Kishogue, "is a man's life to be sworn away afther this manner, and mustn't spake a word?"

"Howl' your tongue!" says my lord the judge. And so afther some more jabberin' and gibberish, the little man in the spectacles threw down the paper and asked Kishogue if he were guilty or not guilty.

"I never done it, my lord," says Kishogue.

"Answer as you are bid, sir," says the spectacle man.

"I'm innocent, my lord," says Kishogue.

"Bad cess to you, can't you say what you're bid," says my lord the judge; "guilty or not guilty."

"Not guilty," says Kishogue.

"I don't believe you," says the judge.

"Small blame to you," says Kishogue, "you're ped for hangin' people, and you must do something for your wages."

"You've too much prate, sir," says my lord.

"Faix, then, I'm thinkin' it's yourself and your friend the hangman will cure me o' that very soon," says Kishogue.

And thrus for him, faith, he wasn't far out in sayin' that same, for they murdered him intirely. They brought a terrible sight o' witnesses agin him, that swore away his life an the cross examination; and, indeed, sure enough, it was the crosset examination altogether I ever seen. Oh, they wor the bowld witnesses, that would *swear a hole in an iron pot* any day in the year. Not but that Kishogue's friends done their duty by him. Oh, they stad to him like men and swore a power for him—and ethrove to make out a *lullaby* for him; maynin', by that same,

that he was asleep in another place at the time;—but it wouldn't do, they could not make it *plasin'* to the judge and the jury; and my poor Kishogue was condinned for to die, and the judge put an his black cap, and indeed it's not becomin', and dis-coarsed the hoighth of fine language, and gev Kishogue a power o' good advice, *that it was a mortal pity Kishogue didn't get sooner*; and the last words the judge said was, "The Lord have marcy an your sowl!"

"Thank'ee, my lord," says Kishogue; "though indeed it is few has luck or grace afther your prayers."

And sure enough, faith; for the next Sathurday Kishogue was ordhered out to be hanged, and the sthreets through which he was to pass was mighty throng; for in them days, you see, the people used to be hanged outside o' the town, not all as one as now, when we're hanged genteelly out o' the front o' the jail; but in them days they did not attend to the comforts o' the people at all, but put them into a cart, all as one as a conthrairy pig goin' to market, and stravaiged them through the town to the gal-lows, that was full half a mile beyant it; but, to be sure, whin they kem to the corner of the crass streets, where the Widdy Houlaghan's public-house was then, afore them dirtyswaddlers knocked it down and built a meetin'-house there—bad cess to them, sure they're spylin' divarshin wherever they go,—when they kem there, as I was tellin' you, the purcesshin was always stopped, and they had a fiddler and mulled wine for the divarshin of the pres'ner, for to rise his heart for what he was to go through; for by all accounts, it is not *plasin'* to be goin' to be hanged, supposin' you die in a good cause itself, as my uncle Jim towld me when he suffered for killin' the gauger. Well, you see, they always stopped tin minutes at the public-house, not to hurry a man with his dhrink, and, besides, to give the pres'ner an opportunity for sayin' an odd word or so to a frind in the crowd, to say nothin' of its bein' mighty improvin' to the throng, to see the man lookin' pale at the thoughts o' death, and maybe an idification and warmin' to him that was inclined to sthray. But, however, it happened, and the like never happened afore nor sence; but, as bad luck would have it, that day, the devil a fiddler was there whin Kishogue dhruv up in the cart, noway; danted at all; but the minit the cart stopped rowlin', he came out as stout as a ram, "Sind me out Tim Riley here"—Tim Riley was the fiddler's name—"sind me out Tim Riley here," says he, "that he may rise my heart with the tune of 'The Rakes o' Mallow,'" for he was a Mallow man, by all accounts, and mighty proud of his town. Well, av coorse the tune was not to be had, becase Tim Riley was not there, but was lyin' dhrunk in a ditch at the same time comin' home from confussion, and when poor Kishogue heerd that he could not have his favourite tune, it wint to his heart to that degree, that he'd hear of no comfort in life, and he bid them dhrive him an, and put him out o' pain at warst.

"Oh, take the dhrink, anyhow, arcon," says the Widdy Houlaghan, who was mighty tindher-hearted,

and always attended the man that was goin' to be hanged with the dhrink herself, if he was ever so grate a sthranger; but if he was a friend of her own, she'd go every fut to the gallows wid him and see him suffer—oh, she was a darlint. Well,—“Take the dhrink, Kishogue, my jewel,” says she, handin' him up a brave big mug o' mulled wine, fit for a lord; but he wouldn't touch it. “Take it out o' my sight,” says he, for my heart is low bekase Tim Riley desaiued me, whin I expected to die game, like one of the Rakes o' Mallow! Take it out o' my sight,” says he, puttin' it away wid his hand—and sure 'twas the first time Kishogue was ever known to refuse the dhrup o' dhrink, and many remarked that it was the *change before death* was comin' over him.

Well, away they rowled to the gallows, where there was no delay in life for the pres'ner; and the sheriff asked him if he had anything to say to him before he suffered; but Kishogue hadn't a word to throw to a dog, and av coorse he said nothin' to the sheriff, and wouldn't say a word that might be improvin' even to the crowd, by way of an idification; and, indeed, a sore disappointment it was to the throng, for they thought he would make an iligant dyin' speech; and the prenthers there, and the ballad-singers all ready to take it down complate, and thought it was a dirty turn of Kishogue to chate them out o' their honest penny, like; but they owed him no spite, for all that, for they considered his heart was low an account of the disappointment, and he was lookin' mighty pale while they wor makin' matthers tidy for him; and, indeed, the last words he said to himself was, “Put me out o' pain at wanst, for ny heart is low bekase Tim Riley desaiued me, whin I thought he would rise it, that I might die like a rale Rake o' Mallow!” And so, to make a long story short, my jew'l, they done the business for him: it was soon over wid him; it was just one step wid him, aff o' the ladder into glory; and, to do him justice,

although he was lookin' pale, he died bowld, and put his best leg foremost.

Well, what would you think, but just as all was over wid him, there was a shout o' the crowd, and a shiloo that you'd think would split the sky; and what should we see gallopin' up to the gallows, but a man covered with dust an a white horse, to all appearance, but it wasn't a white horse but a black horse, only white wid the foam, he was dhruv to that degree, and the man hadn't a breath to dhraw, and couldn't spake, but dhrew a piece o' paper out of the breast of his coat and handed it up to the sheriff; and, my jew'l, the sheriff grew as white as the paper itself, when he clapt his eyes an it; and, says he, “Cut him down—cut him down this minute!” says he; and the dhragoons made a slash at the messenger, but he ducked his head and sarcumvinted them. And then the sheriff shouted out, “Stop, you villians, and bad luck to yiz, you murtherin' vagabones,” says he to the sojers; “is it goin' to murther the man you wor? It isn't him at all I mane, but the man that's hangin. Cut *him* down,” says he: and they cut him down; but it was no use. It was all over wid poor Kishogue; he was dead as small-beer, and as stiff as a crutch.

“Oh, tare an ouns,” says the sheriff, tarin' the hair aff his head at the same time, with the fair rage, “isn't it a poor case that he's dead, and here is a reprieve that is come for him; but, bad cess to him,” says he, “it's his own fault, he wouldn't take it aisy.”

“Oh, millia murther, millia murther!” cried out the Widdy Houlaghan in the crowd. “Oh, Kishogue, my darlint, why did you refuse my mulled wine? Oh, if you stopped wid me to take your dhrup o' dhrink, you'd be alive and merry now!”

So that is the maynin' of the Curse o' Kishogue; for, you see, Kishogue was hanged *for lavin' his liquor behind him*.

## A SPREE AT DONNYBROOK FAIR.

It was upon the 26th of August—isn't it strange that I should recollect the day of the month, though I forget the year!—that Bob O'Gorman, Dan Sweeny, Dick Hall, and a few other undergraduates of T.C.D., resolved to go to the fair and have a spree.

Dick was a little delicate, effeminate-looking “ould crab,” and so smock-faced that he would easily pass for a girl, and a rather good-looking one, if dressed in female attire.

But Dick's effeminacy was confined to his looks, or his muscular power far exceeded that of any man

an inch or two more in stature, or a stone more in weight. He was a perfect master of the small-sword, had no match at single-stick; and woe to the unhappy wretch who fell under the discipline of his little dony fists, for he was an accomplished amateur in the science of pugilism, then but little known and less practised than subsequently by gentlemen.

On the present occasion it was resolved that Dick should sustain the character of a girl, and much fun was anticipated from the punishment that the remainder of the party would inflict upon any pre-

sumptuous individual who should dare to molest the modest fair one.

At the end of the double range of tents called "Dame-street," was one called "the Larkers;" and as this was uniformly crowded by citizens of Dublin, it was scarcely possible for anyone, residing but for a month in town, not to be recognised by some person present, who immediately passed the name of the new-comer round, and he was surprised (if a raw one) to hear himself addressed by name, by persons whom he never saw in his life before.

It was at the entrance of this tent that a countryman stood, attired in a large frieze over-coat, and accompanied by a pretty, bashful-looking girl, apparently fresh from the "interior." After gaping for a considerable time, some gentlemen, amused by the wonderment that he exhibited, and probably somewhat touched by his companion's charms, called to him to "come in." With some reluctance he accepted the invitation, and, fearful of intruding upon the "gentlemen," seated himself awkwardly upon the end of a form; up it tilted, and down he went, to the great delight of the beholders. Having gathered himself up, he reseated himself more firmly, placing "Biddy" near him, she having declined all offers of other accommodation pressed on her by the company.

Paddy O'Neill (the name by which he announced himself), having been pretty well plied with punch, had grown very voluble, and seemed to be beginning to feel himself quite at home, had told many queer stories, and made his entertainers laugh very heartily, when two elderly gentlemen, closely muffled, entered rather stealthily, and sliding over, suddenly seated themselves behind Paddy. Biddy, who had been hitherto quite silent, answering every compliment or remark addressed to her only with a smile, gave Paddy a nudge, and whispered something into his ear, that caused him to turn and gaze at the new arrivals.

"Arrah, thin, Docthor M——, agraph, who'd ha' thought o' meetin' you here?" said he, addressing one of them, who sprang at the mention of his name, as if he had sat on the point of a stray nail; he and his companion, Dr. H——, both senior fellows of Trinity College, having disguised themselves, as they thought effectually, for the purpose of seeing, for the first time in their lives, the fair, and the fun of it, without being recognised in such an uncanonical assemblage. With this object they had avoided exposing themselves to the risk of walking down the tent, but had merely slipped in to reconnoitre from behind the shelter of the frieze-coated customer, who now, so inopportunistly and innocently, had announced the name of one of them.

"Hold your tongue, sir!" said Dr. M——; "you mistake me, sir."

"Arrah, docthor darlint, sure iv I mistake ye, ye needn't get into sich a confustration about id; bud, sure, I know ye too well to mistake ye. Sure, aint I the boy that had the misforthin to dhrop yer honour's riverence into the boghole, whin ye wint out to make believe ye were snipe shootin', down at Colonel Thrench's, last Candlemas was a twel'month."

"I don't know you, sir!" roared the doctor in an agony, hoping by his ferocity to overawe the countryman into silence; but Paddy had taken too much punch to notice the tone, and seemed incapable of entertaining or following up more than one idea at a time, and the one now before him was that of forcing himself, will he nill he, upon the recollection of the worthy doctor.

"Ye don't know me!—well, listen to that!—ye don't know me!—oh, well, iv that doesn't flog! Arrah, thin, maybe you don't recollect the boghole that ye wanted me to carry ye over, an' ye war so mortal heavy that my fut slipped, an' I had the luck to fall an my face, jist at the very edge iv the slush, an' ye pitched right over, head foremost, into the very middle iv it; an' iv it wasn't for the good luck that yer legs stuck out, jist the laste taste in life, by which I got a hould iv ye, sure wouldn't ye be lost intirely? An' don't ye——"

"Hold your tongue, you infernal scoundrel!" roared the enraged doctor, who saw that every eye was fixed upon him, and everyone's attention drawn to the spot, from the eagerness of manner and stentorian voice of Paddy, whose reminiscence had produced a roar of laughter. Escape, too, was utterly hopeless, for the tent had been filling, and the doorway was blocked up by those who were pressing forward from the outside to get a view of the speaker. "Hold your tongue, sirrah; you mistake me for someone else. I never was thrown into a boghole in my life."

"Oh! pillelieu! meellia murther! listen to that—as iv anyone that iver seen Docthor M—— ov Thrinity College could iver mistake him agin; bud sure, Docthor H—— there 'ill maybe help out yer mimory" (Dr. H—— gave a writhe, for he had hoped to have escaped, at least); "sure he was at the colonel's whin ye war brought home in the muck."

This announcement of the names and address of both the unfortunate betrayed was received with a shout, whilst Paddy's earnestness to free himself from the charge of having blundered increased every moment, and reminiscence followed reminiscence, each in a louder tone than the preceding, until his argument became a perfect shout, whilst the unlucky S.F.T.C.D.'s strove to outbellow him with their denials, and the audience laughed, shouted, and danced with glee at the fun.

"I protest," bawled Dr. H——, "that I do not know Colonel Trench. You mistake, my honest man; I never was at his place in my life. My friend here, Dr. M——, knows him, and has been there often; but I have not, I assure you."

"Oh! you ass," bellowed Dr. M——, "what do you acknowledge my name for? 'Tis no wonder they call you 'Leatherhead H——.'"

A renewed roar followed this piece of blundering recrimination.

"Never at Colonel Thrench's!—not you!—oh! ye desavin' ould villain!" screamed the hitherto silent Biddy. "Not you!—Do ye know me!—do ye!—do ye!—Do-o-o-o-o ye!!!" every repetition of "do ye"



being louder and longer than the last, until she finished in a terrific long shriek, squeezing her hands together upon her knees, and stamping alternately with her feet, with a rapidity that gave the effect of a shake to her voice.

"I do protest and declare," shouted the worthy doctor, "that I never, to my knowledge, saw your face before."

"Arrah, Biddy, avourneen, is this the ould Turk that ye tould me about, bud wouldn't minton his name, that was so imperant to ye? Scraub his face, the ould thief! and let me see iv he dar purvint ye, my darlin'. Tache him to behave himself to unpurlected faymales!"

Biddy, who seemed quite inclined to forestall her companion's orders, had sprung upon the unlucky doctor before the sentence was half finished. He strove in vain to shake her off; she clung to him like a wild-cat, screaming, shrieking, scolding, biting, scratching, and tearing, until at length she maddened him past all endurance by pulling two handfuls of hair successively out of a little that remained on his skull, for which he repaid her with two furious blows.

The spectators, who had hitherto looked on, and merely laughed at the entire affair as an excellent joke, had undergone a change of sentiment upon hearing the innuendo contained in Paddy's last speech; and, no longer considering the old gentlemen as a pair of innocents amusingly "blown," they now looked upon them as a pair of wicked old profligates, worse than young ones; and one, more zealous than the rest, shouting out "Shame! to strike the girl," stretched Dr. H— with a blow.

Dr. M—, irascible at all times, now lost all self-possession, and, unable to reach his friend's new assailant, turned furiously upon the cause of all his woe, and bestowed a shower of blows with his stick upon Paddy, before the latter had time to bring his cudgel to parry them. He soon recovered himself, however, and from defendant quickly became assailant.

Many of the bystanders indignantly called, "Murder the ould villain—knock out his brains, Paddy. That's right, Biddy; flitther him!" and several proceeded to give a helping hand to the good work; but others thought it was a shame for a whole lot of people to fall upon two, and in their love for justice they ranged themselves alongside the reverend doctors, shouting, "fair play's a jewel!" The fight thickened, volunteers joining either rank every moment, in the laudable endeavour to keep up the balance of power. Biddy had quitted her grip of the doctor, and was now, to the surprise of those who had time to look about them (and they were few), engaged in the endeavour to wrench a stick out of the hands of a huge hulk of an Englishman, who, having merely gone to see the fun at Donnybrook, without the most remote idea of joining in a fight, could not be persuaded of the necessity of giving his stick, as he did not intend to use it himself, to one who *did*, and that one a "female!" At first he laughed; but he was quickly obliged to put forth all

his strength to retain it, and, whilst twisting about, he caught a stray blow that floored him; he fell against a table, which, of course, overset; the confusion increased, when a shout suddenly arose, "Hurrah for Dr. M—! Hurrah for Dr. H—! Colledge to the rescue!—Trinity!—Trinity!"

At the well-known war-cry of the students several changed sides; those who had just been defending the doctors now turned upon them, whilst many of their late assailants ranged themselves on their side. The citizens, thinking that the number of students must be small, rushed to the spot, to pay off sundry old scores; but one would imagine that the cry of "Trinity! Trinity!" which resounded on all sides, was a sort of spell, or incantation, that raised spirits from the earth, so many voices responded to the call.

The unfortunate doctors, who had just expected nothing short of utter annihilation, felt their spirits rise at the prospect of aid and rescue, and bellowed with might and main, "Trinity! Trinity!" and in a few minutes they were the nucleus of a fight in which the whole fair had joined.

"The poliss!—the poliss!—here come the bloody poliss!" was now the cry; and the horse police dashed into the mob with their customary ardour, their spurs fastened in their horses' flanks causing them to plunge, and bite, and kick most furiously, and laying about them with their swords, cutting at everything and everyone within their reach; luckily they did not know the sword exercise, and, therefore, when they struck with the edge, it was only by accident. In a jiffy, the reverend seniors, caught in the very act of shouting "Trinity!" were handcuffed, as were also the Englishman, who got a blow of a sabre from a policeman that nearly took off his ear, for attempting to expostulate; Paddy, who submitted quietly; and Biddy, after a severe tussle, in which she reefed one policeman's face, and nearly bit the thumb off another. They were all put together into a jingle, and conducted by a mounted escort to town; the police hurrying them for fear of a rescue, by keeping continually whaling the driver with the flats of their swords, and prodding the horse with the points, which so enraged the jarvy, that when he got near the corner of Leeson-street, Stephen's-green, where two or three hundred of his brethren were assembled, having whipped his Rosinante into a gallop, he drove against a brewer's dray, by which his traces were smashed, his horse set free, the jingle locked fast, and he, springing off his perch, shouted out, "Down with the bloody poliss!"

In an instant the mob rushed upon them. Paddy and Biddy with an alacrity and agility truly astonishing, sprang from the lofty vehicle, plunged into the crowd (where there were plenty of willing hands to free them from the handcuffs), and escaped. Nor were the worthy doctors slow in following their example, the only prisoner that remained being the bewildered Englishman, who suffered "only" a three months' incarceration in his majesty's jail of Newgate for going to see Donnybrook, and the fun at it, his sentence having been mercifully

mitigated in consideration of its being his first offence!

"Well," said Dr. H——, when he went with his head bandaged up, a shade over his right eye, and about twenty bits of sticking-plaster stuck over his face, to visit Dr. M—— (who was unable to leave his bed for a week), "well, what a fool I was to be persuaded by you to go to Donnybrook fair! what a pretty exhibition we would have made at the police office this morning! Was it not most fortunate that we made our escape?"

"I have been thinking," said (or rather groaned) Dr. M——, "who that scoundrelly country fellow could be. I never fell into a bog in my life—that was all a lie; and still the blackguard's face was familiar to me."

"I think he was very like that scapegrace, Robert O'Gorman, only that he had light hair; and though, I could take my oath I know nothing of that infamous little wretch that they called Biddy, yet I do think I have seen her face before—hum——"

"Could it have been that he disguised himself, eh? I'll inquire into it, and if he did, by——"

"I think, my dear M——, you had better let it alone; the less we say about it the better. You know we really led the fight—that's a fact that can't be denied; though it surprises me how we were hooked into it."

A rustle at the door, followed by a loud knock, announced that the newspaper had been thrust into the letter-box, from which Dr. H—— immediately extracted it; and as he glanced over the page, the following paragraph met his eye. It was headed "Disgraceful and fatal riot at Donnybrook."

"It is with mingled feelings of indignation, horror, and contempt, that we feel bound, in discharge of our imperative, onerous, and painful duty to the

public, to give publicity to one of the most astounding, frightful, and overwhelming facts which it has ever fallen to our lot, as faithful journalists, to record. The peaceable, gentle, and innoxious inhabitants of the village of Donnybrook, and the casual visitors who sought a little innocent recreation at the fair now being holden, were, yesterday evening, thrown into a state of the utmost alarm, confusion, and dismay, by a barefaced attempt to carry off by brutal force a young girl from the guardianship and protection of her brother. It appears that they had gone into a tent to rest and refresh themselves (having probably over-exerted their light fantastic toes), when their savage assailants (respecting whose rank and station various rumours are afloat, which, for the present, we forbear from mentioning), rushed upon them, and endeavoured to force her away. The indignant bystanders interfered to prevent the outrage, when—will it, can it be believed? our pen trembles, and a cold thrill runs through us as we write it!—the worse than Indian war-whoop, the yell of the collegians was raised, and their numbers would in all human probability have succeeded, but for the timely interference of the police, to whose humanity, promptitude, and forbearance, upon the trying occasion, too much praise cannot be given. The riot was not quelled until the military were called out, and by three o'clock this morning all was again quiet. Up to the time of going to press we had only heard of sixteen lives being lost.

"Second Edition.—We stop the press to announce that no lives have been lost; but Sir Patrick Dunn's, the Meath, and Mercer's hospitals, are crowded with wounded. N.B. The soldiers were not called out.

"Third Edition.—Dr. Fitzgerald has just informed us that there are no wounded in either Sir Patrick's, the Meath, or Mercer's."

"Well," said Dr. H——, "if they are not there, we at least know where some of them are."

## BARNY O'REIRDON, THE NAVIGATOR.

BY SAMUEL LOVER.

### CHAP. I.—OUTWARD-BOUND.

A VERY striking characteristic of an Irishman is his unwillingness to be outdone. Some have asserted that this arises from vanity; but I have ever been unwilling to attribute an unamiable motive to my countrymen where a better may be found, and one equally tending to produce a similar result; and I consider a deep-seated spirit of emulation to originate this peculiarity. Phrenologists might resolve it by supposing the organ

of the love of approbation to predominate in our Irish craniums, and it may be so; but as I am not in the least a metaphysician, and very little of a phrenologist, I leave those who choose to settle the point in question, quite content with the knowledge of the fact with which I started, viz., the unwillingness of an Irishman to be outdone. This spirit, it is likely, may sometimes lead men into ridiculous positions; but it is equally probable that the desire of surpassing

one another has given birth to many of the noblest actions, and some of the most valuable inventions; let us, therefore, not fall out with it.

Now, having vindicated the *motives* of my countrymen, I will prove the total absence of national prejudice in so doing, by giving an illustration of the ridiculous consequences attendant upon this Hibernian peculiarity.

Barny O'Reirdon was a fisherman of Kinsale, and a heartier fellow never hauled a net or cast a line into deep water; indeed, Barny, independently of being a merry boy among his companions, a lover of good fun and good whiskey, was rather looked up to, by his brother fishermen, as an intelligent fellow, and few boats brought more fish to market than Barny O'Reirdon's; his opinion on certain points in the craft was considered law, and in short, in his own little community, Barny was what was commonly called a leading man. Now, your leading man is always jealous in an inverse ratio to the sphere of his influence, and the leader of a nation is less incensed at a rival's triumph than the great man of a village. If we pursue this descending scale, what a desperately jealous person the oracle of oyster-dredgers and cockle-women must be! Such was Barny O'Reirdon.

Seated one night in a public-house, the common resort of Barny and other marine curiosities, our hero got entangled in debate with what he called a strange sail—that is to say, a man he had never met before, and whom he was inclined to treat rather magisterially upon nautical subjects; at the same time that the stranger was equally inclined to assume the high hand over him, till at last the new-comer made a regular outbreak by exclaiming, “Ah, tare-an-ouns, lave off your balderdash, Mr. O'Reirdon; by the powdher's o' war it's enough, so it is, to make a dog bate his father, to hear you goin' an as if you wor Curlumberus or Sir Crustyphiz Wran, whin ivery one knows the divil a farther you ivir wor, nor ketchin' crabs or drudgin' oysters.”

“Who towld you that, my Watherford Wondher?” rejoined Barny: “what the dickens do you know about sayfarin', farther nor fishin' for sprats in a bowl wid your grandmother?”

“Oh, baithershin,” says the stranger.

“And who made you so bowld with my name?” demanded O'Reirdon.

“No matther for that,” said the stranger; “but if you'd like for to know, shure it's your cousin, Molly Mullins, knows me well, and maybe I don't know you and yours as well as the mother that bore you, ay, in throth; and shure I know the very thoughts o' you as well as if I was inside o' you, Barny O'Reirdon.”

“By my sowl, thin, you know betther thoughts than your own, Mr. Whippersnapper, if that's the name you go by.”

“No, it's not the name I go by; I've as good a name as your own, Mr. O'Reirdon, for want o' a betther, and that's O'Sullivan.”

“Throth there's more than there's good o' them,” said Barny.

“Good or bad, I'm a cousin o' your own, twice removed by the mother's side.”

“And is it the Widda O'Sullivan's boy you'd be that left this come Candlemas four years?”

“The same.”

“Throth, thin, you might know betther manners to your elders, though I'm glad to see you, anyhow, agin; but a little thravellin' puts us beyant ourselves sometimes,” said Barny, rather contemptuously.

“Throth, I niver bragged out o' myself yit, and it's what I say, that a man that's only a fishin' aff the land all his life has no business to compare in the regard o' thractericks wid a man that has sailed to Fingal.”

This silenced any further argument on Barny's part. Where Fingal lay was all Greek to him; but, unwilling to admit his ignorance, he covered his retreat with the usual address of his countrymen, and turned the bitterness of debate into the cordial flow of congratulation at seeing his cousin again.

The liquor was freely circulated, and the conversation began to take a different turn, in order to lead from that which had nearly ended in a quarrel between O'Reirdon and his relation.

The state of the crops, county cess, road jobs, &c., became topics, and various strictures as to the utility of the latter were indulged in, while the merits of the neighbouring farmers were canvassed.

“Why, thin,” said one, “that field o' whate o' Michael Coghlan, is the finest field o' whate mortal eyes was ever set upon—divil the likes iv it myself ever seen far or near.”

“Throth, thin, sure enough,” said another, “it promises to be a fine crap, anyhow; and myself can't help thinkin' it quare that Mickee Coghlan, that's a plain spoken, quite (quiet) man, and simple like, should have finer craps than Pether Kelly o' the big farm beyant, that knows all about the great saycrets o' the airth, and is knowledgeable to a degree, and has all the hard words that iver was coined at his fingers' ends.”

“Faith, he has a power o' *blasthogue* about him, sure enough,” said the former speaker, “if that could do him any good, but he isn't fit to hould a candle to Michael Coghlan in the regard o' farmin'.”

“Why, blur an agers,” rejoined the upholder of science, “sure he met the Scotch steward that the lord beyant has, one day, that I hear is a wondherful edicated man, and was brought over here to show us all a pattrern;—well, Pether Kelly met him one day, and, by gor, he discoursed him to that degree that the Scotch chap hadn't a word left in his jaw.”

“Well, and what was he the betther o' having more prate than a Scotchman?” asked the other.

“Why,” answered Kelly's friend, “I think it stands to rayson that the man that done out the Scotch steward ought to know somethin' more about farmin' than Mickee Coghlan.”

“Augh! don't talk to me about knowing,” said the other, rather contemptuously. “Sure I gev in to you that he has the power o' prate, and the gift o' the gab, and all to that. I own to you that he has the *o-ry* and the *che-mis-thery*, but he hasn't the *craps*. Now, the man that has the craps is the man for my money.”

"You're right, my boy," said O'Reirdon, with an approving thump of his brawny fist on the table; "it's a little talk goes far—*doin'* is the thing."

"Ah, yiz may run down larnin' if yiz like," said the undismayed stickler for theory versus practice; "but larnin' is a fine thing, and sure where would the world be at all only for it; sure where would the staymers (steamboats) be, only for larnin'?"

"Well," said O'Reirdon, "and the devil may care if we never seen them; I'd rather dipind an wind and canvas any day then the likes o' them. What are they good for but to turn good sailors into kitchen-maids, all as one bilin' a big pot o' wather and oilin' their fire-irons, and throwin' coals an the fire? Augh! thim staymers is a disgrace to the say; they're for all the world like owld fogies, smokin' from mornin' till night, and doin' no good."

"Do you call it doin' no good to go faster nor ships ivir wint before?"

"Pooh; sure Solomon, queen o' Sheba, said there was time enough for all things."

"Thru for you," said O'Sullivan, "*fair and aisy goes far in a day, is a good owld sayin'.*"

"Well, maybe you'll own to the improvemint they're makin' in the harbour o' Howth, beyant in Dublin, is some good?"

"We'll see whether it'll be an improvemint first," said the obdurate O'Reirdon.

"Why, man alive, sure you'll own it's the greatest o' good it is, takin' up the big rocks out o' the bottom o' the harbour."

"Well, an' where's the wondher of that?—sure we done the same here."

"Oh, yis, but it was whin the tide was out and the rocks was bare; but up in Howth they cut away the big rocks from under the say intirely."

"Oh, be aisy; why, how could they do that?"

"Ay, there's the matter, that's what larnin' can do; and wondherful it is entirely! and the way it is is this, as I hear it, for I never seen it, but hard it described by the lord to some gintlemin and ladies one day in his garden, where I was helpin' the gardener to land some salary (celery). You see the engineer goes down undher the wather intirely, and can stay there as long as he plazes."

"Whoo! and what o' that? Sure I heard the long sailor say, that come from the Aystern Ingees, that the Engineers there can a'most live undher wather; and goes down lookin' for dimonda, and has a sledge-hammer in their hand, brakein' the dimonda when they're too big to take them up whole, all as one as men brakein' stones an the road."

"Well, I don't want to go beyant that; but the way the lord's engineer goes down is, he has a little bell wid him, and while he has that little bell to ring, hurt nor harm can't come to him."

"Arrah, be aisy."

"Devil a lie in it."

"Maybe it's a blessed bell," said O'Reirdon, crossing himself.

"No, it is not a blessed bell."

"Why, thin, now do you think me sitch a born nath'ral as to give in to that?—as if the ringin' iv a

bell, barrin' it was a blessed bell, could do the like. I tell you it's impossible."

"Ah, nothin's unpossible to God."

"Sure I wasn't denyin' that; but I say the bell is unpossible."

"Why," said O'Sullivan, "you see he's not altogether complate in the demonstheration o' the mashine; it is not by the ringin' o' the bell it is done, but —"

"But what?" broke in O'Reirdon, impatiently. "Do you mane for to say there is a bell in it at all, at all?"

"Yes, I do," said O'Sullivan.

"I towld you so," said the promulgator of the story.

"Ay," said O'Sullivan, "but it is not by the ringin' iv the bell it is done."

"Well, how is it done, then?" said the other, with a half-offended, half-supercilious air.

"It is done," said O'Sullivan, as he returned the look with interest, "it is done intirely be jommethry."

"Oh! I undhersthan' it now," said O'Reirdon, with an inimitable affectation of comprehension in the Oh!—"but to talk of the ringin' iv a bell doing the like is beyant the beyants intirely, barrin', as I said before, it was a blessed bell, glory be to God!"

"And so you tell me, sir, it is jommethry?" said the twice-discomfited man of science.

"Yes, sir," said O'Sullivan, with an air of triumph, which rose in proportion as he saw he carried the listeners along with him—"jommethry."

"Well, have it your own way. There's them that won't hear rayson sometimes, nor have belief in larnin'; and you may say it's jommethry if you plaze: but I heard them that knows betther than iver you knew say —"

"Whisht, whisht! and bad cess to you both," said O'Reirdon; "what the dickens are yiz goin' to fight about now, and sitch good liquor before yiz? Hillo! there, Mrs. Quigley, bring uz another quart i' you plaze; ay, that's the chat, another quart. Augh! yiz may talk till you're black in the face about your inventions, and your staymers, and bell ringin', and gash, and railroads; but here's long life and success to the man that invinted the impairl (imperial) quart; that was the rail beautiful invention," and he took a long pull at the replenished vessel, which strongly indicated that the increase of its dimensions was a very agreeable *measures* to such as Barny.

After the introduction of this and *other* quarts, it would not be an easy matter to pursue the conversation that followed. Let us, therefore, transfer our story to the succeeding morning, when Barny O'Reirdon strolled forth from his cottage, rather later than usual, with his eyes bearing *eye-witness* to the carouse of the preceding night. He had not a headache, however; whether it was that Barny was too experienced a campaigner under the banners of Bacchus, or that Mrs. Quigley's boast was a just one, namely, "that of all the drink in her house there wasn't a headache in a hogshead of it," is hard to determine, but I rather incline to the strength of Barny's head.

The above-quoted declaration of Mrs. Quigley is

the favourite inducement held out by every boon companion in Ireland at the head of his own table, "Don't be afraid of it, my boys! it's the right sort. There's not a headache in a hog's head of it."

Barny sauntered about in the sun, at which he often looked up, under the shelter of compressed, bushy brows and long-lashed eyelids, and a shadowing hand across his forehead, to see "what time o' day" it was; and, from the frequency of this action, it was evident the day was hanging heavily with Barny. He retired at last to a sunny nook in a neighbouring field, and stretching himself at full length, basked in the sun, and began "to chew the cud of sweet and bitter thought." He first reflected on his own undoubted weight in his little community, but still he could not get over the annoyance of the preceding night, arising from his being silenced by O'Sullivan, "a chap," as he said himself, "that lift the place four years ago on a brat iv a boy, and to think of his comin' back and outdoin' his elders, that saw him runnin' about the place, a gassoon, that one could tache a few months before;" 'twas too bad. Barny saw his reputation was in a ticklish position, and began to consider how his disgrace could be retrieved. The very name of Fingal was hateful to him; it was a plague spot on his peace that festered there incurably. He first thought of leaving Kinsale altogether; but flight implied so much of defeat, that he did not long indulge in that notion. No; he *would* stay, "in spite of all the O'Sullivans, kith and kin, bread, seed, and generation." But at the same time he knew he should never hear the end of that hateful place, Fingal; and if Barny had had the power, he would have enacted a penal statute, making it death to name the accursed spot, wherever it was; but not being gifted with such legislative authority, he felt Kinsale was no place for him, if he would not submit to be flouted every hour out of the four-and-twenty, by man, woman, and child, that wished to annoy him. What was to be done? He was in the perplexing situation, to use his own words, "of the cat in the thripe shop," he didn't know which way to choose. At last, after turning himself over in the sun several times, a new idea struck him. Couldn't he go to Fingal himself? and then he'd be equal to that upstart, O'Sullivan. No sooner was the thought engendered than Barny sprang to his feet a new man; his eye brightened, his step became once more elastic, he walked erect, and felt himself to be all over Barny O'Reirdon once more. "Richard was himself again."

But where was Fingal?—there was the rub. That was a profound mystery to Barny, which, until discovered, must hold him in the vile bondage of inferiority. The plain-dealing reader will say, "couldn't he ask?" No, no; that would never do for Barny; that would be an open admission of ignorance his soul was above; and, consequently, Barny set his brains to work to devise measures of coming at the hidden knowledge by some circuitous route, that would not betray the end he was working for. To this purpose fifty stratagems were raised and demolished in half as many minutes, in the fertile brain of Barny, as he strode along the shore; and as he

was working hard at the fifty-first, it was knocked all to pieces by his jostling against someone whom he never perceived he was approaching, so immersed was he in speculations, and on looking up, who should it prove to be but his friend "the long sailor from the Aysthern Injees." This was quite a godsend to Barny, and much beyond what he could have hoped for. Of all the men under the sun, the long sailor was the man in a million for Barny's net at that minute, and accordingly he made a haul of him, and thought it the greatest catch he ever made in his life.

Barny and the long sailor were in close companionship for the remainder of the day, which was closed, as the preceding one, in a carouse; but on this occasion there was only a duet performance in honour of the jolly god, and the treat was at Barny's expense. What the nature of their conversation during the period was I will not dilate on, but keep it as profound a secret as Barny himself, and content myself with saying that Barny looked a much happier man the next day. Instead of wearing his hat slouched, and casting his eyes on the ground, he walked about with his usual unconcern, and gave his nod and passing word of "*civilitude*" to every friend he met; he rolled his quid of tobacco about in his jaw with an air of superior enjoyment, and if disturbed in his narcotic amusement by a question, he took his own good time to eject "the leperous distilment" before he answered the querist, with a happy composure, that bespoke a man quite at ease with himself. It was in this agreeable spirit that Barny bent his course to the house of Peter Kelly, the owner of the "big farm beyant," before alluded to, in order to put into practice a plan he had formed for the fulfilment of his determination of rivalling O'Sullivan.

He thought it probable that Peter Kelly, being one of the "snuggest" men in the neighbourhood, would be a likely person to join him in a "spec," as he called it (a favourite abbreviation of his for the word speculation), and, accordingly, when he reached the "big farm-house," he accosted its owner with the usual "God save you."

"God save you kindly, Barny," returned Peter Kelly; "an' what is it brings you here, Barny," asked Peter, "this fine day, instead o' bein' out in the boat?"

"Oh, I'll be in the boat soon enough, and it's far enough too I'll be out in her; an' indeed it's partly that same is bringin' me here to yourself."

"Why, do you want me to go along wid you, Barny?"

"Throth, an' I don't, Mr. Kelly. You are a knowledgeable man an' land, but I'm afeard it's a bad bargain you'd be at say."

"And what wor you talking about me and your boat for?"

"Why, you see, sir, it was in the regard of a little bit o' business, an' if you'd come wid me and take a turn in the praty field, I'll be behouldin' to you, and maybe you'll hear somethin' that won't be displazin' to you."

"An' welkim, Barny," said Peter Kelly.

When Barny and Peter were in the "praty field," Barny opened the trenches (I don't mean the potato trenches), but, in military parlance, he opened the trenches and laid siege to Peter Kelly, setting forth the extensive profits that had been realized by various "specs" that had been made by his neighbours in exporting potatoes. "And sure," said Barny, "why shouldn't you do the same, and they here ready to your hand? as much as to say, *why don't you profit by me, Peter Kelly?* And the boat is below there in the harbour, and, I'll say this much, the divil a betther boat is betune this and herself."

"Indeed, I b'lieve so, Barny," said Peter; "for considhering where we stand at this present, there's no boat at all at all betune us;" and Peter laughed with infinite pleasure at his own hit.

"Oh! well, you know what I mane, anyhow, an', as I said before, the boat is a darlint boat, and as for him that commands her—I b'lieve I need say nothin' about that," and Barny gave a toss of his head and a sweep of his open hand, more than doubling the laudatory nature of his comment on himself.

But, as the Irish saying is, "to make a long story short," Barny prevailed on Peter Kelly to make an export; but in the nature of the venture they did not agree. Barny had proposed potatoes; Peter said there were enough of them already where he was going; and rejoined, "praties were so good in themselves there never could be too much o' thim anywhere." But Peter, being a knowledgeable man, and up to all the "saycrets o' the airth, and understanding the the-o-ry and the che-mis-thery," overruled Barny's proposition, and determined upon a cargo of *scalpeens* (which name they give to pickled mackerel) as a preferable merchandise, quite forgetting that Dublin Bay herrings were a much better and as cheap a commodity, at the command of the Fingalians. But in many similar mistakes the ingenious Mr. Kelly has been paralleled by other speculators. But that is neither here nor there, and it was all one to Barney whether his boat was freighted with potatoes or *scalpeens*, so long as he had the honour and glory of becoming a navigator, and being as good as O'Sullivan.

Accordingly, the boat was laden and all got in readiness for putting to sea, and nothing was now wanting but Barny's orders to haul up the gaff and shake out the gib of his hooker.

But this order Barny refrained to give, and for the first time in his life exhibited a disinclination to leave the shore. One of his fellow-boatmen at last said to him, "Why thin, Barny O'Reirdon, what the divil is come over you at all at all? What's the maynin' of your loitherin' about here, and the boat ready, and a lovely fine breeze aff o' the land?"

"Oh! never you mind; I b'lieve I know my own business, anyhow; an' it's hard, so it is, if a man can't ordher his own boat to sail when he plazes."

"Oh! I was only thinkin' it quare—and a pity more betoken, as I said before, to lose the beautiful breeze, and —"

"Well, just keep your thoughts to yourself, y' you plaz, and stay in the boat as I bid you, an' don't be out of her on your apparel, by no manner o' manes,

for one minit, for you see I don't know when it may be plazin' to me to go aboard an' set sail."

"Well, all I can say is, I never seen you afeard to go to say before."

"Who says I'm afeard?" said O'Reirdon; "you'd betther not say that agiu, or in throth, I'll give you a leatherin' that won't be for the good o' your health—throth, for three sthraws this minit I'd lave you that your own mother wouldn't know you with the lickin' I'd give you; but I scorn your dirty insinuation; no man ever seen Barny O'Reirdon afeard yet, anyhow. Howld your prate, I tell you, and look up to your betthers. What do you know iv navigation?—maybe you think it's as easy for to sail an a voyage as to go a start fishin';" and Barny turned on his heel and left the shore.

The next day passed without the hooker sailing, and Barny gave a most sufficient reason for the delay, by declaring that he had a warnin' given him in a dhrame (glory be to God), and that it was given him to understand (under heaven) that it wouldn't be looky that day.

Well, the next day was Friday, and Barny, of course, would not sail any more than any other sailor who could help it, on this unpropitious day. On Saturday, however, he came, running in a great hurry down to the shore, and, jumping aboard, he gave orders to make all sail, and taking the helm of the hooker, he turned her head to the sea, and soon the boat was cleaving the blue waters with a velocity seldom witnessed in so small a craft, and scarcely conceivable to those who have not seen the speed of a Kinsale hooker.

"Why, thin, you tuk the notion mighty suddint, Barny," said the fisherman next in authority to O'Reirdon, as soon as the bustle of getting the boat under way had subsided.

"Well, I hope it's plazin' to you at last," said Barny, "throth one 'ud think you were never at say before, you wor in such a hurry to be off; as new-fangled a'most as a child with a play-toy."

"Well," said the other of Barny's companions, for there were but two with him in the boat, "I was thinkin' myself as well as Jimmy, that we lost two fine days for nothin', and we'd be there a'most, maybe, now, if we sail'd three days agon."

"Don't b'lieve it," said Barny, emphatically. "Now, don't you know yourself that there is some days that the fish won't come near the lines at all, and that we might as well be castin' our nets an the dhry land as in the say, for all we'll catch if we start an an unlooky day; and sure I towld you I was waitin' only till I had it given to me to underherstan' that it was looky to sail, and I go bail we'll be there sooner than if we started three days agon; for, if you don't start, with good look before you, faix, maybe it's never at all to the end o' your thrip you'll come."

"Well, there's no use in talkin' about it now anyhow; but when do you expect to be there?"

"Why, you see we must wait until I can tell you how the wind is like to hould on, before I can make up my mind to that."

"But you're sure now, Barny, that you're up to the coorse you have to run?"

"See now, lay me alone, and don't be crass-questionin' me—tare an ouns, do you think me sitch a bladdherang as for to go to shuperinscribe a thing I wasn't aiquil to?"

"No; I was only goin' to ax you what coorse you wor goin' to steer?"

"You'll find out soon enough when we get there; and so I bid you agin lay me alone;—just keep your toe in your pump. Shure I'm here at the helm, and a waight on my mind, and its fither for you, Jim, to mind your own business and lay me to mind mine; away wid you, there, and be handy; haul taut that foresheet there; we must run close an the wind; be handy, boys; make everything dhraw."

These orders were obeyed, and the hooker soon passed to windward of a ship that left the harbour before her, but could not hold on a wind with the same tenacity as the hooker, whose qualities in this particular render it peculiarly suitable for the purposes to which it is applied, namely, pilot and fishing-boats.

We have said a ship left the harbour before the hooker had set sail, and it is now fitting to inform the reader that Barny had contrived, in the course of his last meeting with the "long sailor," to ascertain that this ship, then lying in the harbour, was going to the very place Barny wanted to reach. Barny's plan of action was decided upon in a moment; he had now nothing to do but to watch the sailing of the ship and follow in her course. Here was, at once, a new mode of navigation discovered.

The stars, twinkling in mysterious brightness through the silent gloom of night, were the first encouraging, because *visible* guides to the adventurous mariners of antiquity. Since then the sailor, encouraged by a bolder science, relies on the *unseen* agency of nature, depending on the fidelity of an atom of iron to the mystic law that claims its homage in the north. This is one refinement of science upon another. But the beautiful simplicity of Barny O'Reirdon's philosophy cannot be too much admired. To follow the ship that is going to the same place. Is not this navigation made easy?

But Barny, like many a great man before him, seemed not to be aware of how much credit he was entitled to for his invention, for he did not divulge to his companions the originality of his proceeding; he wished them to believe he was only proceeding in the commonplace manner, and had no ambition to be distinguished as the happy projector of so simple a practice.

For this purpose he went to windward of the ship and then fell off again, allowing her to pass him, as he did not wish even those on board the ship to suppose he was following in their wake; for Barny, like all people that are quite full of one scheme, and fancy everybody is watching them, dreaded lest anyone should fathom his motives. All that day Barny held on the same course as his leader, keeping at a respectful distance, however, "for fear 'twould look like dodging her," as he said to himself; but as night closed in, so closed in Barny with the ship, and kept a sharp look-out that she should not give him the

slip in the dark. The next morning dawned, and found the hooker and ship companions still; and thus matters proceeded for four days, during the entire of which time they had not seen land since their first losing sight of it, although the weather was clear.

"By my sowl," thought Barny, "the channel must be mighty wide in these parts, and for the last day or so we've bein' goin' purty free with a flowin' sheet, and I wondher we aren't closin' in wid the shore by this time; or maybe it's farther off than I thought it was." His companions, too, began to question Barny on the subject, but to their queries he presented an impenetrable front of composure, and said, "it was always the best plan to keep a good bowld offin'." In two days more, however, the weather began to be sensibly warmer, and Barny and his companions remarked that it was "goin' to be the finest sayson, God bless it, that ever kem out o' the skies for many a long year; and maybe it's the whate wouldn't be beautiful, and a great plenty of it." It was at the end of a week that the ship which Barny had hitherto kept a-head of him, showed symptoms of bearing down upon him, as he thought; and, sure enough, she did; and Barny began to conjecture what the deuce the ship could want with him, and commenced inventing answers to the questions he thought it possible might be put to him in case the ship spoke to him. He was soon put out of suspense by being hailed and ordered to run under her lee, and the captain, looking over the quarter, asked Barny where he was going.

"Faith, thin, I'm goin' an my business," said Barny.

"But where?" said the captain.

"Why, sure, an it's no matter where a poor man like me id be goin'," said Barny.

"Only I'm curious to know what the deuce you've been following my ship for for the last week?"

"Follyin' your ship! Why, thin, blur an agers, do you think it's follyin' yiz I am?"

"It's very like it," said the captain.

"Why, did two people niver thravel the same road before?"

"I don't say they didn't; but there's a great difference between a ship of seven hundred tons and a hooker."

"Oh, as for that matter," said Barny, "the same highroad sarves a coach-and-four and a low-back car, the thravellin' tinker an' a lord a' horseback."

"That's very true," said the captain, "but the cases are not the same, Paddy; and I can't conceive what the dovil brings you here."

"And who ax'd you to consayve anything about it?" asked Barny, somewhat sturdily.

"D--n me, if I can imagine what you're about, my fine fellow," said the captain; "and my own notion is, that you don't know where the d--l you're going yourself."

"O *basithershin*," said Barny, with a laugh of derision.

"Why, then, do you object to tell," said the captain.

"Arrah, sure, captain, an' don't you know that

sometimes vessels is bound to sail *sayoret ordher!*" said Barney, endeavouring to foil the question by badinage.

There was a universal laugh from the deck of the ship at the idea of a fishing-boat sailing under secret orders; for by this time the whole broadside of the vessel was crowded with grinning mouths and wondering eyes at Barny and his boat.

"Oh, it's a thrife makes fools laugh," said Barny.

"Take care, my fine fellow, that you don't be laughing at the wrong side of your mouth before long, for I've a notion that you're cursedly in the wrong box, as cunning a fellow as you think yourself. D—n your stupid head, can't you tell what brings you here?"

"Why, thin, begor, one id think the whole say belonged to you, you're so mighty hold in axin' questions an it. Why, tare an ouns, sure I've as much right here as you, though I haven't as big a ship nor so fine a coat; but, maybe I can take as good sailin' out o' the one, and has as bowld a heart under th' other."

"Very well," said the captain; "I see there's no use in talking to you, so go to the d—l your own way. And away bore the ship, leaving Barny in indignation and his companions in wonder.

"An' why wouldn't you tell him?" said they to Barny.

"Why, don't you see," said Barny, whose object was now to blind them, "don't you see, how do I know but maybe he might be goin' to the same place himself, and maybe he has a cargo of *scalpeens* as well as us, and wants to get before us there."

"Thru for you, Barny," said they. "Bedad you're right." And their inquiries being satisfied, the day passed, as former ones had done, in pursuing the course of the ship.

In four days more, however, the provisions in the hooker began to fail, and they were obliged to have recourse to the *scalpeens* for sustenance, and Barny then got seriously uneasy at the length of the voyage, and the likely greater length for anything he could see to the contrary, and, urged at last by his own alarms and those of his companions, he was enabled, as the wind was light, to gain on the ship, and when he found himself alongside he demanded a parley with the captain.

The captain, on hearing that the "hardy hooker," as she got christened, was under his lee, came on deck, and as soon as he appeared, Barny cried out:—

"Why, thin, blur an agers, captain dear, do you expect to be there soon?"

"Where?" said the captain.

"Oh, you know yourself," said Barny.

"It's well for me I do," said the captain.

"Thru for you, indeed, your honour," said Barny, in his most insinuating tone; "but whin will you be at the ind o' your voyage, captain jewel?"

"I daresay in about three months," said the captain.

"Oh, Holy Mother!" ejaculated Barny; "three months!—arrah, it's jokin' you are, captain dear, and only want to freken me."

"How should I frighten you?" asked the captain.

"Why, thin, your honour, to tell God's thruth, I heerd you were goin' *there*, an' as I wanted to go there too, I thought I couldn't do better nor to folly a knowledgeable gintleman like yourself, and save myself the throuble iv findin' it out."

"And where do you think I *am* going?" said the captain.

"Why, thin," said Barny, "isn't it to Fingal?"

"No," said the captain, "'tis to *Bengal*."

"Oh! Gog's blakey!" said Barny, "what'll I do now at all at all?"

## CHAP. II.—HOMEWARD BOUND.

THE captain ordered Barny on deck, as he wished to have some conversation with him on what he, very naturally, considered a most extraordinary adventure. Heaven help the captain! he knew little of Irishmen, or he would not have been so astonished. Barny made his appearance. Puzzling question, and more puzzling answer, followed in quick succession between the commander and Barny, who in the midst of his dilemma, stamped about, thumped his head, squeezed his caubeen into all manner of shapes, and vented his despair anathematically:—

"Oh, my heavy hathred to you, you tarnal thief iv a long sailor, it's a purty scrape yiv led me into. Begor, I thought it was *Fingal* he said, and now I hear it is *Bingal*. Oh! the divil sweep you for navigation; why did I meddle or make with you at all at all! And my curse light on you, Teddy O'Sullivan; why did I iver come across you, you onlooky vagabone, to put sitch thoughts in my head! An' so its *Bingal*, and not *Fingal*, you're goin' to, captain?"

"Yes, indeed, Paddy."

"An' might I be bowld to ax, captain, is *Bingal* much farther nor *Fingal*?"

"A trifle or so, Paddy."

"Och, thin, millia murther, weirasthru, how'll I iver get there at all at all?" roared out poor Barny.

"By turning about, and getting back the road you've come, as fast as you can."

"Is it back? O Queen iv heaven! an' how wil I iver get back?" said the bewildered Barny.

"Taen you don't know your course, it appears?"

"Oh, faix, I knew it illigant, as long as your honour was before me."

"But you don't know your course back?"

"Why, indeed, not to say rightly all out, your honour."

"Can't you steer?" said the captain.

"The divil a beither hand at the tiller in all Kin-sale," said Barny, with his usual brag.

"Well, so far, so good," said the captain. "And you know the points of the compass;—you have a compass, I suppose?"

"A compass!—by my sowl, an' it's not let alone a compass, but a *pair* a compasses I have, that my brother the carpinthis left me for a keepeake whin he wint abroad; but, indeed, as for the points o' thim I can't say much, for the chillhren spylt thim intirely, rootin' holes in the flura."



"What the plague are you talking about?"

"Wasn't your honour discorsin' me about the points o' the compasses?"

"Confound your thick head!" said the captain. "Why, what an ignoramus you must be, not to know what a compass is, and you at sea all your life! Do you even know the cardinal points?"

"The cardinal!—faix, an' it's a great respect I have for them, your honour. Sure, aren't they belongin' to the Pope?"

"Confound you, you blockhead!" roared the captain, in a rage; "'twould take the patience of the Pope and the cardinals, and the cardinal virtues into the bargain to keep one's temper with you. Do you know the four points of the wind?"

"By my sowl I do, and more."

"Well, never mind more, but let us stick to four. You're sure you know the four points of the wind?"

"Bydad, it would be a quare thing if a sayfarin' man didn't know somethin' about the wind, anyhow. Why, captain dear, you must take me for a nath'ral intirely to suspect me o' the like o' not knowin' all about the wind. Begor, I know as much o' the wind a'most as a pig."

"Indeed, I believe so," laughed out the captain.

"Oh, you may laugh if you plaze; and I see by the same that you don't know about the pig, with all your edication, captain."

"Well, what about the pig?"

"Why, sir, did you never hear a pig can see the wind?"

"I can't say that I did."

"Oh, thin, he does; and for that rayson who has a right to know more about it?"

"You don't for one, I daresay, Paddy; and maybe you have a pig aboard to give you information."

"Sorra taste, your honour, not as much as a rasher o' bacon; but it's maybe your honour never seen a pig tossin' up his snout, consaited like, and running like mad afore a storm."

"Well, what if I have?"

"Well, sir, that is when they see the wind a-comin'."

"Maybe so, Paddy; but all this knowledge in piggery won't find you your way home; and, if you take my advice, you will give up all thoughts of endeavouring to find your way back, and come on board. You and your messmates, I daresay, will be useful hands, with some teachin'; but, at all events, I cannot leave you here on the open sea, with every chance of being lost."

"Why, thin, indeed, and I'm behowlden to your honour; and it's the hoighth o' kindness, so it is, your offer; and it's nothin' else but a gentleman you are, every inch o' you; but I hope it's not so bad wid us yet as to do the likes o' that."

"I think it's bad enough," said the captain, "when you are without a compass, and knowing nothing of your course, and nearly a hundred and eighty leagues from land."

"An' how many miles would that be, captain?"

"Three times as many."

"I never larned the rule o' three, captain, and maybe your honour id tell me yourself."

"That is rather more than five hundred miles."

"Five hundred miles!" shouted Barny. "Oh, the Lord look down on us!—how 'ill we iver get back?"

"That's what I say," said the captain; "and therefore I recommend you to come aboard with me."

"And where 'ud the hooker be all the time?" said Barny.

"Let her go adrift," was the answer.

"Is it the darlint boat? Oh, bedad, I'll never hear o' that at all."

"Well, then, stay in her and be lost. Decide upon the matter at once; either come on board, or cast off;" and the captain was turning away as he spoke, when Barny called after him: "Arrah, thin, your honour, don't go just for one minit antil I ax you one word more. If I wint wid you, whin would I be home agin?"

"In about seven months."

"Oh, thin, that puts the wig an it at wanst. I darn't go at all."

"Why, seven months are not long passing."

"Thru for you, in throth," said Barny, with a shrug of his shoulders. "Faix, it's myself knows, to my sorrow, the half year comes round mighty suddint, and the lord's agint comes for the thrifle o' rint; and, faix, I know, by Molly, that nine months is not long in goin' over either," added Barny, with a grin.

"Then what's your objection as to the time?" asked the captain.

"Arrah, sure, sir, what would the woman that owns me do while I was away?—and maybe it's break her heart the craythur would, thinkin' I was lost intirely; and who'd be at home to take care o' the childher, and airn thim the bit and the sup, whin I'd be away?—and who knows but it's all dead they'd be afore I got back? Oeh hone! sure the heart id fairly break in my body, if hurt or harm kem to them through me. So, say no more, captain dear; only give me a thrifle o' directions how I'm to make an offer at gettin' home, and it's myself that will pray for you night, noon, and mornin' for that same."

"Well, Paddy," said the captain, "as you are determined to go back, in spite of all I can say, you must attend to me well while I give you as simple instructions as I can. You say you know the four points of the wind—north, south, east, and west."

"Yis, sir."

"How do you know them?—for I must see that you are not likely to make a mistake. How do you know the points?"

"Why, you see, sir, the sun, God bless it, rises in the aist, and sets in the west, which stands to rayson; and when you stand bechuxt the aist and the west, the north is forninst you."

"And when the north is foreninst you, as you say, is the east on your right or your left hand?"

"Oir the right hand, your honour."

"Well, I see you know that much, however. Now," said the captain, "the moment you leave the ship, you

must steer a north-east course, and you will make some land near home in about a week, if the wind holds as it is now, and it is likely to do so; but mind me, if you turn out of your course in the smallest degree, you are a lost man."

"Many thanks to your honour!"

"And how are you off for provisions?"

"Why, thin, indeed, in the regard o' that same we are in the hoighth o' distress; for exceptin' the scalpeens, sorra taste passed our lips for these four days."

"Oh, you poor devils!" said the commander, in a tone of sincere commiseration. "I'll order you some provisions on board before you start."

"Long life to your honour!—and *I'd like to drink the health of so noble a jintleman.*"

"I understand you, Paddy;—you shall have grog too."

"Musha, the heavens shower blessins an you, I pray the Virgin Mary and the twelve apostles, Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, not forgettin' St. Patrick."

"Thank you, Paddy; but keep all your prayers for yourself, for you need them all to help you home again."

"Oh, never fear, whin the thing is to be done, I'll do it, bedad, wid a heart and a half. And sure, your honour, God is good, an' will mind dissolute craythurs like uz, on the wild ocean as well as ashore."

While some of the ship's crew were putting the captain's benevolent intentions to Barny and his companions into practice, by transferring some provisions to the hooker, the commander entertained himself by further conversation with Barny, who was the greatest original he had ever met. In the course of their colloquy, Barny drove many hard queries at the captain, respecting the wonders of the nautical profession, and at last put the question to him plump.

"Oh, thin, captain dear, and how is it at all at all, that you make your way over the wide says intirely to them furrin parts?"

"You would not understand, Paddy, if I attempted to explain to you."

"Sure enough, indeed, your honour, and I ask your pardon, only I was curious to know, and sure no wonder."

"It requires various branches of knowledge to make a navigator."

"Branches," said Barny, "begor, I think it id take the whole three o' knowledge to make it out. And that place you are going to, sir, that *Bingal* (oh, bad luck to it for a *Bingal*, it's the sore *Bingal* to me), is it so far off as you say?"

"Yes, Paddy, half round the world."

"Is it round in airect, captain dear? Round about?"

"Ay, indeed."

"Oh, thin, aren't you afeard that whin you come to the top and that you're obleeged to go down, that you'd go sliddherin' away intirely, and never be able to stop, maybe. It's bad enough, so it is, goin' downhill by land, but it must be the dickens all out by wather."

"But there is no hill, Paddy; don't you know that water is always level?"

"Bedad, it's very *flat*, anyhow; and by the same

token, it's seldom I throuble it; but sure, your honour, if the wather is level, how do you make out that it is round you go?"

"That is part of the knowledge I was speaking to you about," said the captain.

"Musha, bad luck to you, knowledge, but you're a quare thing! And where is it *Bingal*, bad cess to it, would be at all at all?"

"In the East Indies."

"Oh, that is where they make the *tay*, isn't it, sir?"

"No; where the tea grows is farther still."

"Farther!—why, that must be the ind of the world intirely. And they don't make it, then, sir, but it grows, you tell me."

"Yes, Paddy."

"Is it like hay, your honour?"

"Not exactly, Paddy; what put's hay in your head?"

"Oh, only because I hear them call it *Bohay*."

"A most logical deduction, Paddy."

"And is it a great deal farther, your honour, the *tay* country is?"

"Yes, Paddy, China it is called."

"That's, I suppose, what we call *Chaynee*, sir?"

"Exactly, Paddy."

"Bedad, I never could come at it rightly before; why, it was nath'ral to dhrink *tay* out o' *chaynees*. I ax your honour's pardon for bein' throublesome, but I hard tell from the long sailor iv a place they call *Japan* in them furrin parts, and is it there, your honour?"

"Quite true, Paddy."

"And I suppose it's there the blackin' comes from?"

"No, Paddy, you're out there."

"Oh, well, I thought it stood to rayson, as I heerd of *japan* blackin', sir, that it would be there it kem from; besides, as the blacks themselves—the *naygurs* I mane—is in them parts."

"The negroes are in Africa, Paddy, much nearer to us."

"God betune uz and harm; I hope I would not be too near them," said Barny.

"Why, what's your objection?"

"Arrah, sure, sir, they're hardly mortials at all, but has the mark o' the bastes an thim."

"How do you make out that, Paddy?"

"Why, sure, sir, and didn't *Nathur* make thim wid wool on their heads, plainly makin' it undherstood to *Chrishtans* that they wur little more nor cattle."

"I think your head is a wool-gathering now, Paddy," said the captain, laughing.

"Faix, maybe so, indeed," answered Barny, good-humouredly; "but it's seldom I ever went out to look for wool and kem home shorn, anyhow," said he, with a look of triumph.

"Well, you won't have that to say for the future, Paddy," said the captain, laughing again.

"My name's not Paddy, your honour," said Barny, returning the laugh, but seizing the opportunity to turn the joke aside that was going against him; "my name isn't Paddy, sir, but *Barny*."

"Oh, if it was *Solomon*, you'll be bare enough when you go home this time: you have not gathered much this trip, *Barny*."

"Sure, I've been gathering knowledge, anyhow. your honour," said Barny, with a significant look at the captain, and a complimentary tip of his hand to his caubeen, "and God bless you for being so good to me."

"And what's your name besides Barny?" asked the captain.

"O'Reirdon, your honour;—Barny O'Reirdon's my name."

"Well, Barny O'Reirdon, I won't forget your name nor yourself in a hurry, for you are certainly the most original navigator I ever had the honour of being acquainted with."

"Well," said Barny, with a triumphant toss of his head, "I have done out Terry O'Sullivan, at any rate; the divil a half so far he ever was, and that's a comfort. I have muzzled his clack for the rest iv his life, and he won't be comin' over us wid the pride iv his Fingal, while I'm to the fore, that was a'most at Bingal."

"Terry O'Sullivan—who is he, pray?" said the captain.

"Oh, he's a scut iv a chap that's not worth your axin' for—he's not worth your honour's notice—a braggin' poor craythur. Oh, wait till I get home, and the divil a more braggin' they'll hear out of his jaw."

"Indeed, then, Barny, the sooner you turn your face towards home the better," said the captain; "since you will go, there is no need in losing more time."

"Thru for you, your honour;—and sure it's well for me had the luck to meet wid the likes o' your honour, that explained the ins and outs iv it to me, and laid it all down as plain as prent."

"Are you sure you remember my directions?" said the captain.

"Throth, an' I'll niver forget them to the day o' my death, and is bound to pray, more betoken, for you and yours."

"Don't mind praying for me till you get home, Barny;—but answer me, how are you to steer when you shall leave me?"

"The *nor-aist coorse*, your honour;—that's the coorse agin the world."

"Remember that!—never alter that course till you see land;—let nothing make you turn out of a north-east course."

"Throth, an' that id be the dirty turn, seein' that it was yourself that ordhered it. Oh, no, I'll depend my life an the *nor-aist coorse*; and God help anyone that comes betune me an' it—I'd run him down if he was my father."

"Well, good-bye, Barny."

"Good-bye, and God bless you, your honour, and send you safe."

"That's a wish you want more for yourself, Barny;—never fear for me, but mind yourself well."

"Oh, sure, I'm as good as at home wanst I know the way, barrin' the wind is contrhary; sure, the *nor-aist coorse* 'll do the business compleat. Good-bye, your honour, and long life to you, and more power to your elbow, and a light heart and a heavy purse to you evermore, I pray the Blessed Virgin and all the saints, amin!" and so saying, Barny descended the ship's

side, and once more assumed the helm of the "hardy hooker."

The two vessels now separated on their opposite courses. What a contrast their relative situations afforded! Proudly the ship bore away under her lofty and spreading canvas, cleaving the billows before her, manned by an able crew, and under the guidance of experienced officers. The finger of science to point the course of her progress, the faithful chart to warn of the hidden rock and the shoal, the log line and the quadrant to measure her march and prove her position. The poor little hooker cleft not the billows, each wave lifted her on its crest like a sea-bird; but three inexperienced fishermen to manage her; no certain means to guide them over the vast ocean they had to traverse, and the holding of the "fickle wind" the only *chance* of their escape from perishing in the wilderness of waters. By the one, the feeling excited is supremely that of man's power; by the other, of his utter helplessness. To the one the expanse of ocean could scarcely be considered "trackless," to the other it was a waste indeed.

Yet the cheer that burst from the ship, at parting, was answered as gaily from the hooker as though the odds had not been so fearfully against her; and no blither heart beat on board the ship than that of Barny O'Reirdon.

Happy light-heartedness of my poor countrymen! they have often need of all their buoyant spirits. How kindly have they been fortified by Nature against the assaults of adversity; and if they blindly rush into dangers, they cannot be denied the possession of gallant hearts to fight their way out of them.

But each hurrah became less audible; by degrees the cheers dwindled into faintness, and finally were lost in the eddies of the breeze.

The first feeling of loneliness that poor Barny experienced was when he could no longer hear the exhilarating sound. The splash of the surge, as it broke on the bows of his little boat, was uninterrupted by the kindred sound of human voice; and, as it fell upon his ear it smote upon his heart. But he rallied, waved his hat, and the silent signal was answered from the ship.

"Well, Barny," said Jemmy, "what was the captain sayin' to you all the time you wor wid him?"

"Lay me alone," said Barny, "I'll talk to you when I see her out o' sight, but not a word till thin. I'll look afther him, the rale gintleman that he is, while there's a topsail o' his ship to be seen, and thin I'll send my blessin' after him, and pray for his good fortune wherever he goes, for he's the right sort and nothin' else." And Barny kept his word, and when his straining eye could no longer trace a line of the ship, the captain certainly had the benefit of "a poor man's blessing."

The sense of utter loneliness and desolation had not come upon Barny until now; but he put his trust in the goodness of Providence, and in a fervent mental outpouring of prayer resigned himself to the care of his Creator. With an admirable fortitude, too, he assumed a composure to his companions that was a stranger to his heart; and we all know how the burden of anxiety is increased when we have none with whom

to sympathise. And this was not all. He had to affect ease and confidence, for Barney not only had no dependence on the firmness of his companions to go through the undertaking before them, but dreaded to betray to them how he had imposed on them in the affair. Barney was equal to all this. He had a stout heart, and was an admirable actor; yet, for the first hour after the ship was out of sight, he could not quite recover himself, and every now and then, unconsciously, he would look back with a wistful eye to the point where last he saw her. Poor Barney had lost his leader.

The night fell, and Barney stuck to the helm as long as nature could sustain want of rest, and then left it in charge of one of his companions, with particular directions how to steer, and ordered, if any change in the wind occurred that they should instantly awake him. He could not sleep long, however; the fever of anxiety was upon him, and the morning had not long dawned when he awoke. He had not well rubbed his eyes and looked about him, when he thought he saw a ship in the distance approaching them. As the haze cleared away, she showed distinctly bearing down towards the hooker. On board the ship, the hooker, in such a sea, caused surprise as before, and in about an hour she was so close as to hail, and order the hooker to run under her lee.

"The devil a taste," said Barney; "I'll not quit my *nor-aist course* for the king of England, nor Bonyparty into the bargain. Bad cess to you, do you think I've nothin' to do but to plaze you?"

Again he was hailed.

"Oh! bad luck to the toe I'll go to you.

Another hail.

"Spake loudher, you'd betther," said Barney, jeeringly, still holding on his course.

A gun was fired ahead of him.

"By my sowl, you spoke loudher that time, sure enough," said Barney.

"Take care, Barney," cried Jemmy and Peter together. "Blur an agers, man, we'll be kilt if you don't go to them."

"Well, and we'll be lost if we turn out iv our *nor-aist course*, and that's as broad as it's long. Let them hit iz if they like; sure it 'ud be a pleasanther death nor starvin' at say. I tell you again, I'll turn out o' my *nor-aist course* for no man." A shotted gun was fired. The shot hopped on the water as it passed before the hooker.

"Phew! you missed it, like your mammy's blessin'," said Barney.

"Oh, murther!" said Jemmy, "didn't you see the ball hop aff the wather forainst you. Oh, murther, what 'ud we ha' done if we wor there at all at all?"

"Why, we'd have taken the ball at the hop," said Barney, laughing, "accordin' to the owld sayin'."

Another shot was ineffectually fired.

"I'm thinking that's a Connaughtman that's shootin',"\* said Barney, with a sneer. The allusion

was so relished by Jemmy and Peter, that it excited a smile in the midst of their fears from the cannonade. Again the report of the gun was followed by no damage.

"Augh! never heed them!" said Barney, contemptuously. "It's a barkin' dog that never bites, as the owld sayin' says;" and the hooker was soon out of reach of further annoyance.

"Now, what a pity it was, to be sure," said Barney, "that I wouldn't go aboard to plaze them. Now, who's right? Ah, lave me alone always, Jimmy. Did you ivir know me wrong yet?"

"Oh, you may hillow now that you're out o' the wood," said Jemmy; "but, accordin' to my idays, it was runnin' a grate risk to be contrary wid them at all, and they shootin' balls afther us."

"Well, what matther?" said Barney, "since they wor only blind gunners, an' I know it; besides, as I said afore, I won't turn out o' my *nor-aist course* for no man."

"That's a new turn you tuk lately," said Peter. "What's the rayson you're runnin' a *nor-aist course* now, an' we never heard iv it afore at all, till afther you quitted the big ship?"

"Why, then, are you sich an ignoramus all out," said Barney, "as not for to know that in navigation you must lie an a great many different tacks before you can make the port you steer for?"

"Only I think," said Jemmy, "that it's back intirely we're goin' now, and I can't make out the rights o' that at all."

"Why," said Barney, who saw the necessity of mystifying his companions a little, "you see, the captain towld me that I kum a round, an' rekiminded me to go th' other way."

"Faix, it's the first I ever heard o' goin' a round by say," said Jemmy.

"Arrah, sure, that's part o' the saycrets o' navigation, and the various branches o' knowledge that is requizit for a navigathor; an' that's what the captain, God bless him, and myself was discorsin' an aboard; and, like a rale gentleman as he is, Barney, says he; Sir, says I; you're come the round, says he. I know that, says I, bekaase I like to keep a good bowld offin', says I, in contrary places. Spoke like a good sayman, says he. That's my prenciples, says I. They're the right sort, says he. But, says he (no offence), I think you wor wrong, says he, to pass the short turn in the ladieshoes,\* says he. I know, says I, you mane beside the threespike headlan'. That's the spot, says he, I see you know it. As well as I know my father, says I."

"Why, Barney," said Jemmy, interrupting him, "we seen no headlan' at all."

"Whisht, whisht!" said Barney; "bad cess to you, don't thwart me. We passed it in the night, and you couldn't see it. Well, as I was saying, I knew it as well as I know my father, says I, but I gev the preference to go the round, says I. You're a good sayman for that same, says he, an' it would be right at any other time than this present, says he, but it's

\* This is an allusion of Barney's to a prevalent saying in Ireland, addressed to a sportsman who returns home unsuccessful, "so you've killed what the Connaughtman shot at."

\* Some attempt Barry is making at latitudes.

impossible now, teetotally, on account o' the war, says he. Tare alive, says I, what war? An' didn't you hear o' the war? says he. Divil a word, says I. Why, says he, the naygurs has made war on the king o' Chaynece, says he, bekase he refused them any more tay; an' with that, what did they do, says he, but they put a lumbaago on all the vessels that sails the round, an' that's the rayson, says he, I carry guns, as you may see; and I'd rekimmind you, says he, to go back, for you're not able for thim, an' that's jist the way iv it. An' now, wasn't it looky that I kem across him at all, or maybe we might be cotch by the naygurs, and ate up alive."

"Oh, thin, indeed, and that's throe," said Jemmy and Peter; "an' when will we come to the short turn?"

"Oh, niver mind," said Barny; "you'll see it when we get there;—but wait till I tell you more about the captain and the big ship. He said, you know, that he carried guns afeard o' the naygurs, an' in throth, it's the hoight o' care he takes o' them same guns;—and small blame to him, sure they might be the salvation of him. 'Pon my conscience, they're taken bether care of than any poor man's child. I heer'd him cautionin' the sailors about them, and given them orders about their clothes."

"Their clothes!" said his two companions at once, in surprise; "is it clothes upon cannons?"

"It's thruth, I'm tellin' you," said Barny. "Bad luck to the lie in it, he was talkin' about their aprons and their breeches."

"Oh, think o' that!" said Jemmy and Peter, in suprise.

"An' 'twas all iv a piece," said Barny; "that an' the rest o' the ship all out. She was as nate as a new pin. Throth, I was a'most ashamed to put my fut an the deck, it was so clane, and she painted every colour in the rainbow; and all sorts o' curiosities about her; and instead iv a tiller to steer her, like this darlin' craythur iv ours, she goes wid a wheel, like a coach all as one; and there's the quarest thing you iver seen, to show the way, as the captain gev me to undherstan', a little round rowly-powly thing in a bowl, that goes waddlin' about as if it didn't know it's own way, much more nor show anybody theirs. Throth, myself thought that if that's the way they're obliged to go, that it's with a great deal of fear and thrimblin' they find it out."

Thus it was that Barny continued most marvellous accounts of the ship and the captain to his companions, and by keeping their attention so engaged, prevented their being too inquisitive as to their own immediate concerns, and for two days more Barny and the hooker held on their respective course undeviatingly.

The third day, Barny's fears for the continuity of his *nor-aist coorse* were excited, as a large brig hove in sight, and the nearer she approached, the more directly she came athwart Barny's course.

"May the divil sweep you," said Barny; "and will nothin' else sarve you than comin' forninst me that away? Brig, ahoy, there!" shouted Barny, giving the tiller to one of his messmates, and standing at the bow

of his boat. "Brig, ahoy, there!—bad luck to you, go 'long out o' my *nor-aist coorse*." The brig, instead of obeying his mandate, hove to, and lay right ahead of the hooker. "Oh, look at this!" shouted Barny, and he stamped on the deck with rage—"look at the blackguards where they're stayin', just a purpose to ruin an unfort'nate man like me. My heavy hathred to you; *quit* this minit, or I'll run down an yez, and if we go to the bottom, we'll hant you for evermore;—go 'long out o' that, I tell you. The curse o' Crummil an you, you stupid vagabones, that won't go out iv a man's *nor-aist coorse*!"

From cursing Barny went to praying as he came closer. "For the tendher marcy o' heavin, and lave my way. May the Lord reward you, and get out o' my *nor-aist coorse*! May angels make your bed in heavin, and don't ruinate me this a way." The brig was immovable, and Barny gave up in despair, having cursed and prayed himself hoarse, and finished with a duet volley of prayers and curses together, apostrophising the hard case of a man being "*done out of his nor-aist coorse*."

"Ahoy, there!" shouted a voice from the brig, "put down your helm, or you'll be aboard of us. I say, let go your gib and foresheet;—what are you about, you lubbers."

'Twas true that the brig lay so fair in Barny's course, that he would have been aboard, but that instantly the manœuvre above alluded to was put in practice on board the hooker, as she swept to destruction towards the heavy hull of the brig, and she luffed up into the wind alongside her. A very pale and somewhat emaciated face appeared at the side, and addressed Barny:—

"What brings you here?" was the question.

"Throth, thin, and I think I might bether ax what brings you here, right in the way o' my *nor-aist coorse*."

"Where do you come from?"

"From Kinsale; and you didn't come from a bether place, I go bail."

"Where are you bound to?"

"To Fingal."

"Fingal—where's Fingal?"

"Why, thin, ain't you ashamed o' yourself an' not to know where Fingal is?"

"It is not in these seas."

"Oh, that's all you know about it," says Barny.

"You're a small craft to be so far at sea. I suppose you have provisions on board?"

"To be sure we have;—throth, if we hadn't, this id be a bad place to go a-beggin'."

"What have you eatable?"

"The finest o' scalpeens."

"What are scalpeens?"

"Why you're mighty ignorant, intirely," said Barny; "why, scalpeens is pickled mackerel."

"Then you must give us some, for we have been out of everything eatable these three days; and even pickled fish is better than nothing."

It chanced that the brig was a West India trader, which unfavourable winds had delayed much beyond the expected period of time on her voyage, and though

her water had not failed, everything eatable had been consumed, and the crew reduced almost to helplessness. In such a strait the arrival of Barny O'Reirdon and his scalpeens was a most providential succour to them, and a lucky chance for Barny, for he got in exchange for his pickled fish a handsome return of rum and sugar, much more than equivalent to their value. Barny lamented much, however, that the brig was not bound for Ireland, that he might practise his own peculiar system of navigation; but as staying with the brig could do no good, he got himself put into his *nor-aist coorse* once more, and ploughed away towards home.

The disposal of his cargo was a great godsend to Barny in more ways than one. In the first place, he found the most profitable market he could have had; and, secondly, it enabled him to cover his retreat from the difficulty which still was before him of not getting to Fingal after all his dangers, and consequently being open to discovery and disgrace. All these beneficial results were not thrown away upon one of Barny's readiness to avail himself of every point in his favour; and, accordingly, when they left the brig, Barny said to his companions, "Why, thin, boys, 'pon my conscience, but I'm as proud as a horse wid a wooden leg this minit, that we met them poor unfort'nate craythurs this blessed day, and was enabled to extind our charity to them. Sure, an' it's lost they'd be only for our comin' across them, and we, through the blessin' o' God, enabled to do an act of mercy, that is, feedin' the hungry;—and sure every good work we do here is before uz in heavin, and that's a comfort, anyhow. To be sure, now that the scalpeens is sowld, there's no use in goin' to Fingal, and we may jist as well go home."

"Faix, I'm sorry myself," said Jemmy, "for Terry O'Sullivan said it was an iligant place intirely, an' I wanted to see it."

"To the divil with Terry O'Sullivan," said Barny; "how does he know what's an iligant place? What knowledge has he of iligance? I'll go bail, he never was half as far a navigatin' as we;—he wint the short cut, I go bail, and never daard for to vinture the round, as I did."

"Bedad we wor a great dale longer, anyhow, than he towld me he was."

"To be sure we wor," said Barny; "he wint skulkin' by the short cut, I tell you; and was afeard to keep a bowld offin' like me. But come, boys, let uz take a dhrop o' that bottle o' sper'ts we got out o' the brig. Begor it's well we got some bottles iv it; for I wouldn't much like to meddle wid that darlint little kag iv it antil we get home." The rum was put on its trial by Barny and his companions, and in their critical judgment was pronounced quite as good as the captain of the ship had bestowed upon them, but that neither of those specimens of spirit was to be compared to whiskey. "Bedad," says Barny, "they may rack their brains a long time before they'll make out a purtier invintion than *pottoes*;—that rum may do very well for thim that has the misforthin not to know better; but the whiskey is a more nath'ral sper't, accordin' to my idays." In this, as

in most other of Barny's opinions, Peter and Jemmy coincided.

Nothing particular occurred for the two succeeding days, during which time Barny most religiously pursued his *nor-aist coorse*; but the third day produced a new and important event. A sail was discovered on the horizon, and in the direction Barny was steering, and a couple of hours made him tolerable certain that the vessel in sight was an American; for though it is needless to say that he was not very conversant in such matters, yet from the frequency of his seeing Americans trading to Ireland, his eye had become sufficiently accustomed to their lofty and tapering spars, and peculiar smartness of rig, to satisfy him that the ship before him was of transatlantic build: nor was he wrong in his conjecture.

Barny now determined on a manoeuvre, classing him amongst the first tacticians at securing a good retreat.

Moreau's highest fame rests upon his celebrated retrograde movement through the Black Forest.

Xenophon's greatest glory is derived from the deliverance of his ten thousand Greeks from impending ruin by his renowned retreat.

Let the ancient and the modern hero "repose under the shadow of their laurels," as the French have it, while Barny O'Reirdon's historian, with a pardonable jealousy for the honour of his country, cuts down a goodly bough of the classic tree, beneath which our Hibernian hero may enjoy his "*otium cum dignitate*."

Barny calculated the American was bound for Ireland; and as she lay *almost* as directly in the way of his *nor-aist coorse*, as the West Indian brig, he bore up to and spoke to her.

He was answered by a shrewd Yankee captain.

"Faix, an' it's glad I am to see your honour again," said Barny.

The Yankee had never been to Ireland, and told Barny so.

"Oh, throth, I couldn't forget a gintleman so easy as that," said Barny.

"You're pretty considerably mistaken now, I guess," said the American.

"Divil a taste," said Barny, with inimitable composure and pertinacity.

"Well, if you know me so tarnation well, tell me what's my name?" The Yankee flattered himself he had nailed Barny now.

"Your name, is it?" said Barny, gaining time by repeating the question, "why, what a fool you are not to know your own name."

The oddity of the answer posed the American, and Barny took advantage of the diversion in his favour, and changed the conversation.

"Bedad, I've been waitin' here these four or five days, expectin' some of you would be wantin' me."

"Some of us! How do you mean?"

"Sure an' aren't you from Amerikay?"

"Yes;—and what then?"

"Well, I say I was waitin' for some ship or other from Amerikay, that ud be wantin' me. It's to Ire-you're goin' I daresay."

"Yes."

"Well, I suppose you'll be wantin' a pilot?" said Barny.

"Yes, when we get in shore, but not yet."

"Oh, I don't want to hurry you," said Barny.

"What port are you a pilot of?"

"Why, indeed, as for the matther o' that," said Barny, "they're all aigual to me a'most."

"All?" said the American. "Why, I calculate you couldn't pilot a ship into all the ports of Ireland."

"Not all at wanst (once)," said Barny, with a laugh, in which the American could not help joining.

"Well, I say, what ports do you know best?"

"Why, thin, indeed," said Barny, "it would be hard for me to tell; but wherever you want to go, I'm the man that'll do the job for you complate. Where's your honour goin'?"

"I won't tell you that;—but do you tell me what ports you know best?"

"Why, there's Watherford, and there's Youghal, an' Fingal."

"Fingal! Where's that?"

"So you don't know where Fingal is. Oh, I see you're a sthranger, sir;—an' then there's Cork."

"You know Cove, then?"

"Is it the Cove o' Cork, why?"

"Yes."

"I was bred an' born there, an' pilots as many ships into Cove as any other two min out o' it."

Barny thus sheltered his falsehood under the idiom of his language.

"But what brought you so far out to sea?" asked the captain.

"We wor lyin' out lookin' for ships that wanted pilots, and there kem an the terriblest gale o' wind off the land, an' blew us to say out intirely, an' that's the way iv it, your honour."

"I calculate we got a share of the same gale; 'twas from the nor-east."

"Oh, directly!" said Barny, "faith, you're right enough, 'twas the *nor-aist coorse* we wor an, sure enough; but no matther, now that we've met wid you;—sure we'll have a job home, anyhow."

"Well, get aboard, then," said the American.

"I will in a minit, your honour, whin I jist spake a word to my comrades here."

"Why, sure it's not goin' to turn pilot you are?" said Jemmy, in his simplicity of heart.

"Whisht, you omadhaun!" said Barny, "for I'll cut the tongue out o' you. Now, mind me, Pether. You don't undherstan' navigashin and the various branches o' knowledge, an' so all you have to do is to folly the ship when I get into her, an' I'll show you the way home."

Barny then got aboard the American vessel, and begged of the captain that as he had been out at sea so long, and had gone through a "power o' hardship intirely," that he would be permitted to go below and turn in to take a sleep; "for, in throth, it's myself and sleep that is sthrangers for some time," said Barny, "an' if your honour 'ill be plazed, I'll be thankful if you won't let them disturb me antil I'm wanted,

for sure till you see the land there's no use for me in life; an', throth, I want a sleep sorely."

Barny's request was granted, and it will not be wondered at, that after so much fatigue of mind and body, he slept profoundly for four-and-twenty hours. He then was called, for land was in sight, and when he came on deck the captain rallied him upon the potency of his somniferous qualities, and "calculated" he had never met anyone who could sleep "four-and-twenty hours on a stretch before."

"Oh, sir," said Barny, rubbing his eyes, which were still a little hazy, "whiniver I go to sleep I *pay attintion to it*."

The land was soon neared, and Barny put in charge of the ship, when he ascertained the first landmark he was acquainted with; but as soon as the Head of Kinsale hove in sight, Barny gave a "whoop," and cut a caper that astonished the Yankees, and was quite inexplicable to them, though I flatter myself it is not to those who do Barny the favour of reading his adventures.

"Oh! there you are, my darlint owld head!—an' where's the head like you? Throth, it's little I thought I'd ever set eyes an your good-looking faytures agin. But, God's good!"

In such half-muttered exclamations did Barny apostrophise each well-known point of his native shore, and when opposite the harbour of Kinsale, he spoke the hooker, that was somewhat astern, and ordered Jemmy and Peter to put in there, and tell Molly immediately that he was come back, and would be with her as soon as he could, after piloting the ship into Cove. "But, an your apperl, don't tell Pether Kelly o' the big farm; nor, indeed, don't mintion to man nor mortial about the navigashin we done antil I come home myself and make them sensible of it, bekase, Jemmy and Pether, neither o' yiz is aigual to it, and doesn't undherstan' the branches o' knowledge requizit for discoorsin' o' navigashin."

The hooker put into Kinsale, and Barny sailed the ship into Cove. It was the first ship he had acted the pilot for, and his old luck attended him; no accident befell his charge, and what was still more extraordinary, he made the American believe he was absolutely the most skilful pilot on the station. So Barny pocketed his pilot's fee, swore the Yankee was a gentleman, for which the republican did not thank him, wished him good-bye, and then pushed his way home with what Barny swore was the easiest made money he ever had in his life. So Barny got himself paid for *piloting* the ship that *showed him the way home*.

All the fishermen in the world may throw their caps at this feat—none but an Irishman, I fearlessly assert, could have executed so splendid a *coup de finesse*.

And now, sweet readers (the ladies I mean), did you ever think Barny would get home? I would give a hundred of pens to hear all the guesses that have been made as to the probable termination of Barny's adventure. They would furnish good material, I doubt not, for another voyage. But Barny did make other voyages, I can assure you, and perhaps he may appear in his character of navigator once

more, if his daring exploits be not held valueless by an ungrateful world, as in the case of his great predecessor, Columbus.

As some *curious* persons (I *don't* mean the ladies), may wish to know what became of some of the characters who have figured in this tale, I beg to inform them that Molly continued a faithful wife and time-keeper, as already alluded to, for many years. That Peter Kelly was so pleased with his share in the profits arising from the trip, in the ample return of rum and sugar, that he freighted a large brig with scalpeens to the West Indies, and went supercargo himself.

All he got in return was the yellow fever.

Barny profited better by his share: he was enabled

to open a public-house, which had more custom than any ten within miles of it. Molly managed the bar very efficiently, and Barny "discoorsed" the customers most seductively; in short, Barny, at all times given to the *marvellous*, became a greater romancer than ever, and, for years, attracted even the gentlemen of the neighbourhood, who loved fun, to his house, for the sake of his magnanimous mendacity.

As for the hitherto triumphant Terry O'Sullivan, from the moment Barny's *Bingal* adventure became known, he was obliged to fly the country, and was never heard of more, while the hero of the hooker became a greater man than before, and never was addressed by any other title afterwards than that of THE COMMODORE.

## SHAMUS O'BRIEN.

A TALE OF NINETY-EIGHT.

BY J. S. LEFANU.

Just after the war, in the year '98,  
As soon as the boys wor all scattered and bate  
'Twas the custom, whenever a pisant was got,  
To hang him by thrial—barrin' sich as was shot.  
There was trial by jury goin' on by day-light,  
And the martial-law hangin' the lavins by night.  
It's them was hard times for an honest gossoon:  
If he missed in the judges—he'd meet a dragoon;  
An' whether the sogers or judges gev sentence,  
The devil a much time they allowed for repentance.  
An' it's many's the fine boy was then an his keepin',  
Wid small share iv restin', or atin', or sleepin';  
An' because they loved Erin, an' scorned to sell it,  
A prey for the bloodhound, a mark for the bullet—  
Unsheltered by night, and unrested by day,  
With the heath for their barrack, revenge for their pay.  
An' the bravest an' hardiest boy iv them all  
Was Shamus O'Brien, from the town iv Glingall.  
His limbs were well set, an' his body was light,  
An' the keen-fangèd hound had not teeth half so  
white.

But his face was as pale as the face of the dead,  
And his cheek never warmed with the blush of the  
red;

An' for all that he wasn't an ugly young bye,  
For the devil himself couldn't blaze with his eye,  
So droll an' so wicked, so dark and so bright,  
Like a fire-flash that crosses the depth of the night;  
An' he was the best mower that ever has been,  
An' the illigantest hurler that ever was seen.  
In fincin' he gev Patrick Mooney a cut,  
An' in jumpin' he bate Tim Malowney a fut;

For lightness iv foot there was not his peer,  
For, by gorra, he'd almost outrun the red deer;  
An' his dancin' was sich that the men used to stare,  
An' the women turn crazy, he done it so quare;  
An', by gorra, the whole world gev it in to him there.  
An' it's he was the boy that was hard to be caught,  
An' it's often he run, an' it's often he fought,  
An' it's many's the one can remimber right well  
The quare things he done; an' it's 'often I heard tell  
How he freckened the magistrates in Cahirbally,  
An' escaped through the sodgers in Aherloe Valley;  
An' leathered the yeomen, himself agin' four,  
An' stretched the two strongest on ould Galtimore.  
But the fox must sleep sometimes, the wild deer must  
rest,

An' treachery prey on the blood iv the best.  
Aftther many a brave action of power and pride,  
An' many a hard night on the mountain's bleak side,  
An' a thousand great dangers and toils overpast,  
In the darkness of night he was taken at last.

Now, Shamus, look back on the beautiful moon,  
For the door of the prison must close on you soon,  
An' take your last look at her dim lovely light,  
That falls on the mountain and valley this night—  
One look at the village, one look at the flood,  
An' one at the shelthering, far-distant wood.  
Farewell to the forest, farewell to the hill,  
An' farewell to the friends that will think of you  
still;

Farewell to the pattrern, the hurlin', an' wake,  
And farewell to the girl that would die for your  
sake.



An' twelve sodgers brought him to Maryborough  
gaol,

An' the turnkey resaved him, refusin' all bail.  
The fleet limbs wor chained, an' the sthrong hands  
wor bound,

An' he laid down his length on the could prison ground.  
An' the dreams of his childhood kem over him there,  
As gentle an' soft as the sweet summer air;  
An' happy remembrances crowding on ever,  
As fast as the foam-flakes dhrift down on the river,  
Bringing fresh to his heart merry days long gone by,  
Till the tears gathered heavy and thick in his eye.  
But the tears didn't fall, for the pride of his heart  
Would not suffer one drop down his pale cheek to  
start;

An' he sprang to his feet in the dark prison cave,  
An' he swore with the fierceness that misery gave,  
By the hopes of the good, an' the cause of the brave,  
That when he was mouldering in the cold grave  
His enemies never should have it to boast  
His scorn of their vengeance one moment was lost;  
His bosom might bleed, but his cheek should be dhry,  
For undaunted he lived, and undaunted he'd die.

Well, as soon as a few weeks was over and gone,  
The terrible day iv the thrial kem on;  
There was sich a crowd there was scarce room to stand,  
An' sogers on guard, an' dhragoons sword-in-hand;  
An' the court-house so full that the people wor  
bothered,  
An' attorneys an' criers on the pint iv bein' smothered;  
An' counsellors almost gev over for dead,  
An' the jury sittin' up in their box over head;  
An' the judge settled out so detarmined an' big,  
With his gown on his back, and an illigant new wig;  
An' silence was called, an' the minute it was said  
The court was as still as the heart of the dead.  
An' they heard but the openin' of one prison lock,  
An' Shamus O'Brien kem into the dock.  
For one minute he turned his eye round on the throng,  
An' he looked at the bars, so firm and so strong,  
An' he saw that he had not a hope, nor a friend,  
A chance to escape, nor a word to defend:  
An' he folded his arms as he stood there alone,  
As calm and as cold as a statue of stone;  
And they read a big writin', a yard long at laste,  
An' Jim didn't undherstand it, nor mind it a taste.  
An' the judge took a big pinch iv snuff, an' he says:  
"Are you guilty or not, Jim O'Brien, av you plase?"

An' all held their breath in the silence of dhread,  
An' Shamus O'Brien made answer, and said,  
"My lord, if you ask me, if in my life time  
I thought any treason, or did any crime  
That should call to my cheek, as I stand alone here,  
The hot blush of shame, or the coldness of fear,  
Though I stood by the grave to receive my death  
blow,

Before God and the world I would answer you, no;  
But if you would ask me, as I think it like,  
If in the rebellion I carried a pike,  
An' fought for ould Ireland from the first to the close,  
An' shed the heart's blood of her bitterest foes,

I answer you, yes, an' I tell you again,  
Though I stand here to perish, it's my glory that then  
In her cause I was willing my veins should run  
dhry,

An' that now for her sake I am ready to die."  
Then the silence was great, an' the jury smiled bright,  
An' the judge wasn't sorry the job was made light;  
By my sowl, it's himself was the crabbed ould chap,  
In a twinklin' he pulled on his ugly black cap.

Then Shamus' mother in the crowd standing by,  
Called out to the judge with a pitiful cry,  
"Oh, judge, darlin', don't, oh, don't say the word,  
The crathur is young, have mercy, my lord;  
He was foolish, he didn't know what he was doin'—  
You don't know him, my lord, oh, don't give him to  
ruin—

He's the kinliest crathur, the tendherest-hearted—  
Don't part us for ever, we that's so long parted.  
Judge, mavourneen, forgive him, forgive him, my  
lord,

An' God will forgive you, oh, don't say the word!"  
That was the first minute that O'Brien was shaken,  
When he saw that he was not quite forgot or forsaken;  
An' down his pale cheeks at the words of his mother,  
The big tears wor runnin' fast, one aither th'other.  
An' two or three times he endeavoured to spake,  
But the sthrong manly voice used to falther and  
break;

But at last by the strength of his high-mounting pride,  
He conquered and mastered his grief's swelling  
tide,

"An'," says he, "mother, darlin', don't break your  
poor heart,

For sooner or later the dearest must part;  
An' God knows it's bether than wandering in fear  
On the bleak, trackless mountains among the wild deer,  
To lie in the grave, where the head, heart, and breast  
From thought, labour, and sorrow for ever shall rest.  
Then, mother, my darlin', don't cry any more,  
Don't make me seem broken in this my last hour,  
For I wish when my head's lyin' undher the raven,  
No thrue man can say that I died like a craven!"  
Then towards the judge Shamus bent down his head,  
An' that minute the solemn death-sentence was said.  
The mornin' was bright, an' the mists rose on high,  
An' the lark whistled merrily in the clear sky—  
But why are the men standin' idle so late?  
An' why do the crowds gother fast in the street?  
What come they to talk of? what come they to see?  
An' why does the long rope hang from the cross-tree?  
Oh! Shamus O'Brien, pray fervent and fast,  
May the saints take your soul, for this day is your  
last;  
Pray fast an' pray strong, for the moment is nigh,  
When sthrong, proud, an' great as you are, you must  
die.

An' fasher an' fasher the crowd gathered there,  
Boys, horses and gingerbread, just like a fair;  
An' whiskey was selling, an' cussamuuck too,  
And ould men and young women enjoying the view.  
An' ould Tim Mulvany, he med the remark,  
There wasn't sich a sight since the time of Noah's  
ark;

An' begorra 'twas throe for him, for divil such a scrudge,  
 Sich divarshin and crowds was known since the deluge.  
 For thousands was gothered there, if there was one,  
 Waitin' till such time as the hangin' id come on;  
 At last they threw open the big prison gate,  
 An' out came the sheriffs and sodgers in state,  
 An' a cart in the middle, an' Shamus was in it;  
 Not paler, but prouder than ever, that minute.  
 An' as soon as the people saw Shamus O'Brien,  
 Wid prayin' and blessin', and all the girls cryin';  
 A wild wailin' sound kem on by degrees,  
 Like the sound of the lonesome wind blowin' thro'  
 trees.  
 On, on to the gallows the sheriffs are gone,  
 An' the cart an' the sodgers goes steadily on;  
 An' at every side swellin' around of the cart,  
 A wild sorrowful sound that id open your heart.  
 Now under the gallows the cart takes its stand,  
 An' the hangman gets up wid the rope in his hand;  
 An' the priest having blest him, goes down on the  
 ground,  
 An' Shamus O'Brien throws one last look round.  
 Then the hangman dhrew near, and the people grew  
 still,  
 Young faces turned sickly, and warm hearts turn chill;

An' the rope bein' ready, his neck was made bare,  
 For the gripe iv the life-stranglin' cord to prepare:  
 An' the good priest has left him, havin' said his last  
 prayer.  
 But the good priest done more, for his hands he  
 unbound,  
 And with one daring spring Jim has leaped on the  
 ground;  
 Bang, bang! goes the carbines, and clash goes the  
 sabres,  
 He's not down! he's alive still! now stand to him  
 neighbours.  
 Through the smoke and the horses he's into the crowd,  
 By the heavens he's free! than thunder more loud  
 By one shout from the people the heavens were  
 shaken—  
 One shout that the dead of the world might awaken.  
 Your swords they may glitter, your carbines go bang,  
 But if you want hangin' it's yourselves you must bang  
 To-night he'll be sleepin' in Aherloe Glin,  
 Au' the divil's in the dice if you catch him again.  
 The sodgers ran this way, the sheriffs ran that,  
 An' Father Malone lost his new Sunday hat;  
 An' the sheriffs wor both of them punished severely,  
 An' fined like the divil, because Jim done them fairly.

## FATHER MALACHI'S SUPPER.

(FROM "HARRY LORREQUER.")

BY CHARLES LEVER.

FATHER MALACHI O'BRENNAN, P.P. of Carrigaholt, was what I had often pictured to myself as the *beau idéal* of his caste. His figure was short, fleshy, and enormously muscular, and displayed proportions which wanted but height to constitute a perfect Hercules; his legs, so thick in the calf, so taper in the ankle, looked like nothing I know, except, perhaps, the metal balustrades of Carlisle-bridge; his face was large and rosy, and the general expression, a mixture of unbounded good humour and inexhaustible drollery, to which the restless activity of his black and arched eyebrows greatly contributed; and his mouth, were it not for a character of sensuality and voluptuousness about the nether lip, had been actually handsome; his head was bald, except a narrow circle close above the ears, which was marked by a ring of curly dark hair, sadly insufficient, however, to conceal a development behind, that, if there be truth in phrenology, boded but little happiness to the disciples of Miss Martineau.

Add to these external signs a voice, rich, fluent, and racy, with the mellow "dorie" of his country, and

you have some faint resemblance of one "every inch a priest." The very antipodes to the *bonhomie* of this figure, confronted him as croupier at the foot of the table. This, as I afterwards learned, was no less a person than Mister Donovan, the *coadjutor* or "curate." He was a tall, spare, ungainly-looking man of about five and thirty, with a pale, ascetic countenance, the only readable expression of which vibrated between low suspicion and intense vulgarity: over his low, projecting forehead hung down a mass of straight red hair; indeed—for Nature is not a politician—it almost approached an orange hue. This was cut close to the head all round, and displayed in their full proportions a pair of enormous ears, which stood out in "relief," like turrets from a watch-tower, and with pretty much the same object; his skin was of that peculiar colour and texture, to which, not all "the water in great Neptune's ocean" could impart a look of cleanliness: while his very voice, hard, harsh, and inflexible, was unprepossessing and unpleasant. And yet, strange as it may seem, he, too, was a correct type of his order; the only difference being, that

Father Malachi was an older coinage, with the impress of Douai or St. Omer, whereas Mister Donovan was the shining metal, fresh stamped from the mint of Maynooth.

While thus occupied in my surveillance of the scene before me, I was roused by the priest, saying:

"Ah, Fin, my darling, you needn't deny it; you're at the old game, as sure as my name is Malachi, and you'll never be easy nor quiet till ye're sent beyond the sea, or maybe have a record of your virtues on half a ton of marble in the churchyard yonder."

"Upon my honour—upon the sacred honour of a De Courcy—"

"Well, well, never mind it now; ye see ye're just keeping your friends cooling themselves there in the corner—introduce me at once."

"Mr. Lorrequer, I'm sure—"

"My name is Curzon," said the adjutant, bowing.

"A mighty pretty name, though a little profane. Well, Mr. Curseon"—for so he pronounced it—"ye're as welcome as the flowers in May; and it's mighty proud I am to see ye here."

"Fin tells me," continued Father Malachi, "that ye'd rather not be known down here, in regard of a reason"—and here he winked. "Make yourselves quite easy; the king's writ was never but once in these parts; and the 'original and true copy' went back to Limerick in the stomach of the server;—they made him eat it, Mr. Lorrequer. But it's as well to be cautious, for there are a good number here. A little dinner, a little quarterly dinner, we have among us, Mr. Curseon, to be social together, and raise a 'thrifle' for the Irish College at Rome, where we have a probationer or two ourselves."

"As good as a station, and more drink," whispered Fin into my ear.

"And now," continued the priest, "ye must just permit me to rechristen ye both, and the contribution will not be the less for what I'm going to do; and I'm certain you'll not be worse for the change, Mr. Curseon; though 'tis only for a few hours, ye'll have a dacent name."

As I could see no possible objection to this proposal, nor did Curzon either, we at once assented, when Father Malachi took me by the hand, but with such a total change in his whole air and deportment that I was completely puzzled by it. He led me forward to the company with a good deal of that ceremonious reverence I have often admired in Sir Charles Vernon, when conducting some full-blown dowager through the mazes of a Castle minuet. The desire to laugh outright was almost irresistible, as the Rev. Father stood at arm's length from me, still holding my hand, and bowing to the company pretty much in the style of a manager introducing a blushing *débutante* to an audience. A moment more, and I must have inevitably given way to a burst of laughter, when what was my horror to hear the priest present me to the company as their "excellent, worthy, generous, and patriotic young landlord, Lord Kilkee. Cheer, every mother's son of ye; cheer, I say;"—and certainly precept was never more strenuously backed by example, for he huzzaed till I thought he would burst

a bloodvessel:—may I add, I almost wished it, such was the insufferable annoyance, the chagrin, this announcement gave me;—and I waited with eager impatience for the din and clamour to subside, to disclaim every syllable of the priest's announcement, and take the consequences of my baptismal epithet, cost what it might. To this I was impelled by many and important reasons. Situated as I was with respect to the Callonby family, my assumption of their name at such a moment might get abroad, and the consequences to me be inevitable ruin; and independent of my natural repugnance to such sailing under false colours, I saw Curzon laughing almost to suffocation at my wretched predicament, and (so strong within me was the dread of ridicule) I thought, "what a pretty narrative he is concocting for the mess this minute." I rose to reply; and whether Father Malachi, with his intuitive quickness, guessed my purpose or not, I cannot say, but he certainly resolved to out-manceuvre me, and he succeeded: while with one hand he motioned to the party to keep silence, with the other he took hold of Curzon, but with no peculiar or very measured respect, and introduced him as Mr. M'Neesh, the new Scotch steward and improver—a character at that time whose popularity might compete with a tithe proctor or an exciseman. So completely did this tactic turn the tables upon the poor adjutant, who the moment before was exulting over me, that I utterly forgot my own woes, and sat down convulsed with mirth at his situation—an emotion certainly not lessened as I saw Curzon passed from one to the other at table, "like a pauper to his parish," till he found an asylum at the very foot, in juxta with the engaging Mister Donovan, a propinquity, if I might judge from their countenances, uncoveted by either party.

While this was performing, Doctor Finucane was making his recognitions with several of the company, to whom he had been long known during his visits to the neighbourhood. I now resumed my place on the right of "the Father," abandoning for the present all intention of disclaiming my rank, and the campaign was opened. The priest now exerted himself to the utmost to recall conversation into the original channels, and if possible to draw off attention from me, which he still feared might, perhaps, elicit some unlucky announcement on my part. Failing in his endeavours to bring matters to their former footing, he turned the whole brunt of his attentions to the worthy doctor, who sat on his left.

"How goes on the law, Fin?" said he; "any new proofs, as they call them, forthcoming?"

What Fin replied I could not hear, but the allusion to the "suit" was explained by Father Malachi informing us that the only impediment between his cousin and the title of Kinsale lay in the unfortunate fact that his grandmother, "rest her sowl," was not a man.

When the laugh had a little subsided, Father Malachi called out, "Mickey Oulahan! Mickey, I say, hand his lordship over 'the groceries'"—thus he designated a square decanter, containing about two quarts of whiskey and a bowl heaped high with sugar;—"a dacent boy is Mickey, my lord, and I'm happy

to be the means of making him known to you." I bowed with condescension, while Mr. Oulahan's eyes sparkled like diamonds at the recognition.

"He has only two years of the lease to run, and a 'long charge'" (*anglicè*, a large family), continued the priest.

"I'll not forget him, you may depend upon it," said I.

"Do you hear that?" said Father Malachi, casting a glance of triumph round the table, while a general buzz of commendation on priest and patron went round, with many such phrases as "Och, thin, it's his riv'rance *can* do it," "na bocklish," "and why not," &c. &c. As for me, I have already "confessed" to my crying sin—a fatal, irresistible inclination to follow the humour of the moment wherever it led me; and now I found myself as active a partisan in quizzing Mickey Oulahan, as though I was not myself a party included in the jest. I was thus fairly launched into my inveterate habit, and nothing could arrest my progress.

One by one the different individuals round the table were presented to me, and made known their various wants, with an implicit confidence in my power of relieving them, which I with equal readiness ministered to. I lowered the rent of every man at table. I made a general gaol delivery—an act of grace (I blush to say) which seemed to be peculiarly interesting to the present company. I abolished all arrears; made a new line of road through an impassible bog, and over an inaccessible mountain; and conducted water to a mill which (I learned in the morning) was always worked by wind. The decanter had scarcely completed its third circuit of the board, when I bid fair to be the most popular specimen of the peerage that ever visited the "far west." In the midst of my career of universal benevolence, I was interrupted by Father Malachi, whom I found on his legs, pronouncing a glowing eulogium on his cousin's late regiment, the famous North Cork.

"That was the corps!" said he. "Bid them do a good thing, and they'd never leave off; and so, when they got orders to retire from Wexford, it's little they cared for the comforts of baggage, like many another regiment, for they threw away everything but their canteens, and never stopped till they ran to Ross, fifteen miles farther than the enemy followed them. And when they were all in bed the same night, fatigued and tired with their exertions, as ye may suppose, a drummer-boy called out in his sleep, 'Here they are—they're coming!' they all jumped up and set off in their shirts, and got two miles out of town before they discovered it was a false alarm."

Peal after peal of laughter followed the priest's encomium on the doctor's regiment: and, indeed, he himself joined most heartily in the mirth, as he might well afford to do, seeing that a braver or better corps than the North Cork Ireland did not possess.

"Well," said Fin, "it's easy to see ye never can forget what they did at Maynooth."

Father Malachi disclaimed all personal feeling on the subject; and I was at last gratified by the following narrative, which I regret deeply I am not enabled to give in the doctor's own words; but

writing, as I do, from memory, in most instances, I can only convey the substance:

It was towards the end of the year '98—the year of the troubles—that the North Cork was ordered, "for their sins," I believe, to march from their snug quarters in Fermoy, and take up a position in the town of Maynooth—a very considerable reverse of fortune to a set of gentlemen extremely addicted to dining out, and living at large upon a very pleasant neighbourhood. Fermoy abounded in gentry; Maynooth at that time had few, if any, excepting his Grace of Leinster, and he lived very privately, and saw no company. Maynooth was stupid and dull—there were neither belles nor balls; Fermoy (to use the doctor's well-remembered words) had "great feeding," and "very genteel young ladies, that carried their handkerchiefs in bags, and danced with the officers."

They had not been many weeks in their new quarters, when they began to pine over their altered fortunes, and it was with a sense of delight, which a few months before would have been incomprehensible to them, they discovered that one of their officers had a brother, a young priest, in the college: he introduced him to some of his *confrères*, and the natural result followed. A visiting acquaintance began between the regiment and such of the members of the college as had liberty to leave the precincts, who, as time ripened the acquaintance into intimacy, very naturally preferred the mess of the North Cork to the meagre fare of "the refectory." At last, seldom a day went by without one or two of their reverences finding themselves guests at the mess. The North Corkians were of a most hospitable turn, and the fathers were determined the virtue should not rust for want of being exercised: they would just drop in to say a word to "Captain O'Flaherty about leave to shoot in the demesne," as Carton was styled; or, they had a "frank from the Duke for the Colonel," or some other equally pressing reason; and they would contrive to be caught in the middle of a very droll story just as the "roast beef" was playing. Very little entreaty then sufficed—a short apology for the "derangements" of dress, and a few minutes more found them seated at table without further ceremony on either side.

Among the favourite guests from the college, two were peculiarly in estimation—"the Professor of the Humanities," Father Luke Mooney; and the Abbé d'Array, the Lecturer on Moral Philosophy and Belles Lettres;" and certain it is, pleasanter fellows, or more gifted with the "convivial bump," there never existed. He of the Humanities was a droll dog—a member of the Curran Club, the "monks of the screw," told an excellent story, and sang the "Cruiskeen Lawn" better than did any before or since him; the moral philosopher, though of a different *genre*, was also a most agreeable companion, an Irishman transplanted in his youth to St. Omer, and who had grafted upon his native humour a considerable share of French smartness and repartee; such were the two, who ruled supreme in all the festive arrangements of this jovial regiment, and were at last as regular at table as the adjutant and the paymaster, and so might they have continued, had not

prosperity, that, in its blighting influence upon the heart, spares neither priests nor laymen, and is equally severe upon mice (see *Æsop's fable*) and moral philosphers, actually deprived them, for the "nonce," of reason, and tempted them to their ruin. You naturally ask, what did they do? Did they venture upon allusions to the retreat upon Ross? Nothing of the kind. Did they, in that vanity which wine inspires, refer by word, act, or inuendo, to the well-known order of their colonel when reviewing his regiment in "the Phoenix," to "advance two steps backwards, and dress by the gutter?" Far be it from them: though, indeed, either of these had been esteemed light in the balance with their real crime. "Then, what was their failing—come, tell it, and burn ye?" They actually, I dread to say it, quizzed the major *coram* the whole mess! Now, Major John Jones had only lately exchanged into the North Cork from the "Darry L'agement," as he called it. He was a red-hot Orangeman, a deputy-grand-something, and vice-chairman of the "Prentice Boys" besides. He broke his leg, when a schoolboy, by a fall incurred in tying an orange handkerchief around King William's august neck in College-green on one 12th of July, and three several times had closed the gates of Derry with his own loyal hands on the famed anniversary; in a word, he was one that, if his Church had enjoined penance as an expiation for sin, would have looked upon a trip to Jerusalem on his bare knees as a very light punishment for the crime on his conscience, that he sat at table with two priests from Maynooth, and carved for them like the rest of the company!

Poor Major Jones, however, had no such solace, and the cankerworm ate daily deeper and deeper into his pining heart. During the three or four weeks of their intimacy with his regiment his martyrdom was awful. His figure wasted, and his colour became a deeper tint of orange, and all around averred that there would soon be a "move up" in the corps, for the major had evidently "got his notice to quit" this world and its pomps and vanities. He felt "that he was dying," to use Haynes Bayley's beautiful and apposite words, and meditated an exchange; but that, from circumstances, was out of the question. At last, subdued by grief, and probably his spirit having chafed itself smooth by such constant attrition, he became, to all seeming, calmer; but it was only the calm of a broken and weary heart. Such was Major Jones, at the time when, "suadente diabolo," it seemed meet to Fathers Mooney and D'Array to make him the butt of their raillery. At first he could not believe it; the thing was incredible—impossible; but when he looked around the table, when he heard the roars of laughter, long, loud, and vociferous; when he heard his name bandied from one to the other across the table, with some vile jest tacked to it "like a tin kettle to a dog's tail," he awoke to the full measure of his misery—the cup was full. Fate had done her worst, and he might have exclaimed with Lear, "Spit, fire—spout, rain," there was nothing in store for him of further misfortune.

A drum-head court-martial, a hint "to sell out," ay, a sentence of "dismissed the service," had been

mortal calamities; and, like a man, he would have borne them, but that he, Major John Jones, D.G. S.O.P.B., &c. &c., who had drunk the "pious, glorious, and immortal," sitting astride of "the great gun of Athlone," should come to this! Alas, and alas! He retired that night to his chamber a "sadder if not a wiser man;" he dreamed that the "statue" had given place to the unshapely figure of Leo X., and that "Lundy now stood where Walker stood before." He jumped from his bed in a moment of enthusiasm; he vowed his revenge, and he kept his vow.

That day the major was "acting field officer." The various patrols, sentries, pickets, and outposts were all under his especial control; and it was remarked that he took peculiar pains in selecting the men for night duty, which, in the prevailing quietness and peace of that time, seemed scarcely warrantable.

Evening drew near, and Major Jones, summoned by the "oft-heard beat," wended his way to the mess. The officers were dropping in, and true as "the needle to the pole," came Father Mooney and the Abbé. They were welcomed with the usual warmth, and, strange to say, by none more than the major himself, whose hilarity knew no bounds.

How the evening passed I shall not stop to relate; suffice it to say, that a more brilliant feast of wit and jollification not even the North Cork ever enjoyed. Father Luke's drollest stories, his very quaintest humour, shone forth, and the Abbé sang a new "*chanson d boire*," that Béranger might have envied.

"What are you about, my dear Father D'Array?" said the colonel; "you are surely not rising yet;—here's a fresh cooper of port just come in;—sit down, I entreat."

"I say it with grief, my dear colonel, we must away; the half hour has just chimed, and we must be within 'the gates' before twelve. The truth is, the superior has been making himself very troublesome about our 'carnal amusements,' as he calls our innocent mirth, and we must therefore be upon our guard."

"Well, if it must be so, we shall not risk losing your society altogether for an hour or so now; so, one bumper to our next meeting—to-morrow, mind; and now, Monsieur l'Abbé, au revoir."

The worthy fathers finished their glasses, and taking a most affectionate leave of their kind entertainers, sallied forth under the guidance of Major Jones, who insisted upon accompanying them part of the way, as, "from information he had received, the sentries were doubled in some places, and the usual precautions against surprise all taken." Much as this polite attention surprised the objects of it, his brother officers wondered still more; and no sooner did they perceive the major and his companions issue forth, than they set out in a body to watch where this most novel and unexpected complaisance would terminate.

When the priests reached the door of the barrack-yard, they again turned to utter their thanks to the major and entreat him, once more, "not to come a step farther. There now, major, we know the path well; so just give us the pass, and don't stay out in the night air."

"Ah, oui, Monsieur Jones," said the Abbé, "re-tournez, je vous prie. We are, I may say, chez nous. Ces braves gens, les North Cork, know us by this time."

The major smiled, while he still pressed his services to see them pass the pickets; but they were resolved and would not be denied.

"With the word for the night we want nothing more," said Father Luke.

"Well, then," said the major, in the gravest tone—and he was naturally grave—"you shall have your way; but remember to call out loud, for the first sentry is a little deaf, and a very passionate, ill-tempered fellow to boot."

"Never fear," said Father Mooney, laughing; "I'll go bail he'll hear me."

"Well, the word for the night is, 'Bloody end to the Pope;—don't forget, now, 'Bloody end to the Pope.'" And with these words he banged the door between him and the unfortunate priests; and, as bolt was fastened after bolt, they heard him laughing to himself like a fiend over his vengeance.

"And big bad luck to ye, Major Jones, for the same, every day ye see a paving-stone," was the faint sub-audible ejaculation of Father Luke, when he was recovered enough to speak.

"Sacristi! que nous sommes attrapée," said the Abbé, scarcely able to avoid laughing at the situation in which they were placed.

"Well, there's the quarter chiming now; we've no time to lose. Major Jones!—major, darling!—don't now, ah, don't!—sure ye know we'll be ruined entirely;—there now, just change it, like a dacent fellow;—the devil's luck to him, he's gone. Well, we can't stay here in the rain all night, and be expelled in the morning afterwards—so come along."

They jogged on for a few minutes in silence, till they came to that part of the "Duke's" demesne wall where the first sentry was stationed. By this time the officers, headed by the major, had quietly slipped out of the gate, and were following their steps at a convenient distance.

The fathers had stopped to consult together what they should do in this trying emergency, when, their whisper being overheard, the sentinel called out gruffly, in the genuine dialect of his country. "Who goes *that*?"

"Father Luke Mooney and the Abbé D'Array," said the former, in his most bland and insinuating tone of voice, a quality he most eminently possessed.

"Stand and give the countersign."

"We are coming from the mess, and going home to the college," said Father Mooney, evading the question, and gradually advancing as he spoke.

"Stand, or I'll *shot* ye," said the North Corkian.

Father Luke halted, while a muttered "Blessed Virgin!" announced his state of fear and trepidation.

"D'Array, I say, what are we to do?"

"The countersign?" said the sentry, whose figure they could perceive in the dim distance of about thirty yards.

"Sure ye'll let us pass, my good lad, and ye'll have a friend in Father Luke the longest day ye live, and ye might have a worse in time of need;—ye understand?"

Whether he did understand or not he did not heed, for his only reply was the short click of a gun-lock, that bespeaks a preparation to fire.

"There's no help now," said Father Luke; "I see he's a haythen;—and bad luck to the major, I say again;" and this, in the fulness of his heart, he uttered aloud.

"That's not the countersign," said the inexorable sentry, striking the butt end of the musket on the ground with a crash that smote terror into the hearts of the priests.

Mumble—mumble—"to the Pope," said Father Luke, pronouncing the last words distinctly, after the approved practice of a Dublin watchman on being awoken from his dreams of row and riot by the last toll of the Post-office, and, not knowing whether it has struck "twelve" or "three," sings out the word "o'clock," in a long, sonorous drawl, that wakes every sleeping citizen, and yet tells nothing how "Time speeds on his flight."

"Louder," said the sentry, in a voice of impatience. "—to the Pope."

"I don't hear the first part."

"Oh, then," said the priest, with a sigh that might have melted the heart of anything but a sentry, "Bloody end to the Pope, and may the saints in heaven forgive me for saying it."

"Again," called out the soldier, "and no muttering."

"Bloody end to the Pope," cried Father Luke, in bitter desperation.

"Bloody end to the Pope," echoed the Abbé.

"Pass, Bloody end to the Pope, and good-night," said the sentry, resuming his rounds, while a loud and uproarious peal of laughter behind told the unlucky priests they were overheard by others, and that the story would be over the whole town in the morning.

Whether it was that the penance for their heresy took long in accomplishing, or that they never could summon courage sufficient to face their persecutor, certain it is the North Cork saw them no more, nor were they ever observed to pass the precincts of the college while that regiment occupied Malinbeg.

Major Jones himself and his confederates could not have more heartily relished this story than did the party to whom the doctor related it. Much, if not all, the amusement it afforded, however, resulted from his inimitable mode of telling, and the power of mimicry with which he conveyed the dialogue with the sentry;—and this, alas! must be lost to my readers—at least to that portion of them not fortunate enough to possess Doctor Finucane's acquaintance.

"Fin! Fin! your long story has nearly famished me," said the padre, as the laugh subsided; "and there you sit now with the jug at your elbow this half-hour; I never thought you would forget our old friend, Martin Hanegan's aunt."

"Here's to her health," said Fin; "and your reverence will give us the chant."

"Agreed," said Father Malachi, finishing a bumper; and, after giving a few preparatory hems, he sang the following "singularly wild and beautiful poem," as some one calls Christabel:—

"Here's a health to Martin Hanegan's aunt,  
And I'll tell ye the reason why!  
She eats becase she is hungry,  
And drinks becase she is dry.  
And if ever a man  
Stopped the course of a can,  
Martin Hanegan's aunt would cry—  
'Arrah, fill up your glass,  
And let the jug pass;  
How d'ye know but your neighbour's d'ry?"

"Come, my lord and gentlemen, *da capo*, if you please—"Fill up your glass," &c.; and the *chanson* was chorused with a strength and vigour that would have astonished the Philharmonic.

The mirth and fun now grew "fast and furious;" and Father Malachi, rising with the occasion, flung his reckless drollery and fun on every side, sparing none, from his cousin to the coadjutor. It was now that peculiar period in the evening's enjoyment, when an expert and practical chairman gives up all interference or management, and leaves everything to take its course; this, then, was the happy moment selected by Father Malachi to propose the little "contribution." He brought a plate from a side-table, and placing it before him, addressed the company in a very brief but sensible speech, detailing the object of the institution he was advocating, and concluding with the following words:—"And now ye'll just give whatever ye like, according to your means in life, and what ye can spare."

The admonition, like the "morale" of an income tax, having the immediate effect of pitting each man against his neighbour, and suggesting to their already excited spirits all the ardour of gambling, without, however, the prospect of gain. The plate was first handed to me in honour of my "rank," and having deposited upon it a handful of small silver, the priest ran his finger through the coin, and called out:—

"Five pounds! at least; not a farthing less, as I am a sinner. Look, then,—see, now; they tell ye the gentlemen don't care for the like o' ye!—but see for yourselves. May I trouble y'r lordship to pass the plate to Mr. Mahony—he's impatient, I see."

Mr. Mahony, about whom I perceived very little of the impatience alluded to, was a grim-looking old Christian, in a rabbit-skin waistcoat, with long flaps, who fumbled in the recesses of his breeches-pocket for five minutes, and then drew forth three shillings, which he laid upon the plate, with what I fancied very much resembled a sigh.

"Six-and-sixpence, is it? or five shillings?—all the same, Mr. Mahony; and I'll not forget the thrife you were speaking about this morning, anyway." And here he leaned over, as interceding with me for him, but in reality to whisper into my ear, "The greatest miser from this to Castlebar."

"Who's that put down the half-guinea in goold?"—(and this time he spoke truth)—"who's that, I say?"

"Tim Kennedy, your reverence," said Tim, stroking his hair down with one hand, and looking proud and modest at the same moment.

"Tim, ye're a credit to us any day, and I always said so. It's a gauger he'd like to be, my lord," said he, turning to me in a kind of stage whisper. I

nodded and muttered something, when he thanked me most profoundly as if his suit had prospered.

"Mickey Oulahan—the lord's looking at ye, Mickey." This was said pianissimo across the table and had the effect of increasing Mr. Oulahan's donation from five shillings to seven—the last two being pitched in very much in the style of a gambler making his final coup, and crying, "*Va, banque!*" "The Oulahans were always dacent people—dacent people, my lord."

"Begorra, the Oulahans was nivir dacent nor the Molowneys, anyhow," said a tall, athletic young fellow, as he threw down three crown pieces, with an energy that made every coin leap from the plate.

"They'll do now," said Father Brennan; "I'll leave them to themselves." And truly the eagerness to get the plate and put down the subscription fully equalled the rapacious anxiety I have witnessed in an old maid at loo to get possession of a thirty-shilling pool, be the same more or less, which lingered on its way to her, in the hands of many a fair competitor.

"Mr. M'Neesh"—Curzon had hitherto escaped all notice—"Mr. M'Neesh, to your good health," cried Father Brennan. "It's many a secret they'll be getting out o' ye down there about the Scotch husbandry."

Whatever poor Ourzon knew of "drills," certainly did not extend to them when occupied by turnips. This allusion of the priest's being caught up by the party at the foot of the table, they commenced a series of inquiries into different Scotch plans of tillage—his brief and unsatisfactory answers to which, they felt sure, were given in order to evade imparting information. By degrees, as they continued to press him with questions, his replies grew more short, and a general feeling of dislike on both sides was not very long in following.

The father saw this, and determining, with his usual tact, to repress it, called on the adjutant for a song. Now, whether he had but one in the world, or whether he took this mode of retaliating for the annoyances he had suffered, I know not; but true it is, he finished his tumbler at a draught, and with a voice of no very peculiar sweetness, though abundantly loud, began "The Boyne Water."

He had just reached the word "battle," in the second line, upon which he was bestowing what he meant to be a shake, when, as if the word suggested it, it seemed the signal for a general engagement. Decanters, glasses, jugs, candlesticks, ay, and the money-dish, flew right and left, all originally intended, it is true, for the head of the luckless adjutant; but as they now and then missed their aim, and came in contact with the "wrong man," invariably provoked retaliation, and in a very few minutes the battle became general.

What may have been the doctor's political sentiments on this occasion, I cannot even guess; but he seemed bent upon performing the part of a "convivial Lord Stanley," and maintaining a dignified neutrality. With this apparent object, he mounted upon the table, to raise himself, I suppose, above the din and commotion of party clamour, and brandishing a jug of

scalding water, bestowed it with perfect impartiality on the combatants on either side. This Whig plan of conciliation, however well intended, seemed not to prosper with either party; and many were the missiles directed at the ill-starred doctor. Meanwhile, Father Malachi, whether following the pacific instinct of his order, in seeking an asylum in troublesome times, or equally moved by old habit to gather coin in low places (much of the money having fallen), was industriously endeavouring to insert himself beneath the table. In this, with one vigorous push, he at last succeeded, but in so doing lifted it from its legs, and thus destroying poor "Fin's" gravity, precipitated him, jug and all, into the thickest of the fray, where he met with that kind reception such a benefactor ever receives at the hands of a grateful public. I meanwhile hurried to rescue poor Curzon, who, having fallen to the ground, was getting a cast of his features taken in pewter,—for such seemed the operation a stout farmer was performing on the adjutant's face with a quart. With considerable difficulty, notwithstanding my supposed "lordship," I succeeded in freeing him from his present position; and he concluding, probably, that enough had been done for one "sitting," most willingly permitted me to lead him from the room. I was soon joined by the doctor, who assisted me in getting my poor friend to bed; which being done, he most eagerly entreated me to join the company. This, however, I firmly but mildly declined, very much to his surprise; for, as he remarked, "They'll all be like lambs now, for they don't believe there's a whole bone in his body."

Expressing my deep sense of the Christian-like forbearance of the party, I pleaded fatigue, and bidding him good-night, adjourned to my bedroom; and here, although the arrangements fell somewhat short of the luxurious ones appertaining to my late apartment at Callonby, they were most grateful at the moment; and having "addressed myself to alumber," fell fast asleep, and only awoke late on the following morning to wonder where I was; from any doubts as to which I was speedily relieved by the entrance of the priest's barefooted "colleen," to deposit on my table a bottle of soda water, and announce breakfast with his reverence's compliments.

Having made a hasty toilet, I proceeded to the

parlour, which, however late events might have impressed on my memory, I could scarcely recognise. Instead of the long oak table and the wassail bowl, there stood near the fire a small round table, covered with a snow-white cloth, upon which shone in unrivalled brightness a very handsome tea-equipage: the hissing kettle on one hob was balanced by a grid-iron with three newly-taken trout, frying under the reverential care of Father Malachi himself; a heap of eggs, ranged like shot in an ordnance yard, stood in the middle of the table, while a formidable pile of buttered toast browned before the grate; the morning papers were airing upon the hearth; everything bespoke that attention to comfort and enjoyment one likes to discover in the house where chance may have domesticated him for a day or two.

"Good-morning, Mr. Lorrequer. I trust you have rested well," said Father Malachi, as I entered.

"Never better;—but where are our friends?"

"I have been visiting and comforting them in their affliction, and I may with truth assert it is not often my fortune to have three as sickly-looking guests. That was a most unlucky affair last night, and I must apologise —"

"Don't say a word, I entreat; I saw how it all occurred, and am quite sure if it had not been for poor Curzon's ill-timed melody —"

"You are quite right," said the father, interrupting me. "Your friend's taste for music—bad luck to it! —was the '*terrima causa belli*.'"

"And the subscription," said I; "how did it succeed?"

"Oh, the money went in the commotion; and although I have got some seven pounds odd shillings of it, the war was a most expensive one to me. I caught old Mahony very busy under the table during the fray,—but let us say no more about it now;—draw over your chair. Tea or coffee?—there's the rum, if you like it, in French fashion."

I immediately obeyed the injunction, and commenced a vigorous assault upon the trout, caught, as he informed me, "within twenty perches of the house."

"Your poor friend's nose is scarcely regimental," said he, "this morning; and as for Fin, he was never remarkable for beauty; so, though they might cut and hack, they could scarcely disfigure him."

## MAT KAVANAGH, THE HEDGE SCHOOLMASTER.

ABRIDGED FROM "THE HEDGE SCHOOL"

BY WILLIAM CARLETON.

FOR about three years before the period of which I write, the village of Findramore and the parish in which it lay were without a teacher. Mat's predecessor was a James Garraghty, a lame young man, the son of a widow, whose husband lost his life in attempting to extinguish a fire that broke out in the

dwelling-house of Squire Johnston, a neighbouring magistrate. The son was a boy at the time of this disaster, and the squire, as some compensation for the loss of his father's life in his service, had him educated at his own expense—that is to say, he gave the master who taught in the village orders to educate



him gratuitously, on the condition of being horse-whipped out of the parish if he refused. As soon as he considered himself qualified to teach, he opened a school in the village on his own account, where he taught until his death, which happened in less than a year after the commencement of his little seminary. The children usually assembled in his mother's cabin; but as she did not long survive the son, this, which was at best a very miserable residence, soon tottered to the ground. The roof and thatch were burned for firing; the mud gables fell in, and were overgrown with grass, nettles, and docks; and nothing remained but a foot or two of the little clay side-walls, which presented, when associated with the calamitous fate of their inoffensive inmates, rather a touching image of ruin upon a small scale.

Garraghty had been attentive to his little pupils, and his instructions were sufficient to give them a relish for education—a circumstance which did not escape the observation of their parents, who duly appreciated it. His death, however, deprived them of this advantage; and as schoolmasters, under the old system, were always at a premium, it so happened that for three years afterwards none of that class presented himself to their acceptance. Many a trial had been made, and many a sly offer held out, as a lure to the neighbouring teachers; but they did not take; for although the country was densely inhabited, yet it was remarked that no schoolmaster ever “*thruv*” in the neighbourhood of Findramore. The place, in fact, had got a bad name. Garraghty died, it was thought, of poverty, a disease to which the Findramore schoolmasters had been always known to be subject. His predecessor, too, was hanged, along with two others, for burning the house of an “*Aagint*.”

Then the Findramore boys were not easily dealt with, having an ugly habit of involving their unlucky teachers in those quarrels which they kept up with the Ballyscanlan boys, a fighting clan that lived at the foot of the mountains above them. These two factions, when they met, whether at fair or market, wake or wedding, could never part without carrying home on each side a dozen or two of bloody cocks-combs. For these reasons, the parish of Aughindrum had for a few years been afflicted with an extraordinary dearth of knowledge; the only literary establishment which flourished in it being a parochial institution, which, however excellent in design, yet, like too many establishments of the same nature, degenerated into a source of knowledge, morals, and education exceedingly dry and unproductive to every person except the master, who was enabled by his honest industry to make a provision for his family absolutely surprising, when we consider the moderate nature of his ostensible income. It was, in fact, like a well dried up, to which scarcely anyone ever thinks of going for water.

Such a state of things, however, could not last long. The youth of Findramore were parched for want of the dew of knowledge; and their parents and grown orethren met one Saturday evening in Barny Brady's shebeen-house, to take into consideration the best

means for procuring a resident schoolmaster for the village and neighbourhood. It was a difficult point, and required great dexterity of management to enable them to devise any effectual remedy for the evil which they felt. There were present at this council, Tim Dolan, the senior of the village, and his three sons, Jem Coogan, Brian Murphy, Paddy Delany, Owen Roe O'Neil, Jack Traynor, and Andy Connell, with five or six others, whom it is not necessary to enumerate.

“Bring us in a quart, Barny,” said Dolan to Brady, who on this occasion we must designate as the host, “and let it be rale hathen.”

“What do you mane, Tim?” replied the host.

“I mane,” continued Dolan, “stuff that was never christened, man alive.”

“Thin I'll bring you the same that Father Maguire got last night on his way home, afther anointin' ould Katty Duffy,” replied Brady. “I'm sure, whatever I might be afther givin' to strangers, Tim, I'd be long sorry to give *yees* anything but the right sort.”

“That's a gay man, Barny,” said Traynor; “but off wid you like shot, an' let us get it under our tooth first, an' then we'll tell you more about it. A big regue is the same, Barny,” he added, after Brady had gone to bring in the poteen, “an' never sells a drop that's not one whiskey and five wathers.”

“But he couldn't expose it on *you*, Jack,” observed Connell; “you're too ould a hand about the *pot* for that. Warn't you in the mountains last week?”

“Ay; but the curse of Cromwell upon the thief of a gauger, Simpson;—himself and a pack o' redcoats surrounded us when we war beginnin' to *double*, and the purtiest *runnin'* that ever you seen was lost; for, you see, before you could cross yourself, we had the bottoms knocked clane out of the vessels; so that the villains didn't get a hole in our coats, as they thought they would.”

“But what's keepin' Barny with the whiskey?” inquired one of Dolan's sons.

“Look at him,” said Traynor, “comin' in out of the garden;—how much afraid he is! keepin' the whiskey in a phatie ridge;—an' I'd kiss the book that he brought that bottle out in his pocket, instead of diggin' it up out o' the garden.”

Whatever Brady's usual habits of *christening* his poteen might have been, that which he now placed before them was good. He laid the bottle on a little deal table with cross-legs, and along with it a small drinking-glass, fixed in a bit of flat circular wood, as a substitute for the original bottom, which had been broken. They now entered upon the point in question without further delay.

“Come, Tim,” said Coogan, “you're the oldest man, and must spake first.”

“Throth, man,” replied Dolan, “beggin' your pardon, I'll dhrink first—*shud-wrth*, your sowl; success, boys;—glory to ourselves, and confusion to the Scanlan boys, anyway.”

“And maybe,” observed Connell, “'tis we that didn't lick them well in the last fair;—they're not able to meet the Findramore birds even on their own walk.”

"Well, boys," said Delany, "about the masher? Our childre will grow up like *Kullockeans*, widout knowing a hap'orth; and larning, you see, is a burdyen that's asy carried."

"Ay," observed O'Neil, "as Solvester Maguire, the poet, used to say:—

"' Labour for larnin' before you grow ould,  
For larning is better nor riches nor gould;  
Riches an' gould they may vanish away,  
But larnin' alone it will never decay."

"Success, Owen! Why, you might put down the pot and warm an air to it," said Murphy.

"Faith, the gorsoons is in a bad state," said Murphy; "but, boys, where will we get a man?"

"I b'lieve," replied Delany, "that the best plan is to get an advertismint wrote out, an' have it posted on the chapel door."

This hint was debated with much earnestness; but as they were really anxious to have a master, they determined on penning an advertisement, according to the suggestion of Delany. After drinking another bottle, and amusing themselves with some further chat, one of the Dolans undertook to draw up the advertisement, which ran as follows:—

"*ADVARTAAISMENT.*

"*Notes to Schoolmasters, and to all others whom it may concern.*

"WANTED,

"For the nabourhood and vicinity of the Townland of Findramore, in the Parish of Aughindrum, in the Barony of Lisnamoghry, County of Sligo, Province of Connaught, Ireland.

"To SCHOOLMASTERS.

"Take Notes—That any Schoolmaster who understands Spellin' gramatically—Readin' and Writin', in the raal way, according to the Dixonary—Arithmatick, that is to say, the five common rules, namely, simple addition, subtraction, multiplication, and division—and addition, subtraction, multiplication, and division, of Dives's denominations. Also reduction up and down—cross multiplication of coin—the Rule of Three direck—the Rule of Three in verse—the double Rule of Three—Frackshins taught according to the vulgar and decimatin' method; and must be well practised to tache the Findramore boys how to manage the *Scuffe*.

"N.B. He must be well grounded in *that*. Practis, Discount, and *Rebatin'*. N.B. Must be well grounded in *that* also.

"Tret and Tare—Fellowship—Allegation—Barther—Rates per Scent—Intherest—Exchange—Prophet in Loss—the Square Root—the Kibe Root—Hippothenus—Arithmatical and Gometrical Purgation—Compound Intherest—Loggerheadism—Questions for Exercise, and the Conendix to Algibbra. He must also know Jommithry accordin' to Grunther's scale—the Castigation of the Klipsticks—Surveying and the use of the Jacob-staff.

"N.B. Would get a good dale of Surveyin' to do in the vicinity of Findramore, particularly in *Conners time*. If he knew the use of the globe, it would be an accusation. He must also understand the Three

Sets of Book-keeping, by single and double entry, particularly Loftus and Company of Paris, their Account of Cash and Company. And above all things he must know how to tache the *Sarvin' of Mass in Latin*, and be able to read Doctor Gallaher's Irish Sarmints, and explain Kolumkill's and Pastorini's Prophecies.

"N.B. If he understands *Cudgel-fencin'*, it would be an accusation also—but mustn't tache us wid a staff that bends in the middle, becase it breaks one's head across the guard. Any schoolmaster capacious and collified to instruct in the above-mentioned branches, would get a good school in the townland of Findramore and its vicinity, be well fed, an' get the height o' good livin' among the farmers, an' would be ped—

"For Book-keepin', the three sets, a *ginny and a half*.

"For Gommethry, &c., *half-a-ginny a quarther*.

"Arithmetic, *eight and three-hapuns*.

"Readin', Writin', &c., *six Hogs*.

"Given under our hands, this 32nd of June, 18004.

"LARRY DOLAN.

"DICK DOLAN, his x mark.

"JEM COOGAN, his x mark.

"BRINE MURPHEY.

"PADDY DELANY, his x mark.

"JACK TRAYNOR.

"ANDY CONNELL.

"OWEN ROZ O'NEIL, his x mark.

"N.B. By making airy application to any of the *undher-mentioned* he will hear of further particklers; and if they find that he will shoot them, he may expect the best o' thratement, an' be well fed among the farmers.

"N.B. Would get also a good night-school among the vicinity."

Having penned the above advertisement, it was carefully posted early the next morning on the chapel doors, with an expectation on the part of the patrons that it would not be wholly fruitless. The next week, however, passed without an application, the second also, and the third produced the same result. Debate after debate was consequently held in Barny Brady's; and, until a fresh suggestion was made by Delany, the prospect seemed as bad as ever. Delany, at length, fell upon a new plan; and it must be confessed that it was marked in a peculiar manner by a spirit of originality and enterprise—it being nothing less than a proposal to carry off by force or stratagem, Mat Kavanagh, who was at that time fixed in the throne of literature among the Ballyscanlan boys, quite unconscious of the honourable translation to the neighbourhood of Findramore which was intended for him. The project, when broached, was certainly a startling one, and drove most of them to a pause, before they were sufficiently collected to give an opinion on its merits.

"Nothin', boys, is asier," said Delany. "There's to be a pattrern in Ballymagowan on next Sathurday—an' that's jist half way betune ourselves and the

Scanlan boys. Let us musther an' go there, anyhow. We can keep an eye on Mat widout much trouble, an', when opportunity sarves, nick him at wanst, an' off wid him clane."

"But," said Traynor, "what would we do wid him when he'd be here? Wouldn't he *out an' run* the first opportunity?"

"How can he, ye omadhawn, if we put a manwill in our pocket, an' sware him? But we'll butther him up when he's among us; or, be me sowks, if it goes to that, force him either to settle wid ourselves, or make himself scarce in the country entirely."

"Divil a much force it'll take to keep him, I'm thinkin'," observed Murphy. "He'll have three times a betther school here; and if he was wanst settled, I'll engage he would take to it kindly."

Before their separation they finally planned the abduction of Kavanagh from the Patron, on the Saturday following, and after drinking another round, went home to their respective dwellings.

In this speculation, however, they experienced a fresh disappointment; for, ere Saturday arrived, whether in consequence of secret intimation of their intention from Brady or some other friend, or in compliance with the offer of a better situation, the fact was, that Mat Kavanagh had removed to another school, distant about eighteen miles from Findramore. But they were not to be outdone; a new plan was laid, and in the course of the next week a dozen of the most enterprising and intrepid of "the boys," mounted each upon a good horse, went to Mat's new residence for the express purpose of securing him.

Perhaps our readers may scarcely believe that a love of learning was so strong among the inhabitants of Findramore as to occasion their taking such remarkable steps for establishing a schoolmaster among them; but the country was densely inhabited, the rising population exceedingly numerous, and the outcry for a schoolmaster amongst the parents of the children loud and importunate. The old and middle-aged heads of families were actuated by a simple wish, inseparable from Irishmen, to have their children educated; and the young men by an inclination to improve themselves in reading, writing, and arithmetic.

It was one Saturday night in the latter end of the month of May that a dozen Findramore "boys," as they were called, set out upon this most singular of all literary speculations, resolved, at whatever risk, to secure the person and effect the permanent bodily presence among them of the redoubtable Mat Kavanagh. Each man was mounted on a horse, and one of them brought a spare steed for the accommodation of the schoolmaster. The caparison of this horse was somewhat remarkable: it consisted of a wooden straddle, such as is used by the peasantry for carrying wicker paniers or creels, which are hung upon two wooden pins, that stand up out of its sides. Under it was a straw mat, to prevent the horse's back from being stripped by the straddle. On one side of this hung a large creel, and on the other a strong sack, tied round a stone of sufficient weight to balance the empty creel. The night was warm and clear, the moon and stars all threw their mellow light from a

serene, unclouded sky, and the repose of nature in the short nights of this delightful season resembles that of a young virgin of sixteen—still, light, and glowing. Their way, for the most part of their journey, lay through a solitary mountain-road; and, as they did not undertake the enterprise without a good stock of poteen, their light-hearted songs and choruses awoke the echoes that slept in the mountain glens as they went along. The adventure, it is true, had as much of frolic as of seriousness in it; and merely as the means of a day's fun for the boys, it was the more eagerly entered into.

It was about midnight when they left home, and as they did not wish to arrive at the village to which they were bound until the morning should be rather advanced, the journey was as slowly performed as possible. Every remarkable object on the way was noticed, and its history, if any particular association was connected with it, minutely detailed, whenever it happened to be known. When the sun rose, many beautiful green spots and hawthorn valleys excited, even from these unpolished and illiterate peasants, warm bursts of admiration at their fragrance and beauty. In some places the dark, flowery heath clothed the mountains to the tops, from which the gray mists, lit by a flood of light, and breaking into masses before the morning breeze, began to descend into the valleys beneath them; whilst the voice of the grouse, the bleating of sheep and lambs, the pee-weet of the wheeling lap-wing, and the song of the lark threw life and animation over the previous stillness of the country. Sometimes a shallow river would cross the road, winding off into a valley that was overhung, on one side, by rugged precipices clothed with luxuriant heath and wild ash; whilst, on the other, it was skirted by a long sweep of greensward, skimmed by the twittering swallow, over which lay scattered numbers of sheep, cows, brood mares, and colts—many of them rising and stretching themselves ere they resumed their pasture, leaving the spots on which they lay of a deeper green. Occasionally, too, a sly-looking fox might be seen lurking about a solitary lamb, or brushing over the hills with a fat goose upon his back, retreating to his den among the inaccessible rocks, after having plundered some unsuspecting farmer.

As they advanced into the skirts of the cultivated country, they met many other beautiful spots of scenery among the upland, considerable portions of which, particularly in long, sloping valleys that faced the morning sun, were covered with hazel and brushwood; where the unceasing and simple notes of the cuckoo were incessantly plied, mingled with the more mellow and varied notes of the thrush and blackbird. Sometimes the bright summer waterfall seemed, in the rays of the sun, like a column of light, and the springs that issued from the sides of the more distant and lofty mountains shone with a steady, dazzling brightness, on which the eye could scarcely rest. The morning, indeed, was beautiful, the fields in bloom, and everything cheerful. As the sun rose in the heavens, nature began gradually to awaken into life and happiness; nor was the natural grandeur of a

Sabbath summer morning among these piles of magnificent mountains—nor its heartfelt, but more artificial beauty in the cultivated country, lost, even upon the unphilosophical “boys” of Findramore, so true is it that the appearance of nature will force enjoyment upon the most uncultivated heart.

When they had arrived within two miles of the little town in which Mat Kavanagh was fixed, they turned off into a deep glen, a little to the left; and, after having seated themselves under a whitethorn, which grew on the banks of a rivulet, they began to devise the best immediate measures to be taken.

“Boys,” said Tim Dolan, “how will we manage now with this thief of a schoolmaster at all? Come, Jack Traynor, you that’s up to still-house work—escapin’ and carryin’ away stills from gaugers, the bloody villains!—out wid yer *spake*, till we hear your opinion.”

“Do ye think, boys,” said Andy Connell, “that we could flatter him to come by fair mains?”

“Flatter him!” said Traynor, “and, by my sowl, if we flatter him at all it must be by the hair of the head. No, no; let us bring him first whether he will or not, an’ ax his consent atherwards.”

“I’ll tell you what it is, boys,” continued Connell, “I’ll hold a wager, if you lave him to me, I’ll bring him wid his own consint.”

“No, nor sorra that you’ll do, nor could do,” replied Traynor; “for, along wid everything else, he thinks he’s not jist doated on by the Findramore people, being one of the Ballyscanlan tribe. No, no; let two of us go to his place, and purtind that we have other business in the fair of Clansallagh on Monday next, and ax him in to dhrink, for he’ll not refuse that, anyhow; then, when he’s half tipsy, ask him to convoy us this far; we’ll then meet you here, and tell him some palaver or other—sit down again where we are now, and, ather making him dead dhrunk, hoist a big stone in the creel, and Mat in the sack on the other side, wid his head out, and off wid him; and he will know neither act nor part about it till we’re at Findramore.”

Having approved of this project, they pulled out each a substantial complement of stout oaten bread, which served, along with the whiskey, for breakfast. The two persons pitched on for decoying Mat were Dolan and Traynor, who accordingly set out, full of glee at the singularity and drollness of their undertaking. It is unnecessary to detail the ingenuity with which they went about it, because, in consequence of Kavanagh’s love of drink, very little ingenuity was necessary. One circumstance, however, came to light, which gave them much encouragement, and that was a discovery that Mat by no means relished his situation.

In the meantime, those who stayed behind in the glen felt their patience begin to flag a little, because of the delay made by the others, who had promised, if possible, to have the schoolmaster in the glen before two o’clock. But the fact was that Mat who was far less deficient in hospitality than in learning, brought them into his house, and not only treated them to plenty of whiskey, but made the wife pre-

pare a dinner, for which he detained them, swearing that, except they stopped to partake of it, he would not convoy them to the place appointed. Evening was, therefore, tolerably far advanced when they made their appearance at the glen, in a very equivocal state of sobriety—Mat being by far the steadiest of the three, but still considerably the worse for what he had taken. He was now welcomed by a general huzza; and on his expressing his surprise at the appearances, they pointed to their horses, telling him that they were bound for the fair of Clansallagh, for the purpose of selling them. This was the more probable as, when a fair occurs in Ireland, it is usual for cattle-dealers, particularly horse-jockeys, to effect sales and “show” their horses on the evening before.

Mat now sat down, and was vigorously plied with strong poteen—songs were sung, stories told, and every device resorted to that was calculated to draw out and heighten his sense of enjoyment; nor were their efforts without success; for, in the course of a short time, Mat was free from all earthly care, being incapable of either speaking or standing.

“Now, boys,” said Dolan, “let us do the thing clane an’ dacent. Let you, Jem Coogan, Brian Murphy, Paddy Delany, and Andy Connell, go back, and tell the wife and two childher a cock-and-a-bull story about Mat; say that he is coming to Findramore for good and all, and that’ll be thruth, you know; and that he ordhered yees to bring her and them ather him; and we can come back for the furniture to-morrow.”

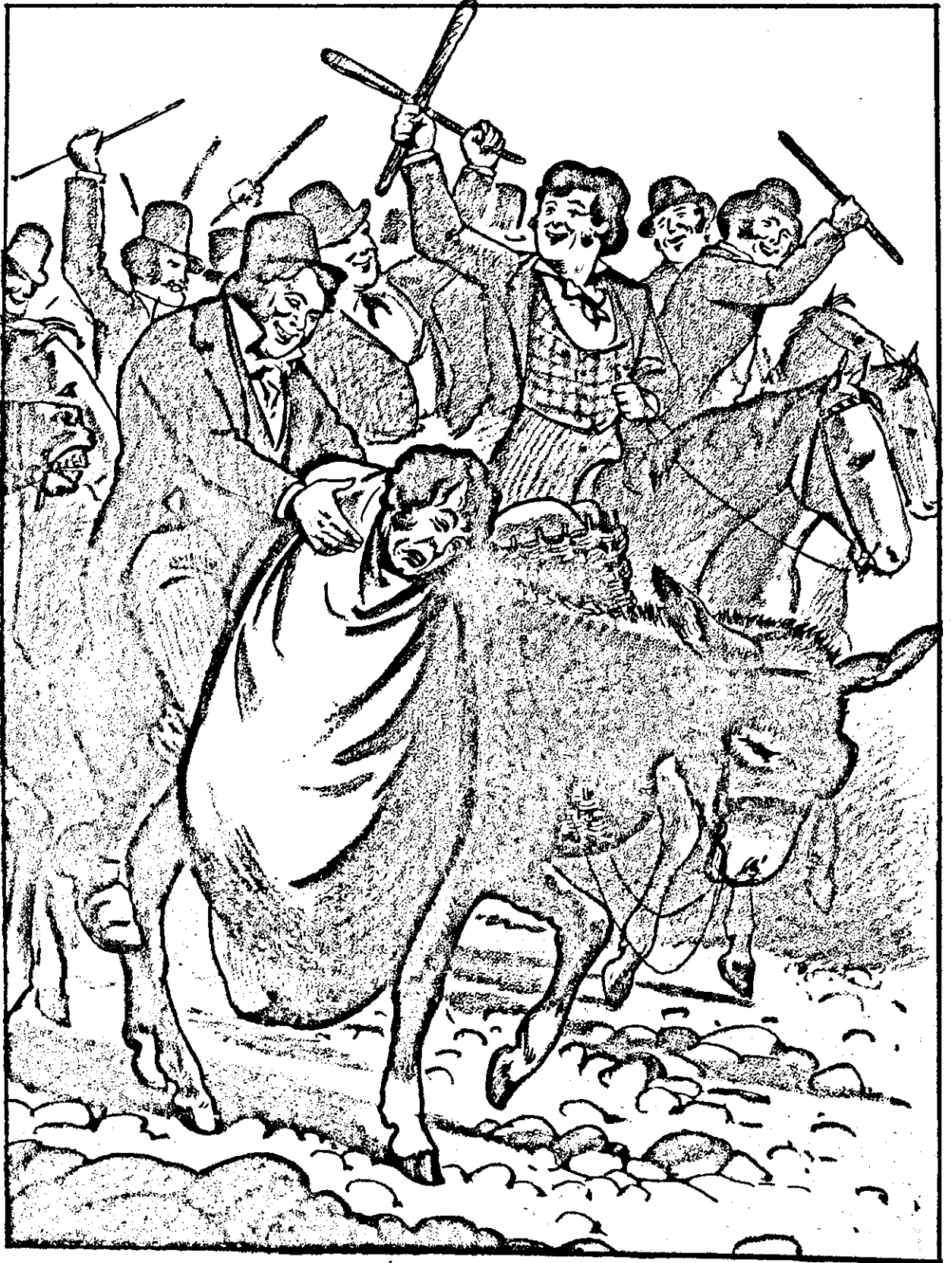
A word was enough; they immediately set off; and the others, not wishing that Mat’s wife should witness the mode of his conveyance, proceeded home, for it was now dusk. The plan succeeded admirably; and in a short time the wife and children, mounted behind the “boys” on the horses, were on the way after them to Findramore.

The reader is already aware of the plan they had adopted for translating Mat; but, as it was extremely original, I will explain it somewhat more fully. The moment the schoolmaster was intoxicated to the necessary point—that is to say, totally helpless and insensible—they opened the sack and put him in, heels foremost, tying it in such a way about his neck as might prevent his head from getting into it, thus avoiding the danger of suffocation. The sack, with Mat at full length in it, was then fixed to the pin of the straddle, so that he was in an erect posture during the whole of the journey. A creel was then hung at the other side, in which was placed a large stone, of sufficient weight to preserve an equilibrium; and, to prevent any accident, a droll fellow sat astride behind the saddle, amusing himself and the rest by breaking jokes upon the novelty of Mat’s situation.

“Well, Mat, ma bouchal, how duv ye like your situation? I believe, for all your larnin’, the Findramore boys have *acked* you at last?”

“Ay,” exclaimed another, “he is sacked at last, in spite of his Matthew-maticks.”

“An’, be my sowks,” observed Traynor, “he’d be a long time goin’ up a Maypowl in the state he’s in.”



STEALING A SCHOOLMASTER. (SEE PAGE 32)

"Yes," said another, "but he deserves credit for travellin' from Clansallagh to Findramore, widout layin' a foot to the ground—"

"Wan day wid Captain Whisky I wrestled a fall—  
But, faith, I was no match for the captain at all,  
But, faith, I was no match for the captain at all,  
Though the landlady's measures they were damnable small,  
Tooral, looral, looral, looral, hido."

Who, hurroo! my darlings;—success to the Findramore boys! Hurroo! hurroo! the Findramore boys for ever!"

"Boys, did ever yees hear the song Mat made on Ned Mullen's fight wid Jemmy Connor's gander? Well, here it is, to the tune of 'Brian O'Lynn'—"

As Ned and the gander wor basting each other,  
I heard a loud cry from the gray goose his mother;  
I ran to assist him, wid my great speed,  
Bud before I arrived the poor gander did bleed.  
'Alas!' said the gander, 'I'm very ill-treated,  
For tracherous Mullen has me fairly defated;  
Bud had you been here for to show me fair play,  
I could leather his *puckan* around the lee bray."

"Bravo! Mat," addressing the insensible schoolmaster—"success, poet. Hurroo for the Findramore boys!—the Bridge boys for ever!"

They then commenced, in a tone of mock gravity, to lecture him upon his future duties—detailing the advantages of his situation, and the comforts he would enjoy among them—although they might as well have addressed themselves to the stone on the other side. In this manner they got along, amusing themselves at Mat's expense, and highly elated at the success of their undertaking. About two o'clock in the morning they reached the top of the little hill above the village, when, on looking back along the level stretch of road which I have already described, they noticed their companions, with Mat's wife and children, moving briskly after them. A general huzza now took place, which, in a few minutes, was answered by two or three dozen of the young folks, who were assembled in Barny Brady's waiting for their arrival. The scene now became quite animated—cheer after cheer succeeded—jokes, laughter, and rustic wit, pointed by the spirit of Brady's poteen, flew briskly about. When Mat was unsacked, several of them came up, and, shaking him cordially by the hand, welcomed him among them. To the kindness of this reception, however, Mat was wholly insensible, having been for the greater part of the journey in a profound sleep. The boys next slipped the loop of the sack off the straddle-pin; and, carrying Mat into a farmer's house, they deposited him in a settle-bed, where he slept, unconscious of the journey he had performed, until breakfast-time the next morning. In the meantime, the wife and children were taken care of by Mrs. Connell, who provided them with a bed and every other comfort which they could require. The next morning, when Mat awoke, his first call was for a drink. (I should have here observed that Mrs. Kavanagh had been sent for by the good woman in whose house Mat had slept, that they might all breakfast and have a drop together, for they had already succeeded in reconciling *her* to the change.)

"Wather!" said Mat—"a drink of wather, if it's to be had for love or money, or I'll split wid druth—I'm all in a state of conflagration; and my head—by the sowl of Newton, the inventor of fluxions, but my head is a complete illucidation of the centrifugle motion, so it is. Tundher-an-turf! is there no wather to be had? Nancy, I say; for God's sake, quicken yourself wid the hydraulics, or the best mathematician in Ireland's gone to the abode of Euclid and Pythagoras, that first invented the multiplication table."

On cooling his burning blood with the "hydraulics," he again lay down, with the intention of composing himself for another sleep; but his eye having noticed the novelty of his situation, he once more called Nancy.

"Nancy, avourneen," he inquired, "will you be afther resolving me one single proposition.—Where am I at the present spaking? Is it in the *Simnary* at home, Nancy?"

Nancy, in the meantime, had been desired to answer in the affirmative, hoping that if his mind was made easy on that point he might refresh himself by another hour or two's sleep, as he appeared to be not at all free from the effects of his previous intoxication.

"Why, Mat, jewel, where else would you be, slannah, but at home? Sure isn't here Jack, an' Biddy, an' myself, Mat, agra, along wid me. Your head isn't well, but all you want is a good rousing sleep."

"Very well, Nancy, very well; that's enough—quite satisfactory—*quod erat demonstrandum*. May all kinds of bad luck rest upon the Findramore boys, anyway! The unlucky vagabonds! I'm the *third* they've done up. Nancy, off wid ye, like quicksilver, for the priest."

"The priest! Why, Mat, jewel, what puts that in your head? Sure, there's nothing wrong wid ye, only the sup o' drink you tuck yestherday."

"Go, woman," said Mat: "did you ever know me to make a *calculation*? I tell you, I'm *non compos mentis* from head to heel. Head! by my sowl, Nancy, it'll soon be a *caput mortuum* wid me;—I'm far gone in a disease they call an optical delusion—the devil a thing less it is;—mebein' in my own place, an' to think I'm lyin' in a settle-bed; that there is a large dresser, covered wid pewter dishes and plates; and, to crown all, the door on the wrong side of the house. Off wid ye, and tell his reverence that I want to be anointed, and to die in pace and charity wid all men. May the most especial kind of bad luck light down upon you, Findramore, and all that's in you, both man and baste;—you have given me my gruel along wid the rest; but, thank God, you won't hang me, anyhow! Off, Nancy, for the priest, till I die like a Christhan, in pace and forgiveness wid the world;—all kinds of hard fortune to them! Make haste, woman, if you expect me to die like a Christhan! If they had let me alone till I'd publish to the world my Treatise upon Conic Sections; but to be cut off on my march to fare! Another draught of the hydraulics, Nancy, an' then for the priest: but see, bring Father Connell, the curate, for he understands something about Mat—"

thew-maticks; an' never heed Father Roger, for little he knows about them, not even the difference between a right line—in the page of history, to his everlasting disgrace, be it recorded."

"Mat," replied Nancy, scarcely preserving her gravity, "keep yourself from talkin', an' fall asleep, then you'll be well enough."

"Is there e'er a sup at all in the house?" said Mat; "if there is, let me get it; for there's anould proverb, though it's a most unmathematical axiom as ever was invinted—'Try a hair of the same dog that bit you.' Give me a glass, Nancy, anyhow, an' you can go for Father Connell after. Oh, by the sowl of Isaac, that invented fluxions, what's this for?"

A general burst of laughter followed this demand and ejaculation; and Mat sat up once more in the settle, and examined the place with keener scrutiny. Nancy herself laughed heartily; and, as she handed him the full glass, entered into an explanation of the circumstances attending his translation.

Mat, at all times rather of a pliant disposition, felt rejoiced on finding that he was still *compos mentis*; and on hearing what took place, he could not help entering into the humour of the enterprise, at which he laughed as heartily as any of them.

"Mat," said the farmer, and half a dozen of the neighbours, "you're a happy man; there's a hundred of the boys have a school-house half built for you this same blessed sunshiny mornin', while you're lying at ase in your bed."

"By the sowl of Newton, that invented fluxions!" replied Mat, "but I'll take revenge for the disgrace you put upon my profession, by stringing up a school-master among you, and I'll hang you all! It's death to stale a fourfooted animal; but what do you deserve for stalin' a Christian baste, a two-legged school-master without feathers, eighteen miles, and he not to know it?"

In the course of a short time Mat was dressed, and having found benefit from the "hair of the dog that bit him," he tried another glass, which strung his nerves, or, as he himself expressed it, "they've got the real mathematical tinsion again." What the farmer said, however, about the school-house had been true. Early that morning all the growing and grown young men of Findramore and its "virginity" had assembled, selected a suitable spot, and, with merry hearts, were then busily engaged in erecting a school-house for their general accommodation.

The manner of building hedge school-houses being rather curious, I will describe it. The usual spot selected for their erection is a ditch on the roadside, in some situation where there will be as little damp as possible. From such a spot an excavation is made equal to the size of the building, so that when this is scooped out, the back side-wall and the two gables are already formed, the banks being dug perpendicularly. The front side-wall, with a window in each side of the door, is then built of clay or green sods laid along in rows; the gables are also topped with sods, and, perhaps, a row or two laid upon the back side-wall, if it should be considered too low. Having got the erection of Mat's house thus far, they pro-

cured a scraw-spade, and repaired with a couple of dozen of cars to the next bog, from which they cut the light, heathy surface in strips the length of the roof. A scraw-spade is an instrument resembling the letter T, with an iron plate at the lower end, considerably bent, and well adapted to the purpose for which it is intended. Whilst one party cut the scraws, another bound the *couples* and *bauks*, and a third cut as many green branches as were sufficient to wattle it. The couples, being bound, were raised, the ribs laid on, then the wattles, and afterwards the scraws.

Whilst these successive processes went forward, many others had been engaged all the morning cutting rushes; and the scraws were no sooner laid on than half-a-dozen thatchers mounted the roof, and long before the evening was closed a school-house, capable of holding near a hundred children, was finished. But among the peasantry no new house is ever put up without a hearth-warming and a dance. Accordingly, the clay floor was paired, a fiddler procured, Barny Brady and his stock of poteen sent for; the young women of the village and surrounding neighbourhood attended in their best finery; dancing commenced, and it was four o'clock the next morning when the merrymakers departed, leaving Mat a new home and a hard floor, ready for the reception of his scholars.

Business now commenced. At nine o'clock the next day Mat's furniture was settled in a small cabin, given to him at a cheap rate by one of the neighbouring farmers; for, whilst the school-house was being built, two men, with horses and cars, had gone to Clansallagh, accompanied by Nancy, and removed the furniture, such as it was, to their new residence. Nor was Mat, upon the whole, displeased at what had happened; he was now fixed in a flourishing country, fertile and well cultivated; nay, the bright landscape which his school-house commanded was sufficient in itself to reconcile him to his situation. The inhabitants were in comparatively good circumstances; many of them wealthy, respectable farmers, and capable of remunerating him very decently for his literary labours; and, what was equally flattering, there was a certainty of his having a numerous and well-attended school, in a neighbourhood with whose inhabitants he was acquainted.

Honest, kind-hearted Paddy!—pity that you should ever feel distress or hunger!—pity that you should be compelled to seek, in another land, the hard-earned pittance by which you keep the humble cabin over the head of your chaste wife and naked children! Alas! what noble materials for composing a national character, of which humanity might be justly proud, do the lower orders of the Irish possess, if raised and cultivated by a Christian education! Pardon me, gentle readers, for this momentary ebullition; I grant I am a little dark now. I assure you, however, the tear of enthusiastic admiration is warm on my eyelids, when I remember the fitches of bacon, the sacks of potatoes, the bage of meal, the *micassons* of butter, and the dishes of eggs—not omitting erate after erate of turf—which came in such rapid succession to Mat

Kavanagh during the first week in which he opened his school. Ay, and many a bottle of stout poteen was, with a sly, good-humoured wink, handed over to Mat, or Nancy, no matter which, from under the comfortable drab jock, with velvet-covered collar, erect about the honest, ruddy face of a warm, smiling farmer, or even the tattered frieze of a poor labourer, anxious to secure the attention of the "masther" to his little "Shoneen," whom, in the extravagance of his ambition, he destined to "wear the robes as a clargy." Let no man say, I repeat, that the Irish are not fond of education.

In the course of a month Mat's school was full to the doorposts, for, in fact, he had the parish to himself, many attending from a distance of three, four, and five miles. His merits, however, were believed to be great, and his character for learning stood high, though unjustly so: for a more superficial, and, at the same time, a more presuming dunce never existed; but his character alone could secure him a good attendance; he, therefore, belied the unfavourable prejudices against the Findramore folk which had gone abroad, and was a proof, in his own person, that the reason of the former schoolmasters' miscarriage lay in the belief of their incapacity which existed among the people. But Mat was one of those showy, shallow fellows, who did not lack for assurance.

The first step a hedge schoolmaster took on establishing himself in a school was to write out, in his best copperplate hand, a flaming advertisement, detailing, at full length, the several branches he professed himself capable of teaching. I have seen many of these—as who that is acquainted with Ireland has not?—and, beyond all doubt, if the persons that issued them were acquainted with the various heads recapitulated, they must have been buried in the most profound obscurity, as no man but a walking encyclopædia—an Admirable Crichton—could claim an intimacy with them, embracing, as they often did, the whole circle of human knowledge. 'Tis true, the vanity of the pedagogue had full scope in these advertisements, as there were none to bring him to an account, except some rival, who could only attack him on those practical subjects which were known to both. Independently of this, there was a good-natured collusion between them on those points which were beyond their knowledge, inasmuch as they were not practical but speculative, and by no means involved their character or personal interests. On the next Sunday, therefore, after Mat's establishment at Findramore, you might see a circle of the peasantry assembled at the chapel-door, perusing, with suitable reverence and admiration on their faces, the following advertisement; or, perhaps, Mat himself, with a learned, consequential air, in the act of explaining it to them.

#### "EDUCATION.

"Mr. Matthew Kavanagh, *Philomath* and Professor of the Learned Languages, begs leave to inform the Inhabitants of Findramore and its vicinity, that he Lectures on the following branches of Education, in his Seminary at the above-recited place:—

"Spelling, Reading, Writing, and Arithmetic, upon

altogether *new* principles, hitherto undiscovered by any excepting himself, and for which he expects a *Patent* from Trinity College, Dublin; or, at any rate, from Squire Johnston, Esq., who paternizes many of the pupils: Book-keeping, by single and double entry—Geometry, Trigonometry, Stereometry, Mensuration, Navigation, Gauging, Surveying, Dialling, Astronomy, Astrology, Austerity, Fluxions, Geography, ancient and modern—Maps, the Projection of the *Spear*—Algebra, the Use of the Globes, Natural and Moral Philosophy, Pneumatics, Optics, Dioptrics, Catroptics, Hydraulics, *Ærostatics*, Geology, Glorification, Divinity, Mythology, Midicinality, Physic, by theory only, Metaphysics practically, Chemistry, Electricity, Galvanism, Mechanics, Antiquities, Agriculture, Ventilation, Explosion, &c.

"In Classics—Grammar, Cordery, *Æsop's Fables*, Erasmus' Colloquies, Cornelius Nepos, Phœdrus, Valerius Maximus, Justin, Ovid, Sallust, Virgil, Horace, Juvenal, Persius, Terence, Tully's Offices, Cicero, Manouverius Turgidus, Esculapius, Regerius, Saturanus Nigrus, Quinctilian, Livy, Thomas Aquinas, Cornelius Agrippa, and Cholera Morbus.

"Greek Grammar, Greek Testament, Lucian, Homer, Sophocles, Eschylus, Thucydides, Aristophanes, Xenophon, Plato, Aristotle, Socrates, and the Works of Alexander the Great; the manners, habits, customs, usages, meditations of the Grecians; the Greek digamma resolved, Prosody, Composition, both in prose-verse, and oratory, in English, Latin, and Greek; together with various other branches of learning and scholastic profundity—*quos enumerare longum est*—along with Irish Radically, and a small taste of Hebrew upon the Masoretic text.

"MATTHEW KAVANAGH, *Philomath*."

Having posted this document upon the chapel-door, and in all the public places and cross-roads of the parish, Mat considered himself as having done his duty. He now began to teach, and his school continued to increase to his heart's content, every day bringing him fresh scholars. In this manner he flourished till the beginning of winter, when those boys who, by the poverty of their parents, had been compelled to go to service to the neighbouring farmers flocked to him in numbers, quite voracious for knowledge. An addition was consequently built to the school-house, which was considerably too small; so that, as Christmas approached, it would be difficult to find a more numerous or merry establishment under the roof of a hedge school. But it is time to give an account of its interior.

The reader will, then, be pleased to picture to himself such a house as I have already described—in a line with the hedge; the eve of the back roof within a foot of the ground behind it; a large hole exactly in the middle of the "*riffin*," as a chimney, immediately under which is an excavation in the floor, burned away by a large fire of turf, loosely hoaped together. This is surrounded by a circle of urchins, sitting on the bare earth, and exhibiting a series of speckled shins, all radiating towards the fire, like sausages on a *Poloni* dish. There they are—wedged



as close as they can sit; one with half a thigh off his breeches, another with half an arm off his tattered coat, a third without breeches at all, wearing as a substitute a piece of his mother's old petticoat pinned about his loins, a fourth no coat, a fifth with a cap on him, because he has got a scald, from having sat under the juice of fresh-bung bacon, a sixth with a black eye, a seventh with two rags about his heels to keep his kibes clean, an eighth crying to get home, because he has got a headache, though it may be as well to hint that there is a drag-hunt to start from beside his father's in the course of the day. In this ring, with his legs stretched in a most lordly manner, sits, upon a deal chair, Mat himself, with his hat on, basking in the enjoyment of unlimited authority. His dress consists of a black coat, considerably in want of repair, transferred to his shoulders through the means of a clothes-broker in the county town; a white cravat, round a large stuffing, having that part which comes in contact with the chin somewhat streaked with brown; a black waistcoat with one or two "tooth-an'-egg" metal buttons sewed on where the original had fallen off; black corduroy inexpressibles, twice dyed, and sheep's-gray stockings. In his hand is a large broad ruler, the emblem of his power, the woful instrument of executive justice, and the signal of terror to all within his jurisdiction. In a corner below is a pile of turf, where, on entering, every boy throws his two sods with a pitch from under his left arm. He then comes up to the master, catches his forelock with finger and thumb, and bobs down his head, by way of making him a bow, and goes to his seat. Along the walls on the ground is a series of round stones, some of them capped with a straw collar or hassock, on which the boys sit; others have bosses, and many of them hobs—a light but compact kind of boggy substance found in the mountains. On these several of them sit; the greater number of them, however, have no seats whatever, but squat themselves down, without compunction, on the hard floor. Hung about, on wooden pegs driven into the walls, are the shapeless yellow "caubeens" of such as can boast the luxury of a hat, or caps made of goat or hare-skin, the latter having the ears of the animal rising ludicrously over the temples, or cocked out at the sides, and the scut either before or behind, according to the taste or the humour of the wearer. The floor, which is only swept every Saturday, is strewn over with tops of quilla, pens, pieces of broken slate, and tattered leaves of "Reading made Easy," or fragments of old copies. In one corner is a knot engaged at "Fox-and-geese," or the "Walls of Troy," on their slates; in another, a pair of them are "fighting bottles," which consists in striking the bottoms together, and he whose bottle breaks first of course loses. Behind the master is a third set, playing "heads and points"—a game of pins. Some are more industriously employed in writing their copies, which they perform seated on the ground, with their paper on a copy-board—a piece of planed deal the size of the copy, an appendage now nearly exploded—their cheek-bones laid within half an inch of the left

side of the copy, and the eye set to guide the motion of the hand across, and to regulate the straightness of the lines and the forms of the letters. Others, again, of the more grown boys, are working their sums with becoming industry. In a dark corner are a pair of urchins thumping each other, their eyes steadily fixed on the master, lest he might happen to glance in that direction. Near the master himself are the larger boys, from twenty-two to fifteen—shaggy-headed slips, with loose-breasted shirts, lying open about their bare chests, ragged colts, with white, dry, bristling beards upon them, that never knew a razor; strong stockings on their legs; heavy brogues, with broad, nail-paved soles; and breeches open at the knees. Nor is the establishment altogether without females; but these, in hedge schools, were too few in number to form a distinct class. They were, for the most part, the daughters of wealthy farmers, who considered it necessary to their respectability that they should not be altogether illiterate; such a circumstance being a considerable drawback, in the opinion of an admirer, from the character of a young woman for whom he was about to propose—a drawback, too, which was always weighty in proportion to her wealth or respectability.

Having given our readers an imperfect sketch of the interior of Mat's establishment, we will now proceed, however feebly, to represent him at work, with all the machinery of the system in full operation.

"Come, boys, rehearse—(buz, buz, buz)—I'll soon be after calling up the first spelling lesson—(buz, buz, buz)—then the mathematician—bookkeepers—Latinists, and Grecians, successfully. (Buz, buz, buz). Silence there below!—your pens. Tim Casey, isn't this a purty hour o' the day for you to come into school at; arrah, and what kept you, Tim? Walk up wid yourself here, till we have a confabulation together; you see, I love to be talking to you."

"Sir, Larry Branagan, here; he's throwing spits at me out of his pen."—(Buz, buz, buz.)

"By my sowl, Larry, there's a rod in steep for you."

"Fly away, Jack—fly away, Jill; come again, Jack —"

"I had to go to Paddy Nowlan's for tobaccy, sir, for my father." (Weeping, with his hand knowingly across his face—one eye laughing at his comrades.)

"You lie, it wasn't."

"If you call me a liar agin, I'll give you a dig in the mug."

"It's not in your jacket."

"Isn't it?"

"Behave yourself;—ha! there's the master looking at you—ye'll get it now."

"None at all, Tim? And she's not after sinding an excuse wid you? What's that undher your arm?"

"My Gough, sir."—(Buz, buz, buz.)

"Silence, boys. And you blackguard Lilliputians, you, what kept you away till this?"

"One bird pickin', two men thrashin'; one bird pickin', two men thrashin'; one bird pickin' —"

"Sir, they're stickin' pins in me here."

"Who is, Briney?"

"I don't know, sir; they're all at it"

"Boys, I'll go down to yous."  
 "I can't carry him, sir; he'd be too heavy for me. Let Larry Toole do it, he's stronger nor me; anyway, there, he's puttin' a corker pin in his mouth."—(Buz, buz, buz.)  
 "Whoo-hoo-hoo-hoo! I'll never stay away agin, sir; indeed I won't, sir. Oh, sir dear, pardon me this wan time; and if ever you catch me doin' the like agin, I'll give you lave to welt the sowl out of ne."—(Buz, buz, buz.)  
 "Behave yourself, Barny Byrne."  
 "I'm not touching you."  
 "Yes, you are; didn't you make me blot my copy."  
 "Ho, by the livin', I'll pay you goin' home for this."  
 "Hand me the taws."  
 "Whoo-hoo-hoo-hoo-hoo-hoo—what'll I do, at all at all! Oh, sir dear, sir dear, sir dear—hoo-hoo-hoo!"  
 "Did she send no message, good or bad, before I lay on?"  
 "Oh, not a word, sir, only that my father killed a pig yestherday, and he wants you to go up to-day at dinner-time."—(Buz, buz, buz.)  
 "It's time to get lave; it isn't—it is; it isn't—it is" &c.  
 "You lie, I say; your faction never was able to fight ours. Didn't we lick all your dirty breed in Buillagh-battha fair?"  
 "Silence there."—(Buz, buz, buz.)  
 "Will you meet us on Saturday, and we'll fight it out clane?"  
 "Ha, ha, ha? Tim, but you got a big fright, anyhow. Whist, ma bouchal, sure I was only jokin' you; and sorry I'd be to bate your father's son, Tim. Come over and sit beside myself at the fire here. Get up, Micky Donoghue, you big, burnt-shinned spalpeen you, and let the dacent boy sit at the fire."  
 "Hullabaloo hoo-hoo-hoo—to go to give me such a welt only for sitting at the fire, and me brought turf wid me."  
 "To-day, Tim?"  
 "Yes, sir."  
 "At dinner-time, is id?"  
 "Yes, sir."  
 "Faith, the dacent strain was always in the same family."—(Buz, buz, buz.)  
 "Horns, horns, cock horns; oh, you up'd wid them, you lifted your fingers—that's a mark, now—hould your face till I blacken you."  
 "Do you call thim two sods, Jack Lanigan? why, 'tis only one long one broke in the middle; but you must make it up to-morrow, Jack. How is your mother's tooth?—did she get it pulled out yet?"  
 "No, sir."  
 "Well, tell her to come to me, an' I'll write a charm for it that'll cure her. What kept you till now, Paddy Magouran?"  
 "Couldn't come any sooner, sir."  
 "You couldn't, sir; and why, sir, couldn't you come any sooner, sir?"  
 "See, sir, what Andy Nowlan done to my copy?"—(Buz, buz, buz.)

"Silence! I'll massacre yees if yees don't make less noise."—(Buz, buz, buz.)  
 "I was down with Mrs. Kavanagh, sir."  
 "You were, Paddy?—an', Paddy, ma bouchal, what war you doing there, Paddy?"  
 "Masther, sir, spake to Jem Kenny here; he made my nose bleed."  
 "Eh, Paddy?"  
 "I was bringin' her a layin' hen, sir, that my mother promised her at Mass on Sunday last."  
 "Ah, Paddy, you're a game bird yourself, wid your layin' hens; your're as full o' mischief as an egg's full o' mate—(omnes, ha, ha, ha, ha!) Silence, boys—what are you laughin' at?—ha, ha, ha! Paddy, can you spell Nebachodnazure for me?"  
 "No, sir."  
 "No, nor a better scholar, Paddy, could not do that, ma bouchal: but I'll spell it for you. Silence, boys—whist, all of yees, till I spell Nebachodnazure for Paddy Magouran. Listen; and you yourself, Paddy, are one of the lethers:—  
 "A turf and a *clod* spells Nebachod—  
 A knife and a razure spells Nebachodnazure—  
 Three pair of boots and five pair of shoes  
 Spells Nebachodnazure, the King of the Jews." ■  
 Now, Paddy, that's spelling Nebachodnazure by the science of Ventilation; but you'll never go that deep, Paddy."  
 "I want to go out, if you plase, sir."  
 "Is that the way you ax me, you vagabone?"  
 "I want to go out, sir"—(pulling down the fore-lock).  
 "Yes, that's something dacent; by the sowl of Newton, that invinted fluxions, if ever you forget to make a bow again I'll flog the enthrills out of you; wait till the pass comes in."  
 Then comes the spelling lesson.  
 "Come, boys, stand up to the spelling lesson."  
 "Micky, show me your book till I look at *my* word. I'm fifteenth."  
 "Wait till I see my own."  
 "Why do you crush for?"  
 "That's my place."  
 "No, it's not."  
 "Sir, spake to—I'll tell the masther."  
 "What's the matter there?"  
 "Sir, he won't let me into my place."  
 "I'm before you."  
 "No, you're not."  
 "I say I am."  
 "You lie, pug-face. Ha! I called you pug-face; tell now, if you dare."  
 "Well, boys, down with your pins in the book;—who's king?"  
 "I am, sir."  
 "Who's queen?"  
 "Me, sir."  
 "Who's prince?"  
 "I am prince, sir."  
 "Tag-rag and bob-tail, fall into your places."  
 "I've no pin, sir."  
 "Well, down with you to the tail;—now, boys

Having gone through the spelling task, it was Mat's custom to give out six *hard words*, selected according to his judgment, as a final test, but he did not always confine himself to that. Sometimes he would put a number of syllables arbitrarily together, forming a most heterogeneous combination of articulate sounds.

"Now, boys, here's a deep word, that'll thry yees: come, Larry, spell *me-mo-man-dran-san-ti-fi-can-du-ban-dan-ti-al-i-ty*, or *mis-an-thro-po-mor-phi-ta-ni-a-nus-mi-ca-li-a-tion*;—that's too hard for you, is it? Well, then, spell phthisic. Oh, that's physic you're spellin'. Now, Larry, do you know the difference between physic and phthisic?"

"No, sir."

"Well, I'll expound it: phthisic, you see, manes—whisht, boys; will yees hould yer tongues there—phthisic, Larry, signifies—that is, phthisic—mind, it's not physic I'm expounding, phthisic—boys, will yees stop yer noise there—signifies—but, Larry, it's so deep a word in larnin' that I should draw it out on a slate for you: and now I remember, man alive, you're not far enough on yet to undherstand it:—but what's physic, Larry?"

"Isn't that, sir, what my father tuck the day he got sick, sir?"

"That's the very thing, Larry; it has what larned men call a medical property, and resembles little rickety Dan Reilly there—it retrogrades. Och! och! I'm the boy that knows things—you see now how I expounded them two hard words for yees, boys, don't yees?"

"Yes, sir," &c. &c.

"So, Larry, you haven't the larnin' for that either: but here's an 'asier one—spell me Ephabridotas (Ephroditas)—you can't! hut! man—you're a big dunce entirely, that little shoneen Sharkey there below would *sack*. God be wid the day when I was the likes of you; it's I that was the bright gorsoon entirely—and so sign was on it, when a great larned traveller—silence, boys, till I tell yees this (a dead silence)—from Thrinity College, all the way in Dublin, happened to meet me one day—seeing the slate and Gough, you see, undher my arm, he axes me, 'Arrah, Mat,' says he, 'what are you *ix*?' says he. 'Faix, I'm in my waistcoat, for one thing,' says I, off-hand—silence, childhre, an' don't laugh so loud—(ha, ha, ha!) So he looks closer at me: 'I see that,' says he, 'but what are you reading?' 'Nothing, at all at all, says I; 'bad manners to the taste, as you may see, if you've your eyesight.' 'I think,' says he, 'you'll be apt to *die* in your waistcoat;' and set spurs to a fine saddle mare he rid—faith, he did so—thought me so cute—(omnes: ha, ha, ha!) Whisht, boys, whisht; isn't it a terrible thing that I can't tell yees a joke, but you split your sides laughing at it—(ha, ha, ha!)—don't laugh so loud, Barney Casey"—(ha, ha, ha!).

Barney: "I want to go out, if you please, sir."

"Go, avick; you'll be a good scholar yet, Barney. Faith, Barney knows whin to laugh, anyhow. Well, Larry, you can't spell Ephabridotas?—thin here's a short weeshy one, and whoever spells it will get the

puns—spell a red rogue wid three letters. You, Micky? Dan? Jack? Natty? Alick? Andy? Pother? Jim? Tim? Pat? Rody? you? you? you? Now, boys, I'll hould ye my little Andy here, that's only beginning the *Rational Spelling Book*, bates you all; come here, Andy alanna: now, boys, if he bates you, you must all bring him a little *miscanon* of butter between two kale blades, in the mornin', for himself; here, Andy, avourneon, spell red rogue wid three letters."

Andy: "M a t—Mat."

"No, no, avick, that's myself, Andy; it's red rogue, Andy—hem!—F—"

"F o x—fox."

"That's a man, Andy. Now, boys, mind what you owe Andy in the mornin', please God, won't yees?"

"Yes, sir." "Yes, sir." "Yes, sir." "I will, sir." "And I will, sir." "And so will I, sir," &c. &c. &c.

A hedge schoolmaster was the general scribe of the parish, to whom all who wanted letters or petitions written uniformly applied—and these were glorious opportunities for the pompous display of pedantry. The remuneration usually consisted of a bottle of whisky.

A poor woman, for instance, informs Mat that she wishes to have a letter written to her son, who is a soldier abroad.

"An' how long is he gone, ma'am?"

"Och, thin, masher, he's from me goin' an fifteen years; an' a comrade of his was spakin' to Jim Dwyer, an' says his ridgment's lyin' in the Island of Budanages, somewhere in the back parts of Africa."

"An' is it a letter or a petition you'd be afther havin' me to indite for you, ma'am?"

"Och, a letter, sir—a letter, masher; an' may the Lord grant you all kinds of luck, good, bad, an' indifferent, both to you an' yours: an' well it's known, by the same token, that it's yourself has the nice hand at the pen entirely, an' can indite a letter or petition that the priest o' the parish mightn't be ashamed to own to it."

"Why, then, 'tis I that ud scorn to deteriorate upon the superimnence of my own execution at inditin' wid a pen in my hand: but would you feel a delectability in my superscriptionizin' the epistolary correspon-

dency, ma'am, that I'm about to adopt?"

"Eagh? och, what am I sayin'!—sir—masher—sir?—the noise of the crathurs, you see, is got into my ears; and, besides, I'm a bit bothered on both sides of my head, ever since I had that weary *weed*."

"Silence, boys; bad manners to yees, will ye be aisy, you Lilliputian Beotians—by my a—hem—upon my credit, if I go down to that corner, I'll castigate yees in dozens: I can't spake to this decent woman, with your insuperable turbulentiality."

"Ah, avourneon, masher, but the larnin's a fine thing, anyhow; an' maybe 'tis yourself that hasn't the tongue in your head, an' can spake the tall, high-flown English; a-wurrah, but your tongue hangs well, anyhow—the Lord increase it!"

"Lanty Cassidy, are you gettin' on wid yer Stere-

ometry? *festina, mi discipuli; vocabo Homerum, mox atque mox.* You see, ma'am, I must tache thim to spake an' effectuate a translation of the larned languages sometimes."

"Arrah, mather dear, how did you get it all into your head, at all at all?"

"Silence, boys—*tace—conticuere omnes intentique ora tenebant.*" Silence, I say agin."

"You could slip over, maybe, to Doran's, mather, do you see? You'd do it betther there, I'll engage: sure, an' you'd want a dhrop to steady your hand, anyhow."

"Now, boys, I am goin' to indite a small taste of literal correspondency over at the public-house here; you *literati* will hear the lessons for me, boys, till afther I'm back agin; but mind, boys, *absente domino, strepuunt servi*—meditate on the philosophy of that; and, Mick Mahon, take your slate and put down all the names; and, upon my sou—hem—credit, I'll castigate any boy guilty of *misty manners* on my retrogradation thither; *ergo momentote, cave ne titubes mandataque frangas.*"

"In throth, sir, I'd be long sarry to throuble you; but he's away fifteen years, and I wouldn't thrust it to another; and the corplar that commands the ridgment would regard your hand-write and your inditin'."

"Don't, ma'am, plade the smallest taste of apology."

"Eagh?"

"I'm happy that I can sarve you, ma'am."

"Musha, long life to you, mather, for that same, anyhow;—but it's yourself that's deep in the larnin' an' the langridges; the Lord increase yer knowledge—sure, an' we all want his blessin', you know."

\* \* \* \* \*

Sometimes the neighbouring gentry used to call into Mat's establishment, moved probably by a curiosity excited by his character and the general conduct of the school. On one occasion Squire Johnston and an English gentleman paid him rather an unexpected visit. Mat had that morning got a new scholar, the son of a dancing tailor in the neighbourhood; and as it was reported that the son was nearly equal to the father in that accomplishment, Mat insisted on having a specimen of his skill. He was the more anxious on this point, as it would contribute to the amusement of a travelling schoolmaster, who had paid him rather a hostile visit, which Mat, who dreaded a literary challenge, feared might occasion him some trouble.

"Come up here, you little *sartor*, till we get a dacent view of you. You're a son of Ned Malone's, aren't you?"

"Yes, and of Mary Malone, my mother, too, sir."

"Why, thin, that's not bad, anyhow. What's your name?"

"Dick, sir."

"Now, Dick, ma bouchal, isn't it true that you can dance a hornpike?"

"Yes, sir."

"Here, Larry Brady, take the door off the hinges, an' lay it down on the flure, till Dick Malone dances the Humours of Glynn;—silence, boys, not a word; but just keep lookin' an'."

"Who'll sing, sir? for I can't be afther dancin' a step widout the music."

"Boys, which of yees 'ill sing for Dick? I say, boys, will none of yees give Dick the harmony? Well, come, Dick, I'll sing for you myself:—"

"Torrall lol, lorrall lol, lorrall lol, lorrall lol—  
Toldherol, lorrall lol, lorrall lol, lol," &c. &c.

"I say, Mистер Kavanagh," said the strange master, "what angle does Dick's heel form in the second step of the treble, from the kibe on the left foot to the corner of the door forninst him?"

To this mathematical poser Mat made no reply, only sang the tune with redoubled loudness and strength, whilst little Dicky pounded the old crazy door with all his skill and alacrity. The "boys" were delighted.

"Bravo, Dick, that's a man—welt the flure—cut the buckle—murder the clocks—rise upon suggaun, and sink upon gad—down the flure flat, foot about—keep one foot on the ground, and t'other nover off it," saluted him from all parts of the house.

Sometimes he would receive a sly hint, in a feigned voice, to call for "Devil stick the Fiddler," alluding to the master. Now a squeaking voice would chime in, by-and-by another, and so on, until the master's bass had a hundred and forty trebles, all in chorus, to the same tune.

Just at this moment the two gentlemen entered; and, reader, you may conceive, but I cannot describe, the face which Mat (who sat with his back to the door, and did not see them until they were some time in the house) exhibited on the occasion. There he sung *ore rotundo*, throwing forth an astounding tide of voice; whilst little Dick, a thin, pale-faced urchin, with his head, from which the hair stood erect, sunk between his hollow shoulders, was performing prodigious feats of agility.

"What's the matter? what's the matter?" said the gentlemen. "Good-morning, Mr. Kavanagh?"

"——— Torrall lol, lol ——"

Oh, good—oh, good-morning—gentlemen, with extrame kindness," replied Mat, rising suddenly up, but not removing his hat, although the gentlemen instantly uncovered.

"Why, thin, gentlemen," he continued, "you have caught us in our little relaxations to-day; but—hem!—I mane to give the boys a holiday for the sake of this honest and respectable gentleman in the frieze jock, who is not entirely ignorant, you persave, of litherature; and we had a small taste, gentlemen, among ourselves, of Sathurnalian licentiousness, *ut ita dicam*, in regard of—hem!—in regard of this lad here, who was dancing a hornpipe upon the door, and we, in absence of betther music, had to supply him with the harmony; but, as your honours know, gentlemen, the greatest men have bent themselves on espacial occasions."

"Make no apology, Mr. Kavanagh; it's very commendable in you to *bond* yourself by condescending to amuse your pupils."

"I beg your pardon, Squire, I can take freedoms with you; but perhaps the concomitant gentleman, your friend here, would be pleased to take my stool."

Indeed, I always use a chair, but the back of it, if I may be permitted the use of a small portion of jocularity, was as frail as the fair sect: it went home yesterday to be minded. Do, sir, condescend to be *sated*. Upon my reputation, Squire, I'm sorry that I have not accommodation for you, too, sir; except one of these hassocks, which, in joint consideration with the length of your honour's legs, would be, I anticipate, rather low; but *you*, sir, will honour me by taking the stool."

By considerable importunity he forced the gentleman to comply with his courtesy; but no sooner had he fixed himself upon the seat than it overturned, and stretched him, black coat and all, across a wide concavity in the floor, nearly filled up with white

ashes produced from mountain turf. In a moment he was completely white on one side, and exhibited a most laughable appearance; his hat, too, was scorched and nearly burned on the turf coals. Squire Johnston laughed heartily, as did the other schoolmaster, whilst the Englishman completely lost his temper, swearing that so uncivilised an establishment was not between the poles.

"I solemnly supplicate upwards of fifty pardons," said Mat; "bad manners to it for a stool!—but, your honour, it was my own defect of speculation, because, you see, it's *minus* a leg—a circumstance of which you warn't in a proper capacity to take cognation, as not being personally acquainted with it. I humbly supplicate upwards of fifty pardons."

## THE LITTLE WEAVER OF DULEEK GATE

BY SAMUEL LOVER.

You see, there was a waiver lived, wanst upon a time, in Duleek here, hard by the gate, and a very honest, industherous man he was, by all accounts. He had a wife, and av coorse they had childhre, and small blame to them, and plenty of them, so that the poor little waiver was obleeged to work his fingers to the bone a'most to get them the bit and the sup; but he didn't begridge that, for he was an industherous eraythur, as I said before, and it was up airy and down late with him, and the loom never standin' still. Well, it was one mornin' that his wife called to him, and he sitting very busy throwin' the shuttle; and says she, "Come here," says she, "jewel, and ate your brekquest, now that it's ready." But he never minded her, but wint an workin'. So in a minit or two more, says she, callin' out to him agin, "Arrah, lave off slavin' yourself, my darlin', and ate your bit o' brekquest while it is hot."

"Lave me alone," says he, and he dhruv the shuttle faster nor before.

Well, in a little time more, she goes over to him where he sot, and says she, coaxin' him like, "Thady, dear," says she, "the stirabout will be stone cowlid if you don't give over that weary work and come and ate it at wanst."

"I'm busy with a pattrern here that is brakin' my heart," says the waiver; "and antil I complate it and masher it intirely I won't quit."

"Oh, think o' the iligant stirabout, that 'ill be spylte intirely."

"To the divil with the stirabout," says he.

"God forgive you," says she, "for cursin' your good brekquest."

"Ay, and you, too," says he.

"Throth, you're as cross as two sticks this blessed morning, Thady," says the poor wife; "and it's a heavy handful I have of you when you are cruked in

your temper; but stay there if you like, and let your stirabout grow cowlid, and not a one o' me 'ill ax you agin;" and with that off she wint, and the waiver, sure enough, was mighty crabbed, and the more the wife spoke to him the worse he got, which, you know, is only nath'ral. Well, he left the loom at last, and wint over to the stirabout, and what would you think but whin he looked at it, it was as black as a crow: for you see, it was in the hoighth o' summer, and the flies lit upon it to that degree that the stirabout was fairly covered with them.

"Why, thin, bad luck to your impidence," says the waiver; "would no place sarve you but that? and is it spyling my brekquest yiz are, you dirty bastes?" And with that, bein' altogether cruked-tempered at the time, he lifted his hand, and he made one great slam at the diah o' stirabout, and killed no less than three score and tin flies at the one blow. It was three score and tin exactly, for he counted the carcasses one by one, and laid them out on a plane plate, for to view them.

Well, he felt a powerful sperit risin' in him, when he seen the slaughther he done, at one blow; and with that he got as consaited as the very dickens, and not a sthroke more work he'd do that day, but out he wint, and was fractious and impident to every one he met, and was aquarein' up into their faces and sayin', "Look at that fist! that's the fist that killed three score and tin at one blow—Whoo!"

With that all the neighbours thought he was crack'd, and faith, the poor wife herself thought the same when he kem home in the evenin', afther spendin' every rap he had in dhrink, and swaggerin' about the place, and lookin' at his hand every minit.

"Indeed, an' your hand is very dirty, sure enough, Thady, jewel," says the poor wife; and thrue for her,

for he rowled into a ditch comin' home. "You had better wash it, darlin'."

"How dar' you say dirty to the greatest hand in Ireland?" says he, going to bate her.

"Well, it's nat dirty," says she.

"It is throwin' away my time I have been all my life," says he; "livin' with you at all, and stuck at a loom, nothin' but a poor waiver, when it is Saint George or the Dhraggin I ought to be, which is two of the siven champions o' Christendom."

"Well, suppose they christened him twice as much," says the wife; "sure, what's that to uz?"

"Don't put in your prate," says he; "you ignorant sthrap," says he. "You're vulgar, woman—you're vulgar—mighty vulgar; but I'll have nothin' more to say to any dirty anakin' thrade again—divil a more waivin' I'll do."

"Oh, Thady, dear, and what'll the children do then?"

"Let them go play marvels," says he.

"That would be but poor feedin' for them, Thady."

"They shan't want for feedin'," says he; "for it's a rich man I'll be soon, and a great man too."

"Usha, but I'm glad to hear it, darlin',—though I dunna how it's to be, but I think you had better go to bed, Thady."

"Don't talk to me of any bed, but the bed o' glory, woman," says he; lookin' mortal grand.

"Oh! God send we'll all be in glory yet," says the wife, crassin' herself; "but go to sleep, Thady, for this present."

"I'll sleep with the brave yit," says he.

"Indeed, an' a brave sleep will do you a power o' good, my darlin'," says she.

"And it's I that will be the knight!" says he.

"All night, if you plaze, Thady," says she.

"None o' your coaxin'," says he. "I'm detarmined on it, and I'll set off immediantly, and be a knight arriant."

"A what!" says she.

"A knight arriant, woman."

"Lord, be good to me, what's that?" says she.

"A knight arriant is a rale gintleman," says he; "going round the world for sport, with a sword by his side, takin' whatever he plazes, for himself; and that's a knight arriant," says he.

Well, sure enough he wint about among his neighbours the next day, and he got an owld kittle from one, and a saucepan from another, and he took them to the tailor, and he sewed him up a shuit o' tin clothes like any knight arriant, and he borrowed a pot lid, and *that* he was very partie'lar about bekase it was his shield, and he wint to a frind o' his, a painther and glazier, and made him paint an his shield in big letthers:—

"I'M THE MAN OF ALL MIN,  
THAT KILL'D THREE SCORE AND TIN,  
AT A BLOW."

"When the people sees *that*," says the waiver to himself; "the sorta one will dar for to come near me."

And with that, he towld the wife to scour out the

small iron pot for him, "for," says he, "it will make an iligant helmet;" and when it was done, he put it an his head, and his wife said, "Oh, murther, Thady, jewel; is it puttin' a great heavy iron pot an your head you are, by way iv a hat?"

"Sartinly," says he; "for a knight arriant should always have a *wight an his brain*."

"But, Thady, dear," says the wife; "there's a hole in it, and it can't keep out the weather."

"It will be the cooler," says he, puttin' it an him; "besides, if I don't like it, it is aisy to stop it with a wisp o' sthrav, or the like o' that."

"The three legs of it looks mighty quare, stickin' up," says she.

"Every helmet has a spike stickin' out o' the top of it," says the waiver; "and if mine has three, it's only the grandher it is."

"Well," says the wife, getting bitther at last; "all I can say is, it isn't the first sheep's head was dhress'd in it."

"*Your sarvint, ma'am*," says he; and off he set.

Well, he was in want of a horse, and so he wint to a field hard by, where the miller's horse was grazin', that used to carry the ground corn round the country. "This is the idintical horse for me," says the waiver; "he is used to carryin' flour and male, and what am I but the *flower o' shovelry* in a coat o' *mail*; so that the horse won't be put out iv his way in the laste."

But as he was ridin' him out o' the field, who should see him but the miller. "Is it stalin' my horse you are, honest man?" says the miller.

"No," says the waiver; "I'm only goin' to *axer-cise* him," says he, "in the cool o' the evenin'; it will be good for his health."

"Thank you kindly," says the miller; "but lave him where he is, and you'll obleege me."

"I can't afford it," says the waiver, runnin' the horse at the ditch.

"Bad luck to your impidence," says the miller; "you've as much tin about you as a thravellin' tinker, but you've more brass. Come back here, you vagabone," says he.

But he was too late; away galloped the waiver, and took the road to Dublin, for he thought the best thing he could do was to go to the King o' Dublin (for Dublin was a grate place thin, and had a king iv its own), and he thought, maybe, the King o' Dublin would give him work. Well, he was four days goin' to Dublin, for the baste was not the best and the roads worse, not all as one as now; but there was no turnpikes then, glory be to God! When he got to Dublin, he wint sthrait to the palace, and whin he got into the coortyard he let his horse go and graze about the place, for the grass was growin' out betune the stones; everything was flourishin' thin in Dublin, you see. Well, the king was lookin' out of his dhrawin'-room windy, for divarshin, whin the waiver kem in; but the waiver pretended not to see him, and he wint over to a stone sate, undher the windy—for, you see, there was stone sates all round about the place for the accommodation o' the people—for the king was a dacent, obleeging man; well, as I said, the waiver wint over and lay down an one o'

the sates, just undher the king's windy, and purtended to go asleep; but he took care to turn out the front of his shield that had the letthers an it; well, my dear, with that, the king calls out to one of the lords of his coort that was standin' behind him, howldin' up the skirt of his coat, accordin' to rayson, and says he: "Look here," says he, "what do you think of a vagabone like that, comin' undher my very nose to go sleep? It is thrue I'm a good king," says he, "and I 'commodate the people by havin' sates for them to sit down and enjoy the raycreation and contimplation of seein' me here, lookin' out a' my dhravin'-room windy, for divarshin; but that is no rayson they are to *make a hotel o' the place*, and come and sleep here. Who is it at all?" says the king.

"Not a one o' me knows, plaze your majesty."

"I think he must be a furriner," says the king; "bekase his dhress is outlandish."

"And doesn't know manners, more betoken," says the lord.

"I'll go down and *circumspect* him myself," says the king; "folly me," says he to the lord, wavin' his hand at the same time in the most dignacious manner.

Down he wint accordingly, followed by the lord; and when he wint over to where the waiver was lying, sure the first thing he seen was his shield with the big letthers an it, and with that, says he to the lord, "Bedad," says he, "this is the very man I want."

"For what, plaze your majesty?" says the lord.

"To kill that vagabone dragghin, to be sure," says the king.

"Sure, do you think he could kill him," says the lord, "when all the stoutest knights in the land wasn't aiquil to it, but never kem back, and was ate up alive by the cruel dessaiver."

"Sure, don't you see there," says the king, pointin' at the shield, "that he killed three score and tin at one blow; and the man that done *that*, I think, is a match for anything."

So, with that, he wint over to the waiver and shuck him by the shouldher for to wake him, and the waiver rubbed his eyes as if just wakened, and the king says to him, "God save you," said he.

"God save you kindly," says the waiver, *purtendin'* he was quite onknowst who he was spakin' to.

"Do you know who I am," says the king, "that you make so free, good man?"

"No, indeed," says the waiver, "you have the advantage o' me."

"To be sure I have," says the king, *moighty high*; "sure, ain't I the King o' Dublin?" says he.

The waiver dhropped down an his two knees for-ninst the king, and says he, "I beg God's pardon and yours for the liberty I tuk; plaze your holinesa, I hope you'll excuse it."

"No offence," says the king; "get up, good man. And what brings you here?" says he.

"I'm in want o' work, plaze your riverence," says the waiver.

"Well, suppose I give you work?" says the king.

"I'll be proud to sarve you, my lord," says the waiver.

"Very well," says the king. "You killed three score and tin at one blow, I understan'," says the king.

"Yis," says the waiver; "that was the last thrifle o' work I done, and I'm afeard my hand 'll go out o' practice if I don't get some job to do at wanst."

"You shall have a job immediantly," says the king.

"It is not three score and tin or any fine thing like that; it is only a blaguard dhraggin that is disturbin' the counthry and ruinatin' my tinanthry wid aitin' their powlthry, and I'm lost for want of eggs," says the king.

"Throth, thin, plaze your worship," says the waiver, "you look as yollow as if you swallowed twelve yolks this minit."

"Well, I want this dhraggin to be killed," says the king. "It will be no throuble in life to you; and I am only sorry that it isn't betther worth your while, for he isn't worth fearin' at all; only I must tell you, that he lives in the county Galway, in the middle of a bog, and he has an advantage in that."

"Oh, I don't value it in the laste," says the waiver; "for the last three score and tin I killed was in a *soft place*."

"When will you undhertake the job, then?" says the king.

"Let me at him at wanst," says the waiver.

"That's what I like," says the king; "you're the very man for my money," says he.

"Talkin' of money," says the waiver; "by the same token, I'll want a thrifle o' change from you for my thravellin' charges."

"As much as you plaze," says the king; and with the word, he brought him into his closet, where there was an owld stockin' in an oak chest, burstin' wid golden guineas."

"Take as many as you plaze," says the king; and sure enough, my dear, the little waiver stuffed his tin clothes as full as they could howld with them.

"Now, I'm ready for the road," says the waiver.

"Very well," says the king; "but you must have a fresh horse," says he.

"With all my heart," says the waiver; who thought he might as well exchange the miller's owld garron for a betther.

And maybe it's wondherin' you are, that the waiver would think of goin' to fight the dhraggin ather what he heerd about him, when he was purtendin' to be asleep, but he had no sitch notion; all he intended was,—to fob the goold, and ride back again to Duleek with his gains and a good horse. But you see, cute as the waiver was, the king was cuter still; for these high quality, you see, is great dessaivers; and so the horse the waiver was put an, was larned on purpose; and sure, the minit he was mounted, away powdhered the horse, and the divil a toe he'd go but right down to Galway. Well, for four days he was goin' evermore, until at last the waiver seen a crowd o' people runnin' as if owld Nick was at their heels, and they shoutin' a thousand murders and cryin': "The dhraggin, the dhraggin!" and he couldn't stop

the horse nor make him turn back, but away he pelted right forninst the terrible baste that was comin' up to him, and there was the most *nefaarious* smell o' sulphur, savin' your presence, enough to knock you down; and, faith, the waiver seen he had no time to lose, and so he thrown himself off the horse and made to a three that was growin' nigh-hand, and away he clambered up into it as nimble as a cat; and not a minit had he to spare, for the dhraggin kem up in a powerful rage, and he devoured the horse body and bones, in less than no time; and then he began to sniffle and scent about for the waiver, and at last he clapt his eye an him, where he was, up in the three, and says he, "In throth, you might as well come down out o' that," says he; "for I'll have you as sure as eggs is mate."

"Divil a fut I'll go down," says the waiver.

"Sorra care, I care," says the dhraggin; "for you're as good as ready money in my pocket this minit, for I'll lie undher this three," says he, "and sooner or later you must fall to my share;" and sure enough he sot down, and began to pick his teeth with his tail, afther the heavy brekquest he made that mornin' (for he ate a whole village, 'et alone the horse), and he got dhrowsy at last, and fell asleep; but before he wint to sleep, he wound himself all round about the three, all as one as a lady windin' ribbon round her finger, so that the waiver could not escape.

Well, as soon as the waiver knew he was dead asleep, by the snorin' of him—and every snore he let out of him was like a clap o' thunder—that minit the waiver began to creep down the three, as cautious as a fox; and he was very nigh hand the bottom, when, bad cess to it, a thievin' branch he was dipindin' an bruk, and down he fell right a top o' the dhraggin; but if he did, good luck was an his side, for where should he fall but with his two legs right acress the dhraggin's neck, and, my jew'l, he laid howit o' the baste's ears, and there he kept his grip, for the dhraggin wakened and endayvoured for to bite him; but, you see, by rayson the waiver was behind his ears, he could not come at him, and, with that, he endayvoured for to shake him off; but the divil a stir could he stir the waiver; and though he shuk all the scales an his body, he could not turn the scale agin the waiver.

"By the hokey, this is too bad intirely," says the dhraggin; "but if you won't let go," says he, "by the powers o' wildfire, I'll give you a ride that 'ill astonish your siven small sineses, my boy;" and, with that, away he flew like mad; and where do you think he did fly?—bedad, he flew sthaight for Dublin, divil a less. But the waiver bein' an his neck was a great disthress to him, and he would rather have had him an *inside passenger*; but, anyway, he flew and he flew till he kem *slap* up agin the palace o' the king; for, bein' blind with the rage, he never seen it, and he knocked his brains out; that is, the small thriffe he had, and down he fell spacheless. An' you see, good luck would have it, that the King o' Dublin was lookin' out iv his dhrawin'-room windy, for divarshin, that day als, and whin he seen

the waiver ridin' an the fiery dhraggin (for he was blazin' like a tar-barrel), he called out to his coortyers to come and see the show. "By the powdthers o' war, here comes the knight arriant," says the king; "ridin' the dhraggin that's all afire, and if he gets *into the palace*, yiz must be ready wid the *fire engines*," says he, "for to *put him out*." But when they seen the dhraggin fall outside, they all run down stairs and scampered into the palace-yard for to circumspect the *curiosity*; and by the time they got down, the waiver had got off o' the dhraggin's neck, and runnin' up to the king, says he, "Plaze your holiness," says he, "I did not think myself worthy of killin' this facetious baste, so I brought him to yourself for to do him the honour of decapitation by your own royal five fingers. But I tamed him first, before I allowed him the liberty for to *dar*' to appear in your royal prisince, and you'll oblige me if you'll just make your mark with your own hand upon the onruly baste's neck." And with that, the king, sure enough, dhrew out his sword and took the head aff the *dirty* brute, as *clans* as a new pin. Well, there was great rejoicin' in the coort that the dhraggin was killed; and says the king to the little waiver, says he, "You are a knight arriant as it is, and so it would be no use for to knight you over agin; but I will make you a lord," says he.

"O Lord!" says the waiver, thunderstruck like at his own good luck.

"I will," says the king; "and as you are the first man I ever heer'd tell of that rode a dhraggin, you shall be called Lord *Mount Dhraggin*," says he.

"And where's my estates, plaze your holiness?" says the waiver, who always had a sharp look-out afther the main chance.

"Oh, I didn't forget that," says the king. "It is my royal pleasure to provide well for you, and for that rayson I make you a present of all the dhraggin in the world, and give you power over them from this out," says he.\*

"Is that all?" says the waiver.

"All!" says the king. "Why, you ongrateful

\* Not any of this curious property remains, save what is left in the memory of the chronicler; and, I regret to say, a great many Irish estates are in the same sorry condition.

One interesting relic, however, has escaped the otherwise universal decay that has fallen on the noble house of Mount Dragon. It is the genealogy and armorial bearings of the family, which will, no doubt, afford matter of speculation to the antiquary. Perhaps the ingenious Sir William Betham, Ulster King, could give some further information on the subject.

"Thady of Thaddeus, Patriarch of this family, was of Phoenician descent. There is a tradytione in ye familye that ye arte of wairynge was frste introduced into Irelande by themme from Tyre, theye beinge thence called Tyros, since ye whiche tyme all beginners so-everre, are so-called. Hence alsoe is it inferred that ye Redde Kertle, which prevails amongste ye Irishers is of ye true Tyrian Dye; which hath the soe moche disturbed ye repose of ye curious, heretofore.

"Thisse noble familye beareth for their achievemente and hath for their SHIELD, a potte liddle propperre, quarterlye of three; Argente, Azure, and Gules: Ande overre all a younge chyld displayed propperre." The same withinne a Horse coltarr propperre,

† This allusion to the weaver's large family, by a child, *three quarterly*, is very happy.



little vagabone, was the like ever given to any man before?"

charged as an honourable distinction for valoure and prowess with 'Drag-onna.'

"CREST. Onne a waiverra shuttle Or. a potts, charged with Stirre-a-bowte and potts-sticke—all propperre."

"SUPPORTERS. Dexterre a Dragonne Gules, wings elevated Or—Sinisterre a s'ie Azure."

"MOTTO. I flie."

<sup>1</sup> A play on the word Dragon (a practice common in ancient heraldry), in allusion to the use of the horse collar and the conquered monster.

<sup>2</sup> Very proper.

<sup>3</sup> A blue bottle evidently.

<sup>4</sup> A triple allusion to the weaver's first heroic deed, his masterly retreat from the dragon, and his homeward flight upon him.

"I b'lieve not, indeed," says the waiver; "many thanks to your majesty."

"But that is not all I'll do for you," says the king; "I'll give you my daughther, too, in marriage," says he. Now, you see, that was nothin' more than what he promised the waiver in his first promise; for, by all accounts, the king's daughther was the greatest dhraggin ever was seen, and had the devil's own tongue, and a beard a yard long, which she *puttended* was put an her, by way of a penance, by Father Mulcahy, her confessor; but it was well known it was in the family for ages, and no wondher it was so long, by rayson of that same.

## THE DEVIL AND TOM CONNOLLY.

BY MICHAEL JOSEPH BARRY.

"A SOUTHERLY wind and a cloudy sky.  
What a beautiful day for the scent to lie!"  
Says a huntsman old, with a very keen eye,  
And a very red nose, to a whipper-in by;

As he sits on the back  
Of a very spruce hack,

And looks with delight on a beautiful pack  
Of foxhounds, as ever yet ran on a track.  
There were Howler and Jowler, and Towser and  
Yelper,

And Boxer and Pincher, and Snarler and Skelper—  
But, alas! and alack! that it rests to be said,  
The last of that pack is some eighty years dead!  
And the huntsman, that sat on the back

Of that hack,

Died very soon after the last of that pack,  
Having kept up the chase by good humour and mirth  
Till Death one fine afternoon ran him to earth.  
Rest to his bones! he has gone for aye,  
And the sod lies cold on his colder clay;  
He lists no more to the deep-mouthed bay,  
Nor wakes the hills with his "hark away!"  
But never did man a hunting-whip crack,  
That I'd back at a fence against red-nosed Jack.

The cover is reached—and a better array  
Of sportsmen it never has seen than to-day.

'Tis as gallant a field

As all Ireland could yield:

The horsemen to all kinds of devilment steel'd—  
The best of the senate, the bench, and the bar,  
Whose mirth even Petty and Coke couldn't mar.  
Bright spirits! regarded with pride by a race  
That loved Genius unmasked by Stupidity's face;  
Nor fancied that Wisdom high places should quit  
If she flung round her shoulders the mantle of Wit!

The hunting-cap triumphs to-day o'er the wig—  
The ermine is doffed for a sportsmanlike rig—  
But enough of the horsemen: the nags that they ride  
Are as noble as horsemen might ever bestride—

In bottom or speed,  
Few could match them, indeed,

And if put to the pound-wall of Ballinasloe,  
There are plenty amongst them would never look—  
"No."

But the best mounted man at that gay cover side  
Is honest Tom Connolly, Castletown's pride;  
And mirth and good fellowship beam in his eye,  
Such a goodly collection of guests to descry:

For guests shall be all  
In Tom Connolly's hall,

Who keeps "open house" for the great and the  
small;

And none who takes share in the fox-hunt to-day  
Ere midnight from Castletown's mansion shall stray.  
Right warm are the greetings that welcome the  
squire,

As he rides up—but all this preamble will tire;  
Besides that the hounds through the brushwood are  
dodging,

And making inquiries where Reynard is lodging:  
Some snuffing the ground  
With a caution profound:

Some running and poking their noses all round;  
And now of the whole not a vestige is there,  
But a number of tails all cocked up in the air;  
And now there's a bark, and a yelp, and a cry,  
And the horsemen are still standing anxiously by;

And some of the pack  
Are at length on the track;  
And now there's a shout!

Sly old Reynard leaps out—

"Hold hard!" "Don't ride over the dogs!" What  
a scramble!

Away go the hounds in the wake of the fox!  
Away go the horsemen thro' brushwood and bramble!  
Away go they all, o'er brooks, fences, and rocks!  
Afar in the plain

They are stretching amain:

Each sinew and nerve do the gallant steeds strain;  
While the musical cry of the fleet-footed hound  
Is ringing in chorus melodiously round,  
And the horseman who rides at the tail of the pack  
Is a very tall gentleman, dressed all in black!

Away! away! On his restless bed  
His wearied limbs let the sluggard spread,  
His eyes on the glorious morning close,  
And fancy ease in that dull repose!  
Give *me* to taste of the freshening draught  
Of the early breeze, on the green hill quaffed!  
Give *me* to fly, with the lightning's speed,  
On the bounding back of the gallant steed!  
Give *me* to bend o'er the floating mane,  
While the blood leaps wild in each thrilling vein!  
Oh! who that has felt the joy intense,  
To tempt the torrent, to dare the fence,  
But feels each pleasure beside give place  
To the manly danger that waits the chase?

Onward still—'tis a spanking run,  
As e'er was seen by morning's sun!

Onward still

O'er plain and hill—

'Gad, 'tis a pace the devil to kill!

A few of the nags it will puzzle, I trow,  
To ride at that neat bit of masonry now.  
Steady there, black fellow!—over he goes;  
Well done, old bay!—ho! the brown fellow toes,  
And pitches his rider clean out on his nose!  
Eighteen out of fifty their mettle attest—  
There's a very nice view from the road for the rest!  
And now the "boreen,"\*

With that rascally screen

Of furze on each bank—by old Nim, that's a pozer!  
There's the black fellow at it—'Gad, over he goes, sir.  
Well done, Connolly!—stick to the nigger, you dog!  
Though he does seem old Beelzebub riding incog.

Ha! the third fellow's blown,

No go, Doctor, you're thrown,

And have fractured your "dexter clavicular" bone.  
'Gad, here's the Solicitor-General down on him:  
Who could think that he ever had got wig or gown  
on him?

'Cleared gallantly! but, sure, 'tis plain common sense,  
Bar practice should fit a man well for a fence.  
Five more show they're good ones, in bottom and  
speed;

But that tall, strange, black gentleman still keeps  
the lead!

Ha! Reynard, you're done for, my boy! at your back  
Old Jowler and Clinker come, leading the pack;

Ay, close at your brush  
They are making a rush;  
Come face 'em, old fellow, and die like a thrush!  
Well snapped, but won't do,  
My poor "modereen rue!"†

That squeeze in the gullet has finished your breath;  
And that very black horseman is in at the death!

The very black horseman dismounts from his steed,  
And takes off Reynard's brush, with all sportsman-  
like heed;

Then, patting the nag,

With the air of a wag,

Says, "This is *cool* work, my old fellow, to-day!"

At which the black steed gives a very loud neigh;

And it is odd indeed,

Neither rider nor steed

Seems one whit the worse of their very great speed;

Though the next four or five,

Who this moment arrive,

Their horses all foaming, themselves all bemired,

Look beyond any doubt pretty heartily tired,

As they think, "Who the deuce can be this chap in  
black,

Who has ridden all day at the tail of the pack?"

The group has come up with the stranger the while,  
Who takes off his hat to the squire, with a smile,  
And hands him the brush, with an air most polite,  
Expressing his joy at transferring the right,  
Which only the speed of his hunter had won,  
To him who had shown them so noble a run,  
And whose name, he would add,  
He had heard, from a lad,

As a toast through all Ireland for humour and fun.

"'Gad, sir," says the squire,

"Whether most to admire

Your politeness or daring I'm puzzled to say;

But though I've seen hunting enough in my day,

All I've met with must yield

To *your* feats in the field.

I trust I at least can induce you to dine,

And your horsemanship pledge in a bumper of wine,

And if longer you'll honour my house as a dweller,  
All I promise you is, you'll find more in the cellar."

"Thanks, Tom!—I beg pardon, I make so d—d  
free,

When a man of your thorough good-nature I see!

But excuse it."—"Excuse it, my excellent friend!

'Tis the thing of all others I wish you'd not mend;

None but a good fellow had ever the trick—

But *your* name, by the way?"—"Mine! oh, pray call  
me Nick."

"Very good—there's a spice of the devil about it!"

"A spice of the devil! ay, faith, who can doubt it?"

I'm dressed by the way in his livery sainted,

But they say the old boy's not as black as he's  
painted;

\* A narrow by-road.

† A fox. Literally, a little red dog.

And this clerical suit———"You're no parson, sure—come?"

"Ah, no pumping on that, my friend, Connolly—mum!

This clerical suit, faith, though sombre and sad,  
Is no bad thing at all, with the women, my lad!"

"Well done, Nick! On my life,

I'll look after my wife

If you come in her way."—"Gad," says Nick, with a laugh,

"To look after yourself would be better by half."

"Look after myself!" says the squire; "Lord! why so?"

You've no partnership, sure, with your namesake below?"

"No," says Nick, with a squint,

"I mean only to hint;

But I'll do it more plainly, for fear of mistake—

If we play at blind-hookey, be d——d wide awake."

Then with laughter and jest,

Honest Tom and his guest

Ride along, while their humour is shared by the rest,

Who vow, one and all,

Master Nick to install

As the prince of good fellows; and just at nightfall  
They reach most good-humour'dly Castletown Hall

'Tis a glorious thing when the wintry sun,  
Ashamed of himself, has cut and run;  
When the drizzling rain falls thick and fast,  
And the shivering poplars stand aghast;  
No sight abroad, but the landscape bleak,  
No sound, save whistle, and howl, and creak;—

'Tis a glorious thing, in that dismal hour,  
To be snugly housed from the tempest's power,  
With a blazing fire, and a smoking board,  
With "all the best things of the season" stored!

Not costly, mind, but a good plain dinner,  
To suit the wants of an erring sinner:

Say oyster soup and "potage au jus,"  
The latter is bad if they make it with glue;

A turbot or salmon one blandly surveys,  
And eels à la Tartare, 'tis hard to dispraise;  
Some people prefer them cooked en matelote,  
And I'm not very certain which way I should vote;

A couple of entrées one might add to these,  
Ris de veau say, and cotelettes à la Soubise;

Indeed, for myself, I confess I feel partial  
At times to this favourite "plât" of the Marshal,

And can sympathise quite with his luckless disaster,  
When Seidlitz laid hold of the chops for his master—

A digression, but then, 'tis not often one pops

On a cavalry general charging for chops;—\*

Fowl, too, not the horrible things that they cram,

Some people may like to partake of, with ham:

Though, talking of ham, there's but one place they  
cure a

Ham properly in, namely, Estremadura;

Still, if Estremadura ham cannot be had,  
Westphalia or Yorkshire is not very bad;—  
A rôti, game, sweet things, and then the dessert,  
And one may make his dinner, I dare to assert.  
Chablis, Xeres, Champagne, and, than nectar  
sublimier,

Johannisberg! Give me not hot Rudesheimer,  
Or that querely named wine, the shy traveller tries  
so

To shirk that they call from the gates of old Piao!

I drank the true stuff, from old Metternich's cellar,

Of yore, when in pleasant Vienna a dweller,

The guest of the liveliest of Monsignori,

That ever subscribed to the text of Liguori.†—

While, to finish the evening, there's nothing I know

Like old Château Margaux, or prime Clos Vougeot;

Some very good judges say—"Stick to the claret!"

But a glass of good Vin de Bourgogne will not mar it.

Long flourish the vine,

With its bright wealth of wine,

On the banks of Cephisus, the steep rocks of Rhine!

Where Marne, and where Aube, too oft reddened by  
strife,

Still yield us the sparkling elixir of life!

Where Saône bathes the feet of the glowing Côte  
d'Or!

Where gay Garonne kisses the ruby-gemmed shore!

Where Rhone's regal tide moves majestic along!

Where Douro foams fiercely his rude rocks among!

Where broad Guadalquivir's murky waters are rolled:

Where Tagus sweeps seaward his rich sands of gold!

Where Danube rolls down his magnificent flood,

Through vineyards all blushing with Bacchanal  
blood!

Wherever the deep purple clusters impart

A bliss to the eye, and a balm to the heart!

The clusters that Bacchus bestowed from above!

The clusters that moistened the lip of young Love!

But enough—to their dinner the hunting-folk sit!

With a silence displaying more wisdom than wit;

But with the dessert

Wit begins to assert

His claims to attention; and near to its close

Takes the field, while old Wisdom goes off in a doze.

Then, after a couple of bumpers of wine,

Ye gods, how the urchin commences to shine!

While as for the stranger, his feats in the field

To his feats at the table unspeakably yield—

In drinking, in laughing, in frolic, and jest,

He seems but the sun who gives light to the rest;

And after a while, when the squire begs a song of him,

He sings for them this, which grave folk will think  
wrong of him:—

A fig for Philosophy's rules!

Our stay is too brief upon earth,

To spare any time in the schools,

Save those of Love, Music, and Mirth:

\* General Seidlitz surprised Marshal Soubise in the Battle of Reichbach, November 5, 1757, and actually had the dinner which was cooked for him, for Frederick had the care to partake of.

† Monsignor, subsequently Cardinal O——, the most agreeable, unaffected, little prelate that ever trod the thorny path of

Yes; theirs is the exquisite lore  
 We can learn in life's summer by heart,  
 While the winter of gloomy fourscore  
 Leaves us fools in Philosophy's art.  
 Oh! surely if life's but a day,  
 'Tis vain o'er dull volumes to pine:  
 Let the sage choose what studies he may,  
 But Mirth, Love, and Music be mine!

What a fool was Chaldea's old seer,  
 Who studied the planets afar!  
 While the bright eye of woman is near—  
 My book be that beautiful star!  
 The lore of the planets who seeks  
 Is years in acquiring the art;  
 While the language dear woman's eye speaks  
 Is learned in a minute by heart!  
 Then surely if life's but a day,  
 'Tis vain o'er dull volumes to pine;  
 Let the stars be *his* book as they may,  
 But the bright eye of woman be mine!

The chymist may learnedly tell  
 Of the treasures his art can unmask;  
 But the grape juice has in it a spell  
 Which is all of his lore that I ask.  
 In gazing on woman's bright eyes  
 I feel all the star-student's bliss;  
 And chymistry's happiest prize  
 I find in a goblet like this!  
 Then fill up—if life's but a day,  
 What fool o'er dull volumes would pine?  
 Love and Mirth we can learn on the way,  
 And to praise them in Music be mine!

“Hip, hip, hurra!”

How they're cheering away.

“Hip, hip”—they're growing uncommonly gay,  
 “Hip—'tis a way we've got in the”—hic—hiccup—  
 Lord, what a deuce of a shindy they kick up!

But at length they have done,  
 And drop off, one by one,

From their chairs, overcome by the claret and fun:  
 And at a quarter to four

All lie stretched on the floor,

Enjoying in chorus a mighty fine snore;  
 While still to the claret like gay fellows stick  
 The warm-hearted squire and his jolly friend Nick.

There's a cooper of wine by Tom Connolly's chair,  
 And he stoops for a bottle.—At what does he stare?

Can it be —? Oh! no doubt,  
 My fine lad, you're found out!

There's the cloven foot plainly as eye can behold.

“Cut your stick,  
 Master Nick,

If I may make so bold!

'Pon my life, what a jest,  
 To have you for my guest—

You, toping by dozens Lafitte's very best!

Be off, sir! you've drunk of my wine to satiety—”

“No, thank you,” says Nick; “Tom, I like your  
 society—

I like your good humour, I relish your wit,  
 And I'm d——d but I *very* much like your Lafitte.

You may guess that your wine  
 Has more bouquet than mine:

And I'll stay, my old boy, in your mansion a dweller,  
 While a drop of *such* claret remains in your cellar!  
 I've my reasons for this, but 'twere needless to state  
 'em,

For this, my dear fellow, is my ultimatum!”

Tom rings for the flunkies: they enter.—What now?  
 He looks at Old Nick, with a very dark brow,  
 And says, while the latter complacently bears  
 His glance, “Kick that insolent rascal down stairs.”

At their master's behest,

They approach to the guest,

Though to kick him down stairs seems no joke at the  
 best;

But when they draw near,

With a humorous leer

Nick cries—“My good friends, you had better be  
 civil,

'Tis not pleasant, believe me, to deal with the devil!  
 I'm that much-abused person—so do keep aloof,  
 And, lest you should doubt me, pray, look at my hoof.”

Then lifting his leg with an air most polite,  
 He places the cloven hoof full in their sight,

When at once, with a roar,

They all rush to the door;

And stumbling o'er wine-coopers, sleepers, and chairs,  
 Never stop till they've got to the foot of the stairs.

The parson is sent for—he comes—'tis no go—  
 Nick plainly defies him to send him below:

With a comical phiz,

Says he'll stay where he is,

And bids him begone, for an arrant old quiz!  
 Asks how is his mother; and treats him, indeed,  
 With impertinence nothing on earth could exceed.

A pleasant finale, in truth, to a feast,  
 There's but one hope remaining—to send for the  
 priest;

Though the parson, on hearing it, says 'tis all fudge  
 And vows that *he* ne'er will induce Nick to budge.  
 Still, as 'tis the sole hope of getting a severance  
 From Nick, the squire sends off at once for his  
 reverence,

And would send for the Pope,

If he saw any hope

That his power could induce the old boy to elope.

Father Malachi, sure that for Nick he's a match,  
 Doesn't ask better sport than to come to the scratch;  
 And arrives at the hall

In the midst of them all,

While the frightened domestics scarce venture to  
 crawl:

And, learning the state of affairs from the squire,  
 Says he'll soon make his guest from the parlour re-  
 tire,

If he'll only agree  
To give him rent free  
A plot for a chapel; but if he refuses,  
Master Nick may stay with him as long as he chooses.

"A plot for a chapel!" Tom Connolly cries:  
"Faith, I'll build one myself, that will gladden your  
eyes,

If Old Nick  
Cuts his stick."

"That he shall double quick,  
If you'll undertake to stand mortar and brick."  
"Agreed!" says the squire; so the priest takes his  
book,

Giving Nick at the same time a terrible look—

Then th' exorcism begins,

But Old Nick only grins,

And asks him to read out the Table of Sins;

"For between you and me,

Holy Father," says he,

"That's light and agreeable reading, you see,

And, if you look it carefully over, I'd bet,

Your reverence will find you're a bit in my debt!"

At an insult so dire,

Father Malachi's ire

Was aroused in an instant; so, closing the book,

He gives the arch-rascal one desperate look,

Then, with blessed precision, the volume lets fly,

And hits the arch-enemy fair in the eye!

There's a terrible yell

That might startle all hell!

A flash, and a very strong brimstonny smell!

And save a great cleft,  
From his exit so doft,  
Not a trace of the gentleman's visit is left;  
But the book which was flung  
In his visage has clung

To the wainscot, and sticks so tenaciously to it,  
You'd fancy some means supernatural glue it;  
And his reverence, in fact, finds it fixed in the  
mortar,

To the wonder of all, a full inch and a quarter!  
Where the mark of it still to this day may be seen,  
Or if not, they can show you where once it has  
been;

And if after that any doubts on it seize you,  
All I can say is—'Tis not easy to please you!

The delight of the Squire I, of course, can't express,  
That 'tis boundless, indeed, you might easily guess.

The very next day

He gives orders to lay

The chapel's foundation; and early in May,

If in his excursions Nick happened to pass there,

He might see Father Malachi celebrate Mass there;

And it stands to this day, slate, stone, mortar and  
brick,

By Tom Connolly built, to get rid of Old Nick.

Since the period that Nick got this touch in the eye,  
Of displaying his hoof he has grown very shy;  
You can scarce find him out by his ill-shapen stump,  
For he sticks to the rule—"KEEP YOUR TOE IN YOUR  
PUMP."

## THE GHOST AND THE BONE-SETTER.

I TELL the following particulars, as nearly as I can  
recollect them, in the words of the narrator. It may  
be necessary to observe that he was what is termed  
a *well-spoken* man, having for a considerable time  
instructed the ingenious youth of his native parish in  
such of the liberal arts and sciences as he found it  
convenient to profess—a circumstance which may ac-  
count for the occurrence of several big words in the  
course of this narrative, more distinguished for eu-  
phonious effect than for correctness of application.  
I proceed, then, without further preface, to lay before  
you the wonderful adventures of Terry Neil.

"Why, thin, 'tis a quare story, an' as thrue as  
you're sittin' there; and I'd make bould to say there  
isn't a boy in the seven parishes could tell it better  
nor crickther than myself, for 'twas my father him-  
self it happened to, an' many's the time I heard it out  
iv his own mouth; an' I can say, an' I'm proud av

that same, my father's word was as incredible as any  
squire's oath in the country; an' so signs an it, if a  
poor man got into any unlucky throuble, he was the  
boy id go into the court an' prove; but that doesn't  
signify—he was as honest and as sober a man, bar-  
rin' he was a little bit too partial to the glass, as you'd  
find in a day's walk; and there wasn't the likes of  
him in the country round for nate labourin' an' *beas*  
diggin'; and he was mighty handy entirely for car-  
penter's work, and mendin' ould spudethrees, an' the  
likes i' that. An' so he tuck up with bone-setting, as  
was most nathural, for none of them could come up  
to him in mendin' the leg iv a stool or a table; an'  
sure there never was a bone-setter got so much cus-  
tom—man an' child, young an' ould—there never  
was such breakin' and mendin' of bones known in  
the memory of man. Well, Terry Neil, for that was  
my father's name, began to feel his heart growin'

light, and his purse heavy; an' he took a bit iv a farm in Squire Phalim's ground, just undher the ould castle, an' a pleasant little spot it was; an' day an' mornin', poor crathurs not able to put a foot to the ground, with broken arms and broken legs, id be comin' ramblin' in from all quarters to have their bones spliced up. Well, yer honour, all this was as well as well could be; but it was customary when Sir Phalim id go anywhere out iv the country, for some iv the tinants to sit up to watch in the ould castle, just for a kind of a compliment to the ould family—an' a mighty unpleasant compliment it was for the tinants, for there wasn't a man of them but knew there was something quare about the ould castle. The neighbours had it, that the squire's ould grand-father, as good a gintleman, God be with him, as I heer'd as ever stood in shoe leather, used to keep walkin' about in the middle iv the night, ever sinst he bursted a blood vessel pullin' out a cork out iv a bottle, as you or I might be doin', and will too, please God; but that doesn't signify. So, as I was sayin', the ould squire used to come down out of the frame, where his pictur was hung up, and to brake the bottles and glasses, God be merciful to us all, an' dhrink al. he could come at—an' small blame to him for that same; and then, if any of the family id be comin' in, he id be up again in his place, looking as quite an' innocent as if he didn't know anything about it—the mischievous ould chap.

"Well, your honour, as I was sayin', one time the family up at the castle was stayin' in Dublin for a week or two; and so, as usual, some of the tinants had to sit up in the castle, and the third night it kem to my father's turn. 'Oh, tare an ouns,' says he unto himself, 'an' must I sit up all night, and that ould vagabond of a sperit, glory be to God,' says he, 'serenading through the house, an' doin' all sorts iv mischief.' However, there was no gettin' aff, and so he put a bould face on it, an' he went up at nightfall with a bottle of pottien, and another of holy wather.

"It was rainin' smart enough, an' the evenin' was darksome an' gloomy, when my father got in; and what with the rain he got, and the holy wather he sprinkled on himself, it wasn't long till he had to swallee a cup of the pottien to keep the cowld out iv his heart. It was the ould steward, Lawrence Connor, that opened the door, and he an' my father wor always very great. So when he seen who it was, an' my father tould him how it was his turn to watch in the castle, he offered to sit up along with him—and you may be sure my father wasn't sorry for that same. So says Larry,

"We'll have a bit iv fire in the parlour,' says he.

"An' why not in the hall?" says my father: for he knew that the squire's pictur was hung in the parlour.

"No fire can be lit in the hall,' says Lawrence, 'for there's an ould jackdaw's nest in the chimney.'

"Oh, thin,' says my father, 'let us s:op in the kitchen, for it's very unproper for the likes iv me to be sittin' in the parlour,' says he.

"Oh, Terry, that can't be,' says Lawrence; 'if we keep up the ould custom at all we may as well keep it up properly,' says he.

"'Divil sweep the ould custom,' says my father, to himself, do ye mind, for he didn't like to let Lawrence see that he was more afraid himself.

"'Oh, very well,' says he. 'I'm agreeable, Lawrence,' says he; and so down they both went to the kitchen, until the fire id be lit in the parlour; an' that same wasn't long doin'.

"Well, your honour, they soon wint up again, an' sat down mighty comfortable by the parlour fire, and they beginn'd to talk, an' to smoke, an' to dhrink a small taste of the pottien; and, moreover, they had a good rousing fire of bogwood and turf to warm their shins over.

"Well, sir, as I was sayin', they kep convarsin' and smokin' together most agreeable, until Lawrence beginn'd to get sleepy, as was but natural for him, for he was an ould sarvint man, and was used to a great deal iv sleep.

"'Sure it's impossible,' says my father, 'it's gettin' sleepy you are?'

"'Oh, divil a taste,' says Larry, 'I'm only shuttin' my eyes,' says he, 'to keep out the parfume of the tibaba smoke, that's makin' them wather,' says he. 'So don't you mind other people's business,' says he, stiff enough (for he had a mighty high stomach av his own, rest his sowl), 'and go on,' says he, 'with your story, for I'm listenin,' says he, shuttin' down his eyes.

"Well, when my father seen spakin' was no use, he went on with his story.—By the same token, it was the story of Jim Soolivan and his ould goat he was tellin'—an' a pleasant story it is—an' there was so much divarsion in it that it was enough to waken a dormouse, let alone to pervint a Christian goin' asleep. But, faix, the way my father tould it, I believe there never was the likes heard sinst nor before, for he bawled out every word av it, as if the life was fairly leavin' him, thrying to keep ould Larry awake; but, faix, it was no use, for the hoorsness came an him, an' before he kem to the end of his story, Larry O'Connor began to snore like a bag-pipes.

"'Oh, blur an' agres,' says my father, 'isn't this a hard case,' says he, 'that ould villain lettin' on to be my friend, and to go asleep this way, an' us both in the very room with a sperit,' says he. 'The crass o' Christ about us!' says he; an' with that he was goin' to shake Lawrence to waken him, but he just remimbered if he roused him he'd surely go off to his bed, an' lave him completely alone, an' that id be by far worse.

"'Oh, thin,' says my father 'I'll not disturb the poor boy. It id be neither friendly nor good-nathured,' says he, 'to tormint him while he is asleep,' says he, 'only I wish I was the same way myself,' says he.

"An' with that he began to walk up an' down, an' sayin' his prayers, until he worked himself into a sweat, savin' your presence. But it was all no good; so he dhrunk about a pint of sperits, to compose his mind.

"'Oh,' says he, 'I wish to the Lord I was as asy in my mind as Larry there. Maybe,' says he, 'if I

thried I could go asleep; an' with that he pulled a big armchair close beside Lawrence, an' settled himself in it as well as he could.

"But there was one quare thing I forgot to tell you. He couldn't help, in spite av himself, lookin' now an' thin at the picthur, an' he immediately observed that the eyes av it was follyin' him about, an' starin' at him, an' winkin' at him, wherever he wint. 'Oh,' says he, when he seen that, 'it's a poor chance I have,' says he; 'an' bad luck was with me the day I kem into this unfortunat place,' says he; 'but anyway, there's no use in bein' freckened now,' says he; 'for if I am to die, I may as well parspire un-  
-haunted,' says he.

"Well, your honour, he thried to keep himself quite an' asy, an' he thought two or three times he might have wint asleep, but for the way the storm was groanin' and creekin' through the great heavy branches outside, an' whistlin' through the ould chimnies iv the castle. Well, afther one great roarin' blast iv the wind, you'd think the walls iv the castle was just goin' to fall, quite an' clane, with the shakin' iv it; all av a suddint the storm stopt, as silent an' as quite as if it was a July evenin'. Well, your honour, it wasn't stopped blowin' for three minnites, before he thought he hard a sort iv a noise over the chimly-piece; an' with that my father just opened his eyes the smallest taste in life, an' sure enough he seen the ould squire gettin' out iv the picthur, for all the world as if he was throwin' aff his ridin' coat, until he stept out clane an' complat out av the chimly-piece, an' thrun himself down an the floor. Well, the slieven ould chap—an' my father thought it was the dirtiest turn iv all—before he begannd to do anything out iv the way, he stopped for a while to listen wor they both asleep; an' as soon as he thought all was quite, he put out his hand an' tuck hold iv the whiskey bottle, an' dhrank at laste a pint iv it. Well, your honour, when he tuck his turn out iv it, he settled it back mighty cute intirely, in the very same spot it was in before. An' he beginnd to walk up an' down the room, lookin' as sober an' as solid as if he never done the likes at all. An' whin-  
-ever he went apast my father, he thought he felt a great scent of brimstone, an' it was that that freckened him entirely; for he knew it was brimstone that was burned in hell, savin' your presence. At any rate he often heer'd it from Father Murphy, an' he had a right to know what belonged to it—he's dead since, God rest him. Well, your honour, my father was asy enough until the sperit kem past him; so close, God be merciful to us all, that the smell iv the sulphur tuck the breath clane out iv him; an' with that he tuck such a fit iv coughin', that it al-a-most shuck him out iv the chair he was sittin' in.

"Ho, ho!" says the squire, stoppin' short about two steps aff, an' turnin' round facin' my father, 'is it you that's in it?—an' how's all with you, Terry Neil?"

"At your honour's sarvice," says my father (as well as the fright id let him, for he was more dead than alive), 'an' it's proud I am to see your honour to-night,' says he.

"Terence," says the squire, 'you're a respectable man (an' it was thrue for him), an' industhrious, sober man, an' an example of inebriety to the whole parish,' says he.

"Thank your honour," says my father, gettin' courage, 'you were always a civil spoken gentleman, God rest your honour.'

"Rest my honour," says the sperit (fairly gettin' red in the face with the madness), 'rest my honour?' says he. 'Why, you ignorant spalpeon,' says he, 'you mane, niggardly ignoramus,' says he, 'where did you lave your manners?' says he. 'If I am dead, it's no fault iv mine,' says he; 'an' it's not to be thrun in my teeth at every hand's turn by the likes iv you,' says he, stampin' his foot an the flure, that you'd think the boards id smash undher him.

"Oh," says my father, 'I'm only a foolish, ignorant poor man,' says he.

"You're nothing else," says the squire; 'but anyway,' says he, 'it's not to be listenin' to your gos-  
-ther, nor conversin' with the likes iv you that I came up—down I mane,' says he—(an' as little as the mistake was, my father tuck notice iv it). 'Listen to me now, Terence Neil,' says he, 'I was always a good mather to Patrick Neil, your grandfather,' says he.

"'Tis thrue for your honour," says my father.

"And, moreover, I think I was always a sober, riglar gentleman," says the squire.

"That's your name, sure enough," says my father (though it was a big lie for him, but he could not help it).

"Well," says the sperit, 'although I was as sober as most men, at least as most gentlemen,' says he; 'an' though I was at different periods a most extempory Christian, and most charitable and inhuman to the poor,' says he; 'for all that I'm not as asy where I am now,' says he, 'as I had a right to expect,' says he.

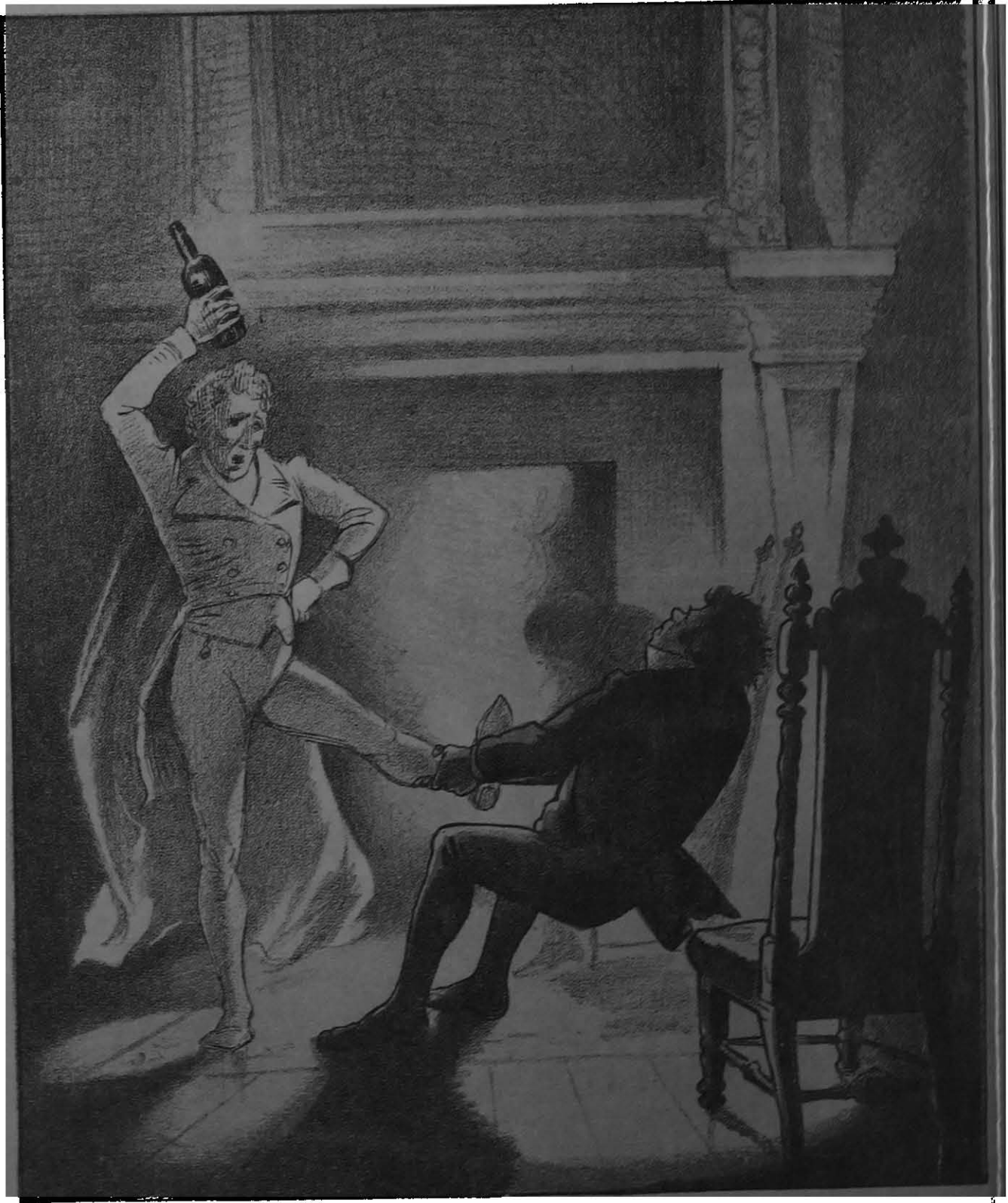
"An' more's the pity," says my father; 'maybe your honour id wish to have a word with Father Murphy?'

"Hould your tongue, you misherable bliggard," says the squire; 'it's not iv my sowl I'm thinkin', an' I wondher you'd have the impitence to talk to a gentleman consarnin' his sowl; and whin I want that fixed,' says he, slappin' his thigh, "I'll go to them that knows what belongs to the likes," says he. 'It's not my sowl,' says he, sittin' down opposite my father; 'it's not my sowl that's annoyin' me most, I'm unasy on my right leg,' says he, 'that I bruck at Glenvarloch cover the day I killed Black Barney.'

"(My father found out afther it was a favourite horse that fell undher him, afther leapin' the big fence that runs along by the glen.)

"I hope," says my father, 'your honour's not unasy about the kilin' iv him?'

"Hould your tongue, you fool," said the squire, 'an' I'll tell you why I'm unasy an my leg,' says he. 'In the place where I spend most iv my time,' says he, 'except the little leisure I have for lookin' about me here,' says he, 'I have to walk a great deal more than I was ever used to,' says he, 'and by far more than is good for me either,' says he; 'for I must tell



THE GHOST & THE BONE-SETTER (SEE PAGE 57)



you,' says he, 'the people where I am is uncommonly fond iv cowl'd wather, for there is nothin' betther to be had; an', moreover, the weather is hotter than is altogether plisint,' says he; 'and I'm appinted,' says he, 'to assist in carryin' the wather, an' gets a mighty poor share iv it myself,' says he, 'an' a mighty troublesome, warin' job it is, I can tell you,' says he; 'for they're all iv them surprisingly dhry, an' dhrinks it as fast as my legs can carry it,' says he; 'but what kills me intirely,' says he, 'is the wake-ness in my leg,' says he, 'an' I want you to give it a pull or two to bring it to shape,' says he, 'an' that's the long an' the short iv it,' says he.

"Oh, plase your honour,' says my father (for he didn't like to handle the sperit at all), 'I wouldn't have the impitence to do the likes to your honour,' says he; 'it's only to poor crathurs, like myself, I'd do it to,' says he.

"None iv your blarney,' says the squire, 'here's my leg,' says he, cockin' it up to him, 'pull it for the bare life,' says he; 'an' if you don't, by the immortal powers I'll not lave a bone in your carcish I'll not powdher,' says he.

"When my father heard that, he seen there was no use in purtendin', so he tuck hould iv the leg, an' he kep pullin an' pullin', till the sweat, God bless us! began to pour down his face.

"Pull, you divil,' says the squire.

"At your sarvice, your honour,' says my father.

"Pull harder,' says the squire.

"My father pulled like the divil.

"I'll take a little sup,' says the squire, rachin' over his hand to the bottle, 'to keep up my courage,' says he, lettin' an to be very wake in himself intirely. But, as cute as he was, he was out here, for he tuck the wrong one. 'Here's to your good health, Terence,' says he, 'an now pull like the very divil,' an' with that he lifted the bottle of holy wather, but it was hardly to his mouth, whin he let a screech out, you'd think the room id fairly split with it, an' made one chuck that sent the leg clane aff his body in my father's hands; down wint the squire over the table, an' bang wint my father half way across the room on his back upon the flure. Whin he kem to himself the cheerful mornin' sun was shinin' through the windy shutthers, an' he was lying flat an his back, with the leg iv one of the great ould chairs pulled clane out iv the socket an' tight in his hand, pintin' up to the ceilin', an' ould Larry fast asleep, an' snorin' as loud as ever. My father wint that mornin' to Father Murphy, an' from that to the day of his death he never neglected confission nor Mass, an' what he tould was betther believed that he spake av it but seldom. An' as for the squire, that is the sperit, whether it was that he did not like his liquor, or by rason iv the loss iv his leg, he was never known to walk again."

## OTHELLO AT DRILL.

(FROM "HARRY LOBBERQUER.")

BY CHARLES LEVER.

We were then in the full career of popularity—our balls pronounced the very pleasantest, our plays far superior to any regular corps that had ever honoured Cork with their talents—when an event occurred which threw a gloom over all our proceedings, and finally put a stop to every project for amusement we had so completely given ourselves up to. This was no less than the removal of our Lieutenant-Colonel. After thirty years of active service in the regiment he then commanded, his age and infirmities, increased by some severe wounds, demanded ease and repose; he retired from us, bearing along with him the love and regard of every man in the regiment. To the old officers he was endeared by long companionship, and undeviating friendship; to the young he was in every respect as a father, assisting by his advice, and guiding by his counsel; while to the men, the best estimate of his worth appeared in the fact that cor-

poral punishment was unknown in the corps. Such was the man we lost; and it may well be supposed that his successor, who or whatever he might be, came under circumstances of no common difficulty amongst us; but when I tell that our new Lieutenant-Colonel was in every respect his opposite, it may be believed how little cordiality he met with.

Lieutenant-Colonel Carden—for so I shall call him, although not his real name—had not been a month at quarters when he proved himself a regular martinet; everlasting drills, continual reports, fatigue parties, and ball practice, and heaven knows what besides, superseded our former morning's occupation; and, at the end of the time I have mentioned, we, who had fought our way from Albuera to Waterloo, under some of the severest generals of division, were pronounced a most disorderly and ill-disciplined regiment, by a colonel who had never seen

a shot fired but at a review at Hounslow, or a sham-battle in the Fifteen Acres. The winter was now drawing to a close—already some little touch of spring was appearing—as our last play for the season was announced, and every effort to close with some little additional *éclat* was made; and each performer in the expected piece was nerving himself for an effort beyond his wont. The colonel had most unequivocally condemned these plays; but that mattered not—they came not within his jurisdiction—and we took no notice of his displeasure further than sending him tickets, which were immediately returned as received. From being the chief offender, I had become particularly obnoxious; and he had upon more than one occasion expressed his desire for an opportunity to visit me with his vengeance; but being aware of his kind intentions towards me, I took particular care to let no such opportunity occur.

On the morning in question, then, I had scarcely left my quarters, when one of my brother officers informed me that the colonel had made a great uproar, that one of the bills of the play had been put up on his door—which, with his avowed dislike to such representations, he considered as intended to insult him; he added, too, that the colonel had stated it to me. In this, however, he was wrong; to this hour, I never knew who did it. I have no time, and still less inclination, to meditate upon the colonel's wrath—the theatre had all my thoughts; and indeed it was a day of no common exertion, for our amusements were to conclude with a grand supper on the stage, to which all the *élites* of Cork were invited. Wherever I went through the city—and many were my peregrinations—the great placard of the play stared me in the face; and every gate and shuttered window in Cork proclaimed “THE PART OF OTHELLO BY MR. LORREQUER.”

As evening drew near, my cares and occupations were redoubled. My *Iago* I had fears for—'tis true he was an admirable Lord Grizzle in Tom Thumb—but then—then I had to paint the whole company, and bear all their abuse besides, for not making some of the most ill-looking wretches perfect Apollos; but, last of all, I was sent for, at a quarter to seven, to lace Desdemona's stays. Start not, gentle reader, my fair Desdemona—she “who might lie by an emperor's side, and command him tasks”—was no other than the senior lieutenant of the regiment, and who was as great a votary of the jolly god as honest Cassio himself. But I must hasten on; I cannot delay to recount our successes in detail. Let it suffice to say, that, by universal consent, I was preferred to Kean; and the only fault the most critical observer could find to the representative of Desdemona, was a rather unladylike fondness for snuff. But whatever little demerits our acting might have displayed, were speedily forgotten in a champagne supper. There I took the head of the table; and, in the costume of the noble Moor, toasted, made speeches, returned thanks, and sang songs, till I might have exclaimed with Othello himself, “Chaos is some again;” and I believe I owe my ever reaching the barrack that night to the kind offices of Desdemona,

who carried me the greater part of the way on her back.

The first waking thoughts of him who has indulged overnight are not among the most blissful of existence, and certainly the pleasure is not increased by the consciousness that he is called on to the discharge of duties to which a fevered pulse and throbbing temples are but ill-suited. My sleep was suddenly broken in upon the morning after the play by a “row-dow-dow” beat beneath my window. I jumped hastily from my bed, and looked out, and there, to my horror, perceived the regiment under arms. It was one of our confounded colonel's morning drills; and there he stood himself, with the poor adjutant, who had been up all night, shivering beside him. Some two or three of the officers had descended; and the drum was now summoning the others as it beat round the barrack-square. I saw there was not a moment to lose, and proceeded to dress with all despatch; but, to my misery, I discovered everywhere nothing but theatrical robes and decorations—there lay a splendid turban, here, a pair of buskins—a spangled jacket glittered on one table, and a jewelled scimitar on the other. At last I detected my “regimental small-clothes,” most ignominiously thrust into a corner in my ardour for my Moorish robes the preceding evening.

I dressed myself with the speed of lightning; but, as I proceeded in my occupation, guess my annoyance to find that the toilet-table and glass, ay, and even the basin-stand, had been removed to the dressing-room of the theatre; and my servant, I suppose, following his master's example, was too tipsy to remember to bring them back, so that I was unable to procure the luxury of cold water—for now not a moment more remained, the drum had ceased, and the men had all fallen in. Hastily drawing on my coat, I put on my shako, and buckling on my belt as dandy-like as might be, hurried down the stairs to the barrack-yard. By the time I got down, the men were all drawn up in line along the square, while the adjutant was proceeding to examine their accoutrements, as he passed down. The colonel and the officers were standing in a group, but not conversing. The anger of the commanding officer appeared still to continue, and there was a dead silence maintained on both sides. To reach the spot where they stood I had to pass along part of the line. In doing so, how shall I convey my amazement at the faces that met me—a general titter ran along the entire rank, which not even their fears for consequences seemed able to repress—for an effort, on the part of many, to stifle the laugh, only ended in a still louder burst of merriment. I looked to the far side of the yard for an explanation, but there was nothing there to account for it. I now crossed over to where the officers were standing, determining in my own mind to investigate the occurrence thoroughly, when free from the presence of the colonel, to whom any representation of ill-conduct always brought a punishment far exceeding the merits of the case.

Scarcely had I formed this resolve, when I reached the group of officers; but the moment I came near,

one general roar of laughter saluted me, the like of which I never before heard. I looked down at my costume, expecting to discover that, in my hurry to dress, I had put on some of the garments of Othello. No; all was perfectly correct. I waited for a moment till, the first burst of their merriment over, I should obtain a clue to the jest. But there seemed no prospect of this, for, as I stood patiently before them, their mirth appeared to increase. Indeed, poor G——, the senior major, one of the gravest men in Europe, laughed till the tears ran down his cheeks; and such was the effect upon me, that I was induced to laugh too—as men will sometimes, from the infectious nature of that strange emotion—but, no sooner did I do this, than their fun knew no bounds, and some almost screamed aloud in the excess of their merriment. Just at this instant the colonel, who had been examining some of the men, approached our group, advancing with an air of evident displeasure, as the shouts of loud laughter continued. As he came up, I turned hastily around, and touching my cap, wished him good-morning. Never shall I forget the look he gave me. If a glance could have annihilated any man, his would have finished me. For a moment his face became purple with rage, his eye was almost hid beneath his bent brow, and he absolutely shook with passion.

"Go, sir," said he at length, as soon as he was able to find utterance for his words—"go, sir, to your quarters; and before you leave them, a court-martial shall decide if such continued insult to your commanding officer warrants your name being in the Army List."

"What the devil can all this mean?" I said, in a half-whisper, turning to the others. But there they stood, their handkerchiefs to their mouths, and evidently choking with suppressed laughter.

"May I beg, Colonel Carden," said I—

"To your quarters, sir," roared the little man, in the voice of a lion. And, with a haughty wave of his hand, prevented all further attempt on my part to seek explanation.

"They're all mad, every man of them," I muttered, as I betook myself slowly back to my rooms, amid the same evidences of mirth my first appearance had excited—which even the colonel's presence, feared as he was, could not entirely subdue.

With the air of a martyr I trod heavily up the stairs, and entered my quarters, meditating within myself awful schemes for vengeance on the now open tyranny of my colonel; upon whom, I too, in my honest rectitude of heart, vowed to have a "court-martial." I threw myself upon a chair, and endeavoured to recollect what circumstance of the past evening could have possibly suggested all the mirth in which both officers and men seemed to participate equally; but nothing could I remember capable of solving the mystery: surely the cruel wrongs of the many Othello were no laughter-moving subject.

I rang the bell hastily for my servant. The door opened.

"Stubbes," said I, "are you aware —"

I had only got so far in my question, when my

servant, one of the most discreet of men, put on a broad grin, and turned away towards the door to hide his face.

"What the devil does this mean?" said I, stamping with passion; "he is as bad as the rest. Stubbes"—and this I spoke with the most grave and severe tone—"what is the meaning of this insolence?"

"Oh, sir," said the man—"oh, sir, surely you did not appear on parade with that face?" And then he burst into a fit of the most uncontrollable laughter.

Like lightning a horrid doubt shot across my mind. I sprang over to the dressing-glass, which had been replaced, and, oh! horror of horrors! there I stood as black as the King of Ashantee. The cursed dye which I had put on for Othello I had never washed off, and there, with a huge bearskin shako, and a pair of dark bushy whiskers, shone my black and polished visage, glowering at itself in the looking-glass.

My first impulse, after amazement had a little subsided, was to laugh immoderately; in this I was joined by Stubbes, who, feeling that his mirth was participated in, gave full vent to his risibility. And, indeed, as I stood before the glass, grinning from ear to ear, I felt very little surprise that my joining in the laughter of my brother-officers, a short time before, had caused an increase of their merriment. I threw myself upon a sofa, and absolutely laughed till my sides ached, when, the door opening, the adjutant made his appearance. He looked for a moment at me, then at Stubbes, and then burst out himself, as loud as either of us. When he had at length recovered himself, he wiped his face with his handkerchief, and said, with a tone of much gravity:—

"But, my dear Lorrequer, this will be a serious—a devilish serious affair. You know what kind of man Colonel Carden is; and you are aware, too, you are not one of his prime favourites. He is firmly persuaded that you intended to insult him, and nothing will convince him to the contrary. We told him how it must have occurred, but he will listen to no explanation."

I thought for one second before I replied. My mind, with the practised rapidity of an old campaigner, took in all the *pros* and *cons* of the case; I saw at a glance it were better to brave the anger of the colonel, come in what shape it might, than be the laughing-stock of the mess for life, and with a face of the greatest gravity and self-possession, said:—

"Well, adjutant, the colonel is right. It was no mistake! You know I sent him tickets yesterday for the theatre. Well, he returned them; this did not annoy me, but on one account: I had made a wager with Alderman Gullable that the colonel should see me in Othello. What was to be done? Don't you see, now, there was only one course, and I took it, old boy, and have won my bet!"

"And lost your commission for a dozen of champagne, I suppose," said the adjutant.

"Never mind, my dear fellow," I replied; "I shall get out of this scrape, as I have done many others."

"But what do you intend doing?"

"Oh, as to that," said I, "I shall, of course, wait on the colonel immediately; pretend to him that it was a mere blunder from the inattention of my servant—hand over Stubbes to the powers that punish" (here the poor fellow winced a little), "and make my peace as well as I can. But, adjutant, mind," said I, "and give the real version to all our fellows, and tell them to make it public as much as they please."

"Never fear," said he, as he left the room still laughing, "they shall all know the true story; but I wish with all my heart you were well out of it."

I now lost no time in making my toilet, and presented myself at the colonel's quarters. It is no pleasure for me to recount these passages in my life, in which I had to bear the "proud man's contumely." I shall therefore merely observe, that after a very long interview, the colonel accepted my apologies, and we parted.

Before a week elapsed the story had gone far and near; every dinner-table in Cork had laughed at it. As for me, I attained immortal honour for my tact and courage. Poor Gullable readily agreed to favour the story, and gave us a dinner as the lost wager, and the colonel was so unmercifully quizzed on the subject, and such broad allusions to his being humbugged were given in the Cork papers, that he was obliged to negotiate a change of quarters with another regiment, to get out of the continual jesting, and in less than a month we marched to Limerick, to relieve, as it was reported, the 9th, ordered for foreign service; but, in reality, only to relieve Lieut.-Colonel Carden, quizzed beyond endurance.

However, if the colonel had seemed to forgive, he did not forget, for the very second week after our arrival in Limerick, I received one morning at my breakfast-table the following brief note from our adjutant:—

"MY DEAR LORREQUER,—The colonel has received orders to despatch two companies to some remote part of the county Clare, and as you have 'done the State some service,' you are selected for the beautiful town of Kilrush, where, to use the eulogistic language of the geography books, 'there is a good harbour, and a market plentifully supplied with fish.' I have just heard of the kind intention in store for you, and lose no time in letting you know.

"God give you a good deliverance from the '*garçons blancs*,' as the *Moniteur* calls the Whiteboys, and believe me ever yours,

"CHARLES CUNZON."

I had scarcely twice read over the adjutant's epistle, when I received an official notification from the colonel, directing me to proceed to Kilrush, then and there to afford all aid and assistance in suppressing illicit distillation, when called on for that purpose; and other similar duties too agreeable to recapitulate. Alas! alas! "Othello's occupation" was indeed gone! The next morning at sunrise saw me on my march, with what appearance of gaiety I could muster, but in reality very much chafallen at my banishment, and invoking sundry things upon the devoted head of the colonel, which he would by no means consider as "blessings."

## SHANE FADH'S WEDDING.

BY WILLIAM CARLETON.

"WELL, Shane," said Andy Morrow, addressing Shane Fadh, "will you give us an account of your wedding? I'm told it was the greatest let-out that ever was in this country, before or since."

"And you may say that, Mr. Morrow," said Shane. "I was at many a wedding myself, but never at the likes of my own, barring Tim Lanigan's, that married Father Corrigan's niece."

"I believe," said Andy, "that, too, was a dashing one; however, it's your own we want. Come, Nancy, fill these measures again, and let us be comfortable, at all events, and give Shane a double one, for talking's druthy work. I'll pay for this round."

When the liquor was got in, Shane, after taking a draught, laid down his pint, pulled out his steel tobacco-box, and, after twisting off a chew between his teeth, closed the box, and commenced the story of his wedding.

"When I was a young fellow," said Shane, "I was as wild as an unbroken cowl, no divilment was too hard for me; an' so signs on it, for there wasn't a piece of mischief done in the parish but was laid at my door, and the dear knows I had enough of my own to answer for, let alone to be set down for that of other people; but anyway, there was many a thing done in my name, when I knew neither act nor part about it. One of them I'll mention, Dick Cuilleenan, father to Paddy, that lives at the crass-roads, beyant Gunpowder Lodge, was over head and ears in love with Jemmy Finigan's eldest daughter, Mary, then, sure enough, as purty a girl as you'd meet in a fair—indeed, I think I'm looking at her, with her fair flaxen ringlets hanging over her shoulders, as she used to pass our house going to Mass on a Sunday. God rest her soul, she's now in glory—that was before she was my wife. Many a happy

day we passed together; and I could take it to my death, that an ill word, let alone to rise our hands to one another, never passed between us, only one day that a word or two happened about the dinner, in the middle of Lent, being a little too late, so that the horses were kept nigh-hand half an hour out of the plough; and I wouldn't have valued that so much, only that it was crooked-mouthed Doherty that joined me in ploughing that year, and I was vexed not to take all I could out of him, for he was a raal Turk himself.

"I disremember now what passed between us as to words, but I know I had a duck-egg in my hand, and when she spoke, I raised my arm, and nailed—poor Larry Tracy, our servant boy, between the two eyes with it, although the crathur was ating his dinner quietly forenent me, not saying a word.

"Well, as I tould you, Dick was ever after her, although her father and mother would rather see her *under board* than joined to any of that connection; and as for herself, she couldn't bear the sight of him, he was sich an upsetting, conceited puppy, that thought himself too good for every girl. At any rate, he tried often and often, in fair and market, to get striking up with her; and both coming from and going to Mass 'twas the same way, for ever after and about her, till the state he was in spread over the parish like wildfire. Still, all he could do was of no use; except to bid him the time of day, she never entered into discourse with him, at all at all. But there was no putting the likes of him off; so he got a quart of spirits in his pocket one night, and without saying a word to mortal, off he sets, full speed, to her father's, in order to brake the thing to the family.

"Mary might be about seventeen at this time, and her mother looked almost as young and fresh as if she hadn't been married at all. When Dick came in you may be sure they were all surprised at the sight of him; but they were civil people, and the mother wiped a chair, and put it over near the fire for him to sit down upon, waiting to hear what he'd say, or what he wanted, although they could give a purty good guess as to that, but they only wished to put him off with as little offence as possible. When Dick sat awhile, talking about what the price of hay and oats would be in the following summer, and other subjects that he thought would show his knowledge of farming and cattle, he pulls out his bottle, encouraged to it by their civil way of talking, and telling the ould couple that as he came over to spend a friendly evening, he had brought a drop in his pocket to sweeten the discourse, axing Susy Finigan, the mother, for a glass to send it round with, at the same time drawing over his chair close to Mary, who was knitting her stocken up beside her little brother Michael, and chatting to the gorsoon, for fraid that Cuillenan might think she paid *him* any attention. When Dick got alongside of her, he began, of coorse, to pull out her needles and spoil her knitting, as is customary before the young people come to close speaking. Mary, howsumever, had no welcome for him; so says she, 'You ought to know, Dick Cuil-

lenan, who you spake to, before you make the freedom you do.'

"'But you don't know,' says Dick, 'that I am a great hand at spoiling the girls' knitting; it's a fashion I've got,' says he.

"'It's a fashion, then,' says Mary, 'that'll be apt to get you a broken mouth sometime.'

"'Then,' says Dick, 'whoever does that must marry me.'

"'And them that gets you will have a prize to brag of,' says she. 'Stop yourself, Cuillenan; single your freedom and double your distance, if you please; I'll out my coat off no such cloth.'

"'Well, Mary,' says he, 'maybe, if *you* don't, as good will; but you won't be so cruel as all that comes to; the worst side of you is out, I think.'

"He was now beginning to make greater freedom, but Mary rises from her seat, and whisks away with herself, her cheek as red as a rose with vexation at the fellow's impurance. 'Very well,' says Dick, 'off you go; but there's as good fish in the *say* as ever was caught. I'm sorry to see, Susy,' says he to her mother, 'that Mary's no friend of mine, and I'd be mighty glad to find it otherwise; for, to tell the truth, I'd wish to become connected with the family. In the manetime, hadn't you better get us a glass, till we drink one bottle on the head of it, anyway.'

"'Why, then, Dick Cuillenan,' says the mother, 'I don't wish you anything else but good luck and happiness; but, as to Mary, she's not *for* you herself, nor would it be a good match between the families at all. Mary is to have her grandfather's sixty guineas, and the two cows that her uncle Jack left her four years ago has brought her a good stock for any farm. Now, if she married you, Dick, where's the farm to bring her to?—surely, it's not upon them seven acres of stone and bent, upon the long Esker, that I'd let my daughter go to live. So, Dick, put up your bottle, and in the name of God, go home, boy, and mind your business; but, above all, when you want a wife, go to them that you may have a right to expect, and not to a girl like Mary Finigan, that could lay down guineas where you could hardly find shillings.'

"'Very well, Susy,' says Dick, nettled enough, as he well might, 'I say to you, just as I say to your daughter, if you be proud there's no force.'

"'But what has this to do with you, Shane?' asked Andy Morrow. 'Sure we wanted to hear an account of *your* wedding, but instead of that, it's Dick Cuillenan's history you're giving us.'

"'That's just it,' said Shane; 'sure, only for this same Dick, I'd never get Mary Finigan for a wife. Dick took Susy's advice, bekase, after all, the undacent drop was in him, or he'd never have brought the bottle out of the house at all; but, faith, he riz up, put the whiskey in his pocket, and went home with a face on him as black as my hat with venom. Well, things passed on till the Christmas following, when one night, after the Finigans had all gone to bed, there comes a crowd of fellows to the door, thumping at it with great violence, and swearing that if the people within wouldn't open it immedi-

ately, it would be smashed into smithereens. The family, of course, were all alarmed; but somehow or other, Susy herself got suspicious that it might be something about Mary; so up she gets, and sends the daughter to her own bed, and lies down herself in the daughter's.

"In the manetime Finigan got up, and after lighting a candle, opened the door at once. 'Come, Finigan,' says a strange voice, 'put out the candle, except you wish to make a candlestick of the thatch,' says he, 'or to give you a prod of a bagnet under the ribs,' says he.

"It was a folly for one man to go to bell-the-cat with a whole crowd; so he blew the candle out, and next minute they rushed in, and went as straight as a rule to Mary's bed. The mother all the time lay close, and never said a word. At any rate, what could be expected, only that, do what she could, at the long run she must go. So, accordingly, after a very hard battle on her side, being a powerful woman, she was obliged to travel, but not till she had left many of them marks to remember her by. Still there was very little spoke, for they didn't wish to betray themselves on any side. The only thing that Finigan could hear was my name repeated several times, as if the whole thing was going on under my direction: for Dick thought that if there was anyone in the parish likely to be set down for it it was me.

"When Susy found they were putting her behind one of them on a horse she rebelled again, and it took near a dozen of boys to hoist her up. Now, above all nights in the year, who should be dead but my own full cousin, Denis Fadh—God be good to him!—and I, and Jack and Dan, his brothers, while bringing home whiskey for the wake and berrin', met them on the road. At first we thought them distant relations coming to the wake, but when I saw only one woman among the set, and she mounted on a horse, I began to suspect that all wasn't right. I accordingly turned back a bit, and walked near enough without their seeing me to hear the discourse, and discover the whole business. In less than no time I was back at the wake-house; so I up and told them what I saw, and off we set, about forty of us, with good cudgels, scythe-heads, and hooks, fully bent to bring her back from them, come or go what would. And throth, sure enough, we did it; and I was the man myself that rode after the mother on the same horse that carried her off.

"From this out, when and wherever I got an opportunity, I whispered the soft nonsense, Nancy, into poor Mary's ear, until I put my comedther on her, and she couldn't live at all without me. But I was something for a woman to look at then, anyhow, standing six feet two in my stocking soles, which, you know, made them call me Shane Fadh.\* At that time I had a dacent farm of fourteen acres in Crocknagooran—the same that my son Ned has at the present time; and though, as to wealth, by no manner of manes fit to compare with the Finigans, yet upon the whole, she might have made a worse match. The father,

however, wasn't for me; but the mother was: so, after drinking a bottle or two with the mother, Sarah Traynor, her cousin, and Mary, along with Jack Donnellan on my part, in their own barn, unknownst to the father, we agreed to make a runaway match of it; appointing my uncle, Bryan Slevin's, as the house we'd go to. The next Sunday was the day appointed; so I had my uncle's family prepared, and sent two gallons of whiskey, to be there before us, knowing that neither the Finigans nor my own friends liked stinginess.

"Well, well, after all, the world is a strange thing—if myself hardly knows what to make of it. It's I that did dote night and day upon that girl; and, indeed, there was them that could have seen me in Jimmaiky for her sake, for she was the beauty of the county, not to say of the parish, for a girl in her station. For my part I could neither ate nor sleep, for thinking that she was so soon to be my own married wife, and to live under my roof. And when I'd think of it, how my heart would bounce to my throat with downright joy and delight. The mother had made us promise not to meet till Sunday, for fraid of the father becoming suspicious; but, if I was to be shot, I couldn't hinder myself from going every night to the great flowering whitethorn that was behind their garden; and although she knew I hadn't promised to come, yet there she still was; something, she said, tould her I would come.

"The next Sunday we met at *Althadhawan* wood, and I'll never forget what I felt when I was going to the green at St. Patrick's Chair, where the boys and girls met on Sunday; but there she was—the bright eyes dancing with joy in her head to see me. We spent the evening in the wood till it was dusk—I bating them all leaping, dancing, and throwing the stone; for, by my song, I thought I had the action of ten men in me; she looking on, and smiling like an angel, when I'd lave them miles behind me. As it grew dusk they all went home, except herself and me, and a few more, who, maybe, had something of the same kind on hands.

"'Well, Mary,' says I, 'acushla machree, it's dark enough for us to go; and in the name of God let us be off.' The crathur looked into my face, and got pale—for she was very young then. 'Shane,' says she, and she thrimbled like an aspen lafe, 'I'm going to trust myself with you for ever—for ever, Shane, avourneen'—and her sweet voice broke into purty murmurs as she spoke; 'whether for happiness or sorrow, God He only knows. I can bear poverty and distress, sickness and want, with you, but I can't bear to think that you should ever forget to love me as you do now; or that your heart should ever cool to me; but I am sure,' says she, 'you'll never forget this night, and the solemn promises you made me, before God and the blessed skies above us.'

"We were sitting at the time under the shade of a rowan-tree, and I had only one answer to make. I pulled her to my breast, where she laid her head and cried like a child, with her cheek against mine. My own eyes weren't dry, although I felt no sorrow, but—but—I never forgot that night—and I never will."

\*Fadh is tall or long.

He now paused a few minutes, being too much affected to proceed.

"Poor Shane," said Nancy, in a whisper to Andy Morrow, "night and day he's thinking about that woman. She's now dead going on a year, and you would think by him, although he bears up very well before company, that she died only yestherday; but indeed it's he that was always the kind-hearted, affectionate man; and a better husband never broke bread."

"Well," said Shane, resuming the story, and clearing his voice, "it's a great consolation to me, now that she's gone, to think that I never broke the promise I made her that night. When it was clear dark we set off, and after crossing the country for two miles, reached my uncle's, where a great many of my friends were expecting us. As soon as we came to the door I struck it two or three times, for that was the sign, and my aunt came out, and taking Mary in her arms, kissed her, and, with a thousand welcomes, brought us both in.

"You all know that the best of aiting and dhrinking is provided when a runaway couple is expected; and indeed there was more than enough of both there. My uncle and all that were within welcomed us again; and many a good song and hearty jug of punch was sent round that night. The next morning my uncle went to her father's and broke the business to him at once: indeed, it wasn't very hard to do, for I believe it reached him before he saw my uncle at all; so she was brought home that day, and, on the Thursday night after, I, my father, uncle, and several other friends, went there, and made the match. She had sixty guineas that her grandfather left her, thirteen head of cattle, two feather and two chaff beds, with sheeting, quilts, and blankets; three pieces of bleached linen, and a flock of geese of her own rearing—upon the whole, among ourselves, it wasn't aisy to get such a fortune.

"Well, the match was made, and the wedding-day appointed; but there was one thing still to be managed, and that was how to get over the *standing* at Mass on Sunday, to make satisfaction for the scandal we gave the Church by running away with one another; but that's all stuff, for who cares a pin about standing, when three halves of the parish are married in the same way. The only thing that vexed me was that it would keep back the wedding-day. However, her father and my uncle went to the priest, and spoke to him, trying, of coorse, to get us off of it, but he knew we were fat geese, and was in for giving us a plucking. Hut, tut!—he wouldn't hear of it at all, not he; for although he would ride fifty miles to sarve either of us, he couldn't brake the new orders that he had got only a few days before that from the bishop. No; we must *stand*—for it would be setting a bad example to the parish; and if he would let us pass, how could he punish the rest of his flock, when they'd be guilty of the same thing.

"Well, well, your reverence," says my uncle, winking at her father, "if that's the case it can't be helped, anyhow—they must only stand, as many a dacent father and mother's child has done before them, and will again, please God—your reverence is right in doing your duty."

"True for you, Brian," says his reverence, "and yet, God knows, there's no man in the parish would be sorrier to see such a dacent, comely young couple put upon a level with all the scrubs of the parish; and I know, Jemmy Finigan, it would go hard with your young, bashful daughter to get through with it, having the eyes of the whole congregation staring on her."

"Why then, your reverence, as to that," says my uncle, who was just as stiff as the other was stout, "the bashfullest of them will do more nor that to get a husband."

"But you tell me," says the priest, "that the wedding-day is fixed upon;—how will you manage there?"

"Why, put it off for three Sundays longer, to be sure," says the uncle.

"But you forget this, Brian," says the priest, "that good luck or prosperity never attends the putting off of a wedding."

"Now here you see is where the priest had them— for they knew that as well as his reverence himself— so they were in a puzzle again.

"It's a disagreeable business," says the priest; "but the truth is, I could get them off with the bishop only for one thing—I owe him five guineas of altar-money, and I'm so far back in dues that I'm not able to pay him. If I could enclose this to him in a letter, I would get them off at once, although it would be bringing myself into trouble with the parish afterwards; but, at all events," says he, "to prove that I wish to sarve you, I'll sell the best cow in my byre, and pay him myself, rather than their wedding-day should be put off, poor things, or themselves brought to any bad luck—the Lord keep them from it!"

"While he was speaking, he stamped his foot two or three times on the flure, and the housekeeper came in. 'Katty,' says he, 'bring us in a bottle of whisky; at all events, I can't let you away,' says he, 'without tasting something, and drinking luck to the young folks.'

"In throth," says Jemmy Finigan, "and begging your reverence's pardon, the sorra cow you'll sell this bout, anyhow, on account of me or my childhre, becase I'll lay down on the nail what'll clear you and the bishop; and in the name of goodness, as the day is fixed and all, let the craythurs not be disappointed."

"Jemmy," says my uncle, "if you go to that you'll pay but your share, for I insist upon laying down one-half, at laste."

"At any rate, they came down with the cash, and after drinking a bottle between them, went home in choice spirits entirely at their good luck in so aasily getting us off. When they had left the house a bit, the priest sent afther them. 'Jemmy,' says he to Finigan, 'I forgot a circumstance, and that is to tell you that I will go and marry them at your own house, and bring Father James, my curate, with me.' 'Oh, wurrah! no,' said both, 'don't mention *that*, your reverence, except you wish to break their hearts, out and out! Why, that would be a thousand times worse nor making them stand to do penance. Doesn't

your reverence know that if they hadn't the pleasure of *running for the bottle*, the whole wedding wouldn't be worth three-halfpence?" "Indeed, I forgot that, Jemmy." "But sure," says my uncle, "your reverence and Father James must be at it, whether or not; for that we intended from the first." "Tell them I'll run for the bottle, too," says the priest, laughing, "and will make some of them look sharp, never fear." Well, by my song, so far all was right; and maybe it's we that weren't glad—maning Mary and myself—that there was nothing more in the way to put off the wedding day. So, as the bridegroom's share of the expense always is to provide the whiskey, I'm sure, for the honour and glory of taking the blooming young crathur from the great lot of bachelors that were all breaking their hearts about her, I couldn't do less nor finish the thing decently—knowing, besides, the high doings that the Finigans would have of it—for they were always looked upon as a family that never had their heart in a trifle when it would come to the push. So, you see, I and my brother Mickey, my cousin Tom, and Dom'nick Nulty, went up into the mountains to Tim Cassidy's still-house, where we spent a glorious day, and bought fifteen gallons of stuff, that one drop of it would bring the tear, if possible, to a young widdy's eye that had berrid a bad husband. Indeed, this was at my father's bidding, who wasn't a bit behindhand with any of them in cutting a dash. "Shane," says he to me, "you know the Finigans of ould, that they won't be contint with what would do another, and that except they go beyant the thing entirely they won't be satisfied. They'll have the whole countryside at the wedding, and we must let them see that we have a spirit and a faction of our own," says he, "that we needn't be ashamed of. They've got all kinds of ateables in cartloads, and as we're to get the drinkables, we must see and give as good as they'll bring. I myself, and your mother, will go round and invite all we can think of, and let you and Mickey go up the hills to Tim Cassidy, and get fifteen gallons of whiskey, for I don't think less will do us."

"This we accordingly complied with, as I said, and surely better stuff never went down the *red lane* than the same whiskey, for the people knew nothing about watering it then, at all at all. The next thing I did was to get a fine shop cloth coat, a pair of top boots, and buckakin breeches fit for a squire, along with a new Caroline hat that would throw off the wet like a duck. Mat Kavanagh, the schoolmaster from Findramore bridge, lent me his watch for the occasion, after my spending near two days learning from him to know what o'clock it was. At last, somehow, I mastered that point so well, that to a quarter of an hour, at least, I could give a decent guess at the time upon it.

"Well, at last the day came. The wedding morning, or the bride's part of it, as they say, was beautiful. It was then the month of July. The evening before, my father and my brother went over to Jemmy Finigan's, to make the regulations for the wedding. We, that is my party, were to be at the

bride's house about ten o'clock, and we were then to proceed, all on horseback, to the priest's, to be married. We were then, after drinking something at Tom Hance's public-house, to come back as far as the Dumbhill, where we were to start and run for the bottle. That morning we were all up at the shriek of day. From six o'clock, my own faction, friends and neighbours, began to come, all mounted; and about eight o'clock there was a whole regiment of them, some on horses, some on mules, and others on asses; and, by my word, I believe little Dick Snudaghan, the tailor's apprentice, that had a hand in making my wedding clothes, was mounted upon a buck goat, with a bridle of selvages tied to his horns. Anything at all to keep their feet from the ground; for nobody would be allowed to go with the wedding that hadn't some animal between him and the earth.

"To make a long story short, so large a bridegroom's party was never seen in that country before, save and except Tim Lannigan's that I mentioned just now. It would make you split your face laughing to see the figure they cut; some of them had saddles and bridles, others had saddles and halthers; some had back-suggawns of straw, with hay stirrups to them, but good bridles; others had sacks filled up as like saddles as they could possibly make them, girthed with hay ropes five or six times tied round the horse's body. When one or two of the horses wouldn't carry double, except the hind rider sat strideways, the women had to be put foremost and the men behind them. Some had decent pillions enough, but most of them had none at all, and the women were obligated to sit where the crupper ought to be—and a hard card they had to play to keep their seats even when the horses walked asy, so what must it be when they came to a gallop; but that same was nothing at all to a trot.

"At eight o'clock we sat down to a rousing breakfast, for we thought it best to eat a trifle at home, lest they might think that what we were to get at the bride's breakfast might be thought any novelty. As for my part, I was in such a state that I couldn't let a morsel cross my throat, nor did I know what end of me was uppermost. After breakfast they all got their cattle, and I my hat and whip, and was ready to moult, when my uncle whispered to me that I must kneel down and ax my father and mother's blessing, and forgiveness for all my disobedience and offences towards them—and also to requist the blessing of my brothers and sisters. Well, in a short time I was down; and, my goodness! such a hulla-balloo of crying as was there in a minute's time!

"Anyhow, it's easy knowing that there wasn't sorrow at the bottom of their grief: for they were all soon laughing at my uncle's jokes, even while their eyes were red with the tears: my mother herself couldn't but be in good humour, and join her smile with the rest.

"My uncle now drove us all out before him; not, however, till my mother had sprinkled a drop of holy water on each of us, and given me and my brother and sisters a small taste of blessed candle to prevent



us from sudden death and accidents. My father and she didn't come with us then, but they went over to the bride's while we were all gone to the priest's ho use. At last we set off in great style and spirits—I well mounted on a good horse of my own, and my brother on one that he had borrowed from Peter Danellon, fully bent on winning the bottle. I would have borrowed him myself, but I thought it dacenter to r de my own horse manfully, even though he never won a side of mutton or a saddle, like Danellon's. But the man that was most likely to come in for the bottle was little Billy Cormick, the tailor, who rode a blood-racer that young John Little had wickedly lent him for the special purpose; he was a tall bay animal, with long, small legs, a switch tail, and didn't know how to trot. Maybe we didn't cut a dash—and might have taken a town before us. Out we set about nine o'clock, and went across the country: but I'll not stop to mention what happened to some of them, even before we got to the bride's house. It's enough to say here, that sometimes one in crassing a style or ditch would drop into the dyke, sometimes another would find himself head foremost on the ground; a woman would be capsized here in crassing a r'dgy field, bringing her fore-rider to the ground along with her; another would be hanging like a br ken arch, ready to come down, till someone would ride up and fix her on the seat. But as all this happened in going over the fields, we expected that when we'd get out on the road there would be less danger, as we would have no ditches or drains to crass. Wl en we came in sight of the house, there was a general shout of welcome from the bride's party, who we e on the watch for us: we couldn't do less nor give them back the chorus; but we had better have let that alone, for some of the young horses got restive and capered about; the asses—the sorra choke them—tl at were along with us should begin to bray, and a mule of Jack Irwin's took it into his head to stand stock-still. This brought another dozen of them to the ground; so that, between one thing or another, we were near half an hour before we were got on the march again. When the blood-horse that the tailor rode saw the crowd and heard the shouting, he cocked his ears, and set off with himself full speed; but before he had got far he was without a rider, and went galloping up to the bride's house, the bridle hanging about his feet. Billy, however, having taken a lass or two, wasn't to be cowed; so he came up in great blood, and wore he would ride him to America, sooner than let the bottle be won from the bridegroom's party.

"When we arrived, there was nothing but shaking hands and kissing, and all kinds of *slewesthering*. Another breakfast was ready for us; and here we all sat down, myself and my next relations in the bride's house, and the others in the barn and garden; for one house wouldn't hold the half of us. Eating, however, was all only talk: of course we took some of the poteen again, and in a short time afterwards set off along the paved road to the priest's house to be tied as fast as he could make t, and that was fast enough. Before we went out to mount our horses,

though, there was just such a hullabaloo with the bride and her friends as there was with myself: but my uncle soon put a stop to it, and in five minutes had them breaking their hearts laughing.

"Bless my heart, what doings!—what roasting and boiling!—and what tribes of beggars and shulers, and vagabonds of all sorts and sizes, were sunning themselves about the doors—wishing us a thousand times long life and happiness. There was a fiddler and piper; the piper was to stop in my father-in-law's while we were going to be married, to keep the neighbours that were met there shaking their toes while we were at the priest's, and the fiddler was to come with ourselves, in order, you know, to have a dance at the priest's house, and to play for us coming and going; for there's nothing like a taste of music when one's on for sport.

"We were now all in motion once more—the bride riding behind my man, and the bridesmaid behind myself—a fine, bouncing girl she was, but not to be mentioned in the one year with my darlin'—in throth, it wouldn't be aisy getting such a couple as we were the same day, though it's myself that says it. Mary, dressed in a black castor hat, like a man's, a white muslin coat, with a scarlet silk handkercher about her neck, with a silver buckle and a blue ribbon, for luck, round her waist; her fine hair wasn't turned up, at all at all, but hung down in beautiful curls on her shoulders; her eyes you would think were all light; her lips as plump and as ripe as cherries—and maybe it's myself that wasn't to that time of day without tasting them anyhow: and her teeth, so even, and as white as a burned bone. The day bate all for beauty; I don't know whether it was from the lightness of my own spirit it came, but I think that such a day I never saw from that to this: indeed, I thought everything was dancing and smiling about me, and sartainly everyone said that such a couple hadn't been married, nor such a wedding seen in the parish, for many a long year before.

"All the time, as we went along, we had the music; but then at first we were mightily puzzled what to do with the fiddler. To put him as a hind rider it would prevent him from playing, bekase how could he keep the fiddle before him, and another so close to him? To put him foremost was as bad, for he couldn't play and hould the bridle together; so at last my uncle proposed that he should get behind himself, turn his face to the horse's tail, and saw away like a Trojan.

"It might be about four miles or so to the priest's house, and, as the day was fine, we got on gloriously. One thing, however, became troublesome; you see there was a cursed set of ups and down on the road, and as the riding *coutrements* were so bad with a great many of the weddiners, those that had no saddles, going down steep places, would work onward bit by bit, in spite of all they could do, till they'd be fairly on the horse's neck, and the women behind them would be on the animal's shoulders; and it required nice managing to balance themselves, for they might as well sit on the edge of a dale board. Many of them got tosses this way, though it all passed in good

humour. But no two among the whole set were more puzzled by this than my uncle and the fiddler—I think I see my uncle this minute with his knees sticking into the horse's shoulders and his two hands upon his neck, keeping himself back, and the fiddler, with his heels away towards the horse's tail, and he stretched back against my uncle, for all the world like two bricks laid against one another, and one of them falling. 'Twas the same thing going up a hill; whoever was behind would be hanging over the horse's tail, with one arm about the fore-rider's neck or body, and the other houlding the baste by the mane, to keep them both from sliding off backwards. Many a come down there was among them, but as I said, it was all in good humour; and, accordingly, as regularly as they fell they were sure to get a cheer.

"When we got to the priest's house there was a hearty welcome for us all. The bride and I with our next kindred and friends went into the parlour; along with these there was a set of young fellows who had been bachelors of the bride's, that got in with an intention of getting the first kiss, and, in coorse, of bateing myself out of it. I got a whisper of this; so, by my song, I was determined to cut them all out in that, so well as I did in getting herself; but, you know, I couldn't be angry, even if they had got the foreway of me in it, bekase it's an old custom. While the priest was going over the business, I kept my eye about me, and, sure enough, there were seven or eight fellows all waiting to snap at her. When the ceremony drew near a close, I got up on one leg, so that I could bounce to my feet like lightning, and when it was finished, I got her in my arm before you could say Jack Robinson, and swinging her behind the priest, gave her the husband's first kiss. The next minute there was a rush after her; but, as I had got the first, it was but fair that they should come in according as they could, I thought, bekase, you know, it was all in the coorse of practice; but, hould, there were two words to be said to that, for what does Father Dollard do, but shoves them off—and a fine stout shoulder he had—shoves them off like children, and goin' up to Mary, gives her a fine smack on the cheek—oh, consuming to it, but he did—mine was only a cracker compared to it. The rest, then, all kissed her, one after another, according as they could come in to get one. We then went straight to his reverence's barn, which had been cleared out for us the day before by his own directions, where we danced for an hour or two, and his reverence and his curate along with us.

"When this was over we mounted again, the fiddler taking his ould situation behind my uncle. You know it is usual, after getting the knot tied, to go to a public-house or shebeen, to get some refreshment after the journey; so, accordingly, we went to little lame Larry Spooner's, but the tithe of us couldn't get into it; so we sot on the green before the door, and, by my song, we drank decently with him anyhow; and, only for my uncle, it's odds but we would have been all fuddled.

"It was now that I began to notish a kind of coolness between my party and the bride's, and for some

time I didn't know what to make of it. I wasn't long so, however; for my uncle, who still had his eyes about him, comes over to me, and says, 'Shano, I doubt there will be bad work amongst these people, particularly betwixt the Dorans and the Flanagans—the truth is that the old business of the lawshoot will break out, and except they're kept from drink, take my word for it, there will be blood spilled. The running for the bottle will be a good excuse,' says he, 'so I think we had better move home before they go too far in the drink.'

"Well, anyway, there was truth in this; so, accordingly, the reckoning was *ped*, and as this was the thrate of the weddiners to the bride and bridegroom, every one of the men clubbed his share, but neither I nor the girls anything. I never laughed so much in one day as I did in that, and I can't help laughing at it yet. When we all got on the top of our horses, and sich other iligant cattle as we had—the crowning of a king was nothing to it. We were now purty well, I thank you, as to liquor; and as the knot was tied, and all safe, there was no end to our good spirits; so, when we took the road, the men were in high blood, particularly Billy Cormick, the tailor, who had a pair of long cavaldry spurs upon him, that he was scarcely able to walk in—and he not more nor four feet high.

"There was now a great jealousy among them that were bint for winning the bottle; and when one horseman would cross another, striving to have the whip-hand of him when they'd set off, why, you see, his horse would get a cut of the whip itself for his pains. My uncle and I, however, did all we could to pacify them; and their own bad horsemanship, and the screeching of the women, prevented any strokes at that time. Some of them were ripping up ould sores against one another as they went along; others, particularly the youngsters, with their sweet-hearts behind them, coorting away for the life of them, and some might be heard miles off, singing and laughing: and you may be sure the fiddler behind my uncle wasn't idle no more nor another. In this way we dashed on gloriously, till we came in sight of the Dumbhill, where we were to start for the bottle. And now you might see the men fixing themselves on their saddles, sacks, and suggawns; and the women tying kerchiefs and shawls about their caps and bonnets, to keep them from flying off, and then gripping their fore-riders hard and fast by the bosoms. When we got to the Dumbhill, there were five or six fellows that didn't come with us to the priest's, but met us with cudgels in their hands, to prevent any of them from starting before the others, and to show fair play.

"Well, when they were all in a lump—horses, mules, and asses—some, as I said, with saddles, some with none; and all just as I told you before—the word was given, and off they scoured, myself along with the rest; and divil be off me, if ever I saw such another sight but itself before or since. Off they kelped through thick and thin, in a cloud of dust like a mist about us; but it was a mercy that the life wasn't trampled out of some of us; for before we had gone

fifty perches, the one-third of them were sprawling atop of one another on the road. As for the women, they went down right and left—sometimes bringing the horsemen with them; and many of the boys getting black eyes and bloody noses on the stones. Some of them, being half-blind with the motion and the whiskey, turned off the wrong way, and galloped on, thinking they had completely distanced the crowd; and it wasn't till they cooled a bit that they found out their mistake.

"But the best sport of all was when they came to the *Lasy Corner*, just at Jack Gallagher's pond, where the water came out a good way across the road; being in such a flight, they either forgot or didn't know how to turn the angle properly, and plash went above thirty of them, coming down right on the top of one another, souse in the pool. By this time there was about a dozen of the best horsemen a good distance before the rest, cutting one another up for the bottle: among these were the Dorans and Flanagans; but they, you see, wisely enough, dropped their women at the beginning, and only rode single. I myself didn't mind the bottle, but kept close to Mary, for fraid that, among sich a devil's pack of half-mad fellows, anything might happen her. At any rate, I was next the first batch; but where do you think the tailor was all this time? Why, away off like lightning, miles before them—flying like a swallow: and how he kept his sate so long has puzzled me from that day to this; but, anyhow, truth's best—there he was topping the hill ever so far before them. After all, the unlucky crathur nearly missed the bottle; for when he turned to the bride's house, instead of pulling up as he ought to do—why, to show his horsemanship to the crowd that was looking at them, he should begin to cut up the horse right and left, until he made him take the garden ditch in full flight, landing him among the cabbages. About four yards or five from the spot where the horse lodged himself was a well, and a purty deep one too, by my word; but not a sowl present could tell what become of the tailor, until Owen Smith chanced to look into the well, and saw his long spurs just above the water; so he was pulled up in a purty pickle, not worth the washing; but what did he care?—although he had a small body, the sorra wan of him but had a sowl big enough for Goliath or Sampson the Great.

"As soon as he got his eyes clear, right or wrong he insisted on getting the bottle; but he was late, poor fellow, for before he got out of the garden, two of them cums up—Paddy Doran and Peter Flanagan, cutting one another to pieces, and not the length of your nail between them. Well, well, that was a terrible day, sure enough. In the twinkling of an eye they were both off the horses, the blood streaming from their bare heads, struggling to take the bottle from my father, who didn't know which of them to give it to. He knew if he'd hand it to one, the other would take offence, and then he was in a great puzzle, striving to razon with them; but long Paddy Doran caught it while he was spaking to Flanagan, and the next instant Flanagan measured him with a heavy

loaded whip, and left him stretched upon the stones. And now the work began; for by this time the friends of both parties came up and joined them. Such knocking down, such roaring among the men, and screeching and clapping of hands and wiping of heads among the women, when a brother, or a son, or a husband would get his gruel. Indeed, out of a fair, I never saw anything to come up to it. But during all this work, the busiest man among the whole set was the tailor, and what was worse of all for the poor crathur, he should single himself out against both parties, bekase, you see, he thought they were cutting him out of his right to the bottle.

"They had now broken up the garden gate for weapons, all except one of the posts, and fought into the garden; when nothing should sarve Billy but to take up the large heavy post, as if he could destroy the whole faction on each side. Accordingly he came up to big Matthew Flanagan, and was rising it just as if he'd fell him, when Matt, catching him by the nape of the neck and the waistband of the breeches, went over very quietly, and dropped him a second time, heels up, into the well, where he might have been yet, only for my mother-in-law, who dragged him out with a great deal to do: for the well was too narrow to give him room to turn.

"As for myself and all my friends, as it happened to be my own wedding, and at our own place, we couldn't take part with either of them; but we endeavoured all in our power to pacify them, and a tough task we had of it, until we saw a pair of whips going hard and fast among them, belonging to Father Corrigan and Father James, his curate. Well, it's wonderful how soon a priest can clear up a quarrel! In five minutes there wasn't a hand up—instead of that they were ready to run into mouse-holes.

"'What, you ruffianly blackguards and murderers,' says his reverence; 'are you bint to have each other's blood upon your heads?—are you going to get yourselves hanged like sheep-stalers? Down with your sticks this very minute, I command you! Do you know—will ye give yourselves time to see who's spaking to you—you bloodthirsty set of vagabonds? I command you, in the name of the Catholic Church and the Blessed Virgin Mary, to stop this instant, if you don't want me,' says he, 'to make examples of the whole of you. Doran, if you rise your hand more, I'll strike it dead on your body, and to your mouth you'll never carry it while you have breath in your carcass. Pretty respect you have for the decent couple in whose house you have kicked up such a hubbub! Is this the way people are to be deprived of their dinners on your accounts, you fungaleering thieves!'

"'Why then, plase your reverence, by the—hom— I say, Father Corrigan, it wasn't my fault, but that villain Flanagan's, for he knows I fairly won the bottle—and would have distanced him, only that when I was far before him, the vagabone, he galloped across me on the way, thinking to thrip up the horse.'

"'You lying scoundrel,' says the priest, 'how dare

you tell me a falsity,' says he, 'to my face? How could he gallop across you if you were far before him? Not a word more, or I'll leave you without a mouth to your face, which will be a double share of provision and bacon saved anyway. And Flanagan, you were as much to blame as he, and must be chastised for your raggamuffinly conduct,' says he, 'and so must you both, and all your party, particularly you and he, as the ringleaders. Right well I know it's the grudge upon the lawshoot you had, and not the bottle, that occasioned it; but, by St. Pether, to Loughderg both of you must tramp for this.'

"Ay, and by St. Pether, they both deserve it as well as a thief does the gallows," said a little blustering voice belonging to the tailor, who came forward in a terrible passion, looking for all the world like a drowned rat. 'Ho, by St. Pether, they do, the vagabones; for it was myself that won the bottle, your reverence; and by this and by that,' says he, 'the bottle I'll have, or some of their crowns will crack for it.'

"Why, Billy, are you here?" says Father Corrigan, smiling down upon the figure the fellow cut, with his long spurs and his big whip—"what in the world tempted you to get on horseback, Billy?"

"By the powers, I was miles before them," says Billy; "and after this day, your reverence, let no man say that I couldn't ride a steplechase across Crocknagooran."

"Why, Billy, how did you stick on, at all at all?" says his reverence.

"How do I know how I stuck on," says Billy, "nor whether I stuck on at all or not; all I know is, that I was on horseback before leaving the Dumb-hill, and that I found them pulling me by the heels out of the well in the corner of the garden, and that, your reverence, when the first was only topping the hill there below, as Lanty Magowran tells me, who was looking on."

"Well, Billy," says Father Corrigan, "you must get the bottle; and as for you, Dorans and Flanagan, I'll make examples of you for this day's work—that you may reckon on. You are a disgrace to the parish, and what's more, a disgrace to your priest. How can luck or grace attend the marriage of any young couple that there's such work at? Before you leave this, you must all shake hands, and promise never to quarrel with each other while grass grows or water runs; and if you don't, by the blessed St. Dominick, I'll excommunicate ye both, and all belonging to you into the bargain; so that ye'll be the pitiful examples and shows to all that look upon you."

"Well, well, your reverence," says my father-in-law, "let all by-gones be by-gones; and, please God, they will before they go be better friends than ever they were. Go now and clans yourselves, take the blood from about your faces, for the dinner's ready an hour ago; but if you all respect the place you're in, you'll show it, in regard of the young crathurs that's going, in the name of God, to face the world together, and of course wishes that this day at last should pass in peace and quietness: little did I think there was any friend or neighbour here that would

make so little of the place or people, as was done for nothing at all, in the face of the country."

"God he sees," says my mother-in-law, "that there's them here this day we didn't deserve this from, to rise such a *norratio*n, as if the house was a shebeen or a public-house! It's myself didn't think either me or my poor colleen here, not to mention the decent people she's joined to, would be made so little of, as to have our place turned into a play-acthur—for a play-acthur couldn't be worse."

"Well," says my uncle, "there's no help for spilt milk, I tell you, nor for spilt blood either; tare-an-county, sure we're all Irishmen, relations, and Catholics through other, and we oughtn't to be this way. Come away to dinner—by the powers, we'll duck the first man that says a loud word for the remainder of the day. Come, Father Corrigan, and carve the goose, or the geese, for us—for, by my sannies, I believe there's a baker's dozen of them; but we've plenty of *Latin* for them, and your reverence and Father James here understands that langidge, anyhow—larned enough there, I think, gentlemen."

"That's right, Brian," shouts the tailor—"that's right; there must be no fighting: by the powers, the first man attempts it, I'll brain him—fell him to the earth like an ox, if all belonging to him was in my way."

"This threat from the tailor went farther, I think, in putting them into good humour nor even what the priest said. They then washed and claned themselves, and accordingly went to their dinners. Billy himself marched with his terrible whip in his hand, and his long cavalry spurs sticking near ten inches behind him, dragged to the tail like a bantling-cock after a shower."

"I suppose," said Andy Morrow, "you had a famous dinner, Shane?"

"'Tis you that may say that, Mr. Morrow," replied Shane; "but the house, you see, wasn't able to hold one half of us; so there was a dozen or two tables borrowed from the neighbours, and laid one after another in two rows, on the green, beside the river that ran along the garden hedge, side by side. At one end Father Corrigan sat, with Mary and myself, and Father James at the other. There were three five-gallon kegs of whiskey, and I ordered my brother to take charge of them, and there he sat beside them, and filled the bottles as they were wanted, because, if he had left that job to strangers, many a spalpeen there would make away with lots of it. Mavrone, such a sight as the dinner was! I didn't lay my eye on the fellow of it since, sure enough, and I'm now an ould man, though I was then a young one. Why there was a pudding boiled in the end of a sack; and, throth, it was a thumper, only for the straws; for you see, when they were making it they had to draw long straws across in order to keep it from falling asunder: a fine plan it is, too. Jack M'Kenna, the carpenter, carved it with a hand-saw, and if he didn't curse the same straws, I'm not here. 'Draw them out, Jack,' said Father Corrigan, 'draw them out. It's asy known, Jack, you never at a polite dinner, you poor awkward spalpeen, or you'd have

pulled out the straws the first thing you did, man alive.' Such lashins of corned beef, and rounds of beef, and legs of mutton, and bacon—turkeys, and geese, and barn-door fowls, young and fat. They may talk as they will, but commend me to a piece of good ould bacon, ate with crock butther, and phaties, and cabbage. Sure enough they leathered away at everything, but this and the pudding were the favourites. Father Corrigan gave up the carving in less than no time, for it would take him half a day to sarve them all, and he wanted to provide for number one. After helping himself, he set my uncle to it, and maybe he didn't slash away right and left. There was half-a-dozen gorsoons carrying about the beer in cans, with froth upon it like barm;—but that was beer in arnest, Nancy—I'll say no more.

"Well, Matthew Finigan," says Father Corrigan, 'I can't say but I'm happy that your colleen bawn here has lit upon a husband that's no discredit to the family—and it is herself didn't drive her pigs to a bad market,' says he. 'Why, in throth, Father, avourneen,' says my mother-in-law, 'they'd be hard to plase that couldn't be satisfied with them she got; not saying but she had her pick and choice of many a good offer, and might have got richer matches; but Shane Fadh M'Cawell, although you're sitting there beside my daughter, I'm prouder to see you on my own flure, the husband of my child, nor if she'd got a man with four times your substance.'

"Never heed the girls for knowing where to choose," says his reverence, sliely enough; 'but, upon my word, only she gave us all the slip, to tell the truth, I had another husband than Shane in my eye for her, and that was my own nevv, Father James's brother here.'

"And I'd be proud of the connection," says my father-in-law; 'but, you see, these girls won't look much to what you or I'll say, in choosing a husband for themselves. How-and-iver, not making little of your nevv, Father Michael, I say he's not to be compared with that same bouchal sitting beside Mary there.' 'No, nor by the powdhers of war, never will,' says Billy Cormick the tailor, who had come over and alipped in on the other side, betune Father Corrigan and the bride—'by the powdhers-o'-war, he'll never be fit to be compared with me, I tell you, till yesterday comes back again.'

"Why, Billy," says the priest, 'you're in every place.' 'But where I ought to be!' says Billy; 'and that's hard and fast tackled to Mary Bawn, the bride here, instead of that steeple of a fellow she has got,' says the little cock.

"Billy, I thought you were married," said Father Corrigan.

"Not I, your reverence," says Billy; 'but I'll soon do something, Father Michael;—I have been threatened this long time, but I'll do it at last.'

"He's not exactly married, sir," says my uncle; 'there's a colleen present' (looking at the bridesmaid) 'that will soon have his name upon her.'

"Very good, Billy," says the priest, 'I hope you will give us a rousing wedding—equal, at least, to Shane Fadh's.'

"Why, then, your reverence, except I get such a darling as Molly Bawn here—but, upon second thoughts, I don't like marriage, anyway," said Billy, winking against the priest—"I'll lade such a life as your reverence; and, by the powdhers, it's a thousand pities that I wasn't made into a priest instead of a tailor; for, you see, if I had," says he, giving a verse of an old song:—

"For, you see, if I had,  
It's I'd be the lad  
That would show all the people such larning;  
And when they'd go wrong,  
Why, instead of a song,  
I'd give them a lump of a sarmin.'

"Billy," says my father-in-law, 'why don't you make a hearty dinner, man alive? Go back to your sate and finish your male—you're aiting nothing to signify.' 'Me!' says Billy; 'why, I'd scorn to ate a hearty dinner; and I'd have you to know, Matt Finigan, that it wasn't for the sake of your dinner I came here, but in regard to your family, and bekase I wished him well that's sitting beside your daughter; and it ill becomes your father's son to cast up your dinner in my face, or any one of my family; but a blessed minute longer I'll not stay among you.'

"Hut, Billy," says I, 'sure it was all out of kindness; he didn't mane to offind you.'

"It's no matter," says Billy, beginning to cry; 'he *did* offind me; and it's low days with me to bear an affront from him, or the likes of him; but by the powdhers-o'-war,' says he, getting into a great rage, 'I *won't* bear it—only as you're an old man yourself, I'll not rise my hand to you; but let any man now that has the heart to take up your quarrel, come out and stand before me on the sod here.'

"Well, you'd tie all that were present with three straws, to see Billy stripping himself, and his two wrists not thicker than drumsticks.

"By this time the company was hard and fast at the punch, the songs, and the dancing. The dinner had been cleared off, and the dacentest of us went into the house for awhile, taking the fiddler with us, and the rest stayed on the green to dance, where they were soon joined by lots of the country people, so that in a short time there was a large number entirely. After sitting for some time within, Mary and I began, you may be sure, to get unasy, sitting palavering among a parcel of ould sober folks; so, at last, out we slipped, and a few other dacent young people that were with us, to join the dance, and shake our toe along with the rest of them. When we made our appearance, the flure was instantly cleared for us, and then she and I danced the *Humours of Glynn*.

"Well, it's no matter—it's all past now, and she lies low; but I may say that it wasn't very often danced in better style since, I'd wager. Lord bless us!—what a drame the world is! The darling of my heart you war, avourneen machree. I think I see her with the modest smile upon her face, straight and fair and beautiful, and when the dance was over, how she stood leaning upon me, and my heart within melting to her and the look she'd give into my eyes, and my heart, too, as much as to say, this is the

happy day with me; and the blush still would fly across her face, when I'd press her, unknownst to the bystanders, against my beating heart. *A suilish machree*, she is now gone from me—lies low, and it all appears like a drame to me; but God's will be done!—sure she's happy now!

"In this way we passed the time till the evening came on, except that Mary and the bridesmaid were sent for to dance with the priests, who were within at the punch, in all their glory. I and my man, on seeing this, were for staying with the company; but my mother, who 'twas that came for them, says, 'Never mind the boys, Shane; come in with the girls, I say. You're just wanted at the present time, both of you; follow me for an hour or two, till their reverences within have a bit of a dance with the girls in the back-room—we don't want to gather a crowd about them.' Well, we went in, sure enough, for a while; but, I don't know how it was, I didn't at all feel comfortable with the priests; for, you see, I'd rather sport my day with the boys and girls upon the green: so I gives Jack the wink, and in we went, when, behold you, there was Father Corrigan planted upon the side of a *settle*, Mary along with him, both waiting till they'd have a fling of a dance together, whilst the curate was capering on the flure before the bridesmaid, who was a purty dark-haired girl, to the tune of 'Kiss my Lady,' and the friar planted between my mother and mother-in-law, one of his legs stretched out on a chair, he singing some funny song or other that brought the tears to their eyes with laughing.

"Whilst Father James was dancing with the bridesmaid, I gave Mary the wink to come away from Father Corrigan, wishing, as I tould you, to get out amongst the youngsters once more; and Mary herself, to tell the truth, although he was the priest, was very willing to do so. I went over to her, and says, 'Mary, asthore, there's a friend without that wishes to spake to you.'

"'Well,' says Father Corrigan, 'tell that friend that she's better employed, and that they must wait, whoever they are. I'm giving your wife, Shane,' says he, 'a little good advice that she won't be the worse for, and she can't go now.'

"Mary, in the meantime, had got up, and was coming away, when his reverence wanted her to stay till they'd finish their dance. 'Father Corrigan,' says she, 'let me go now, sir, if you plase, for they would think it bad threatment of me not to go out to them.'

"'Throth, and you'll do no such thing, acushla,' says he, spaking so sweet to her; 'let them come in if they want you. Shane,' says his reverence, winking at me, and spaking in a whisper, 'stay here, you and the girls, till we take a hate at the dancing—don't you know that the ould women here and me will have to talk over some things about the fortune; you'll maybe get more nor you expect. Here, Molshy,' says he to my mother-in-law, 'don't let the youngsters out of this.'

"'Musha, Shane, ahagur,' says the ould woman, 'why will yees go and lave the place; sure you

needn't be dashed before them—they'll dance themselves.'

"Accordingly we stayed in the room; but just on the word, Mary gives one spring away, laving his reverence by himself on the settle. 'Come away,' says she, 'lave them there, and let us go to where I can have a dance with yourself, Shano.'

"Well, I always loved Mary, but at that minute, if it would save her, I think I could spill my heart's blood for her. 'Mary,' says I, full to the throath, 'Mary, acushla agus asthore machree,\* I could lose my life for you.'

"She looked in my face, and the tears came into her eyes. 'Shane, achora,' says she, 'amn't I *your happy girl* at last?' She was leaning over against my breast; and what answer do you think I made?—I pressed her to my heart; I did more—I took off my hat, and, looking up to God, I thanked Him with tears in my eyes for giving me such a treasure. 'Well, come now,' says she, 'to the green;' so we went—and it's she that was the girl, when she did go among them, that threw them all into the dark for beauty and figure: as fair as a lily itself did she look—so tall and iligant that you wouldn't think she was a farmer's daughter at all.

"When we had danced an hour or so, them that the family had the greatest regard for were brought in, unknownst to the rest, to drink tay. Mary planted herself beside me, and would sit nowhere else. It was now that the bride's cake was got. Ould Sonsy Mary marched over, and putting the bride on her feet, got up on a chair and broke it over her head, giving round a big slice of it to every person in the house. After tay the ould folk got full of talk, and the youngsters danced round them. The tailor had got drunk a little too early, and had to be put to bed, but he was now as fresh as ever, and able to dance a hornpipe, which he did on a door. The Dorans and the Flanagans had got quite thick after drubbing one another—Ned Doran began his courtship with Alley Flanagan on that day, and they were married soon after, so that the two factions joined, and never had another battle.

"The night was falling when my uncle, running in in a great hurry, cries out: 'Keep yourselves quiet a little; here's the squire and Master Francis coming over to fulfil their promise; he would have come up airlier, he says, but that he was away all day at the 'sizes.'

"In a minute or two they came in, and we all rose up of coorse to welcome them. The squire shuck hands with the ould people, and afterwards with Mary and myself, wishing us all happiness—then with the two clergymen, and introduced Master Frank to them. He took a sate and looked on, while they were dancing, with a smile of good-humour on his face—while they, all the time, would give new touches and trebles, to show off all their steps before him. He was landlord both to my father and father-in-law; and it's he that was the good man, and the gentleman, every inch of him.

\* Pulse and treasure of my heart.

"When he sat awhile, my mother-in-law came over with a glass of nice punch, that she had mixed, and making a low curtsy, begged pardon for using such freedom with his honour, but hoped that he would just taste a little to the happiness of the young couple. He then drank our healths, and shuck hands with us both a second time, saying—although I can't, at all at all, give it in anything like his own words—'I am glad,' says he, to Mary's parents, 'that your daughter has made such a good choice'—throth, he did—the Lord be merciful to his sowl—'such a prudent choice; and I congr—con—grathulate you,' says he to my father, 'on your connection with so industrious and respectable a family. You are now beginning the world for yourselves,' says he to Mary and me, 'and I cannot propose a better example to you both than that of your respective parents. From this forrid,' says he, 'I'm to considher you my tenants; and I wish to take this opportunity of informing you both that should you act up to the opinion I entertain of you, by an attentive coorse of industry and good management, you will find in me an encouraging and indulgent landlord. I know, Shane,' says he to me, smiling, a little knowingly enough too, 'that you have been a little wild or so, but that's past, I trust. You have now serious duties to perform, which you cannot neglect—but you will not neglect them; and be assured, I say again, that I shall feel pleasure in rendhering you every assist-

ance in my power in the cultivation and improvement of your farm.' 'Go over, both of you,' says my father, 'and thank his honour, and promise to do everything he says.' Accordingly, we did so; I made my scrape as well as I could, and Mary blushed to the eyes, and dropped her curtsy.

"Father Corrigan now appeared to be getting sleepy. While this was going on, I looked about me, but couldn't see Mary. The tailor was just beginning to get a little hearty once more. Supper was talked of, but there was no one that could ate anything. The clergy now got their horses, and soon departed.

"After they went, Mary threw the stocking—all the unmarried folks coming in the dark to see who it would hit. Bless my sowl, but she was the droll Mary—for what did she do, only put a big brogue of her father's into it, that was near two pounds weight; and who should it hit on the bare sponce but Billy Cormick, the tailor—who thought he was fairly shot, for it levelled the crathur at once; though that wasn't hard to do, anyhow.

"This was the last ceremony: and Billy was well continted to get the knock, for you all know whoever the stocking strikes upon is to be marrid first. After this, my mother and mother-in-law set them to the dancing—and 'twas themselves that kept it up till long after daylight the next morning;—but first they called me into the next room, where Mary was: and—and so ends my wedding."

## PADDY THE PIPER.

BY SAMUEL LOVER.

The only introduction I shall attempt to the following "*extravaganza*" is, to request the reader to suppose it to be delivered by a frolicking Irish peasant, in the richest brogue, and most dramatic manner.

"I'll tell you, sir, a mighty quare story, and it's as thrue as I'm standin' here, and that's no lie:—

"It was in the time of the Rebellion, whin the long summer days, like many a fine fellow's precious life, was cut short by rayson of the martial law—that wouldn't let a dacent boy be out in the evenin', good or bad; for whin the day's work was over, divil a one of uz dar go to meet a frind over a glass, or a girl at the dance, but must go home, and shut ourselves up, and never budge, nor rise latch, nor dhraw bout, until the morning kem agin.

"Well, to come to my story:—'Twas afther night-fall, and we wor sittin' round the fire, and the praties wor boilin', and the noggins of buttermilk was standin' ready for our suppers, whin a knock kem to the door.

"'Whisht!' says my father, 'here's the sojers come

upon us now,' says he; 'bad luck to thim, the villians, I'm afeard they seen a glimmer of the fire through the crack in the door,' says he.

"'No,' says my mother, 'for I'm afther hangin' an owld sack and my new petticoat agin it awhile ago.'

"'Well, whisht, anyhow,' says my father, 'for there's a knock agin;' and we all held our tongues till another thump kem to the door.

"'Oh, it's a folly to purtind any more,' says my father; 'they're too cute to be put off that-a-way,' says he. 'Go, Shamus,' says he to me, 'and see who's in it.'

"'How can I see who's in it in the dark?' says I.

"'Well,' says he, 'light the candle thin, and see who's in it, but don't open the door, for your life, barrin' they brake it in,' says he, 'exceptin' to the sojers, and spake thim fair, if it's thim.'

"So with that I wint to the door, and there was another knock.

"'Who's there?' says I.

" 'It's me,' says he.  
 " 'Who are you?' says I.  
 " 'A frind,' says he.  
 " 'Baithershin,' says I,—'who are you at all?'  
 " 'Arrah, don't you know me,' says he.  
 " 'Divil a taste,' says I.  
 " 'Sure I'm Paddy the Piper,' says he.  
 " 'Oh, thunder an' turf,' says I, 'is it you, Paddy, that's in it?'  
 " 'Sorrah one else,' says he.  
 " 'And what brought you at this hour,' says I.  
 " 'By gar,' says he, 'I didn't like goin' the roun' by the road,' says he, 'and so I kem the short cut, and that's what delayed me,' says he.  
 " 'Oh, murther!' says I; 'Paddy, I wouldn't be in your shoes for the king's ransom,' says I; 'for you know yourself it's a hangin' matter to be cotched out these times,' says I.  
 " 'Sure I know that,' says he, 'and that's what I kem to you for,' says he; 'so let me in for owld acquaintance sake,' says poor Paddy.  
 " 'Oh, by this and that,' says I, 'I darn't open the door for the wide world; and sure you know it; and throth if the Hushians or the Yeos ketches you,' says I, 'they'll murther you, as sure as your name's Paddy.'  
 " 'Many thanks to you,' says he, 'for your good intintions; but plase the pigs, I hope it's not the likes o' that is in store for me, anyhow.'  
 " 'Faix, thin,' says I, 'you had betther lose no time in hidin' yourself,' says I; 'for, throth, I tell you it's a short thrial and a long rope the Hushians would be afther givin' you—for they've no justice and less marcy, the villians!'  
 " 'Faith, thin, more's the rayson you should let me in, Shamus,' says poor Paddy.  
 " 'It's a folly to talk,' says I, 'I darn't open the door.'  
 " 'Oh, then, millia murther,' says Paddy, 'what'll become of me, at all at all?' says he.  
 " 'Go aff into the shed,' says I, 'behin' the house, where the cow is, and there there's an iligant lock o' straw, that you may go sleep in,' says I, 'and a fine bed it id be for a lord, let alone a piper.'  
 " 'So off Paddy set to hide in the shed, and, throth, it went to our hearts to refuse him, and turn him away from the door, more by token when the praties was ready—for sure the bit and the sup is always welkim to the poor thraveller. Well, we all went to bed, and Paddy hid himself in the cow-house; and now I must tell you how it was with Paddy:—  
 " 'You see, afther sleeping for some time, Paddy wakened up, thinkin' it was mornin'; but it wasn't mornin' at all, but only the light o' the moon that desaved him; but, at all evints, he wanted to be stirrin' airly, becase he was goin' off to the town hard by, it bein' fair day, to pick up a few ha'pence with his pipes—for the divil a betther piper was in all the country round nor Paddy; and everyone gave it up to Paddy that he was iligant on the pipes, and played 'Jinny bang'd the Weaver,' beyant tellin', and the 'Hare in the Corn,' that you'd think the very dogs was in it, and the horsemen ridin' like mad.

" Well, as I was sayin', he set off to go to the fair, and he went meandherin' along through the fields; but he didn't go far, antil climbin' up through a hedge, when he was comin' out at t'other side, his head kem plump agin somethin' that made the fire flash out iv his eyes. So with that he looks up—and what do you think it was—Lord be merciful to uz! but a corpse hangin' out of a branch of a tree.

" 'Oh, the top o' the mornin' to you, sir,' says Paddy, 'and is that the way with you, my poor fellow? throth, you tuk a start out o' me,' says poor Paddy; and 'twas thrue for him, for it would make the heart of a stouter man nor Paddy jump, to see the like, and to think of a Chrishtian crathur being hanged up, all as one as a dog.

" Now, 'twas the rebels that hanged this chap—bekase, you see, the corpse had good clothes an him, and that's the rayson that one might know it was the rebels—by rayson that the Hushians and the Orangemen never hanged anybody wid good clothes an him, but only the poor and definceless crathurs, like uz; so, as I said before, Paddy knew well it was the boys that done it; 'and,' says Paddy, eyin' the corpse, 'by my sowl, thin, but you have a beautiful pair o' boots an you,' says he, 'and it's what I'm thinkin' you won't have any great use for thim no more; and sure it's a shame for the likes o' me,' says he, 'the best piper in the sivin counties, to be trampin' wid a pair of owld brogues not worth three *traneens*, and a corpse with such an iligant pair o' boots, that wants someone to wear thim.' So, with that, Paddy lays hould of him by the boots, and began a pullin' at thim; but they were mighty stiff; and whether it was by rayson of their bein' so tight, or the branch of the three a-jiggin' up and down, all as one as a weighdoo-buckettee, and not lettin' Paddy cotch any right boult o' thim—he could get no *advantage* o' thim at all—and at last he gev it up, and was goin' away, whin, looking behind him agin, the sight of the fine iligant boots was too much for him, and he turned back, determined to have the boots, anyhow, by fair means or foul; and I'm loath to tell you now how he got thim—for indeed it was a dirty turn, and throth it was the only dirty turn I ever knew Paddy to be guilty av; and you see it was this a-way; 'pon my sowl, he pulled out a big knife, and, by the same token, it was a knife with a fine buck-handle, and a murtherin' big blade, that an uncle o' mine, that was a gardener at the lord's, made Paddy a prisint av; and, more by token, it was not the first mischief that knife done, for it cut love between thim, that was the best of frinds before; and sure 'twas the wondher of every-one, that two knowledgeable men, that ought to know betther, would do the likes, and give and take sharp steel in frindship; but I'm forgettin'—well, he outs with his knife, and what does he do, but he cuts off the legs of the corpse; 'and,' says he, 'I can take off the boots at my convaynience;' and, throth, it was, as I said before, a dirty turn.

" Well, sir, he tuck'd the legs under his arms, and at that mitit the moon peeped out from behind a cloud. 'Oh! is it there you are?' says he to the moon, for he was an impidint chap;—and thin, seein'



that he made a mistake, and that the moonlight deceived him, and that it wasn't the early dawn, as he conceived; and bein' freken'd for fear himself might be cotched and thrated like the poor corpse he was afther a malthreating, if he was found walking the counthry at that time—begor, he turned about, and walked back agin to the cow-house; and, hidin' the corpse's legs in the sthraw, Paddy wint to sleep agin. But what do ye think? Paddy was not long there until the sojers came in airmest, and, by the powers, they carried off Paddy—and, faith, it was only sarvin' him right for what he done to the poor corpse.

"Well, whin the mornin' kem, my father says to me, 'Go, Shamus,' says he, 'to the shed, and bid poor Paddy come in and take share of the praties, for, I go bail, he's ready for his breakquest by this, anyhow?'"

"Well, out I wint to the cow-house, and called out 'Paddy!' and afther callin' three or four times, and gettin' no answer, I wint in, and called agin, and dickens an answer I got still. 'Tatthar-an-agers!' says I, 'Paddy, where are you, at all at all?' and so, castin' my eyes about the shed, I seen two feet stickin' out from undher the hapeo' straw—'Musha! thin,' says I, 'bad luck to you, Paddy, but you're fond of a warm corner, and maybe you haven't made yourself as snug as a flea in a blanket? but I'll disturb your dhrames, I'm thinkin',' says I, and with that I laid hould of his heels (as I thought, God help me), and givin' a good pull to waken him, as I intinded, away I wint, head over heels, and my brains was a'most knocked out agin the wall.

"Well, when I recovered myself, there I was, an the broad o' my back, and two things stickin' out o' my hands like a pair o' Husshian's horse-pist'ls—and I thought the sight 'id lave my eyes when I seen they wor two mertial legs.

"My jew'l, I threw them down like a hot pratee, and jumpin' up, I roared out millia murther. 'Oh, you murtherin' villian,' says I, shakin' my fist at the cow. 'Oh, you unnath'ral baste,' says I, 'you've ate poor Paddy, you thievin' cannible, you're worse than a neygar,' says I; 'and, bad luck to you, how dainty you are, that nothin' 'id sarve you for your supper, but the best piper in Ireland. *Weirasthru! weirasthru!* what'll the whole counthry say to such an unnath'ral murther? and you lookin' as innocent there as a lamb, and atin' your hay as quiet as if nothin' happened.' With that, I run out—for, throth, I didn't like to be near her—and, goin' into the house, I tould them all about it.

"'Arrah, be aisy,' says my father:

"'Bad luck to the lie I tell you,' says I.

"'Is it ate Paddy?' says they.

"'Divil a doubt of it,' says I.

"'Are you sure, Shamus?' says my mother.

"'I wish I was as sure of a new pair of brogues,' says I. 'Bad luck to the bit she has left of him but his two legs.'

"'And do you tell me she ate the pipes too?' says my father.

"'Begor, I b'lieve so,' says I.

"'Oh, the divil fly away wid her,' says he; 'what a cruel taste she has for music!'

"'Arrah,' says my mother, 'don't be cursin' the cow, that gives the milk to the childher.'

"'Yis, I will,' says my father; 'why shouldn't I curse sich an unnath'ral baste?'

"'You oughtn't to curse any livin' thing that's undher your roof,' says my mother.

"'By my sowl, thin,' says my father, 'she shan't be undher my roof any more; for I'll sind her to the fair this minit,' says he, 'and sell her for whatever she'll bring. Go aff,' says he, 'Shamus, the minit you've ate your breakquest, and dhrive her to the fair.'

"'Throth, I don't like to dhrive her,' says I.

"'Arrah, don't be makin' a gommagh of yourself,' says he.

"'Faith, I don't,' says I.

"'Well, like or no like,' says he, 'you must dhrive her.'

"'Sure, father,' says I, 'you could take more care iv her yourself.'

"'That's mighty good,' says he, 'to keep a dog, and bark myself;' and, faith, I rec'lected the sayin' from that hour;—'let me have no more words about it,' says he, 'but be aff wid you.'

"So, aff I wint—and it's no lie I'm tellin', whin I say it was sore agin my will I had anything to do with sich a villian of a baste. But, howsomever, I cut a brave, long wattle, that I might dhrive the man-ater iv a thief, as she was, without bein' near her, at all at all.

"Well, away we wint along the road, and mighty throng it wuz wid the boys and the girls—and, in short, all sorts, rich and poor, high and low, crowdin' to the fair.

"'God save you,' says one to me.

"'God save you kindly,' says I.

"'That's a fine baste you're dhrivin', says he.

"'Throth, she is,' says I; though it wint agin my heart to say a good word for the likes of her.

"'It's to the fair you're goin', I suppose,' says he, 'with the baste?' (He was a snug-lookin' farmer, ridin' a purty little gray hack.)

"'Faith, thin, you're right enough,' says I; 'it is to the fair I'm goin'.'

"'What do you expect for her?' says he.

"'Faith, thin, mysel doesn't know,' says I—and that was throe enough, you see, bekase I was bewildhered like about the baste entirely.

"'That's a quare way to be goin' to market,' says he, 'and not to know what you expect for your baste.'

"'Och,' says I—not likin' to let him suspect there was anything wrong wid her—'cch, says I, in a careless sort of a way, 'sure, no one can tell what a baste 'll bring, antil they come to the fair,' says I, 'and see what price is goin'.'

"'Indeed, that's nath'ral enough,' says he. 'But if you wor bid a fair price before you come to the fair, sure you might as well take it,' says he.

"'Oh, I've no objection in life,' says I.

"'Well, thin, what 'll you ax for her?' says he.

"Why, thin, I wouldn't like to be onraysonable," says I (for the thruth was, you know, I wanted to get rid of her)—"and so I'll take four pounds for her," says I, "and no less."

"No less!" says he.

"Why sure that's chape enough," says I.

"Throth, it is," says he; "and I'm thinkin' it's too chape it is," says he; "for if there wasn't somethin' the matter, it's not for that you'd be sellin' the fine milch cow, as she is, to all appearance."

"Indeed, thin," says I; "upon my conscience, she is a fine milch cow."

"Maybe," says he, "she's gone off her milk, in regard that she doesn't feed well?"

"Och, by this and that," says I, "in regard o' feedin' there's not the likes o' her in Ireland; so make your mind aisy—and if you like her for the money, you may have her."

"Why, indeed, I'm not in a hurry," says he, "and I'll wait to see how they go in the fair."

"With all my heart," says I, "purtendin' to be no ways consarned;—but, in throth, I began to be afeard that the people was seein' somethin' unnath'ral about her, and that we'd never get rid of her, at all at all. At last we kem to the fair, and a great sight o' people was in it—throth, you'd think the whole world was there, let alone the standins o' gingerbread and iligant ribbins, and makins o' beautiful gownds, and pitch-and-toss, and merry-go-rounds, and tints with the best av dhrink in them, and the fiddles playin' up t' incourage the boys and girls; but I never minded thim at all, but detarmint to sell the thievin' rogue av a cow afore I'd mind any divarshin in life; so an I dhriv her into the thick av the fair, whin, all of a suddint, as I kem to the door av a tint, up sthruck the pipes to the tune av 'Tather Jack Welsh,' and, my jew'l, in a minit the cow cock'd her ears, and was makin' a dart at the tint."

"Oh, murther!" says I, to the boys standin' by, "hould her," says I, "hould her—she ate one piper already, the vagabone, and, bad luck to her, she wants another now."

"Is it a cow for to ate a piper?" says one o' them.

"Not a word o' lie in it, for I seen his corpse myself, and nothin' left but the two legs," says I;

and it's a folly to be sthrivin' to hide it, for I see she'll never lave it aff—as poor Paddy Grogan knows to his cost, Lord be merciful to him."

"Who's that takin' my name in vain?" says a voice in the crowd; and with that, shoviu' the throng a one side, who should I see but Paddy Grogan, to all appearance.

"Oh, hould him too," says I; "keep him aff me, for it's not himself at all, but his ghost," says I, "for he was kilt last night to my sartin knowledge, every inch av him, all to his legs."

"Well, sir, with that, Paddy—for it *was* Paddy himself, as it kem out afther—fell a-laughin', that you'd think his sides 'ud split; and whin he kem to himself, he ups and he tould uz how it was, as I tould you already; and the likes av the fun they made av me was beyant tellin', for wrongfully misdoubtin' the poor cow, and layin' the blame iv atin' a piper an her. So we all wint into the tint to have it explained, and begor, it took a full gallon o' sper'ts t' explain it; and we dhrank health and long life to Paddy and the cow, and Paddy played that day beyant all tellin', and many a one said the likes was never heard before nor sence, even from Paddy himself—and av coorse the poor slandhered cow was dhruv home agin, and many a quiet day she had wid us afther that; and whin she died, throth, my father had sitch a regard for the poor thing, that he had her skinned, and an iligant pair of breeches made out iv her hide, and it's in the family to this day; and isn't it mighty remarkable it is, what I'm goin' to tell you now, but it's as thrue as I'm here, that from that day out, anyone that has thim breeches an, the minit a pair o' pipes sthrikes up, they can't rest, but goes jiggin' and jiggin' in their sate, and never stops as long as the pipes are playin'—and there," said he, slapping the garment in question that covered his sinewy limb, with a spank of his brawny hand that might have startled nerves more tender than mine—"there, them is the very breeches that's an me now, and a fine pair they are this minit."

The foregoing story I heard related by a gentleman, who said he was not aware to whom the original authorship was attributable.

## BOB BURKE'S DUEL WITH ENSIGN BRADY.

BY WILLIAM MAGINN.

"WHEN the 48th were quartered in Mallow, I was there on a visit to one of the Purcells, who abound in that part of the world, and, being some sixteen or seventeen years younger than I am now, thought I might as well fall in love with Miss Theodosia Macnamara. She was a fine grown girl, full of flesh and blood, rose five-foot-nine at least when shod, had many excellent points, and stepped out slappingly upon her pasterna. She was somewhat of a roarer, it must be

admitted, for you could hear her from one end of the Walk to the other; and I am told, that as she has grown somewhat aged, she shows symptoms of vice; but I knew nothing of the latter, and did not mind the former, because I never had a fancy for your mini-pimini young ladies, with their mouths squeezed into the shape and dimensions of a needle's eye. I always suspect such damsels as having a very portentous design against mankind in general.

"She was at Mallow for the sake of the Spa, it being understood that she was consumptive—though I'll answer for it, her lungs were not touched; and I never saw any signs of consumption about her, except at meal times, when her consumption was undoubtedly great. However, her mother, a very nice middle-aged woman—she was of the O'Regans of the West, and a perfect lady in her manners, with a very remarkable red nose, which she attributed to a cold which had settled in that part, and which cold she was always endeavouring to cure with various balsamic preparations taken inwardly—maintained that her poor chicken, as she called her, was very delicate, and required the air and water of Mallow to cure her. Theodosia (she was so named after some of the Limerick family), or, as we generally called her, Dosy, was rather of a sanguine complexion, with hair that might be styled auburn, but which usually received another name. Her nose was turned up, as they say was that of Cleopatra; and her mouth, which was never idle, being always employed in eating, drinking, shouting, or laughing, was of considerable dimensions. Her eyes were piercers, with a slight tendency to a cast; and her complexion was equal to a footman's plush breeches, or the first tinge of the bloom of morning bursting through a summer cloud, or what else verse-making men are fond of saying. I remember a young man who was in love with her writing a song about her, in which there was one or other of the similes above-mentioned, I forget which. The verses were said to be very clever, as no doubt they were; but I do not recollect them, never being able to remember poetry. Dosy's mother used to say that it was a hectic flush—if so, it was a very permanent flush, for it never left her cheeks for a moment, and had it not belonged to a young lady in a galloping consumption, would have done honour to a dairy-maid.

"Pardon these details, gentlemen," said Bob Burke, sighing, "but one always thinks of the first loves. Tom Moore says that 'there's nothing half so sweet in life as young love's dram;' and talking of that, if there's anything left in the brandy-bottle, hand it over to me. Here's to the days gone by; they will never come again. Dear Dosy, you and I had some fun together. I see her now with her red hair escaping from under her hat, in a pea-green habit, a stiff cutting-whip in her hand, licking it into Tom the Devil, a black horse, that would have carried a sixteen stoner over a six-foot wall, following Will Wrixon's hounds at the rate of fifteen miles an hour, and singing out, 'Go it, my trumps.' These are the recollections that bring tears in a man's eyes.

"The day of that hunt was the very day that led to my duel with Brady. He was a long, straddling, waddle-mouthed chap, who had no more notion of riding a hunt than a rhinoceros. He was mounted on a showy-enough-looking mare, which had been nerved by Rodolphus Bootiman, the horse-doctor, and though 'a good 'un to look at, was a rum 'un to go;' and before she was nerved, all the work had been taken out of her by long Lanty Philpot, who sold her to Brady after dinner for fifty pounds, she being not worth twenty in her best day, and Brady

giving his bill at three months for the fifty. My friend the ensign was no judge of a horse, and the event showed that my cousin Lanty was no judge of a bill—not a cross of the fifty having been paid from that day to this; and it is out of the question now, it being long past the statute of limitations, to say nothing of Brady having since twice taken the benefit of the Act. So both parties jockeyed one another, having that pleasure which must do them instead of profit.

"She was a bay chestnut, and nothing would do Brady but he must run her at a little gap which Miss Dosy was going to clear, in order to show his gallantry and agility: and certainly I must do him the credit to say that he did get his mare on the gap, which was no small feat; but there she broke down, and off went Brady, neck and crop, into as fine a pool of stagnant green mud as you would ever wish to see. He was ducked regularly in it, and he came out, if not in the jacket, yet in the colours, of the Rifle Brigade, looking rueful enough at his misfortune, as you may suppose. But he had not much time to think of the figure he cut, for before he could well get up, who should come right slap over him but Miss Dosy herself upon Tom the Devil, having cleared the gap and a yard beyond the pool in fine style. Brady ducked and escaped the horse, a little fresh daubing being of less consequence than the knocking out of his brains, if he had any; but he did not escape a smart rap from a stone, which one of Tom's heels flung back with such unlucky accuracy as to hit Brady right in the mouth, knocking out one of his eye-teeth (which I do not recollect). Brady clapped his hand to his mouth, and bawled, as any man might do in such a case, so loud, that Miss Dosy checked Tom for a minute to turn round, and there she saw him making the most horrid faces in the world, his mouth streaming blood, and himself painted green from head to foot with as pretty a coat of shining slime as was to be found in the province of Munster. 'That's the gentleman you just leapt over, Miss Dosy,' said I, for I had joined her, 'and he seems to be in some confusion.' 'I am sorry,' said she, 'Bob, that I should have in any way offended him or any other gentleman, by leaping over him, but I can't wait now. Take him my compliments, and tell him I should be happy to see him at tea at six o'clock this evening in a different suit.' Off she went, and I rode back with her message (by which means I was thrown out); and would you believe it, he had the ill manners to say 'the h——;' but I shall not repeat what he said. It was impolite to the last degree, not to say profane, but perhaps he may be somewhat excused under his peculiar circumstances. There is no knowing what even Job himself might have said, immediately after having been thrown off his horse into a green pool, with his eye-tooth knocked out, his mouth full of mud and blood, on being asked to a tea-party.

"He—Brady, not Job—went, nevertheless; for, on our return to Miss Dosy's lodgings, we found a triangular note, beautifully perfumed, expressing his gratitude for her kind invitation, and telling her

not to think of the slight accident which had occurred. How it happened, he added, he could not conceive, his mare never having broken down with him before—which was true enough, as that was the first day he ever mounted her—and she having been bought by himself at a sale of the Earl of Darlington's horses last year, for two hundred guineas. She was a great favourite, he went on to say, with the earl, who often rode her, and ran at Doncaster by the name of Miss Russell. All this latter part of the note was not quite so true; but, then, it must be admitted, that when we talk about horses we are not tied down to be exact to a letter. If we were, God help Tattersall's!

"To tea, accordingly, the ensign came at six, wiped clean, and in a different set-out altogether from what he appeared in on emerging from the ditch. He was, to make use of a phrase introduced from the ancient Latin into the modern Greek, toggled up in the most approved style of his Majesty's 48th foot. Bright was the scarlet of his coat—deep the blue of his facings."

"I beg your pardon," said Antony Harrison, here interrupting the speaker; "the 48th are not royals, and you ought to know that no regiment but those which are royal sport blue facings. I remember, once upon a time, in a coffee-shop, detecting a very smart fellow, who wrote some clever things in a Magazine published in Edinburgh, by one Blackwood, under the character of a military man, not to be anything of the kind, by his talking about ensigns in the fusiliers—all the world knowing that in the fusiliers there are no ensigns, but in their place second lieutenants. Let me set you right there, Bob; the facings your friend Brady exhibited to the wondering gaze of the Mallow tea-table must have been buff—pale buff."

"Buff, black, blue, brown, yellow, Pompadour, brick-dust, no matter what they were," continued Burke, in nowise pleased by the interruption, "they were as bright as they could be made, and so was all the lace, and other traps which I shall not specify more minutely, as I am in presence of so sharp a critic. He was, in fact, in full dress—as you know is done in country quarters—and being not a bad plan and elevation of a man, looked well enough. Miss Dossy, I perceived, had not been perfectly ignorant of the rank and condition of the gentleman over whom she had leaped, for she was dressed in her purple satin body and white skirt, which she always put on when she wished to be irresistible, and her hair was suffered to flow in long ringlets down her fair neck—and, by Jupiter, it was as fair as a swan's, and as majestic too—and no mistake. Yes; Dossy Macnamara looked divine that evening.

"Never mind! Tea was brought in by Mary Keefe, and it was just as all other teas have been and will be. Do not, however, confound it with the wafer-sliced and hot-watered abominations which are inflicted, perhaps justly, on the wretched individuals who are guilty of haunting *soirées* and *conversations* in this good and bad city of London. The tea was congon or souchong, or some other of these

Chinese affairs, for anything I know to the contrary; for, having dined at the house, I was mixing my fifth tumbler when tea was brought in, and Mrs. Macnamara begged me not to disturb myself; and she being a lady for whom I had a great respect, I complied with her desire; but there was a potato-cake, an inch thick and two feet in diameter, which Mrs. Macnamara informed me in a whisper was made by Dossy after the hunt.

"'Poor chicken,' she said, 'if she had the strength, she has the willingness; but she is so delicate. If you saw her handling the potatoes to-day.'

"'Madam,' said I, looking tender, and putting my hand on my heart, 'I wish I was a potato!'

"I thought this was an uncommonly pathetic wish, after the manner of the Persian poet Hafiz, but it was scarcely out of my mouth, when Ensign Brady, taking a cup of tea from Miss Dossy's hand, looking upon me with an air of infinite condescension, declared that I must be the happiest of men, as my wish was granted before it was made. I was preparing to answer, but Miss Dossy laughed so loud that I had not time, and my only resource was to swallow what I had just made. The ensign followed up his victory without mercy.

"'Talking of potatoes, Miss Theodosia,' said he, looking at me, 'puts me in mind of truffles. Do you know, this most exquisite cake of yours much resembles a *gateau aux truffes*? By gad! how Colonel Thornton, Sir Harry Millicent, Lord Mortgagehire, and that desperate fellow, the Honourable and Reverend Dick Sellenger, and I, used to tuck in truffles when we were quartered in Paris. Mortgagehire—an uncommon droll fellow; I used to call his Lordship Morty—he called me Brad—we were on such terms; and we used to live together in the Rue de la Paix, that beautiful street close by the Place Vendôme, where there's the pillar. You have been at Paris, Miss Macnamara?' asked the ensign, filling his mouth with a half-pound bite of the potato-cake at the same moment.

"Dossy confessed that she had never travelled into any foreign parts except the kingdom of Kerry; and on the same question being repeated to me, I was obliged to admit that I was in a similar predicament. Brady was triumphant.

"'It is a loss to any man,' said he, 'not to have been in Paris. I know that city well, and so I ought; but I did many naughty things there.'

"'Oh, fie,' said Mrs. Macnamara.

"'Oh, madam,' continued Brady, 'the fact is, that the Paris ladies were rather too fond of us English. When I say English, I mean Scotch and Irish as well; but, nevertheless, I think Irishmen had more good-luck than the natives of the other two islands.'

"'In my geography book,' said Miss Dossy, 'it is put down only as one island, consisting of England, capital London, on the Thames, in the south; and Scotland, capital Edinburgh, on the Forth, in the north; population —'

"'Gad, you are right,' said Brady, 'perfectly right, Miss Macnamara. I see you are quite a blue. But, as I was saying, it is scarce possible for a good

looking young English officer to escape the French ladies. And then I played rather deep—on the whole, however, I think, I may say I won. Mortgageshire and I broke Frascati's one night—we won a hundred thousand francs at rouge, and fifty-four thousand at roulette. You would have thought the croupiers would have fainted: they tore their hair with vexation. The money, however, soon went again—we could not keep it. As for wine, you have it cheap there, and of a quality which you cannot get in England. At Very's, for example, I drank chamber-tin—it is a kind of claret—for three francs two sous a bottle, which was, beyond all comparison, far superior to what I drank, a couple of months ago, at the Duke of Devonshire's, though his Grace prides himself on that very wine, and sent to a particular binn for a favourite specimen, when I observed to him I had tasted better in Paris. Out of politeness, I pretended to approve of his Grace's choice; but I give you my honour—only I would not wish it to reach his Grace's ears—it was not to be compared to what I had at Very's for a moment.'

"So flowed on Brady for a couple of hours. The Tooleries, as he thought proper to call them; the Louvre, with its pictures, the removal of which he deplored as a matter of taste, assuring us that he had used all his influence with the Emperor of Russia and the Duke of Wellington to prevent it, but in vain; the Boulevards, the opera, the theatres, the Champs Elysées, the Montagnes Russes—everything, in short, about Paris, was depicted to the astonished mind of Miss Dossy. Then came London—where he belonged to I do not know how many clubs—and cut a most distinguished figure in the fashionable world. He was of the Prince Regent's set, and assured us, on his honour, that there was never anything so ill-founded as the stories afloat to the discredit of that illustrious person. But on what happened at Carlton House, he felt obliged to keep silence, the prince being remarkably strict in exacting a promise from every gentleman whom he admitted to his table, not to divulge anything that occurred there—a violation of which promise was the cause of the exclusion of Brummell. As for the Princess of Wales, he would rather not say anything.

"And so forth. Now, in those days of my innocence, I believed these stories as gospel, hating the fellow all the while from the bottom of my heart, as I saw that he made a deep impression on Dossy, who sat in open-mouthed wonder, swallowing them down as a common-councilman swallows turtle. But times are changed. I have seen Paris and London since, and I believe I know both villages as well as most men, and the deuce a word of truth did Brady tell in his whole narrative. In Paris, when not in quarters (he had joined some six or eight months after Waterloo), he lived *au cinquantième* in a dog-hole in the Rue Git-le-Cœur (a street at what I may call the Surrey side of Paris), among carters and other such folk; and in London I discovered that his principal domicile was in one of the courts now demolished to make room for the fine new

gimcrackery at Charing Cross; it was in Round Court, at a pieman's of the name of Dudfield."

"Dick Dudfield?" said Jack Ginger; "I knew the man well—a most particular friend of mine. He was a duffer besides being a pieman, and was transported some years ago. He is now a flourishing merchant in Australasia, and will, I suppose, in due time be grandfather to a member of Congress."

"There it was that Brady lived, then," continued Bob Burke, "when he was hobnobbing with Georgius Quartus, and dancing at Almack's with Lady Elizabeth Conynghame. Faith, the nearest approach he ever made to royalty was when he was put into the King's own Bench, where he sojourned many a long day. What an ass I was to believe a word of such stuff! but, nevertheless, it goes down with the rustics to the present minute. I sometimes sport a duke or so myself, when I find myself among yokels, and I rise vastly in estimation by so doing. What do we come to London or Paris for, but to get some touch of knowing how to do things properly? It would be devilish hard, I think, for Ensign Brady, or Ensign Brady's master, to do me now-a-days by flammng off titles of high life."

The company did no more than justice to Mr. Burke's experience by unanimously admitting that such a feat was all but impossible.

"I was," he went on, "a good deal annoyed at my inferiority, and I could not help seeing that Miss Dossy was making comparisons that were rather odious, as she glanced from the gay uniform of the ensign on my habiliments, which having been perpetrated by a Mallow tailor with a hatchet, or pitchfork, or pickaxe, or some such tool, did not stand the scrutiny to advantage. I was, I think, a better-looking fellow than Brady. Well, well, laugh if you like. I am no beauty, I know; but, then, consider that what I am talking of was sixteen years ago, and more; and a man does not stand the battering I have gone through for these sixteen years with impunity. Do you call the thirty or forty thousand tumblers of punch, in all its varieties, that I have since imbibed, nothing?"

"Yes," said Jack Ginger, with a sigh, "there was a song we used to sing on board the 'Brimstone,' when cruising about the Spanish main—

"If Mars leaves his scars, jolly Bacchus as well  
Sets his trace on the face, which a toper will tell;  
But which a more merry campaign has paraded,  
The shedder of wine, or the shedder of blood?"

I forget the rest of it. Poor Ned Nixon! It was he who made that song; he was afterwards bit in two by a shark, having tumbled overboard in the cool of the evening, one fine summer day, off Port Royal."

"Well, at all events," said Burke, continuing his narrative, "I thought I was a better-looking fellow than my rival, and was fretted at being sung down. I was resolved to outstay him—and though he sate long enough, I, who was more at home, contrived to remain after him, but it was only to hear him extolled.

" 'A very nice young man,' said Mrs. Macnamara.

" 'An extreme nice young man,' responded Miss Theodosia.

" 'A perfect gentleman in his manners; he puts me quite in mind of my uncle, the late Jerry O'Regan,' observed Mrs. Macnamara.

" 'Quite the gentleman in every particular,' ejaculated Miss Theodosia.

" 'He has seen a great deal of the world for so young a man,' remarked Mrs. Macnamara.

" 'He has mixed in the best society, too,' cried Miss Theodosia.

" 'It is a great advantage to a young man to travel,' quoth Mrs. Macnamara.

" 'And a very great disadvantage to a young man to be always sticking at home,' chimed in Miss Theodosia, looking at me; 'it shuts them out from all chances of the elegance which we have just seen displayed by Ensign Brady of the 48th Foot.'

" 'For my part,' said I, 'I do not think him such a very elegant fellow at all. Do you remember, Dossy Macnamara, how he looked when he got up out of the green puddle to-day?'

" 'Mr. Burke,' said she, 'that was an accident that might happen any man. You were thrown yourself this day week, on clearing Jack Falvey's wall—so you need not reflect on Mr. Brady.'

" 'If I was,' said I, 'it was as fine a leap as ever was made; and I was on my mare in half a shake afterwards. Bob Buller of Ballythomas, or Jack Prendergast, or Fergus O'Connor, could not have it rode it better. And you too —'

" 'Well,' said she, 'I am not going to dispute with you. I am sleepy, and must get to bed.'

" 'Do, poor chicken,' said Mrs. Macnamara, soothingly; 'and, Bob, my dear, I wish it was in your power to go travel, and see the Booleries and the Tooleywards, and the rest, and then you might be, in course of time, as genteel as Ensign Brady.'

" 'Heigho!' said Miss Dossy, ejecting a sigh. 'Travel, Bob, travel.'

" 'I will,' said I, at once, and left the house in the most abrupt manner, after consigning Ensign Brady to the particular attention of Tisiphone, Alecto, and Megera, all compressed into one emphatic monosyllable.

" On leaving Dossy's lodgings, I began to consult the state of my heart. Am I really, said I, so much in love, as to lose my temper if this prating ensign should carry off the lady? I was much puzzled to resolve the question. I walked up and down the Spa-Walk, whiffing a cigar, for a quarter of an hour, without being able to come to a decision. At last, just as the cigar was out, my eye caught a light in the window of Barney Pulvertaft, the attorney—old Six-and-Eightpence, as we used to call him. I knew he was the confidential agent of the Macnamaras; and as he had carried on sixteen lawsuits for my father, I thought I had a claim to learn something about the affairs of Miss Dossy. I understood she was an heiress, but had never, until now, thought of inquiring into the precise amount

of her expectancies. Seeing that the old fellow was up, I determined to step over, and found him in the middle of law-papers, although it was then rather late, with a pot-bellied jug, of the beehive pattern, by his side, full of punch—or rather, I should say, half-full; for Six-and-Eightpence had not been idle. His snuff-coloured wig was cocked on one side of his head—his old velveteen breeches open at the knee—his cravat off—his shirt unbuttoned—his stockings half-down his lean legs—his feet in a pair of worsted slippers. The old fellow was, in short, relaxed for the night, but he had his pen in his hand.

" 'I am only filling copies of *capitales*, Bob,' said he, 'light and pleasant work, which does not distress one in an evening. There are a few of your friends booked here. What has brought you to me so late to-night?—but your father's son is always welcome. Ay, there were few men like your father—never staggled in a lawsuit in his life—saw it always out to the end—drove it from court to court;—if he was beat, why, so much the worse, but he never fretted—if he won, faith! he squeezed the opposite party well. Ay, he was a good-hearted, honest, straightforward man. I wish I had a hundred such clients. So here's his memory, anyhow.'

" Six-and-Eightpence had a good right to give the toast, as what constituted the excellence of my father in his eyes had moved most of the good acres of Ballyburke out of the family into the hands of the lawyers; but from filial duty I complied with the attorney's request—the more readily, because I well knew, from long experience, that his skill in punch-making was unimpeachable. So we talked about my father's old lawsuits, and I got Barney into excellent humour, by letting him tell me of the great skill and infinite adroitness which he had displayed upon a multiplicity of occasions. It was not, however, until we were deep in the second jug, and Six-and-Eightpence was beginning to show symptoms of being *cut*, that I ventured to introduce the subject of my visit. I did it as cautiously as I could, but the old fellow soon found out my drift.

" 'No,' hiccuped he—'Bob—'twont—'twont—do. Close as green—green wax. Never to-tell profess-profess-professional secrets. Know her expectancies to a ten ten-penny. No you are after—after—her? Ah, Bo-bob! She'll be a catch—but not a wo-word from me. No—never. Barney Pe-pulvertaft is game to the last. Never be-betrayed ye-your father. God rest his soul—he was a wo-worthy man.'

" On this recollection of the merits of my sainted sire the attorney wept; and in spite of all his professional determinations, whether the potency of the fluid or the memory of the deceased acted upon him, I got at the facts. Dossy had not more than a couple of hundred pounds in the world—her mother's property was an annuity which expired with herself; but her uncle, by the father's side, Mick Macnamara of Kawleash, had an estate of at least five hundred a year, which, in case of his dying without issue, was to come to her—besides a power of money saved; Mick being one who, to use the elegant phraseology

of my friend the attorney, would skin a flea for the sake of selling the hide. All this money, ten thousand pounds, or something equally musical, would in all probability go to Miss Dossy—the £500 a year was hers by entail. Now, as her uncle was eighty-four years old, unmarried, and in the last stage of the palsy, it was a thing as sure as the bank, that Miss Dossy was a very rich heiress indeed.

“‘So—so,’ said Six-and-Eightpence—‘this—is strictly confiddle-confid-confidential. Do—lo not say a word about it. I ought not to have told it—but, you do-dog, you wheedled it out of me. Da-dang it, I co-could not ref-refuse your father’s son. You are ve-very like him—as I sa-saw him sitting many a ti-time in that cha-chair. But you nev-never will have his spu-spunk in a sho-shoot (suit). There, the lands of Arry-arry-arry-bally-bally-be-beg-clock-clough-macde-de-duagh—con-found the wo-word—of Arryballybegcloughmacduagh, the finest be-bog in the co-country—are ye-yours—but you haven’t spu-spunk to go into Cha-chancery for it, like your worthy fa-father, Go-god rest his soul. Blow out that se-second ca-candle, Bo-bob, for I hate waste.’

“‘There’s but one in the room, Barney,’ said I.

“‘You mean to say,’ hiccuped he, ‘that I am te-te-tipsy? Well, well, ye-young fe-fellows, well, I am their je-joke. However, as the je-jug is out, you must be je-jogging. Early to bed, and early to rise, is the way to be —. However, le-lend me your arm up the sta-stairs, for they are very slip-slippery to-night.’

“I conducted the attorney to his bedchamber, and safely stowed him into bed, while he kept stammering forth praises on my worthy father, and upbraiding me with want of spunk in not carrying on a Chancery suit begun by him some twelve years before, for a couple of hundred acres of bog, the value of which would scarcely have amounted to the price of the parchment expended on it. Having performed this duty, I proceeded homewards, labouring under a variety of sensations.

“How delicious is the feeling of love, when it first takes full possession of a youthful bosom! Before its balmy influence vanish all selfish thoughts all grovelling notions. Pure and sublimated, the soul looks forward to objects beyond self, and merges all ideas of personal identity in aspirations of the felicity to be derived from the being adored. A thrill of rapture pervades the breast—an intense but bland flame permeates every vein—throbs in every pulse. Oh, blissful period, brief in duration, but crowded with thoughts of happiness never to recur again! As I gained the Walk, the moon was high and bright in heaven, pouring a flood of mild light over the trees. The stars shone with sapphire lustre in the cloudless sky—not a breeze disturbed the deep serene. I was alone. I thought of my love—of what else could I think? What I had just heard had kindled my passion for the divine Theodosia into a quenchless blaze. Yes, I exclaimed aloud, I *do* love her. Such an angel does not exist on the earth. What charms! What innocence! What horse-

womanship! Five hundred a year certain! Ten thousand pounds in perspective! I’ll repurchase the lands of Ballyburke—I’ll rebuild the hunting-lodge in the Galtees—I’ll keep a pack of hounds, and live a sporting life. Oh, dear, divine Theodosia, how I *do* adore you! I’ll shoot that Brady, and no mistake. How dare he interfere where my affections are so irrevocably fixed?

“Such were my musings. Alas! how we are changed as we progress through the world! That breast becomes arid, which once was open to every impression of the tender passion. The rattle of the dice-box beats out of the head the rattle of the quiver of Cupid—and the shuffling of the cards renders the rustling of his wings inaudible. The necessity of looking after a tablecloth supersedes that of looking after a petticoat, and we more willingly make an assignation with a mutton-chop than with an angel in female form. The bonds of love are exchanged for those of the conveyancer—bills take the place of billets, and we do not protest, but are protested against by a three-and-sixpenny notary. Such are the melancholy effects of age. I knew them not then. I continued to muse full of sweet thoughts, until gradually the moon faded from the sky—the stars went out—and all was darkness. Morning succeeded to night, and, on awakening, I found that, owing to the forgetfulness in which the thoughts of the fair Theodosia had plunged me, I had selected the bottom step of old Barney Pulvertaft’s door as my couch, and was awakened from repose in consequence of his servant-maid (one Norry Mulcahy having emptied the contents of her—washing-tub, over my slumbering person.

“At night I had fallen asleep fierce in the determination of exterminating Brady; but with the morrow, cool reflection came—made probably cooler by the aspersion I had suffered. How could I fight him, when he had never given me the slightest affront? To be sure, picking a quarrel is not hard, thank God, in any part of Ireland; but unless I was quick about it, he might get so deep into the good graces of Dossy, who was as flammable as tinder, that even my shooting him might not be of any practical advantage to myself. Then, besides, he might shoot me; and, in fact, I was not by any means so determined in the affair at seven o’clock in the morning as I was at twelve o’clock at night. I got home, however, dressed, shaved, &c., and turned out. ‘I think,’ said I to myself, ‘the best thing I can do, is to go and consult Wooden-leg Waddy; and, as he is an early man, I shall catch him now.’ The thought was no sooner formed than executed; and in less than five minutes I was walking with Wooden-leg Waddy in his garden, at the back of his house, by the banks of the Blackwater.

“Waddy had been in the Hundred-and-First, and had seen much service in that distinguished corps.”

“I remember it well during the war,” said Antony Harrison; “we used to call it the Hungry-and-Worst;—but it did its duty on a pinch, nevertheless.”

“No matter,” continued Burke; “Waddy had

served a good deal, and lost his leg somehow, for which he had a pension besides his half-pay, and he lived in ease and affluence among the Bucks of Mallow. He was a great hand at settling and arranging duels, being what we generally call in Ireland, a *judgmatical* sort of man—a word which, I think, might be introduced with advantage into the English vocabulary. When I called on him he was smoking his meerschaum, as he walked up and down his garden in an old undress-coat, and a fur cap on his head. I bade him good-morning; to which salutation he answered by a nod, and a more prolonged whiff.

“‘I want to speak to you, Wooden-leg,’ said I, ‘on a matter which nearly concerns me.’ On which I received another nod, and another whiff in reply.

“‘The fact is,’ said I, ‘that there is an Ensign Brady of the 48th quartered here, with whom I have some reason to be angry, and I am thinking of calling him out. I have come to ask your advice whether I should do so or not. He has deeply injured me, by interfering between me and the girl of my affections. What ought I to do in such a case?’

“‘Fight him, by all means,’ said Wooden-leg Waddy.

“‘But the difficulty is this—he has offered me no affront, direct or indirect—we have no quarrel whatever—and he has not paid any addresses to the lady. He and I have scarcely been in contact at all. I do not see how I can manage it immediately with any propriety. What then can I do now?’

“‘Do not fight him, by any means,’ said Wooden-leg Waddy.

“‘Still these are the facts of the case. He, whether intentionally or not, is coming between me and my mistress, which is doing me an injury perfectly equal to the grossest insult. How should I act?’

“‘Fight him, by all means,’ said Wooden-leg Waddy.

“‘But, then I fear if I were to call him out on a groundless quarrel, or one which would appear to be such, that I should lose the good graces of the lady, and be laughed at by my friends, or set down as a quarrelsome and dangerous companion.’

“‘Do not fight him, then, by any means,’ said Wooden-leg Waddy.

“‘Yet, as he is a military man, he must know enough of the etiquette of these affairs to feel perfectly confident that he has affronted me; and the opinion of a military man, standing, as of course he does, in the rank and position of a gentleman, could not, I think, be overlooked without disgrace.’

“‘Fight him, by all means,’ said Wooden-leg Waddy.

“‘But, then, talking of gentlemen, I own he is an officer of the 48th, but his father is a fish-tackle seller in John-street, Kilkenny, who keeps a three-halfpenny shop, where you may buy everything, from a cheese to a cheese-toaster, from a felt hat to a pair of brogues, from a pound of brown soap to a yard of huckaback towels. He got his commission by his

father’s retiring from the Ormonds interest, and acting as whipper-in to the sham freeholders from Castlecomer; and I am, as you know, of the best blood of the Burkes—straight from the De Burgo themselves—and when I think of that, I really do not like to meet this Mr. Brady.’

“‘Do not fight him, by any means,’ said Wooden-leg Waddy.”

“‘This advice of your friend Waddy to you,’ said Tom Meggot, interrupting Burke, “much resembles that which Pantagruel gave Panurge on the subject of his marriage, as I heard a friend of mine, Percy, of Gray’s Inn, reading to me the other day.”

“‘I do not know the people you speak of,’” continued Bob, “but such was the advice which Waddy gave me.

“‘Why,’ said I, ‘Wooden-leg, my friend, this is like playing battledore and shuttlecock: what is knocked forward with one hand is knocked back with the other. Come, tell me what I ought to do?’

“‘Well,’ said Wooden-leg, taking the meerschaum out of his mouth, ‘*in dubiis suspicio, &c.* Let us decide it by tossing a halfpenny. If it comes down head, you fight—if *harp*, you do not. Nothing can be fairer.’

“‘I assented.

“‘Which,’ said he, ‘is it to be—two out of three, as at Newmarket, or the first toss to decide?’

“‘Sudden death,’ said I, ‘and there will soon be an end of it.’

“‘Up went the halfpenny, and we looked with anxious eyes for its descent, when, unluckily, it stuck in a gooseberry-bush.

“‘I don’t like that,’ said Wooden-leg Waddy, ‘for it’s a token of bad luck. But here goes again.’

“‘Again the copper soared to the sky, and down it came—head.

“‘I wish you joy, my friend,’ said Waddy; ‘you are to fight. That was my opinion all along; though I did not like to commit myself. I can lend you a pair of the most beautiful duelling-pistols ever put into a man’s hand—Wogden’s, I swear. The last time they were out they shot Joe Brown of Mount Badger as dead as Harry the Eighth.’

“‘Will you be my second?’ said I.

“‘Why, no,’ replied Wooden-leg, ‘I cannot; for I am bound over by a rascally magistrate to keep the peace, because I barely broke the head of a blackguard bailiff, who came here to serve a writ on a friend of mine, with one of my spare legs. But I can get you a second at once. My nephew, Major Mug, has just come to me on a few days’ visit, and, as he is quite idle, it will give him some amusement to be your second. Look up at his bedroom—you see he is shaving himself.’

“‘In a short time the Major made his appearance dressed with a most military accuracy of costume. There was not a speck of dust on his well-brushed blue surtout—not a vestige of hair, except the regulation whiskers, on his closely-shaven countenance. His hat was brushed to the most glossy perfection—his boots shone in the jetty glow of Day and Martin.



There was scarcely an ounce of flesh on his hard and weather-beaten face, and, as he stood rigidly upright, you would have sworn that every sinew and muscle of his body was as stiff as whipcord. He saluted us in military style, and was soon put in possession of the case. Wooden-leg Waddy insinuated that there were hardly as yet grounds for a duel.

"'I differ,' said Major Mug, 'decidedly—the grounds are ample. I never saw a clearer case in my life, and I have been principal or second in seven-and-twenty. If I collect your story rightly, Mr. Burke, he gave you an abrupt answer in the field, which was highly derogatory to the lady in question, and impertinently rude to yourself?'

"'He certainly,' said I, 'gave me what we call a short answer; but I did not notice it at the time, and he has since made friends with the young lady.'

"'It matters nothing,' observed Major Mug, 'what you may think, or she may think; the business is now in my hands, and I must see you through it. The first thing to be done is to write him a letter. Send out for paper—let it be gilt-edged, Waddy, that we may do the thing genteelly. I'll dictate, Mr. Burke, if you please.'

"'And so he did. As well as I can recollect, the note was as follows:—

"'SPA-WALK, MALLOW, June 3, 18—  
"Eight o'clock in the morning.

"'SIR,—A desire for harmony and peace, which has at all times actuated my conduct, prevented me, yesterday, from asking you the meaning of the short and contemptuous message which you commissioned me to deliver to a certain young lady of our acquaintance, whose name I do not choose to drag into a correspondence. But now that there is no danger of its disturbing anyone, I must say that in your desiring me to tell that young lady she might consider herself as d—d, you were guilty of conduct highly unbecoming of an officer and a gentleman, and subversive of the discipline of the hunt. I have the honour to be, sir, your most obedient humble servant,

"'ROBERT BURKE.

"'P. S.—This note will be delivered to you by my friend, Major Mug, of the 3rd West Indian; and you will, I trust, see the propriety of referring him to another gentleman without further delay.'

"'That, I think, is neat,' said the Major. 'Now seal it with wax, Mr. Burke, with wax—and let the seal be your arms. That's right. Now direct it.'

"'Ensign Brady?'

"'No—no—the right thing would be, "Mr. Brady, Ensign, 48th Foot," but custom allows, "Esquire." That will do.—"Thady Brady, Esq., Ensign, 48th Foot, Barracks, Mallow." He shall have it in less than a quarter of an hour.'

"The Major was as good as his word, and in about half an hour he brought back the result of his mission. The Ensign, he told us, was extremely reluctant to fight, and wanted to be off, on the ground that he had meant no offence, did not even remember having used the expression, and offered to ask the lady if she conceived for a moment he had

any idea of saying anything but what was complimentary to her.

"'In fact,' said the Major, 'he at first plumply refused to fight; but I soon brought him to reason. 'Sir,' said I, 'you either consent to fight, or refuse to fight. In the first case, the thing is settled to hand, and we are not called upon to inquire if there was an affront or not; in the second case, your refusal to comply with a gentleman's request is of itself an offence for which he has a right to call you out. Put it, then, on any grounds, you must fight him. It is perfectly indifferent to me what the grounds may be, and I have only to request the name of your friend, as I too much respect the coat you wear to think that there can be any other alternative.' This brought the chap to his senses, and he referred me to Captain Codd, of his own regiment, at which I felt much pleased, because Codd is an intimate friend of my own, he and I having fought a duel three years ago in Falmouth, in which I lost the top of this little finger, and he his left whisker. It was a near touch. He is as honourable a man as ever paced a ground; and I am sure that he will no more let this man off the field until business is done, than I would myself.'

"'I own," continued Burke, "I did not half relish this announcement of the firm purpose of our seconds, but I was in for it, and could not get back. I sometimes thought Dossy a dear purchase at such an expense; but it was no use to grumble. Major Mug was sorry to say that there was a review to take place immediately, at which the Ensign must attend, and it was impossible for him to meet me until the evening; 'but,' added he, 'at this time of the year it can be of no great consequence. There will be plenty of light till nine, but I have fixed seven. In the meantime, you may as well divert yourself with a little pistol-practice, but do it on the sly, as, if they were shabby enough to have a trial, it would not tell well before the jury.'

"Promising to take a quiet chop with me at five, the Major retired, leaving me not quite contented with the state of affairs. I sat down, and wrote a letter to my cousin, Phil Purdon of Kanturk, telling him what I was about, and giving directions what was to be done in the case of any fatal event. I communicated to him the whole story—deplored my unhappy fate in being thus cut off in the flower of my youth—left him three pair of buckskin breeches—and repented my sins. This letter I immediately packed off by a special messenger, and then began half-a-dozen others, of various styles of tenderness and sentimentality, to be delivered after my melancholy decease. The day went off fast enough, I assure you; and at five the Major, and Wooden-leg Waddy, arrived in high spirits.

"'Here, my boy,' said Waddy, handing me the pistols, 'here are the flutes: and pretty music, I can tell you, they make.'

"'As for dinner,' said Major Mug, 'I do not much care; but, Mr. Burke, I hope it is ready, as I am rather hungry. We must dine lightly, however, and drink not much. If we come off with flying colours,

we may crack a bottle together by-and-by; in case you shoot Brady, I have everything arranged for our keeping out of the way until the thing blows over—if he shoots you, I'll see you buried. Of course, you would not recommend anything so ungenteeled as a prosecution? No. I'll take care it shall all appear in the papers, and announce that Robert Burke, Esq., met his death with becoming fortitude, assuring the unhappy survivor that he heartily forgave him, and wished him health and happiness.

"I must tell you," said Wooden-leg Waddy, 'it's all over Mallow, and the whole town will be on the ground to see it. Miss Dosy knows of it, and is quite delighted—she says she will certainly marry the survivor. I spoke to the magistrate to keep out of the way, and he promised that, though it deprived him of a great pleasure, he would go and dine five miles off—and know nothing about it. But here comes dinner. Let us be jolly.'

"I cannot say that I played on that day as brilliant a part with the knife and fork as I usually do, and did not sympathise much in the speculations of my guests, who pushed the bottle about with great energy, recommending me, however, to refrain. At last the Major looked at his watch, which he had kept lying on the table before him from the beginning of dinner—started up—clapped me on the shoulder, and declaring it only wanted six minutes and thirty-five seconds of the time, hurried me off to the scene of action—a field close by the castle.

"There certainly was a miscellaneous assemblage of the inhabitants of Mallow, all anxious to see the duel. They had pitted us like gamecocks, and bets were freely taken as to the chances of our killing one another, and the particular spots. One betted on my being hit in the jaw, another was so kind as to lay the odds on my knee. A tolerably general opinion appeared to prevail that one or other of us was to be killed; and much good-humoured joking took place among them while they were deciding which. As I was double the thickness of my antagonist, I was clearly the favourite for being shot; and I heard one fellow near me say, 'Three to two on Burke, that he's shot first—I bet in tenpennies.'

"Brady and Codd soon appeared, and the preliminaries were arranged with much punctilio between our seconds, who mutually and loudly extolled each other's gentlemanlike mode of doing business. Brady could scarcely stand with fright, and I confess that I did not feel quite as Hector of Troy, or the Seven Champions of Christendom are reported to have done on similar occasions. At last the ground was measured—the pistols handed to the principals—the handkerchief dropped—whiz! went the bullet within an inch of my ear—and crack! went mine exactly on Ensign Brady's waistcoat pocket. By an unaccountable accident, there was a five-shilling piece in that very pocket, and the ball glanced away, while Brady doubled himself down, uttering a loud howl that might be heard half a mile off. The crowd was so attentive as to give a huzza for my success.

"Codd ran up to his principal, who was writhing

as if he had ten thousand colics, and soon ascertained that no harm was done.

"What do you propose," said he to my second—"what do you propose to do, Major?"

"As there is neither blood drawn nor bone broken," said the Major, 'I think that shot goes for nothing.'

"I agree with you," said Captain Codd.

"If your party will apologise," said Major Mug, 'I'll take my man off the ground.'

"Certainly," said Captain Codd, 'you are quite right, Major, in asking the apology, but you know that it is my duty to refuse it.'

"You are correct, Captain," said the Major; 'I then formally require that Ensign Brady apologise to Mr. Burke.'

"I as formally refuse it," said Captain Codd.

"We must have another shot then," said the Major.

"Another shot, by all means," said the Captain.

"Captain Codd," said the Major, 'you have shown yourself in this, as in every transaction of your life, a perfect gentleman.'

"He who would dare to say," replied the Captain, 'that Major Mug is not among the most gentlemanlike men in the service, would speak what is untrue.'

"Our seconds bowed, took a pinch of snuff together, and proceeded to load the pistols. Neither Brady nor I was particularly pleased at these complimentary speeches of the gentlemen, and, I am sure, had we been left to ourselves, would have declined the second shot. As it was, it appeared inevitable.

"Just, however, as the process of loading was completing, there appeared on the ground my cousin, Phil Purdon, rattling in on his black mare as hard as he could lick. When he came in sight he bawled out—

"I want to speak to the plaintiff in this action—I mean, to one of the parties in this duel. I want to speak to you, Bob Burke."

"The thing is impossible, sir," said Major Mug.

"Perfectly impossible, sir," said Captain Codd.

"Possible or impossible is nothing to the question," shouted Purdon; 'Bob, I must speak to you.'

"It is contrary to all regulation," said the Major.

"Quite contrary," said the Captain.

"Phil, however, persisted, and approached me. 'Are you fighting about Dosy Mac?' said he to me, in a whisper.

"Yes," I replied.

"And she is to marry the survivor, I understand?"

"So I am told," said I.

"Back out, Bob, then; back out at the rate of a hunt. Old Mick Macnamara is married."

"Married!" I exclaimed.

"Poz," said he. 'I drew the articles myself. He married his housemaid, a girl of eighteen; and—here he whispered.

"What," I cried, 'six months!'

“ ‘Six months,’ said he, ‘and no mistake.’

“ ‘Ensign Brady,’ said I, immediately coming forward, ‘there has been a strange misconception in this business. I here declare, in presence of this honourable company, that you have acted throughout like a man of honour, and a gentleman; and you leave the ground without a stain on your character.’

“ ‘Brady leaped three feet off the ground with joy at the unexpected deliverance. He forgot all etiquette, and came forward to shake me by the hand.

“ ‘My dear Burke,’ said he, ‘it must have been a mistake: let us swear eternal friendship.’

“ ‘For ever,’ said I. ‘I resign you Miss Theodosia.’

“ ‘You are too generous,’ he said, ‘but I cannot abuse your generosity.’

“ ‘It is unprecedented conduct,’ growled Major Mug. ‘I’ll never be second to a *Pekin* again.’

“ ‘My principal leaves the ground with honour,’ said Captain Codd, looking melancholy nevertheless.

“ ‘Humph,’ grunted Wooden-leg Waddy, lighting his meerschaum.

“ ‘The crowd dispersed much displeased, and I fear my reputation for valour did not rise among them. I went off with Purdon to finish a jug at Carmichael’s, and Brady swaggered off to Miss Dosy’s. His renown for valour won her heart. It cannot be denied that I sunk deeply in her opinion. On that very evening Brady broke his love, and was accepted. Mrs. Mac opposed, but the red coat prevailed.

“ ‘He may rise to be a general,’ said Dosy, ‘and be a knight, and then I will be Lady Brady.’

“ ‘Or if my father should be made an earl, angelic Theodosia, you would be Lady Thady Brady,’ said the Ensign.

“ ‘Beautiful prospect!’ cried Dosy, ‘Lady Thady Brady! What a harmonious sound!’

“ ‘But why dally over the detail of my unfortunate loves? Dosy and the Ensign were married before the accident which had befallen her uncle was discovered; and if they were not happy, why, then, you and I may. They have had eleven children, and I understand he now keeps a comfortable eating-house close by Cumberland Basin, in Bristol. Such was my duel with Ensign Brady of the 48th.’

## THE HARE-HOUND AND THE WITCH.

BY MICHAEL BANIM.

Your genuine witches were withered old women, who united in their persons the decrepitude of age with the most marvellous powers of locomotion; half-spirits, half-mortals; who seemed to live solely for the purpose of paying back to the whole human race the hatred lavished by men, women, and children on themselves: who could blight the farmer’s hope of plenty; cheat his cows of their milk, and his wife of her butter; cause the clouds to gather, and the tempest to scourge the earth; and yet, creatures of contrarieties! who, possessed of all this awful power, could not, or would not, redeem themselves from rags, hunger, and misery: they, your genuine witches, as we have already called them, exist not, alas! at present, in our green island. Extinct, though not forgotten, is their race, like that of our noble moose-deer, our formidable wolf, and our as formidable wolf-dog. Degenerate emulators of them, indeed, we still boast—individuals who dip into futurity by the aid of card-cutting or cup-tossing, or who find out stolen property, or vend charms against the peevish malice of the little sprites of the moon-beam. But, compared with their renowned predecessors, these timid assertors of supernatural endowment may be said to disgrace their calling. And even they are sinking in repute, as well as diminishing in numbers.

But we would attempt to preserve, in the following pages, some fit idea of the importance of a true Irish witch of the good olden time. We are aware that the chief event which must wind up our story—the sudden appearance, namely, of a lost heir—(we have the courage to speak it out so soon)—is a threadbare one. It cannot be helped, however: it, at least, is fact, to our own knowledge; although we are not quite as fully accountable for the respectable traditions that surround it with such pleasing wonders as we are about to relate, and which form the real interest of our narration.

On the western coast of Ireland is a certain dangerous bay: into it the broad Atlantic rolls his vast waters. Two leagues inland from its mouth high, black cliffs frown over it, at both sides, of which the bases are hollowed into caverns. And when the winds blow angrily—and any wind can effectually visit the open and exposed estuary—tremendous and terrific is the roar, the dash, and the foam, which deafen the ears and distract the eyes of a spectator. That hapless vessel which, in a storm, cannot avoid an entrance into this merciless turmoil of mad waters has sealed its doom.

Formerly a great number of ships, from different countries, used to be dashed to splinters against the iron-bound coast. A few people conjecture that

the diminution of such terrible accidents, in the present day, is partially owing to some improvement in seamanship, or else to the timely warning now given to distant mariners by lights erected at the mouth of the bay. But other persons, and by far the greater number, in the neighbourhood, think that the comparative paucity of wrecks may more naturally, and satisfactorily, be accounted for in another way. In fact, there does not now reside, as formerly there did, in an almost unapproachable cavern, high up on the face of one of the black cliffs, "a real witch, of the right sort."

Not that her Witchship always dwelt in her cave; no, her visits to it were but occasional. Nor did it ever become necessary for her to proclaim her presence on the coast by exhibiting her person—the results of her close neighbourhood sufficiently "prated of her whereabouts." Farmers' wives toiled in vain at their churns. When no butter would come, self-evident it was that the witch was at that moment in her cavern, seated on her heels, before a vessel of water, from which, by drawing a dead man's hand in through it, she appropriated the produce of other people's honest labour. Cows suddenly went back in their milk;—then it was known that, by passing a wheaten straw between her finger and thumb, the witch amply filled her can, while the owner of the animal uselessly wrought at its udder. Cattle swelled and died;—once again everyone knew who was in the cave under the cliff. And if none of those events, or similar ones, proved her disagreeable proximity, the direful storms and the frightful wrecks in the bay abundantly warranted it. Often, amid the bellowing of the tempest she had raised, swelled her shrieking voice. And while the despairing creatures in the doomed vessel topped each short, high, foam-maned billow, which nearer and nearer dashed them on to their fate, the watchers on the cliff's brow have heard her devilish laugh, until at last it broke into frenzied loudness, as the ship burst, like a glass bubble, against the sharp rocks under her dwelling-hole.

No one could tell whence she came, or when, for a time no longer visible on the coast, whither she went. Occasionally she was observed in conference with certain notorious smugglers; and the men appeared, it was well known, to petition and bribe her for a fair wind with which to enter the bay, and for a foul one to keep their pursuers out of it. As was fully proved by the fact, that invariably their light lugger got in, and was safely moored in some little creek, against danger of coming storm; while the moment the revenue cutter appeared in the offing, out burst the wildest winds from the witch's cavern, up swelled the sea and the bay, in mountain billows; and his majesty's vessel was sure to be wrecked during the night.

Like all of her sisterhood of that famous period, she could change herself, at pleasure, into various shapes. We give a serious proof of her talent in this respect.

A few miles from the coast which she so despotically ruled, resided a considerable landed proprietor. A great hunter of hares and foxes was he. His wife

had just blessed him with an heir to his estate, and the boy was their only child. Of this event the good squire was not a little proud; for, in case of his not leaving male issue his property was to pass away to a distant, obscure, and neglected relation, whom its immediate possessor neither loved nor liked. For the heir-presumptive was mean in his habits and associations, uneducated, and graceless; and it would be a sad thing to know that the fine old family acres were to go into such hands.

Shortly after his wife's confinement, and while she and her baby were "doing well," the squire, to dissipate the recent anxiety he had suffered, sallied forth for a hunting. His pack of harriers were his attendants on this occasion, for the hare was the object of the day's sport.

And, surely, never had such a hare been followed by dogs, or "sohoed" by mortal lips, as the hare he and his friends and pack started, and hunted, upon that memorable day. From breakfast to dinner time, a sweeping and erratic chase did she lead them all; the dogs at full stretch and the horses at top speed. Various accidents happened to the sportsmen: one maimed his steed; another fractured his collar-bone; some swampt in bogs; and none, except our good squire and his huntsman, escaped without injury or disaster. But, from starting to pulling up, they gallantly kept at the dogs' tails.

After an "unprecedented run," the hare suddenly scudded towards the cliffs of the bay, immediately over the witch's cavern. The good harriers pursued; and the eager squire did not stay behind them, his huntsman closely following. The hare gained the verge of the cliff. Sheela, the prime bitch of the pack, just had time to close her, make a chop at her, and take a mouthful of flesh from her haunch, before she leaped down the face of almost a precipice. Dogs and horsemen were at fault; none dared follow her.

In some time, nearly all the other discomfited members of the hunt came up, soiled, wounded, jaded. They heard of the termination of the chase; and all wondered at the extraordinary freaks of the little animal, which had so distressed and baffled the best harriers and the best hunters in the county, taking men and horses together.

"By —!" suddenly exclaimed the huntsman, a young fellow of known hardihood of character, swearing a great oath, "I'll tell yez how it is! ye are after huntin' the witch o' the cave sthraight undher us! It isn't the first time that creatures like her have made a laugh, in this way, of nearly as good men as we are."

Most of his auditors ridiculed the speaker; one or two, however, looked grave, perhaps in patronage to his assertions, perhaps because the pains and aches resulting from their many falls during the day lengthened their faces, darkened their brows, and puckered their lips. The huntsman offered, if anyone would accompany him on the dangerous enterprise, to scale down the cliff, penetrate the witch's cavern, and prove his saying. One did volunteer to be his companion: a humble friend of his own, one

among the crowd of gaping peasants assembled round the gentlemen hunters.

The adventurers succeeded in reaching and entering the awful cave. Upon their return over the edge of the cliff, they reported that they had found the witch at home, stretched, panting, and exhausted upon some straw, in a dark corner of the cave; that they had dragged her, much against her will (indeed her screams certainly had reached the squire and his friends above) to the light, at its opening; had, with main force, examined her person; and, sure enough, had found a deficiency of flesh in her haunch, with, plainly, the marks of Sheela's teeth in and about the wound, from which the blood freely streamed. To be sure, the better-informed hearers of this story, or, at least, the majority of them, still laughed at it. But, whatever they might think, those to whom the talents and capabilities of witches were better known, firmly believed that the squire and his companions had hunted, all that day, a hare, which was no hare, after all: and that the courageous little Sheela had tasted flesh of a forbidden kind.

Happy had it been for the squire and his pet bitch had they proved less eager after their sport. Poor Sheela died in great agony upon the very night of that day, and her master was doomed to a speedy punishment for his own audacity.

Nothing daunted at the idea of whom he had been hunting, he took the field again, a few days after; and now no question could be raised as to the nature of the game he a second time started and pursued. Puss did not, indeed, immediately make for the sea; but this was only a ruse to effect her own malignant purposes. She wanted to get her enemy alone at the edge of the cliff. For this purpose her speed and her manners quite outdid those of a former day: so much so, that, in a few hours, even the dare-neck and dare-devil huntsman was thrown out, and returned with a lamed horse and a sprained ankle to the gentleman who had suffered before him, leaving the squire alone, close upon the dogs.

For a considerable time he and his master's friends awaited the reappearance of the persevering Nimrod. Finally, they repaired to the cliff, which the huntsman had left him speedily approaching. There they found his horse without a rider; himself they never again beheld. The unbelievers in witchcraft immediately surmised that his high-blooded hunter had borne him against his will to the edge of the cliff; had there suddenly started back; and that, by the quick and violent action, the unhappy gentleman had been thrown forward out of his saddle, and precipitated from rock to rock hundreds of feet downward. A few who were able for the effort cautiously descended towards the sea. On their way, they discovered their friend's hunting-cap on the sharp pinnacle of a rock; its iron head-piece was stove in, and it became evident that, after having been loosed from its wearer, by the force of the concussion which had fractured it, the squire's body had tumbled still farther downward. They reached the sea's level. His remains were not visible; they must have fallen into the sea, and been floated away by

its tide. The witch of the cavern disappeared with her victim—her victims, we should say: for her vengeance on the squire was not limited to his own destruction. At the story of his shocking death, hastily and injudiciously communicated, his wife, yet enfeebled by her recent confinement, sickened, and in a few days died. Nay, nearly within the hour of her departure from this world, her only child, the heir to her husband's estate, disappeared, no one could tell whither or by what means. Strange enough to say, however, part of the baby's dress was found on the identical pinnacle of rock where his father's hunting-cap had been met with, and, in the minds of the educated and wealthy of the neighbourhood, this circumstance started doubts of fair dealing towards father and child. Suspicion, however, could fasten itself upon no object; inquiry and investigation did not lead to any solution of the mystery. It need not be added, that by far the greater number of the population of the district smiled at the useless efforts to establish a case of human, that is, ordinarily human agency; or that they went on tranquilly believing that the squire and his family, not forgetting his harrier, had been punished for the mouthful snatched by poor Sheela from the haunch of a certain person.

Twenty years after the time of the tragedy we have detailed our story is resumed. The once indigent and despised relation, of whom mention has before been made, sits at his breakfast-table in the old family house. He is in his forty-fifth year. Like other gentlemen of his day, he carries in his hair the contents of a large pomatum-pot; four tiers of curls rise over his ears; on the top of his head is a huge *toupet*, and a great *queus* lolls, like an ox's tongue, between his broad shoulders. On his loose, wide-sleeved, long-skirted, frock-like coat, is a profusion of gold embroidery; a lace cravat coils round his throat; ruffles flaunt over his knuckles; his gaudy waistcoat reaches only to his knees; satin are his breeches, silken his hose, and ponderous, square silver buckles are in his shoes. So much for the outside of the jocular Squire Hogan. As to his interior pretensions, and, indeed, some of his external ones, too, the least said is the soonest mended. He had never been able to raise himself above the homeliness of his youth; but though we cannot present to the reader, in his person, the model of the true Irish gentleman of his day, we do introduce him in the character of (to repeat what everyone said of him) "as worthy a soul as ever broke the world's bread."

Squire Hogan, upon the morning when we meet him, paid earnest attention to his breakfast. Cold roast beef often filled his plate, and as often rapidly disappeared. Something seemed to gratify his mental palate as well as his corporeal one. A gleish, self-contented smile played over his round, ruddy face; his small, blue eyes glittered, and, to the accompaniment of a short, liquorish laugh, his lips, occasionally, were drawn up at the corners, as he glanced at his daughter—a good-natured, good-tempered, sensible

and beautiful girl of nineteen—who sat opposite to him, sipping her coffee, and picking her muffins. And, whenever their eyes met, well did Catherine know that the chuckling of her father had reference to some little triumph which, as he believed, he had cleverly and cunningly achieved over herself. At length, the good squire relaxed in his meal; emptied the silver tankard of October, which lay at his hand, leaned back in his chair, and laughingly said: "By Jove, Kate, my girl, I nicked you there!"

"Indeed, papa, you played me a roguish turn," assented Kate, convinced from experience that it was pleasant to her parent to have the talent of his practical jokes fully admitted.

"Where did I tell you we were driving to—out of Dublin town, eh?"

"You told me, sir, with as serious a face as you could make, that we were only going to visit a friend, a few miles out of Dublin."

"Ho, ho! Good, by Cork! Choice! a capital hoax, as I'm a living sinner! and I told you this confounded lie with such a serious face, you say?"

"With such a mock-serious face, I meant to say, papa."

"Right, Kate! you are right, beyond yea and nay: a *mock-serious* face. Yes; and there lay the best of it. If I had not been able to keep myself from laughing, you might have suspected something. But I *was* able, as you yourself saw, and as you now don't deny. Though, by Jove, Kate, it was enough to make a dead man shout out, seeing you sitting opposite to me, and believing every word I told you!"

"You kept up the farce cleverly; I must and do admit it, sir."

"Didn't I, Kate, didn't I? And here we are this morning, eighty miles from Dublin, in our own house, and taxing no man's hospitality. But, devil's in it! there's no fun in playing a good trick on you, Kate."

"Why so, dear papa? am I not as easily blinded as your heart could wish?"

"To be sure you are! What else could you be? I never met man, woman, nor child, that I could not puzzle. That's not the thing at all. No; but succeed as I may with you, 'tis impossible to make you a little cross. Why, if I had a lass of spirit to deal with, there would be no end to her tears, and her pouts, and her petitions, the moment she found that I was whisking her away from her balls, and her drums, and her beaux, and all the other dear delights of Dublin."

"I hope that my merry papa does not really wish to have me peevish and short-tempered, even for a greater provocation?"

"Kiss me, Kate; I believe not. And yet, I don't know either, by Cork! There would be fun in tormenting you a bit, in a harmless way. But, Kate, can you give a guess why I ran away with you in such a devil of a hurry?"

"Let me see, papa. I remember you telling me of some original matches you had on hands here, before you set out for Dublin. Perhaps you have engaged the two cripples to run a race on their crutches?"

"No; that's put off—ho, ho!"

"Or the two old women to hop against time, carrying weight for age?"

"Ho, ho! wrong again!"

"Probably you have succeeded in making the two schoolmasters promise to fight out their battle of the squares and angles with their respective birches, their scholars standing by, to see fair play?"

"Ho, ho, ho! No; though that's a matter not to be let slip out of reach neither."

"Then all my guesses are out, papa."

"I'll help you, then. Tell me, you little baggage, what is it on earth you most wish for?"

"Indeed, my dear papa, I have no particular wish to gratify, at the present moment."

"Get out, get out! for a young hypocrite! Kate, wouldn't something like a husband be agreeable to you?"

The girl blushed the colour of a certain young gentleman's coat, and drooped her head. Of that certain young gentleman, however, her worthy father knew nothing, at least in connexion with the present topic.

"Oh, ho! I thought I saw how the land lay."

"Indeed, my dear papa —"

"Say nothing more about it. Leave it all to me, lass. I'll get him for you. None of your half-dead-and-alive fellows, that you could knock down with a tap of your fan. No; he shall be an able, rattling, rollicking chap, able to take your part by land or sea. Did your mother ever tell you how I came by her, my girl?"

Kate answered in the negative.

"I'll tell you, then, as truly as if she were alive to hear me. Though as poor as a church mouse at that time, I was a hearty young shaver: ay, as hearty, though not so matured, as I am this day, now that I am squire of the townland and justice of the peace to boot. By-the-way, I wish they'd make the parish clerk a justice of the peace in my stead; I hate to be trying to look as grave as a mustard-pot, and as solemn as a wig-block! Well, I was at a Christmas raffle, Kate, and your mother's father was there, too—as comical an old boy as you'd wish to know! I had a great regard for him, by Cork! and so, away he and I raffled, and he lost to me every throw, until at last I didn't leave him a stiver. 'All I've won from you, and my watch to boot, against your daughter Nelly!' cries I, of a sudden. 'Done,' cries he, and we threw again; and he lost, and I won again. And that's the way I got your mother, Kate. Now, do you guess anything else I'm going to say about yourself, Kate?"

"Oh, papa, I hope —"

"I know you do hope. Yes, Kate, I *am* going to provide for you in something like the same way —"

"Now, good heavens! papa —"

"Don't speak a word more until you hear me out. At the last club dinner in Dublin, Ned O'Brien calls me aside with a face as long as my own when I'm on the bench, and, after a long-winded beginning, he prays my interest with you, Kate. 'To be sure, man,' says I, 'you must have it.' Then up sneaks George Dempsy, and his business was the same

'By Cork! I'll court her in style for you, my boy,' was my word to George. Then Mick Driscoll takes a turn at me, and begs of me, for the Lord's sake, to listen to him; and I was obliged to listen to him all about his title deeds and his pedigree; and he, too, craved my countenance, with the prettiest girl, and (what he *didn't* call you) the richest heiress in the province. 'By Jove! I'll do my best for you, Mick,' says I; and Mick nearly pulled the arm out of my body, shaking my hand. But I'm not done yet. Harry Walshe made his way to me—and the boy to my fancy is Harry Walshe, Kate. 'I'm up to the saddle-skirts in love with your beautiful Kate,' says Harry. 'Pull away, my hearty fellow,' answers I. 'Never fear but I'll give a plumper at your election.'

"My dear papa ——"

"Let me make an end, as I told you, Kate. Well, after dinner, and the bottle going merrily round, and every one of us right jovial, I rehearsed, for the benefit of the whole company, all the promises I had made, and a high joke it was. 'Here's what I'll do among you all, my good boys,' says I—'Let every one of Kate's wooers be on the turf the first morning of the next hunting season, each mounted in his best style; let there be no pull in from the cover to the death; no baulking or shying, but smooth smack over everything that offers; and the lad that mounts the brush may come a-courting to my daughter Kate.' Well, my girl, you'd think they had all lost their wits at this proposal—such joy amongst them, such shouting. Many a bottle the rivals emptied, each to his own success. In ten days from this blessed morning, the match comes off, my girl; and, whoever wins, Kate will have a wooer worth throwing her cap at."

Kate remained silent: tears of mortification and annoyance, unseen by her father, streaming from her eyes.

"But the cream of the jest I have not told you, Kate. Rattler is in training, privately, the last two months—no one the wiser; and, harkee, Kate! by Cork's own town! I intend to start for you myself! The brush I'll wear in my own cap; and, then, if I haven't my laugh right out, why, in that case, 'tis the divvle that made little apples!"

And, before the sensitive and delicate-minded girl could reply, away went her father to superintend Rattler, greatly chuckling over his scheme; while poor Catherine sat alone to blush and weep over the mortification of being made, by her own father, the object of a vulgar and foolish contention.

Other sad thoughts mingled with her reveries. The unestimated military hero, to whom, while in Dublin, she had all but plighted her troth, had promised, in answer to a letter she despatched to him from the first post where she had halted with her father, on their flight from town, to make his appearance in the country, and try his fortune with the squire. But days had now rolled over, and he came not; neither did he send a line to account for his absence. This was sad mortification to the pure ardency of a first love in the breast of such a girl as Catherine, particularly when

she recollected the disagreeable predicament in which her father had placed her.

The morning of the hunt drew near, and still her lover was absent and silent. The match had become the talk of the whole country. With great difficulty and perseverance, Catherine succeeded in bringing her father's mind to contemplate her position, in something of a vein of seriousness. He could not, indeed, "for the life of him," surmise why she seemed so earnest and annoyed. But he did see and comprehend that she was really unhappy; and the best that he could think of to cheer her he said and swore. He would break his neck with pleasure, and to a dead certainty, rather than not bring home the brush, and fling it into her lap. And when Kate's fears, at this solemn declaration, took, naturally, another turn, the honest squire was again at a loss to account for her tears, her clinging, though gentle embraces, and "her tantrums." He bawled right out, in utter mystification, at her entreaties that, come what might, he would not join the hunt. In fact, upon the appointed morning, away he rode towards the fox-cover, mounted on his crack hunter, Morgan Rattler, as full of buoyancy and vigour, and solicitude, as the youngest of the competitors he expected to meet.

Great shouts rent the skies, as, one by one, the candidates for the gentle Catherine arrived at the appointed ground. Their horses as well as themselves were examined by curious and critical eyes, and heavy bets were laid upon the issue of the day's chase. The squire, without communicating to any of his rivals his intention to hunt for his daughter himself, had contrived that his own foxhounds should be in requisition; because he well knew that Morgan Rattler would do surpassing wonders at their tails.

The ruler of the hounds was the same who had held that situation under the former owner of Squire Hogan's estate. In his youth, twenty years previously, we have noticed him as a daring fellow; we should have added that he used to be as remarkable for his boisterous good spirits as for his reckless intrepidity. Now, however, at five-and-forty, mirth, and even outward dash of every kind, had disappeared from his character. His face was forbidding; his words were few; he never laughed, he never smiled; and, altogether, people regarded him as a dogged and disagreeable man. But enough of our huntsman for the present.

The day promised to be most favourable for the remarkable chase it was to witness. The ground was in prime order; the horses were full of vigour and spirit after their long training; and, except the huntsman's (and he comes in again sooner than we foresaw), every face beamed with joyous animation. In fact, upon this day, he was making himself particularly offensive; quarrelling unnecessarily with his hounds, sulkily refusing to take any advice or opinions (commands were out of the question) concerning his treatment of them, giving short answers, and looking "as black as thunder."

"What is the matter with you, Daniel?" questioned the squire.

"I have no fancy for the work to-day," answered the huntsman.

"Why so, man?—what is all this about?"

"It was this day twenty years that my ould master followed the witch down the rocks into the say; and I was dreaming last night that he and I were hunting here again together, and that he dhruv me down head foremost from the brow of the cliff afore him."

"Hutt, hutt, you fool! there is no witch to hunt now, you know."

"I know no such thing. You havn't heard that she is in her cave again."

"Pho, no. 'Tis impossible."

"It is not impossible; 'tis throe. Let little Tony take my place to-day; for I tell you, twice over, I don't like the work."

"Bother, Daniel! This day, of all days, I can't and won't spare you. Draw on the dogs. Come, stir! see to your business."

With mutterings and growlings Daniel proceeded to obey. He cast the dogs into the cover. For some time they drew through it in silence. Presently some yelpings were heard; then the leader of the pack sent forth his most melodious note; dogs and men took it up; the fox broke cover; away after him stretched the eager hounds, and, close upon them, the no less eager huntsmen.

The squire stood still a moment, willing to let the foremost and most headlong candidates for his daughter's favour blow their horses a little before he would himself push forward. While thus manoeuvring—"Whom have we here?" he asked of the person nearest to him. His inquiry was aroused by a strange huntsman who had just then appeared on the ground, no one could tell whence.

"By the good day!" exclaimed the person addressed, "that's Jack Hogan, who fell over the cliff this day twenty years."

"Nonsense, nonsense," said the squire. The stranger turned round his head, as if he could have heard these words, though he was at a good distance.

"'Tis he, man! just as he looked the last day he hunted!—his very dress!—see how different from ours;—and his black horse. I'd know horse and rider among a million! By all that's good, it is himself!"

The horses of the squire and of his neighbour, a man of fifty, who thus spoke, would brook no further delay. Their riders were compelled to loosen their reins, and allow them to spring onward.

Daniel, the black-browed huntsman, was at this moment immediately next the hounds. Two or three of the rivals for fair Catherine's love rode within a little distance of him. The new comer loitered behind the last of the candidates: of course the squire and his friend now pressed him hard. Suddenly his coal-black horse, seemingly without an effort, and certainly independently of one from his master, cleared the ground between him and Daniel. The huntsman turned in his saddle, fixed an appalled look on his follower, uttered a wild cry, and desperately dashed his spurs into the sides of his

steed. The stranger, still seemingly unexcited, as also appeared his horse, stuck so close to Daniel's crupper, that he could have put his hand upon it.

All were of a mind that the fox outstripped the wind in swiftness. The hounds did their very best, and more than they had ever done before, to keep near to him. Each huntsman, including even our honest squire, spared not whip and spur to rival them. But the huntsman first, and the stranger at his horse's tail, were the only persons who succeeded in the achievement.

Vain was the endeavour to come up with those two. Every now and then black Daniel would glare behind him into the face of his pursuer, and with a new shout of horror re-urge his hunter to greater speed; still and still, although the stranger sat tranquilly in his saddle, Daniel could not gain a stirrup's length ahead of him. Over hill and valley, over ditch and hedge, over bog and stream, they swept, or plunged, or leaped, or scrambled, or swam close upon the dogs, as if life were no value; or as if they were carried, eddied forward, with supernatural speed, and in superhuman daring. Onward, onward they swept, scarce seeming to touch the earth, until at length only three other horsemen were able to keep them even in distant view. Soon after those three became two, again but one followed remotely in their track; and this one was our excellent friend, Squire Hogan.

The sea-cliffs came in view, and straight towards them did the mad chase turn. In amazement, if not in terror, the squire pulled up his horse on a rising-ground, and stood still to note its further progress. He saw the panting fox make for the dangerous place over the cliff's brow. For an instant he saw him on its very line. The next, he disappeared towards the sea. At his brush came the hounds—down they plunged also. The rival horsemen followed—they, too, were in a second lost to view. A woman suddenly started up over the perilous pass, gazed below, and then sprang as if into the air.

The mysterious fate of his predecessor fully occurred to our squire; and he sensibly vowed to himself that "By Cork, the faggot of a witch should never tempt him to leave the world by the same road." He also brought to mind his huntsman's words that morning; and a struggle arose between his reason and his superstitious propensities, as to whether or no the man's dream had been verified.

While thus mentally engaged, one of the baffled aspirants for Catherine's hand came up, himself and his horse soiled and jaded. Another and another followed, until almost all the members of the day's hunt surrounded Squire Hogan. He recited to them what he had witnessed. Greatly excited, some of them dismounted, and, under the care of an experienced guide, descended the cliff.

They found that the bewitched hounds and their bewitched followers need not, as the squire had supposed, have jumped direct from the land into the sea, inasmuch as they might have turned, obliquely, into a narrow, rocky ravine. Down this pass, how-



ever, it seemed impossible that horses of mortal mould could have found a footing. The explorers themselves were obliged to follow their guide very cautiously, as well to avoid tumbling downward, as to save their heads from the loose stones and fragments of rocks which almost every step displaced and set in motion.

After having proceeded a little way, they caught, far below them, a glimpse of the dogs, whose cry came up to them, mingled with the roar and chafe of the waters of the sea. Shortly after they saw the huntsman, still closely pressed by the stranger. The next moment dogs, horses, and riders were lost to view, behind a curve of the tortuous and stony course of the ravine, all hurrying onward and downward, with whirlwind speed, as if to bury themselves in the waves of the ocean.

Our adventurers, persevering in their descent, suddenly turned a projecting rock, and came in view of a strip of strand, running promontory-like, into the sea; this they soon gained. Daniel, the huntsman, lay on his back upon it; his horse not to be seen. His dogs were squatted around him, each holding a fragment of bone between his teeth. The stranger sat still in his saddle, as if intensely observing the prostrate man. The woman who had appeared to Squire Hogan on the cliff's brow stood on a rock amid the shallow breakers which rippled over the edges of the neck of the strand.

As the explorers approached this group, the unknown horseman glanced towards them, took off his cap, waved it, and said, "Let no man claim Catherine Hogan's hand till I come to woo it. I have hunted for her, won her, and she is mine."

Those of Catherine's lovers who heard this speech were not chicken-hearted fellows. They resolved to ascertain who was the dictatorial speaker. Their friend, Squire Hogan, appeared in view, having nearly completed, at his cautious leisure, the descent to the sea's level, after them; and they first approached him, momentarily turning their backs on the object of their interest, for the purpose of consulting him, and enlisting him in a common plan of operations. After some discourse with the good squire, and when he and they would have confronted the unknown horseman, no human form but that of sulky Daniel was visible on the patch of strand. There he lay, stretched at his length, and still apparently insensible.

To him their attention became directed. They found him covered with blood, and seemingly a corpse. His dogs continued to crouch around him, holding bones between their grinning teeth; and they snarled fiercely when the newcomers approached them.

"By the blessed light!" exclaimed the squire, "this is part of a man's skull that Ranger has his teeth through."

"It is," answered Harry Walshe; "and not one of the dogs but holds a human bone between his jaws!"

The prostrate huntsman opened his eyes, and glared fearfully around him.

"What has happened to you, Daniel?" questioned the squire.

Daniel's head turned in the direction of the voice, and he seemed to recognise the speaker.

"Is he gone?" he asked, faintly.

"Is who gone?—for whom do you inquire?"

"The master's spirit—the spirit of the murdered man. The man that I murdered, and buried in this sand, twenty years ago!"

Amid exclamations of surprise and horror from all who heard him, the huntsman gained, for a moment, more perfect power of observation. He looked from one to another of the group around him; then at the dogs; and then, closing his eyes and shuddering, continued to speak in snatches.

"Ay, and it was a cruel murder. I have never slept a night's sleep since I did it. And every dog of the pack brought me one of his bones to-day. I will hide it no longer. I will own it to the world, and suffer for it. His spirit drove me before him to the spot where I had buried his broken body, after I tumbled him over the cliff—yes, buried it as deep as I could dig. Twenty years passed away, and he came to chase me to his unblest grave; and at the sight of it my horse tossed me out of my saddle, and my own accursed bones are broken this day; and so I have half my punishment. Did I see the witch near me, here, awhile ago? I did. The wathers of the say gave her up, alive, to be a witness against me. For, when I was burying him, this day twenty years, I spied her watching me; and I ran after her, and seized her, and pitched her far into the waves. But now she is come to hang me. Let her. I will tell all—of my own accord. I will; and let them hang me for the deed."

He was conveyed to the squire's house and in his presence, and that of other magistrates, made a more ample confession. He had been tempted to commit the murder under the following circumstances:—

The mother of his old master had received under her protection a friendless and penniless orphan girl of low birth. The young huntsman loved her to distraction; and his ardours were seemingly returned, until the squire, then a minor, became his successful rival, seducing, under a promise of marriage at his mother's death, his fickle mistress. Rage, hatred, loathing, took possession of Daniel's heart; he could have beaten out the brains of his young master with the loaded end of his hunting-whip; and his amiable feelings were not added to when, upon a day that he was expostulating, alone, with the estranged object of his affections, the squire suddenly rushed upon him, snatched that identical whip from his hands, and energetically laid it across his own shoulders.

The squire's mother died. The squire cast off his mistress, and married a wealthy wife. It was now the turn of the depraved, bad-hearted and forsaken girl to look for her revenge. Upon certain conditions, she offered herself, "soul and body," and without the trouble of a marriage, to her old lover. Daniel's eager passion for her, and his deep detestation of her undoer had scarce abated. He felt sorely tempted, but hesitated. The girl threw herself in his way from time to time. In almost a year subsequent to the

first attempt to make him a murderer he *was* one, nay, a double one; for, a few days after he had dragged his master off his horse, and hurled him down the cliff, he placed in his tempter's arms, on the understanding that she was to destroy it, the only child of his victim. But, even in the disappointment of his feverish dream of passion, he had a foretaste of the punishment due to his crime. From the moment he committed to her the helpless infant she so much detested he had never seen the authoress of his ruin; and his belief was, that, after having murdered "the child of days," she had put an end to her own existence.

A few hours after this confession the huntsman died.

Whether or not the gentle Catherine shared the popular belief that she had been hunted for, and won by, and was doomed to become a spectre's bride, is not clearly ascertainable. True it is that her cheek faded, that her eye grew dull, and that the smile of contented pleasure forsook her lip, now no longer red nor moist. But these changes may as well be accounted for on less supernatural grounds. Her military adorer still continued absent and silent—he who had so often vowed himself away into worthless sighs, in the big effort to define how much he loved her, and whose only hesitation to declare himself to her father, had always assumed the shape of a fear of being regarded as a speculating fortune-hunter; when, at a glance, it could be ascertained that he was almost an unfriended adventurer, courting the hand of a wealthy heiress.

As for good Squire Hogan, he contrived, or perhaps, rather tried to laugh at the whole thing; vaguely calling it a very good hoax—"a choice one, by Jove!" just to save himself the trouble of trying to unravel it, or else to line his half-felt ignorance on the subject. Meanwhile, he got some cause to laugh a little less than usual. Ejectments were served upon his estate, in the name of the lost son of the man whom he had succeeded in it. Squire Hogan only strove to laugh the more, and to affect that he considered the claim as an uncommonly good attempt at "a capital hoax!" practised upon him by some unknown persons, whom, on some past occasion, he must have outwitted "gloriously." But it was a poor attempt at mirth; and he saw that Catherine, as well as himself, felt it was so.

In fact, he spent many hours alone, mourning for his beloved child, and taxing his brains to shield her from probable and verging misfortune. And a brilliant thought came into his head.

Would it not be a happy, as well as an exceedingly clever thing to dispose of Catherine before the trial at law, grounded upon the ejectments, should commence; and while the matter was little suspected, to one or other of her ardent admirers at the club-dinner in Dublin—to, in fact, Ned O'Brien, or George Dempsey, or Mick Driscoll, or, above all, to Harry Walshe? The wise father made the attempt, duly, four times in succession; and learned, thereby, that the serving of the ejectments was more generally known than he had imagined.

Still he tried to laugh, however, until one morn-

ing, when his boisterousness ended in sudden tears, as he cast his head on Catherine's shoulder, and said: "Oh, Kate, Kate! what is to become of *you*? I think I can bear poverty—but you!"

"My dear father, do not be cast down," answered Catherine; "I can earn money in many ways, for us both, if good people will give me employment."

"And you are going a-working to support your father, Kate?" He left the room, sobbing. His tears affected Catherine to the quick. Other sad and bitter recollections swelled her sorrow into a flood. She could now account for the persevering neglect of her lover—her tenderly-beloved, upon no other grounds than those of her approaching poverty. Ah, that was a heart-cutting thought!

The day upon which the poor squire must necessarily start from the country to attend the trial in Dublin arrived. He commenced his journey with another magnificent conception in his head, to eke out which he carried in his pocket, without her knowledge, a miniature of his daughter Catherine. And with this miniature, and a note, expressive of his willingness to compromise the matter by a marriage, he called on the new claimant for his squireship the evening of his arrival in the metropolis. But, having retired to his own town-house, long before he could have thought it possible that his note had received a leisurely reading, he received back the miniature with a technical epistle from his rival's attorney, stating that no compromise could be entered into; that the heir-at-law was determined to accept nothing which the law should not decide to be his right, and adding that any attempts to see the young gentleman must prove unavailing, while they would be felt to be intrusive, inasmuch as, in cautious provision against a failure in his attempt to establish his claim, he had invariably concealed his person even from his legal advisers.

This was the most serious blow our squire had received. Hitherto he had courageously depended on his own innate cleverness to outwit the coming storm. Now, within a few hours of the trial which was to determine his fate, he acknowledged himself without a resource or an expedient, beyond patience to attend to the grave proceeding, sit it out, and endeavour to comprehend it.

To beguile the remainder of his sad evening, after receiving the attorney's communication, he repaired to his club-room. He found himself coolly received there. Issuing, in no pleasant mood, into the streets, he encountered, by lamplight, an individual in a red coat, whom he had hitherto considered rather as a deferential hanger-on than as an acquaintance to boast of. Now, at least, by unbending himself he need not fear a repulse; so he warmly stretched out both his hands, received a very distant bow of recognition, and was left alone under a lamp-post.

"By Cork!" said the squire, with a bitter laugh, "the puppy officer thinks I am turned upside down in the world already!"

The case came on. Our good friend's eyes were riveted on every person who uttered a word, upon one side or the other. The usual jollity of his

countenance changed into the most painful expression of anxiety; when anything witty was said by one of his Majesty's counsel learned in the law, at which others laughed, his effort to second them was miserable to behold. Although it was a bitter cold day, the squire constantly wiped the perspiration from his forehead and face; guawing, between whiles, a scrap of a quill, which he had almost unconsciously picked off his seat.

The depositions, on his death-bed, of Daniel the huntsman were tendered against him. They established the fact of the wretched self-accuser having kidnapped the heir of his then master, and handed the infant to his partner in crime. And the first living witness who appeared on the table was that witch, supposed to have been long dead, even by Daniel himself. She swore that she intended to destroy the babe; that, however, having got it into her arms, she relented of her purpose, and gave it, with a bribe, to a strange woman, in a distant district, to expose for her on the high-road. Next came the woman alluded to: She proved that she had followed the directions of her employer, and afterwards watched, unseen, until an elderly lady of her neighbourhood, passing by with a servant, had picked up the little unfortunate. Lastly, the aforesaid elderly lady, who, by the way, had endured some little scandal, at the time, for her act of Christian charity, corroborated this person's testimony; and further deposed that she had carefully brought up, on limited means, until the day she procured him a commission in his Majesty's service, the plaintiff in the case at issue. Not a tittle of evidence, in contradiction to that stated, was offered by the defendant; and the only link of the chain of proof submitted by the heir-at-law, which the squire's counsel energetically thought to cut through, was that created by the first witness. On her cross-examination it was ingeniously attempted to be impressed on the minds of the jury, that no reliance could be placed upon the oath of a depraved creature like her; that she had really made away with the infant, according to her original intention; and that the one she had offered for exposure must have been her own, the result of her acquaintance with the son of her benevolent and ill-requited protectress. But, without pausing upon details, we shall only say that during the trial sound confirmatory evidence of the truth of the miserable woman's assertion was supplied; and that, in fact, without hesitation, the jury found for the plaintiff.

Squire Hogan's look of consternation, when he heard the verdict, was pitiable. For a moment he bent down his head and wiped his forehead with his moist handkerchief. Then, with a wretched leer distorting his haggard countenance, he started up, and muttering indistinctly, bowed low to the judge, the jury, the bar, the public, all, as if he would humbly acknowledge the superiority of every human being. After this, forgetting his hat, he was hurrying away; someone placed it in his hand; he bowed lowly, and smiled again. Finally, forgetting the necessity to remain uncovered, he pressed it hard over his eyes

and left the court, carrying with him the sincere, and in some instances the tearful sympathy of the spectators.

As fast as horses could gallop with him, he left Dublin a few moments following.

"By Cork, Kate——" he began, laughing, as his daughter, upon his arrival at the house which used to be his home, hurried to meet him. But he could not carry on the farce; his throat was full and choking; and suddenly throwing himself upon his child's neck, he sobbed aloud.

She understood him, but said nothing; she only kissed his cheeks and pressed his hands, keeping down all show of her own grief and alarm. Woman! in such a situation, *you* can do this: man cannot—it is above the paltry selfishness of his nature.

He rallied, and tried to take up his absurd jeering tone, but soon tripped in it a second time.

"Ay, Kate, by the good old Jove, I'm a poorer man than the day I raffled for your mother; and you *must* work, sure enough, to try and keep a little bread with us. If there's anything you think I can turn my hand to, only say the word, and you'll see I'll not be idle, my poor girl."

He entered into the details of his misfortunes and mortifications. Among other things, he mentioned the slight of "the puppy officer;" and neither his wonder nor his curiosity was excited when, now for the first time, Catherine burst into tears.

It shows much good sense to take my Lady Law at her word. Fortune is fickle, but law is fickleness: the principle itself. And so seemed to argue the successful young aspirant to the squire's estate. While yet only expatiating on his past misfortunes, our worthy friend received a note which informed him that, in a quarter of an hour, an authorised agent would arrive to take possession of the house and lands, and father and daughter had not recovered from the shock this gave them, when the agent was announced, and entered the room where they sat. Catherine turned away her face: she could not look at him.

"Possession of everything in the house, too?" asked the trembling squire—"everything, you say?"

"Everything," answered the agent, who was no man's agent, but his own, after all. Catherine started at his voice. "Yes, everything; even of the angel that makes this house a heaven." He advanced to her side. She turned to him—shrieked—laughed—and lay insensible in his arms. It was the squire's "puppy officer," in the first place; Catherine's faithful adorer, in the second place; the plaintiff in the late action, in the third place; and the triumphant hunter for his mistress's hand, in the fourth place. Surely, dear, fair readers, he had a claim on her. "Yes—if he account for his neglect, since she left Dublin." Very good. That's easily done. He had vainly applied for leave of absence; and his letter, informing her of the fact, as also of his intention to take the field for her, dressed in the costume of a picture which, in the squire's town-house, Catherine had often pronounced very like him, had miscarried.

"So your daughter is mine, good sir, on your own terms," added the fourfold hero.

"Capital, by Jove!—capital! a glorious hoax, by Cork! capital!" laughed the ex-squire.

"I am delighted you think so. And I assure you, my dear sir, that I dressed myself up like the picture, merely at the time to endeavour to recommend myself to your good opinion by the oddity of the conceit; for I knew you liked a hoax in your very heart."

"Give me your hand, my dear boy!—Like a hoax! Ah, don't I?—and it is such a prime one!—choice! capital!—capital, by the beard of the great old Jove!" And, wringing his own hands, and transported by his feelings, the worthy man left the room, to describe and praise to his very servants what so much gladdened his soul.

"You were ignorant of your parentage upon the day of the hunt?" asked Catherine, after they had been some time together.

"I was. Upon the spot where the huntsman fell, I encountered the woman, returned from half a life of wandering, who exposed me in my infancy; she had been seeking me in Dublin, to unburden her conscience, and do me a tardy justice. I was on the

road for the hunt; thither she followed me rapidly, and outstripped me some days, assuming the garb of the former witch of the cave, to conceal her identity. I need scarce say that from her I then received the information which enabled me to prosecute my claim. My beloved Catherine's sense of delicacy will readily suggest to her why I kept out of her view, from that day, until I could prove the truth or falsehood of her story. And now, here I sit, able, thank heaven! to show to the woman of my heart that she did not quite misplace her generous love, when she gave it to a poor and friendless ensign, and with it the prospect of wealth, and of rank in the world."

It is recorded that, from this hour, Squire Hogan never wore, except, perhaps, when asleep, a serious face. Having resigned, "with a hearty good will," his commission of justice of the peace, there remained nothing on earth to compel him to "seem wise," as Bacon says. He had full leisure to pursue, uninterruptedly, his practical hoaxes, which he himself, if nobody else did it for him, called "Capital! choice, by Cork's own town!"

## KING O'TOOLE AND ST. KEVIN.

BY SAMUEL LOVER.

"This, sir," said my guide, putting himself in an attitude, "is the chapel of King O'Toole—av coorse y'iv often heard o' King O'Toole, your honour?"

"Never," said I.

"Musha, thin, do you tell me so!" said he; "begor, I thought all the world, far and near, heard o' King O'Toole; well! well! but the darkness of mankind is ontellible. Well, sir, you must know, as you didn't hear it afore, that there was wanst a king, called King O'Toole, who was a fine ould king in the ould ancient times, long ago; and it was him that owned the Churches in the airly days."

"Surely," said I, "the Churches were not in King O'Toole's time?"

"Oh, hy no manes, your honour—throth, it's yourself that's right enough there; but you know the place is called 'The Churches,' becase they wor built *after* by St. Kavin, and wint by the name o' the Churches iver more; and, therefore, av coorse, the place bein' so called, I say that the king owned the Churches;—and why not, sir, seein' 'twas his birth-right, time out o' mind, beyant the flood? Well, the king, you see, was the right sort—he was the *rale* boy, and loved sport as he loved his life, and huntin' in partie'lar; and from the risin' o' the sun, up he got, and away he wint over the mountains beyant ather the deer: and the fine times them wor; for the deer was as plinty thin, ay, throth, far plintyer

than the sheep is now; and that's the way it was with the king, from the crow o' the cock to the song o' the redbreast.

"In this country, sir," added he, speaking parenthetically, in an under-tone, "we think it onlooky to kill the redbreast, for the robin is God's own bird."

Then, elevating his voice to its former pitch, he proceeded:—

"Well, it was all mighty good, as long as the king had his health; but, you see, in the coorse o' time the king grown owld, by raison he was stiff in his limbs, and when he got sthriken in years his heart failed him, and he was lost intirely for want o' divarshin, becase he couldn't go a-huntin' no longer; and, bedad, the poor king was obleeged at last for to get a goose to divart him."

Here an involuntary smile was produced by this regal mode of recreation, "the royal game of goose."

"Oh, you may laugh, if you like," said he, half-affronted, "but it's throth I'm tellin' you; and the way the goose divarted him was this-a-way: you see, the goose used for to swim across the lake, and go down divin' for throuth (and not finer throuth in all Ireland than the same throuth), and catch fish on a Friday for the king, and flew every other day round about the lake divartin' the poor king, that you'd think he'd break his sides laughin' at the frolicsome tricks av his goose; so, in coorse o' time, the goose

was the greatest pet in the counthry, and the biggest rogue, and divarted the king to no end, and the poor king was as happy as the day was long. So that's the way it was; and all went on mighty well, antil, bedad, the goose got stricken in years as well as the king, and grewn stiff in the limbs, like her masther, and couldn't divart him no longer; and then it was that the poor king was lost compleate, and didn't know what in the wide world to do, seein' he was gone out of all divarshin, by raison that the goose was no more in the flower of her blume.

"Well, the king was nigh-hand broken-hearted, and melancholy intirely, and was walkin' one mornin' by the edge o' the lake, lamentin' his cruel fate, and thinkin' o' drownin' himself, that could get no divarshin in life, when all of a suddint, turnin' round the corner beyant, who should he meet but a mighty dacent young man comin' up to him.

"'God save you,' says the king (for the king was a civil-spoken gintleman, by all accounts); 'God save you,' says he to the young man.

"'God save you kindly,' says the young man to him back again; 'God save you,' says he, 'King O'Toole.'

"'Thru for you,' says the king; 'I am King O'Toole,' says he, 'prince and plennypennytinchery o' these parts,' says he; 'but how kem ye to know that?' says he.

"'Oh, never mind,' says St. Kevin.

"For you see," said old Joe, in his under-tone again, and looking very knowingly, "it was St. Kevin, sure enough—the saint himself in disguise, and nobody else. 'Oh, never mind,' says he, I know more than that,' says he, 'nor twice that.'

"'And who are you?' says the king, 'that makes so bowld; who are you, at all at all?'

"'Oh, never you mind,' says St. Kevin, 'who I am; you'll know more o' me before we part, King O'Toole,' says he.

"'I'll be proud o' the knowledge o' your acquaintance, sir,' says the king, mighty p'lite.

"'Throth, you may say that,' says St. Kevin. 'And now, may I make bowld to ax, how is your goose, King O'Toole?' says he.

"'Blur-an-agers, how kem you to know about my goose?' says the king.

"'Oh, no matter; I was given to understand it,' says St. Kevin.

"'Oh, that's a folly to talk,' says the king; 'bekase myself and my goose is private frinds,' says he, 'and no one could tell you,' says he, 'barrin' the fairies.'

"'Oh, thin, it wasn't the fairies,' says St. Kevin; 'for I'd have you to know,' says he, 'that I don't keep the likes o' sitch company.'

"'You might do worse, then, my gay fellow,' says the king; 'for it's *they* could show you a crock o' money as aisy as kiss hand; and that's not to be sneezed at,' says the king, 'by a poor man,' says he.

"'Maybe I've a betther way of making money myself,' says the saint.

"'Begor,' says the king, 'barrin you're a coiner,' says he, 'that's impossible.'

"'I'd scorn to be the like, my lord!' says St.

Kavin, mighty high; 'I'd scorn to be the like,' says he.

"'Then, what are you?' says the king, 'that makes money so aisy, by your own account?'

"'I'm an honest man,' says St. Kevin.

"'Well, honest man,' says the king, 'and how is it you make your money so aisy?'

"'By makin' ould things as good as new,' says St. Kavin.

"'Is it a tinker you are?' says the king.

"'No,' says the saint; 'I'm no tinker by thrade, King O'Toole; I've a betther thrade than a tinker,' says he;—'what would you say,' says he, 'if I made your ould goose as good as new.'

"'My dear, at the word o' making his goose as good as new, you'd think the poor ould king's eyes was ready to jump out iv his head, and says he, 'throth, thin, I'd give you more money nor you could count,' says he, 'if you did the like; and I'd be behoulden to you into the bargain.'

"'I scorn your dirty money,' says St. Kavin.

"'Faith, thin, I'm thinkin' a thrifle o' change would do you no harm,' says the king, lookin' up sly at the ould caubeen that St. Kavin had on him.

"'I have a vow agin it,' says the saint; 'and I am book-sworn,' says he, 'never to have goold, silver, or brass in my company.'

"'Barrin' the thrifle you can't help,' says the king, mighty cute, and lookin' him straight in the face.

"'You just hot it,' says St. Kavin; 'but though I can't take money,' says he, 'I could take a few acres o' land, if you'd give them to me.'

"'With all the veins o' my heart,' says the king, 'if you can do what you say.'

"'Thry me,' says St. Kavin. 'Call down your goose here,' says he, 'and I'll see what I can do for her.'

"'With that the king whistled, and down kem the poor goose, all as one as a hound, waddlin' up to the poor ould cripple, her masther, and as like him as two paws. The minute the saint clapped his eyes on the goose, 'I'll do the job for you,' says he, 'King O'Toole.'

"'By *Jaminee*,' says King O'Toole, 'if you do, bud I'll say you're the cleverest fellow in the seven parishes.'

"'Oh, bedad,' says St. Kavin, 'you must say more nor that; my horn's not so soft all out,' says he, 'as to repair your ould goose for nothin'; what'll you gi' me, if I do the job for you?—that's the chat,' says St. Kavin.

"'I'll give you whatever you ax,' says the king; 'isn't that fair?'

"'Divil a fairer,' says the saint; 'that's the way to do business. Now,' says he, 'this is the bargain I'll make with you, King O'Toole: will you gi' me all the ground the goose flies over the first offer, afther I make her as good as new?'

"'I will,' says the king.

"'You won't go back o' your word?' says St. Kavin.

"'Honour bright!' says King O'Toole, he wldin' oua his fist.

" 'Honour bright,' says St. Kavin, back agin, 'it's a bargain,' says he. 'Come here,' says he to the poor ould goose; 'come here, you unfort'nate ould cripple,' says he, 'and it's *I* that 'ill make you the sportin' bird.'

" With that, my dear, he tuk up the goose by the two wings—'Criss o' my crass an you,' says he, markin' her to grace with the blessed sign at the same minute—and throwin' her up in the air; 'whew!' says he, jist givin' her a blast to help her; and with that, my jewel, she tuk to her heels, flyin' like one o' the eagles themselves, and cuttin' as many capers as a swallow before a shower o' rain. Away she wint down there, right forninst you, along the side o' the clift, and flew over St. Kavin's bed (that is where St. Kavin's bed is *now*, but was not *thin*, by raison it wasn't made, but was contrived afther by St. Kavin himself, that the women might lave him alone), and on with her undher Lugduff, and round the ind av the lake there, far beyant where you see the watherfall (though indeed it's no watherfall at all now, but only a poor dhribble iv a thing; but if you seen it in the winther, it id do your heart good, and it roarin' like mad, and as white as the dhreven snow, and rowlin' down the big rocks before it, all as one as childher playin' marbles)—and on with her thin right over the lead mines o' Lughanure (that is where the lead mines is *now*, but was not *thin*, by raison they worn't discovered, *but was all gold in St. Kavin's time*). Well, over the ind o' Lughanure she flew, stout and studdy, and round the other ind av the *little* lake, by the Churches (that is, *av course*, where the Churches is *now*, but was not *thin*, by raison they wor not built, but aftherwards by St. Kavin), and over the big hill here over your head, where you see the big clift—(and that clift in the mountain was made by *Fan Ma Cool* where he cut it across with a big sword, that he got made a purpose by a blacksmith out o' Rathdrum, a cousin av his own, for to fight a joyant [giant] that darr'd him an the Curragh o' Kildare; and he tried the sword first an the mountain, and cut it down into a gap, as is plain to this day; and, faith, sure enough, it's the same sauce he sarv'd the joyant, soon and suddint, and chopped him in two like a pratie, for the glory of his sowl and ould Ireland)—well, down she flew over the clift, and flutherin' over the wood there at Poulanas (where I showed you the purty watherfall—and by the same token, last Thursday was a twelvemonth sence a young lady, Miss Rafferty by name, fell into the same watherfall, and was nigh-hand drowned—and indeed would be to this day, but for a young man that jumped in afther her: indeed a smart slip iv a young man he was—he was out o' Francis-street, I hear, and courted her sence, and they wor married, I'm given to undherstand—and indeed a purty couple they wor). Well, as I said, afther flutherin' over the wood a little bit, to *plaze* herself, the goose flew down, and lit at the fut o' the king, as fresh as a daisy, afther flyin' roun' his douinions, just as if she hadn't flew three perch.

" Well, my dear, it was a beautiful sight to see the king standin' with his mouth open, lookin' at his poor

ould goose flyin' as light as a lark, and betther nor ever she was; and when she lit at his fut, he patted her an the head, and '*mavourneen*,' says he, 'but you are the *darlint* o' the world.'

" 'And what do you say to me,' says St. Kavin, 'for makin' her the like?'

" 'Begor,' says the king, 'I say nothin' bates the art o' man, barrin' the bees.'

" 'And do you say no more nor that?' says St. Kavin.

" 'And that I'm behoulden to you,' says the king.

" 'But will you gie me all the ground the goose flew over?' says St. Kavin.

" 'I will,' says King O'Toole, 'and you're welkim to it,' says he, 'though it's the last acre I have to give.'

" 'But you'll keep your word thrue?' says the saint.

" 'As thrue as the sun,' says the king.

" 'It's well for you' (says St. Kavin, mighty sharp)—'it's well for you, King O'Toole, that you said that word,' says he; 'for if you didn't say that word, *the devil receive the bit o' your goose id ever fly agin*,' says St. Kavin.

" 'Oh, you needn't laugh,' said old Joe, half offended at detecting the trace of a suppressed smile; "you needn't laugh, for it's thruth I'm tellin' you.

" Well, whin the king was as good as his word, St. Kavin was *plazed* with him, and thin it was that he made himself known to the king. 'And,' says he, 'King O'Toole, you're a dacent man,' says he; 'for I only kem here to *thry* you. 'You don't know me, says he, 'bekase I'm disguised.'\*

" 'Throth, thin, you're right enough,' says the king. 'I didn't perceive it,' says he; 'for indeed I never seen the sign o' sper'ts an you.'

" 'Oh, that's not what I mane,' says St. Kavin; 'I mane I'm deceavin' you all out, and that I'm not myself at all.'

" 'Musha, thin,' says the king, 'if you're not yourself, who are you?'

" 'I'm St. Kavin,' says the saint, blessin' himself.

" 'Oh, queen iv heaven!' says the king, makin' the sign o' the crass betune his eyes, and fallin' down an his knees before the saint. 'Is it the great St. Kavin,' says he, 'that I've been discoorsin' all this time without knowin' it,' says he, 'all as one as if he was a lump iv a *gossoon*?—and so you're a saint?' says the king.

" 'I am,' says St. Kavin.

" 'Begor, I thought I was only talkin' to a dacent boy,' says the king.

" 'Well, you know the differ now,' says the saint. 'I'm St. Kavin,' says he, 'the greatest of all the saints.'

" 'For St. Kavin, you must know, sir,' added Joe, treating me to another parenthesis, "St. Kavin is counted the greatest iv all the saints, bekase he wint to school with the prophet Jeremiah.

\* A person in a state of drunkenness is said to be *disguised*.



KING O'TOOLE'S GOOSE (SEE PAGE 94)



KING O'TOOLE'S GOOSE (SEE PAGE 94)



"Well, my dear, that's the way that the place kem, all at wanst, into the hands of St. Kavin; for the goose flew round every indivyial acre o' King O'Toole's property you see, *bein' let into the sayoret* by St. Kavin, who was mighty 'cute; and so, when he *done* the ould king out iv his property for the glory of God, he was *plazed* with him, and he and the king was the best o' frinds iver more afther (for the poor ould king was *doatin'*, you see), and the king had his goose as good as new, to divart him as long as he lived; and the saint supported him afther he kem into his property, as I tould you, antil the day iv his death—and that was soon afther; for the poor goose thought he was *ketchin'* a throuth one Friday; but, my jewel, it was a mistake he made—and instead of

a throuth, it was a thievin' horse-eel; and, begor, instead iv the goose killin' a throuth for the king's supper, bedad, the eel killed the king's goose—and small blame to him; but he didn't ate her, bekase he darn't ate what St. Kavin laid his blessed hands on.

"Howsumdever, the king never recovered the loss iv his goose, though he had her stuffed (I don't mane stuffed with pratees and inyans, but as a curiosity), and presarved in a glass-case for his own divarshin; and the poor king died on the next Michaelmas-day, which was remarkable—*throth, it's throth I'm tellin' you*—and when he was gone, St. Kavin gev him an iligant wake and a beautiful berrin'; and more betoken, he *said Mass for his sowl, and tuk care at his goose.*"

## PHIL PURCEL, THE PIG-DRIVER.

BY WILLIAM CARLETON.

PHIL PURCEL was a singular character, for he was never married; but, notwithstanding his singularity, no man ever possessed, for practical purposes, a more plentiful stock of duplicity. All his acquaintances knew that Phil was a knave of the first water, yet was he decidedly a general favourite. Now, as we hate mystery ourselves, we shall reveal the secret of this remarkable popularity; though, after all, it can scarcely be called so, for Phil was not the first cheat who had been popular in his day. The cause of his success lay simply in this—that he never laughed; and none of our readers need to be told that the appearance of a grave cheat in Ireland is an originality which almost runs up to a miracle. This gravity induced everyone to look upon him as a phenomenon. The assumed simplicity of his manners was astonishing, and the ignorance which he feigned so apparently natural that it was scarcely possible for the most keen-sighted searcher into human motives to detect him. The only way of understanding the man was to deal with him; if, after *that*, you did not comprehend him thoroughly, the fault was not Phil's, but your own. Although not mirthful himself, he was the cause of mirth in others; for, without ever smiling at his own gains, he contrived to make others laugh at their losses. His disposition, setting aside laughter, was strictly anomalous. The most incompatible, the most unamalgamatable, and the most uncomeatable qualities that ever refused to unite in the same individual had no scruple to unite in Phil. But we hate metaphysics, which we leave to the mechanical philosophers, and proceed to state that Phil was a miser, which is the best explanation we can give of his gravity.

In Phil's time, however, pig-driving was not so general, nor had it made such rapid advances as in

modern times. It was then simply pig-driving, unaccompanied by the improvements of poverty, sickness, and famine. The governments of those days were not so enlightened as the governments of these. Political economy had not taught the people how to be poor upon the most scientific principles; free trade had not shown the nation the most improved plan of reducing itself to the lowest possible state of distress; nor liberalism enabled the working classes to scoff at religion, and wisely to stop at the very line that lies between outrage and rebellion. Many errors and inconveniences, now happily exploded, were then in existence. The people, it is true, were somewhat attached to their landlords, but still they were burdened with the unnecessary appendages of good coats and stout shoes; were tolerably industrious, and had the mortification of being able to pay their rent, and feed in comfort. They were not, as they are now, free from new coats and old prejudices, nor improved by the intellectual march of politics and poverty. When either a man or a nation starves, it is a luxury to starve in an enlightened manner; and nothing is more consolatory to a person acquainted with public rights and constitutional privileges than to understand those liberal principles upon which he fasts and goes naked.

An old bachelor uncle of ours, in the country, seduced by the plausibility of a tailor's puff in the metropolis, sent him, in reliance upon what he professed in it, his height and weight for a suit of clothes. The clothes came; but as the old gentleman happened to be wry-necked, wore his head, in fact, upon one of his shoulders, and was a little humpbacked into the bargain—points which he either forgot or declined mentioning—it is unnecessary to say that the clothes did not fit.

"I ought to have known," said the old gentleman, "from the peculiarity of my make, that no tailor could fit me without taking my measure."

In like manner may we say that England is legislating for us without taking our measure; and that her laws, consequently, are a bad fit, considering the unconscionable price we pay for them.

There was in Ireland an old breed of swine, which is now nearly extinct, except in some remote parts of the country, where they are still useful in the hunting season, particularly if dogs happen to be scarce. They were a tall, loose species, with legs of an unusual length, with no flesh, short ears—as if they had been cropped for sedition—and with long faces, of a highly intellectual cast. They were also of such activity that few greyhounds could clear a ditch or cross a field with more agility or speed. Their backs formed a rainbow arch, capable of being contracted or extended to an inconceivable degree; and their usual rate of travelling in droves was at mail-coach speed, or six Irish miles an hour, preceded by an outrider to clear the way, whilst their rear was brought up by another horseman, going at a three-quarter gallop.

In the middle of summer, when all nature reposed under the united influence of heat and dust, it was an interesting sight to witness a drove of them sweeping past, like a whirlwind, in a cloud of their own raising, their sharp and lengthy outlines dimly visible through the shining haze, like a flock of antelopes crossing the deserts of the east.

Another trait in the character of these animals was the utter scorn with which they treated all attempts to fatten them. In fact, the usual consequences of good feeding were almost inverted in their case; and although I might assert that they became leaner in proportion to what they received, yet I must confine myself to truth by stating candidly that this was not the fact; that there was a certain state of fleshlessness to which they arrived, but from which they neither advanced nor receded by good feeding or bad.

At this point, despite of all human ingenuity, they remained stationary for life; received the bounty afforded them with a greatness of appetite resembling the fortitude of a brave man, which rises in energy according to the magnitude of that which it has to encounter. The truth is they were scandalous hypocrites; for, with the most prodigious capacity for food, they were spare as philosophers, and fitted evidently more for the chase than the sty—rather to run down a buck or a hare for the larder, than to have a place in it themselves. If you starved them, they defied you to diminish their flesh; and if you stuffed them like aldermen, they took all they got, but disdained to carry a single ounce more than if you gave them whey thickened with water.

Now, Phil Purcell, whom we will introduce more intimately to the reader by-and-by, was the son of a man who always kept a pig. His father's house had a small loft, to which the ascent was by a step-ladder, through a door in the inside gable. The first good thing ever Phil was noticed for was said upon the

following occasion. His father happened to be called upon one morning before breakfast, by his landlord, who, it seems, occasionally visited his tenantry, to encourage, direct, stimulate, or reprove them, as the case might require. Phil was a boy then, and sat on the hob in the corner, eyeing the landlord and his father during their conversation. In the meantime the pig came in, and deliberately began to ascend the ladder with an air of authority that marked him as one in the exercise of an established right. The landlord was astonished at seeing the animal enter the best room in the house, and could not help expressing his surprise to old Purcel.

"Why, Purcel, is your pig in the habit of treating himself to the comforts of your best room?"

"The pig, is it, the crathur? Why, your haner," said Purcel, after a little hesitation, "it sometimes goes up of a mornin' to waken the childhre, particularly when the buckwhist happens to be late. It doesn't like to be waitin'; and sure none of us like to be kept from the male's mate, your haner, when we want it, no more than it, the crathur."

"But I wonder your wife permits so filthy an animal to have access to her rooms in this manner."

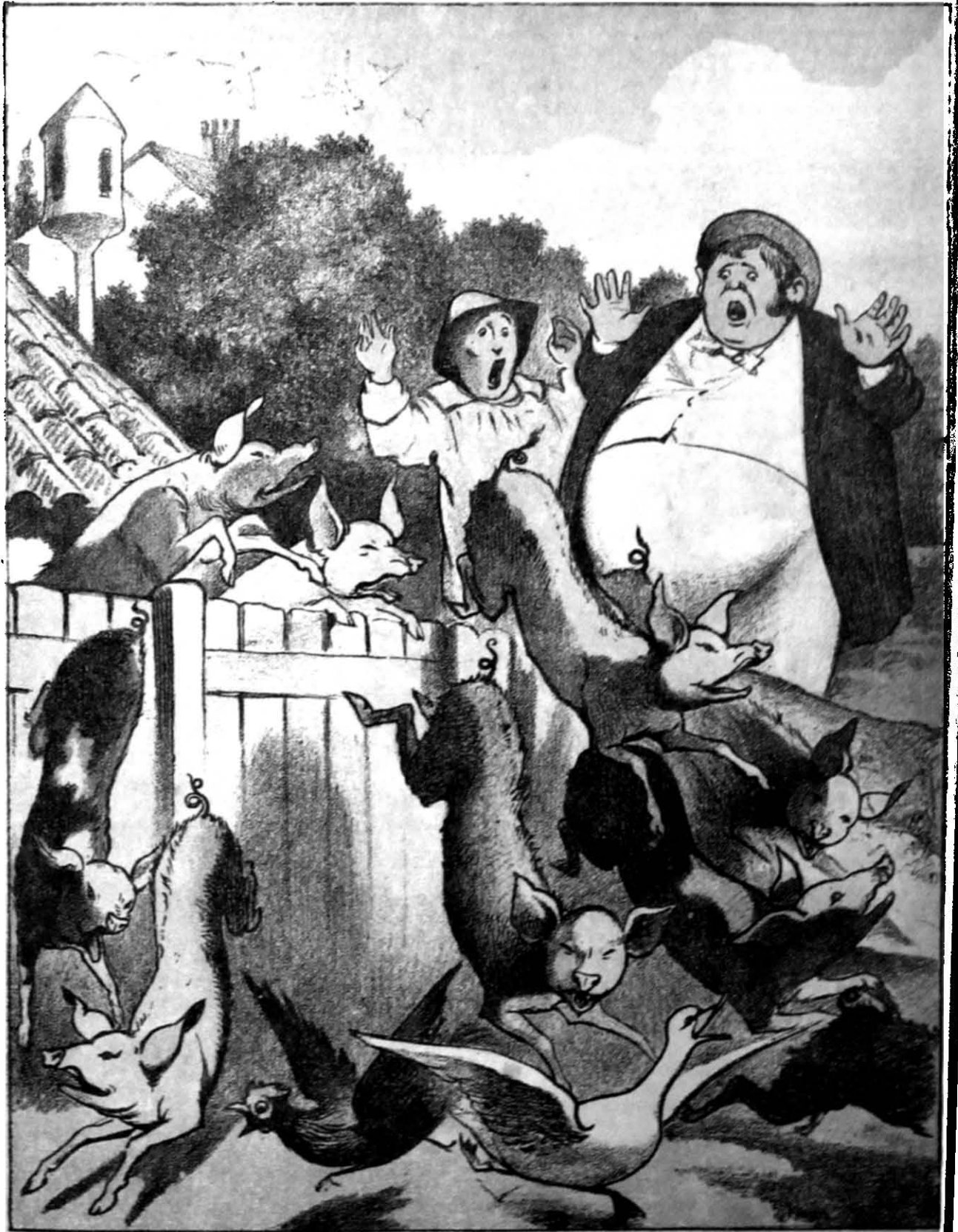
"Filthy!" replied Mrs. Purcel, who felt herself called upon to defend the character of the pig, as well as her own, "why, one would think, sir, that any crathur that's among Christyteen childhre, like one o' themselves, couldn't be filthy. I could take it to my dyin' day, that there's not a claner or dacter pig in the kingdom than the same pig. It never misbehaves, the crathur, but goes out, as wise an' riglar, jist by a look, yer haner, the poor crathur!"

"I think," observed Phil from the hob, "that nobody has a better right to the run of the house, whedher up stairs or downstairs, than him that pays the rent."

"Well said, my lad!" observed the landlord, laughing at the quaint ingenuity of Phil's defence. "His payment of the rent is the best defence possible, and, no doubt, should cover a multitude of his errors."

"A multitude of his shins you mane, sir," said Phil, "for, thrath, he's all shin."

In fact, Phil, from his infancy, had an uncommon attachment to these animals, and by a mind naturally shrewd and observing, made himself as intimately acquainted with their habits and instincts, and the best mode of managing them, as ever the celebrated *Cahir na Coppul* did with those of the horse. Before he was fifteen he could drive the most vicious and obstinate pig as quietly before him as a lamb; yet no one knew how nor by what means he had gained the secret that enabled him to do it. Whenever he attended a fair his time was principally spent among the pigs, where he stood handling and examining, and pretending to buy them, although he seldom had half-a-crown in his pocket. At length, by hoarding up such small sums as he could possibly lay his hands on, he got together the price of a "alip," which he bought, reared, and educated in such a manner that did his ingenuity great credit. When this was brought to its *ac plus ultra* of fatness,



PHIL'S PIGS ASTONISHES THE YORKSHIREMAN (SEE PAGE 97)

he sold it, and purchased two more, which he fed in the same way. On disposing of these he made a fresh purchase, and thus proceeded, until, in the course of a few years, he was a well-known pig-jobber.

Phil's journeys as a pig-driver to the leading seaport town nearest him were always particularly profitable. In Ireland swine are not kept in sties, as they are among English feeders, but permitted to go at liberty through pasture-fields, commons, and along roadsides, where they make up, as well as they can, for the scanty pittance allowed them at home, during meal-times. We do not, however, impeach Phil's honesty, but simply content ourselves with saying that, when his journey was accomplished, he mostly found the original number with which he had set out increased by three or four, and sometimes by half-a-dozen. Pigs, in general, resemble each other, and it surely was not Phil's fault if a stray one, feeding on the roadside or common, thought proper to join his flock and see the world. Phil's object, we presume, was only to take care that his original number was not diminished, its increase being a matter in which he felt little concern.

He now determined to take a professional trip to England, and that this might be the more productive, he resolved to purchase a drove of the animals we have been describing. No time was lost in this speculation. The pigs were bought up as cheaply as possible, and Phil set out, for the first time in his life, to try with what success he could measure his skill against that of a Yorkshireman. On this occasion he brought with him a pet, which he had with considerable pains trained up for purposes hereafter to be explained.

There was nothing remarkable in the passage, unless that every creature on board was sea-sick, except the pigs; even to them, however, the change was a disagreeable one; for to be pent up in the hold of a ship was a deprivation of liberty which, fresh as they were from their native hills, they could not relish. They felt, therefore, as patriots, a loss of freedom, but not a whit of appetite; for, in truth, of the latter no possible vicissitude short of death could deprive them.

Phil, however, with an assumed air of simplicity absolutely stupid, disposed of them to a Yorkshire dealer at about twice the value they would have brought in Ireland, though, as pigs went in England, it was low enough. He declared that they had been fed on *tip-top* feeding, which was literally true, as he afterwards admitted that the tops of nettles and potato-stalks constituted the only nourishment they had got for three weeks before.

The Yorkshireman looked with great contempt upon what he considered a miserable essay to take him in.

"What a fule this Hirishmun mun bea," said he, "to think to teake me in! Had he said that them there Hirish swoine were *badly* feade, I'd ha' thought it fairish enough on un; but to seay that they was oll weal feade on *tip-top* feadin! Nea, nea! I knaws weal enough that they was noat feade on

nothin' at oll, which meakes them looak so poorish! Howsomever, I shall fatten them, I'se warrant—I'se warrant I shall!"

When driven home to sties somewhat more comfortable than the cabins of unfortunate Irishmen, they were well supplied with food which would have been very often considered a luxury by poor Paddy himself, much less by his pigs.

"Measter," said the boor who had seen them fed, "them there Hirish pigs ha' not teasted nout for a moonth yet; they feade like nout I never seed o' my laife!"

"Ay, ay," replied the master, "I'se warrant they'll soon fatten—I'se warrant they shall, Hodge—they be praima feeders—I'se warrant they shall; and, then, Hodge, we've bit the soft Hirishmun."

Hodge gave a knowing look at his master, and grinned at this observation.

The next morning Hodge repaired to the sties to see how they were thriving, when, to his great consternation, he found the feeding-troughs clean as if they had been washed, and not a single Irish pig to be seen or heard about the premises; but to what retreat the animals could have betaken themselves was completely beyond his comprehension. He scratched his head, and looked about him in much perplexity.

"Dang un!" he exclaimed, "I never seed nout like this."

He would have proceeded in a strain of cogitation equally enlightened, had not a noise of shouting, alarm, and confusion in the neighbourhood excited his attention. He looked about him, and to his utter astonishment saw that some extraordinary commotion prevailed, that the country was up, and the hills alive with people, who ran, and shouted, and wheeled at full flight in all possible directions. His first object was to join the crowd, which he did as soon as possible, and found that the pigs he had shut up the preceding night in sties whose enclosures were at least four feet high had cleared them like so many *chamois*, and were now closely pursued by the neighbours, who rose *en masse* to hunt down and secure such dreadful depredators.

The waste and mischief they had committed in one night were absolutely astonishing. Bean and turnip-fields, and vegetable enclosures of all descriptions, kitchen-gardens, corn-fields, and even flower-gardens, were rooted up and destroyed with an appearance of system which would have done credit to Terry Alt himself.

Their speed was the theme of every tongue. Hedges were taken in their flight, and cleared in a style that occasioned the country people to turn up their eyes and scratch their thick, incomprehensible heads in wonder. Dogs of all degrees bit the dust, and were caught up dead in stupid amazement by their owners, who began to doubt whether or not these extraordinary animals were swine at all. The depredators in the meantime had adopted the Horatian style of battle. Whenever there was an ungenerous advantage taken in the pursuit, by slipping dogs across or before their path, they shot off at a

tangent through the next crowd, many of whom they prostrated in their flight; by this means they escaped the dogs until the latter were somewhat exhausted, when, on finding one in advance of the rest, they turned, and, with standing bristles and burning tusks, fatally checked their pursuer in his full career. To wheel and fly until another got in advance was then the plan of fight; but, in fact, the conflict was conducted on the part of the Irish pigs with a fertility of expediency that did credit to their country, and established for those who displayed it the possession of intellect far superior to that of their opponents. The pigs now began to direct their course towards the sties in which they had been so well fed the night before. This being their last flight, they radiated towards one common centre with a fierceness and celerity that occasioned the women and children to take shelter within doors. On arriving at the sties, the ease with which they shot themselves over the four-foot walls was incredible. The farmer had caught the alarm, and just came out in time to witness their return; he stood with his hands driven down into the pockets of his red, capacious waistcoat, and uttered not a word. When the last of them came bounding into the sty, Hodge approached, quite breathless and exhausted.

"Oh, measter," he exclaimed, "these be not Hirish pigs at oll, they be Hirish deevils; and you mun ha' bought 'em fra a cunning mon!"

"Hodge," replied his master, "I'se be bit—I'se heard feather talk about un. That breed's *true* Hirish; but I'se try and sell 'em to Squoire Jolly to hunt wi' as beagles, for he wants a pack. They do say all the swoine that the deevils were put into ha' been drawnd; but for my peart I'se sure that some on un must ha' escaped to Hireland."

Phil, during the commotion excited by his knavery in Yorkshire, was traversing the country in order to dispose of his remaining pig; and the manner in which he effected his first sale of it was as follows:—

A gentleman was one evening standing with some labourers by the wayside, when a tattered Irishman approached, equipped in a pair of white dusty brogues, stockings without feet, old patched breeches, a bag slung across his shoulder, his coarse shirt lying open about a neck tanned by the sun into a reddish yellow, a hat nearly the colour of the shoes, and a hay-rope tied for comfort about his waist; in one hand he also held a straw-rope, that depended from the hind leg of a pig which he drove before him; in the other was a cudgel, by the assistance of which he contrived to limp on after it, his two shoulder-blades rising and falling alternately with a shrugging motion that indicated great fatigue.

When he came opposite where the gentleman stood he checked the pig, which instinctively commenced feeding upon the grass by the edge of the road.

"Och," said he, wiping his brow with the cuff of his coat, "*maerone orth a amuck*,\* but I'm kilt wit you. Musha, Gad bless you haner, an' maybe ye'd buy a sliop of a pig fwhrom me, that has my heart

bruck, so she has, if ever anybody's heart was bruck wit the likes of her; an' sure so there was, no doubt, or I wouldn't be as I am wit her. I'll give her a dead bargain, sir; for it's only to get her aff av my hands I'm wantin', plase yer haner—*husth, amuck—husth, a veehonee!*† Be asy, an' me in conwersation wit his haner here!"

"You are an Irishman?" the gentleman inquired.

"I am, sir, from Cannought, yer haner, an' 'ill sell the crathur dog cheap, all out. Asy, you thief!"

"I don't want the pig, my good fellow," replied the Englishman, without evincing curiosity enough to inquire how he came to have such a commodity for sale.

"She'd be the darlint in no time wit you, sir; the run o' your kitchen 'ud make her up a beauty, your haner, along wit no throuble to the sarvints about sweepin' it, or anything. You'd only have to lay down the *scrahag* on the flure, or the mistress, Gad bless her, could do it, and not lave a crumblin' behind her, besides sleepin', yer haner, in the carner beyant, if she'd take the throuble."

The sluggish phlegm of the Englishman was stirred up a little by the twisted and somewhat incomprehensible nature of these instructions.

"How far do you intend to proceed to-night, Paddy?" said he.

"The sarra one o' myself knows, plase your haner: sure we've an ould sayin' of our own in Ireland beyant—that he's a wise man can tell how far he'll go, sir, till he comes to his journey's ind. I'll give this crathur to you at more nor her value, yer haner."

"More!—why the man knows not what he's saying," observed the gentleman; "*less* you mean, I suppose, Paddy?"

"More or less, sir, you'll get her a bargain; an' Gad bless you, sir!"

"But it is a commodity which I don't want at present. I am very well stocked with pigs as it is. Try elsewhere."

"She'd flog the country side, sir; an' if the mistress herself, sir, ud shake the wishp o' sthraw fwhor her in the kitchen, sir, near the whoire. Yer haner could spake to her about it; an' in no time put a knife in her whin you plased. In regard o' the other thing, sir—she's like a Christyeen, yer haner, an' no throuble, sir, if you'd be seein' company or anything."

"It's an extraordinary pig this of yours."

"It's no lie fwhor you, sir; she's as clane an' dacent a crathur, sir! Och, if the same pig ud come into the care o' the mistress, Gad bless her! an' I'm sure if she has as much gudeness in her face as the hanerable *dinnha ousahl*—the handsome gentleman she's married upon!—you'll have her thrivin' bravely, sir, shartly, plase God, if you'll take courage. Will I dhrive her up the aveny fwhor you, sir? A good gintlewoman, I'm sure, is the same misthress! Will I dhrive her up fwhor you, sir? *Shadh amuck—shadh dhorim!*"\*

† Silence, pig! Silence, you vagabond!

‡ Behave yourself, pig!—behave, I say.

\* My sorrow on you for a pig.

"No, no; I have no further time to lose; you may go forward."

"Thank yer haner; is it whorid toarst the house abow, sir? I wouldn't be standin' up, sir, wit you about a thrifle; an' you'll have her, sir, fwhor anything you plase beyant a pound, yer haner; an' 'tis throwin' her away it is; but one can't be hard wit a rale gintleman, anyway."

"You only annoy me, man; besides, I don't want the pig: you lose time; I don't want to buy it, I repeat to you."

"Gad bless you, sir—Gad bless you! Maybe if I'd make up to the mistress, yer haner! Thrath, she wouldn't turn the crathur from the place, in regard that the tindherness ow the feelin' would come ower her—the rale gintlewoman, anyhow! 'Tis dog chape you have her at what I said, sir; an' Gad bless you!"

"Do you want to compel me to purchase it whether I will or no?"

"Thrath, it's fwhor next to nothin' I'm givin' her to you, sir; but sure you can make your own price at anything beyant a pound. *Hurriish amuck—stadh! anish*—be asy, you crathur, sure you're gettin' into good quarthers, anyhow—goin' to the hanerable English gintleman's kitchen; an' Gad knows it's a pleasure to dale wit 'em. Och, the world's differ there is letux thim an' our own dirty Irish buckeens, that 'ud shkin a bad skilleen, an' pay their debts wit the remaindher. The gateman 'ud let me in, yer haner, an' I'll meet you at the big house abow."

"Upon my honour, this is a good jest," said the gentleman, absolutely teased into compliance; "you are forcing me to buy that which I don't want."

"Sure you will, sir, you'll want more nor that yit, plase Gad, if you be spared. Come, amuck—come, you crathur; faix, you're in luck, so you are—gettin' so good a place wid his haner here, that you won't know yourself shortly, plase Gad."

He immediately commenced driving his pig towards the gentleman's residence with such an air of utter simplicity as would have imposed upon any man not guided by direct inspiration. Whilst he approached the house, its proprietor arrived there by another path a few minutes before him, and, addressing his lady, said:—

"My dear, will you come and look at a purchase which an Irishman has absolutely compelled me to make. You had better come and see himself too, for he's the greatest simpleton of an Irishman I have ever seen."

The lady's curiosity was more easily excited than that of her husband. She not only came out, but brought with her some ladies who had been on a visit, in order to hear the Irishman's brogue and to amuse themselves at his expense. Of the pig, too, it appeared she was determined to know something.

"George, my love, is the pig also from Ireland?"

"I don't know, my dear; but I should think so from its fleshless appearance. I have never seen so spare an animal of that class in this country."

"Juliana," said one of the ladies to her companion, "don't go too near him. Gracious! look at the

bludgeon, or beam, or something he carries in his hand, to fight and beat the people, I suppose; yet," she added, putting up her glass, "the man is actually not ill-looking; and though not so tall as the Irishman in Sheridan's Rivals, he is well made."

"His eyes are good," said her companion—"a bright gray and keen; and were it not that his nose is rather short and turned up, he would be human."

"George, my love," exclaimed the lady of the mansion, "he is like most Irishmen of his class that I have seen; indeed, scarcely so intelligent, for he *does* appear quite a simpleton, except, perhaps, a lurking kind of expression, which is a sign of their humour, I suppose. Don't you think so, my love?"

"No, my dear; I think him a bad specimen of the Irishman. Whether it is that he talks our language but imperfectly, or that he is a stupid creature, I cannot say; but in selling the pig just now he actually told me that he would let me have it for more than it was worth."

"Oh, that was so laughable! We will speak to him, though."

The degree of estimation in which these civilised English held Phil was so low that this conversation took place within a few yards of him, precisely as if he had been an animal of an inferior species, or one of the aborigines of New Zealand.

"Pray what is your name?" inquired the matron.

"Phadhrumshagh Corfuffle, plase yer haner: my fadher carrid the same name upon him. We're av the Corfuffles av Leatheraum Laghy, my lady; but my granmudher was a Dornyeen, an' my own mudher, plase yer haner, was o' the Shudhurthagans o' Ballymadoghy, my ladyship. *Stadh anish, amuck bradagh*—be asy, can't you, an' me in conwersaytion wit the beauty o' the world that I'm spakin' to."

"That's the Negus language," observed one of the young ladies, who affected to be a wit and a blue-stocking; "it's Irish and English mixed."

"Thrath, an' but that the handsome young lady so purty," observed Phil, "I'd be sayin' myself that that's a quare remark upon a poor unlearned man; but, Gad bless her, she *is* so purty what can one say for lookin' an her!"

"The poor man, Adelaide, speaks as well as he can," replied the lady, rather reprovingly; "he is by no means so wild as one would have expected."

"Candidly speaking, much *tamer* than I expected," rejoined the wit. "Indeed, I meant the poor Irishman no offence."

"Where did you get the pig, friend; and how came you to have it for sale so far from home?"

"Fwhy it isn't whor sale, my lady," replied Phil, evading the former question; "the masther here, Gad bless him an' spare him to you, ma'am!—thra'h an' it's his four quarthers that knew how to pick out a wife, anyhow, whor beauty an' all hanerable whormations o' grandheur—so he did; an' well he desarves you, my lady; faix, it's a fine houseful o' thim you'll have, plase God—an' fwhy not? whin it's all in the coorse o' Providence, bein' both so handsome;—he gev me a pour<sup>d</sup> retre whor her, my

ladyship, an' his own plisire atherwards: an' I'm now watin' to be ped."

"What kind of a country is Ireland, as I understand you are an Irishman?"

"Thrath, my lady, it's like fwhat maybe you never seen—a fool's purse: ten guineas goin' out whor one that goes in."

"Upon my word, that's wit," observed the young blue-stocking.

"What is your opinion of Irishwomen?" the lady continued; "are they handsomer than the English ladies, think you?"

"Murdher, my lady," says Phil, raising his caubeen, and scratching his head, in pretended perplexity, with his finger and thumb, "fwhat am I to say to that, ma'am, and all of yees to the fwore? But the sarra one av me will give it agin the darlins beyant."

"But which do you think the more handsome?"

"Thrath I do, my lady; the Irish and English women would flog the world, an' sure it would be a burin' shame to go to set them agin one another whor beauty."

"Whom do you mean by the 'darlins beyant'?" inquired the blue-stocking, attempting to pronounce the words.

"Faix, Miss, who but the crathurs ower the wather, that kills us entirely, so they do."

"I cannot comprehend him," she added, to the lady of the mansion.

"Arrah, maybe I'd make bould to take up the manners from you fwor awhile, my lady, plase yer haner?" said Phil, addressing the latter.

"I do not properly understand you," she replied, "speak plainer."

"Thrath, that's fwhat they do, yer haner; they never gos about the bush wit yees—the gintlemen, ma'am, of our country, fwihin they do be coortin' yees; and I want to ax, ma'am, if you plase, fwhat you think of *this*, that is, if ever any of them had the luck to come across you, my lady?"

"I have not been acquainted with many Irish gentlemen," she replied; "but I hear they are men of a remarkable character."

"Faix, 'tis you may say that," replied Phil; "sowl, my lady, 'tis well for the masther here, plase yer haner, sir, that none o' them met wit the mis-threes before you was both marrid, or, wit riverence be it spoken, 'tis the sweet side o' the tongue they'd be layin' upon you, ma'am, an' the rough side to the masther, himself, along wit a few scrapes of a pen on a slip o' paper, jist to appoint the time and place, in regard of her ladyship's purty complexion—an' who can deny that, anyway? Faix, ma'am, they've a way wit them, my counthrymin, that the ladies like well enough to thtravel by. Asy, you deludher, an' me in conwersaytion wit the quality."

"I am quite anxious to know how you came by the pig, Paddy?" said the wit.

"Arrah, Miss, sure 'tisn't pigs you're thinkin' on, an' us discoorsin' about the gintlemen from Ireland, that you're all so fond ow here; faix, Miss, they're the boys that can fwhoight for yees, an' ud rather

be bringin' an Englishman to the *sad* fwor your sakes, nor atin' bread an' butther. Fwhy, now, Miss, if you were beyant wit us, the sarra ounce o' gunpowdher we'd have in no time, for love or money."

"Upon my word, I should like to see Ireland!" exclaimed the blue-stocking;—"and why would the gunpowder get scarce, pray?"

"Faix, fightin' about you, Miss, an' all of yees, sure; for myself sees no differ at all in your haner-able fwormations of beauty an' grandeur, an' all high-flown admirations."

"But tell us where you got the pig, Paddy?" persisted the wit, struck naturally enough with the circumstance. "How do you come to have an Irish pig so far from home?"

"Fwhy, thin, Miss, 'twas to a brodher o' my own I was bringin' it, that was livin' down the country here, an' fwihin I came to fwere he lived, the sarra one o' me knew the place, in regard o' havin' forgot the name of it entirely, an' there was I wit the poor crathur an my hands, till his haner here bought it whrom me—Gad bless you, sir!"

"As I live, there's a fine Irish blunder," observed the wit; "I shall put it in my commonplace-book, it will be so genuine. I declare I'm quite delighted."

"Well, Paddy," said the gentleman, "hero's your money. There's a pound for you, and that's much more than the miserable animal is worth."

"Thrath, sir, you have the crathur at what we call in Ireland a bargain.\* Maybe yer haner ud spit upon the money fwor luck, sir. It's the way we do, sir, beyant."

"No, no, Paddy, take it as it is. Good heavens! what barbarous habits these Irish have in all their modes of life, and how far they are removed from anything like civilisation!"

"Thank yer haner. Faix, sir, this'll come so handy for the landlord at home, in regard o' the rint for the bit o' phatie ground, so it will, if I can get home agin widout brakin' it. Arrah, maybe yer haner ud give me the price o' my bed, an' a bit to ate, sir, an' keep me from brakin' in upon this, Gad bless the money! I'm thinkin' o' the poor wife an' childhre, sir—strivin, so I am, fwor the darlins."

"Poor soul," said the lady, "he is affectionate in the midst of his wretchedness and ignorance."

"Here, here," replied the Englishman, anxious to get rid of him, "there's a shilling, which I give because you appear to be attached to your family."

"Och, och, fwhat can I say, sir, only that long may you reign ower your family an' the haner-able ladies to the fwore, sir. Gad fwor ever bless you, sir, but you're the kind, noble gintleman, 'an all belongin' to you, sir."

Having received the shilling, he was in the act of departing, when, after turning it deliberately in his hand, shrugging his shoulders two or three times, and scratching his head, with a vacant face he approached the lady.

\* Ironically—a take in.

"Musha, ma'am, an' maybe ye'd have the tindherness in your heart, seein' that the gudness is in yer hanerable face, anyway, an' it would save the skillyeen that the masher gev'd me for payin' my passage, so it would, jist to bid the steward, my ladyship, to ardhher me a bit to ate in the kitchen below. The hunger, ma'am, is hard upon me, my lady; an' fwat I'm doin', sure, is in regard o' the wife at home, and the childhre, the crathurs, an' me far fwhom them, in a sthrange country, Gad help me!"

"What a singular being, George! and how beautiful is the economy of domestic affection exemplified, notwithstanding his half-savage state, in the little plans he devises for the benefit of his wife and children!" exclaimed the good lady, quite unconscious that Phil was a bachelor. "Juliana, my love, desire Timmins to give him his dinner. Follow this young lady, good man, and she will order you refreshment."

"Gad's blessin' upon your beauty an' gudness, my lady; an' a man might thraavel far afore he'd meet the likes o' you for aither o' them. Is it the other handsome young lady I'm to folly, ma'am?"

"Yes," replied the young wit, with an arch smile; "come after *me*."

"Thrath, Miss, an' it's an asy task to do that, anyway; wit a heart an' half I go, acushla; an' I seen the day, Miss, that it's not much o' mate an' dhrink ud throuble me, if I jist got lave to be lookin' at you, wit nothin' but yourself to think an. But the wife an' childhre, Miss, makes great changes in us entirely."

"Why, you are quite gallant, Paddy."

"Thrath, I suppose I am now, Miss; but, you see, my hanerable young lady, that's our fw hailin' at home: the country's poor, an' we can't help it, whedher or not. We're fwhorced to it, Miss, whin we come ower here, by you, an' the likes o' you, mavourneen!"

Phil then proceeded to the house, was sent to the kitchen by the young lady, and furnished through the steward with an abundant supply of cold meat, bread, and beer, of which he contrived to make a meal that somewhat astonished the servants. Having satisfied his hunger, he deliberately, but with the greatest simplicity of countenance, filled the wallet, which he carried along across his back, with whatever he had left, observing as he did it:—

"Fwhy, thin, 'tis sthrange it is that the same custom is wit us in Ireland beyant that is here; fwhor whinever a traveller is axed in, he always brings fwhat he doesn't ate along wit him. An sure enough it's the same here amongst yees," he added, packing up the bread and beef as he spoke; "but Gad bless the custom, anyhow, fwhor it's a good one!"

When he had secured the provender, and was ready to resume his journey, he began to yawn, and to exhibit the most unequivocal symptoms of fatigue.

"Arrah, sir," said he to the steward, "you wouldn't have e'er an ould barn that I'd throw myself in fwhor the night? The sarra leg I have to put

undher me, now that I've got stiff wit the sittin' so long; that an' a wishp o' sthraw, sir, to sleep an, an' Gad bless you!"

"Paddy, I cannot say," replied the steward; "but I shall ask my master, and if he orders it, you shall have the comfort of a hard floor and clean straw, Paddy—that you shall."

"Many thanks to you, sir: it's in your face, in thrath, the same gudness an' ginerosity."

The gentleman, on hearing Phil's request to be permitted a sleeping-place in the barn, was rather surprised at his wretched notion of comfort than at the request itself.

"Certainly, Timmins, let him sleep there," he replied; "give him sacks and straw enough. I daresay he will feel the privilege a luxury, poor devil, after his fatigue. Give him his breakfast in the morning, Timmins. Good heavens!" he added, "what a singular people! What an amazing progress civilisation must make before these Irish can be brought at all near the commonest standard of humanity!"

At this moment Phil, who was determined to back the steward's request, approached them.

"Paddy," said the gentleman, anticipating him, "I have ordered you sacks and straw in the barn, and your breakfast in the morning before you set out."

"Thrath," said Phil, "if there's e'er a sthray blessin' goin', depind an it, sir, you'll get it, fwhor your hanerable ginerosity to the sthranger. But about the 'slip,' sir,—if the misthress herself ud shake the wishp o' sthraw fwhor her in the far carner o' the kitchen below, an' see her gettin her supper, the crathur, before she'd put her to bed, she'd be thrivin like a salmon, sir, in less than no time; an' to ardhher the sarwints, sir, if you plase, not to be de-fraudin' the crathur of the big platees. Fwhor in regard it cannot spake fwhor itself, sir, it frets as wise as a Christyeen, when it's not honestly thrated."

"Never fear, Paddy; we shall take good care of it."

"Thank you, sir. But I aften heerd, sir, that you dunna how to feed pigs in this country in ardhher to mix the fwhat an' lane, lair (layer) about."

"And how do you manage that in Ireland, Paddy?"

"Fwhy, sir, I'll tell you how the misthress, Gad bless her, will manage it fwhor you. Take the crathur, sir, an' feed it to-morrow till it's as full as a tick—that's fwhor the *fwhat*, sir; then let her give it nothin' at all the next day, but keep it black fwhastin'—that's fwhor the *lane* (lean). Let her stick to that, sir, keepin' it atin' one day an' fastin' anodher, for six months, thin put a knife in it, an' if you don't have the fwhat an' lane, lair about, beautiful all out, fwhy niver bleeve Phadrumshagh Cor-fuffle agin. Ay, indeed!"

The Englishman looked keenly at Phil, but could only read in his countenance a thorough and implicit belief in his own recipe for mixing the fat and lean. It is impossible to express his contempt for the sense and intellect of Phil; nothing could surpass it but the contempt which Phil entertained for him.



"Well," said he to the servar, "I have often heard of the barbarous habits of the Irish, but I must say that the incidents of this evening have set my mind at rest upon the subject. Good heavens! when will ever this besotted country rise in the scale of nations! Did ever a human being hear of such a method of feeding swine! I should have thought it incredible had I heard it from any but an Irishman!"

Phil then retired to the kitchen, where his assumed simplicity highly amused the servants, who, after an hour or two's fun with Paddy, conducted him in a kind of contemptuous procession to the barn, where they left him to his repose.

The next morning he failed to appear at the hour of breakfast, but his non-appearance was attributed to his fatigue, in consequence of which he was supposed to have overslept himself. On going, however, to call him from the barn, they discovered that he

had decamped; and on looking after the "slip" it was found that both had taken French leave of the Englishman. Phil and the pig had actually travelled fifteen miles that morning before the hour on which he was missed—Phil going at a dog's trot, and the pig following at such a respectful distance as might not appear to identify them as follow-travellers. In this manner Phil sold the pig to upwards of two dozen intelligent English gentlemen and farmers, and after winding up his bargains successfully, both arrived in Liverpool, highly delighted by their commercial trip through England.

This sketch of Phil Purcel we have presented to our readers as a specimen of the low, cunning Connaught man. He, however, is not drawn as a general portrait, but as one of that knavish class of men called "jobbers," a description of swindlers not more common in Ireland than in any other country.

## PUSS IN BROGUES.

### A LEGEND.

It was about Christmas, in the year 1831, that I received an invitation to spend the holidays with a friend who resided in a valley embosomed among the loftiest of those mountains which form the boundary between the King's and Queen's Counties. The name of my host was Garret Dalton; he held a considerable tract of land at a low rent, and by hard working and thrifty living contrived not only to support his family in comparative comfort, but to "lay up a snug penny in the horn" for his only daughter Nanny, who was at this time about fourteen years of age, and, as her fond father often proudly boasted, "the pattrern ov as purty a colleen as you'd find from the seven churches of Clonmacnoise to the Hill ov Howth—wherever that was."

Garret was generous and hospitable; his house "was known to all the vagrant train," and the way-worn pilgrim, the wandering minstrel, the itinerant "bocough," and the strolling vendor of the news and gossip of the day, were always secure of a welcome reception at his comfortable fireside.

Amongst the most constant of his guests was one Maurice O'Sullivan, a native of the county of Cork. Maurice was a most venerable-looking personage—tall, gaunt, athletic, and stone-blind. He was about eighty years of age; his white hair flowed on his shoulders, and he played the Irish bagpipes delightfully. He was the lineal descendant of a family still famous in the annals of the "green isle;" and although now compelled to wander through his native land in the garb and character of a blind piper, he had once seen better days, and was possessed of edu-

cation and intelligence far superior to most of his caste. He was intimately acquainted with the sad history of his country, was devotedly attached to the dogmas of the fairy creed, could recite charms and interpret dreams, and was deeply conversant in all those witch legends and traditions for which the Munster peasantry are so peculiarly celebrated. Hence Maurice was always a special favourite with my enthusiastic friend, who regularly entertained him at his own table, and who, when they would have disposed of their plain, but comfortable and substantial meal, would treat his blind guest to repeated "rounds" of good "half-and-half," composed of water from the spring, and the *potteen* of the valley. It was night-fall when I arrived, and the happy family, consisting of Garret and his wife, Nanny their eldest girl, and her two little brothers, with Paddy Bawn the "sarvint boy," and Ouny the "girl," including blind Maurice, were collected in a smiling group around the immense turf fire. In that day teetotalism had made little progress in Ireland; a huge copper kettle was therefore seen hissing on the fire; a large gray-beard of mountain-dew stood on the huge oak table; tumblers and glasses glittered in their respective places: and, in a few minutes we were all engaged in discussing the merits of a large jug of potteen punch. All were happy; Garret talked, his wife smiled; told all the "new news" of the Queen's County; whilst the spaces were filled up by blind Maurice, who played several of his most delightful national airs on his antique-looking pipes, whilst invariably as he concluded each successive lay

from his day's wandering with the squire over the bleak bogs, and although it rained, and the wind blew bitterly, he appeared in much better spirits than was usual with him on similar occasions. His wife wondered, and made more than usual preparations to please him. She trimmed the fire, and assisted him in taking off his dripping clothes, and then commenced pouring out her sympathy for his sufferings.

"Oh, never mind," said Larry, "I have good news."

"Arrah, sit down," said Betty, "and tell us what it is."

Larry sat down, and putting his hand in his pocket, pulled out a glittering gold coin.

"Arrah, Larry, avourneen, what's that?" asked the woman.

"Faith, it's a rare yellow boy, a good goold guinea," replied Larry. "The squire gev it to me, and tould me to buy a pair of brogues with it, and drink his health with the balance."

"Och, musha! then, long life to him," vociferated Betty; "and, Larry, a-hagur, will you buy the brogues?"

"Faix and I will," said Larry, "and another rattling pair for yourself, a-chorra."

"Ay, daddy, and another pair for me," shouted young Larry.

"And another for me," cried Thady.

"And another for me," chuckled Charley.

"Ay, and two pair for me," cried the black cat, speaking in a wild, unearthly tone from the hobstone, and breaking forth into a horrible laugh.

"Devil knock the daylights out of yez all," cried Larry, without seeming to take any notice of the strange circumstance, though his heart died within him with terror and surprise.

"Lord, have mercy on us!" faintly ejaculated Betty, signing her brow, whilst all the children started up in terror, and ran behind their parents in the chimney-corner.

All this time the cat remained silent on the hob; but his aspect, at all times terrible, now seemed perfectly monstrous and hideous. For some time a death-like silence was preserved, but at last Larry plucked up courage to address the speaking animal.

"And, in the name of God," he began, "what business have you with brogues?"

"Ask me no questions," replied the cat, "but get me the brogues as soon as possible."

"Oh, by all means," replied Larry, quite gently, "you must have them: and why did you not ask them long ago, and you should have got them?"

"My time was not come," replied Puss, briefly.

"Well," resumed Larry, "to-morrow is Sunday, and at daybreak I will start off to my gossip, Phadruig Donovan's, in Mill-street, to engage the brogues; he is the best brogue-maker in the county, and he is my first gossip besides."

"I know all that," said the cat, as he leaped up the chimney, on his departure to the scene of his midnight wanderings. "Good-night, Larry, and don't forget your engagement;" and he disappeared

through the gathering gloom, to the great relief of poor Larry and his terrified family.

That was a sad and uneasy night with poor Larry and his wife and children. They did not go to bed at all, but sat trembling at the fire, expecting every moment that the black imp would return with legions of fiends to carry them away, body and bones, to the regions below. Numerous were the plans proposed for getting rid of their old companion, but all were rejected—some as inefficient, others as impracticable; and the only point on which they could finally agree was, that their days were numbered, and that perhaps before morning their blood would be streaming on the hearth-stone, and their souls wandering through mire and morass, the prey of troops of fiends.

At last the morning dawned, and as Larry, desolately enough, was preparing to set forward on his journey to Mill-street, the cat jumped down the chimney, and took his usual place on the hob.

"Well, I am going now," said Larry; "have you any directions to give about the brogues?"

The cat did not reply, but uttered a hideous growl, which fell heavily on the poor fellow's heart; so kissing his wife and children, and commending them to the protection of God, he set out on his sorrowful journey.

He had not gone far when he perceived through the dim gray of the morning a human figure approaching; and on advancing a little nearer, he found that it was a very old man of extremely diminutive stature and forbidding aspect. He wore an old gray coat, and an equally old woollen cap, and his thin white hair descended to his knees; he was barefoot, and carried a walking-stick in his hand.

"Good-morrow, and God save you, Larry Roche," said the old man, as he came up.

"A bright morning to you," answered Larry.

"How is every rope's length of you, Larry, and how is the woman and the childre at home?" demanded the stranger.

"Faix, purty well, considherin'," replied Larry. "But you have a great advantage of me."

"How's that?" said the old man.

"Why, because you know me so well, while I have no more knowledge of you than of the man in the moon."

"Och, I'd know your skin in a tanyard," said the old chap, laughing. "But is it possible you don't know me?"

"Faix, if God Almighty knows no more about you than I do, the devil will have a prey of you one of those days," replied Larry.

"Well, say no more about that," said the old fellow, rather angrily. "But where are you going this blessed Sunday morning, Larry?"

"To Mill-street," said Larry.

"All the ways!—musha! what's taking you to Mill-street, Larry?"

"My feet and my business," said Larry, somewhat piqued at the old fellow's inquisitive importunity.

"You are very stiff this morning, Larry," said the stranger with a grin.

"I am worse than that," said the poor fellow; "the heart within me is sick and sore."

"And what troubles you now, Larry?"

Larry hereupon told the whole of his strange misfortunes to the stranger, ending with a deep "ochone," and wishing, if it was the will of God, that "his four bones were stretched in the churchyard of Kilebawn."

"You'll be there time enough for your welcome, maybe," said the old chap; "but that's neither here nor there. What will you do with the black cat?"

"Och, sweet bad luck to all the cats alive, both black and white," imprecated Larry.

"That cat's a devil—a fiend," said the stranger; "and more than that, he intends to murder you and your family this very night."

Larry groaned and crossed his forehead, whilst the stranger's hideous countenance was convulsed with half-suppressed laughter.

"Well, Larry," said he again, "I am your friend, and I have power to save you and yours, on one condition; and that is, that you will stop up the window in the back wall of your cabin."

"Faith, and I'll do that with a heart and a half," said Larry. "But what do you want that for?"

"I'll tell you that another time," said the little man. "Go home now, and say you can't proceed to Mill-street without taking the wife and children with you, to leave the measure of their feet for the brogues. Tell the cat also that he must come, too, to have his fit taken; then tie him up in a bag, and bring him with you; fasten this hair around your neck," added the old man, at the same time extracting a single white hair from his head, "and all the imps of hell cannot hurt you. But mind and don't open your lips from the time you leave home till you come to this spot; and when you arrive here with the cat, sit down and wait the event."

A thick fog now suddenly rose, and the old man was hidden from the sight of Larry, who, greatly overjoyed, returned to his cabin to execute the orders he had got, and was met by his wife, who was trembling for his safe return, but did not expect him sooner than night.

"Musha! Larry agragal, you're welcome," she exclaimed; "and what, in the name of God, turned you back?"

"I am coming for you and the gorsoons; you must all come to Mill-street to have your measure taken for the brogues."

"And must I go, too?" asked the cat.

"Faix, you must," said Larry; "if natural Christians couldn't be fitted without bein' on the spot, it's hard to expect that you could."

"And how am I to travel?" he asked.

"In a bag on my back," replied Larry. "I'll whip you through the country like a dinner to a hog, and man or mortal shall never be the wiser, if the brogue-maker keeps his tongue quiet."

"I'll go bail he will," said Puss, "for I'll kill him the very night the brogues is brought home."

"Lord, have mercy on him," ejaculated Larry, his heart sinking within him.

"Pray for yourself—maybe you want mercy as well as him," said the cat.

The preparations were soon completed, and the cat being put into the bag, Larry tied the mouth of it firmly with a piece of cord, and then slung it on his shoulder; and after acquainting his wife with his adventure with the old man on "Moin-more," he departed, whistling the air of "Thamama Thulla."

He soon gained the spot where he had parted with the old man, and looking round and perceiving nobody, he sat down on the green fern, still holding the bag which contained his terrible fellow-traveller.

"What stops you, Larry?" asked the cat.

Larry, recollecting the old man's injunction, spoke not, but continued whistling.

"Does anything ail you, Larry?"

"Whoo, hoo, phoo, hoo,—Thamemo Chodladh."

"Is Betty and the chidhre to the fore?"

"Thamemo Chodladh."

"Bad luck to you and your 'Thamemo Chodladh,'" cried the cat.

"That the prayers may fall on the preacher," said Larry to himself.

The cat now began to make desperate efforts to escape from the bag, whilst Larry redoubled his exertions to detain him. His attention, however, was soon arrested by the cry of hounds, and looking westward, he perceived, rapidly approaching over the morass, a big black man, mounted on a black horse, and accompanied by a numerous pack of black dogs.

"Ochone," thought Larry, "now I am coached of all ever happened me. Here is the chap's black friends coming to rescue him, and they won't leave a toothful apiece in my carcass."

"Let me go, Larry," said the cat, "let me go, and I'll show you where there's a cartload of gold buried in the ground." But Larry remained silent, and meantime the horseman and hounds came up.

"Good-morrow and good luck, Larry Roche," said the black equestrian, with a grim smile.

"Good-morrow, kindly, your worship," said Larry.

"Is that a fox you have in the bag, Larry?"

"No, in throth," said Larry, "though I believe he is not much honestier than a fox."

"I must see what it is, anyhow," said the sable horseman, with a gesticulation which convinced Larry at once that he was the fellow whom he had seen before.

So Larry opened the bag, and out jumped Puss, and away with him over the bog like a flash of lightning. The wild huntsman hallooed his dogs, and the pursuit commenced, but the cat was soon surrounded and torn to pieces.

"Now," said the horseman, "I must bid you farewell;" and off he went; and then Larry returned home with the happy tidings, and the squire's guinea was spent in the purchase of sundry bottles of "Tom Corcoran's" best poteen; but we must do Larry the justice to say that his agreement with the old man was punctually performed, and the back window stopped as effectually as mud and stones could do it.

A few nights afterwards, Larry was aroused from his sleep by the merry tones of bagpipes at his fire-side, and getting up, he perceived the kitchen illuminated with a bright, reddish glare, whilst on the hobstone he saw, snugly seated, the ever-remembered little old man playing a set of bagpipes, to the delightful tones of which hundreds of little fellows with red caps and red small-clothes were capering about the floor.

"God bless the man and the work," said Larry, "and warm work yez have ov it this hour ov the night."

The little fellows hereupon set up a shout, and rushing to the door, flew through it, one of them striking poor Larry a box on the right eye, which blinded it.

"Good-night, Misthur Larry," said the piper; "and how is your four bones? and how is the good woman that owns you?"

"Och, no fear at all ov the woman," replied Larry; "and as for my bones, they are well enough; but, faith, my right eye, I believe, it is in whey in my head."

"Well, it will teach you how to speak to your betters in future," said the little piper; "never mention the holy name again, when talking to the 'good people.' But, Larry, listen: I'll now tell you why I wanted you to stop up your back window. You must know that this cabin of yours stands on the middle of a fairy pass. We often come this way in our wanderings through the air in cold nights, and often we wished to warm ourselves at your fire-side; but as there was a window in the back of your cabin, we had not power to stop, but were compelled to pursue our journey. Now that the window is stopped, we can come in and remain as long as we wish, and resume our journey through the door by which we enter. We pass this way almost every night, and you need never feel in the least apprehensive of injury so long as you let us pursue our pastimes undisturbed."

"I'll be bound me or mine shall never annoy one of yez," said Larry.

"That's a good fellow, Larry," said the little chap; "and now take those pipes and play us a tune."

"Och, the devil a chanter I ever fingered," said Larry, "since I was christened."

"No matter," said the little fellow; "I'll go bail you'll play out of the soot."

Larry "yoked" on the pipes, and lilted up in darling style a merry tune, whilst the old chap was ready to split with laughing.

"What's the name of that tune?" said Larry.

"*Caith-na-broguoen*," replied the fairy piper; "a tune I composed in memory of your escape from the cat; a tune that will soon become a favourite all over Munster."

Larry handed back the pipes; the little man placed them in a red bag, and, bidding his host "good-night," dashed up the chimney.

The next night, and almost every following night, the din of fairy revels might be heard at Larry Roche's fireside, and Larry himself was their constant companion in their midnight frolics. He soon became the best performer on the bagpipes in the south of Ireland, and after some time surrendered his cabin to the sole occupation of the "good people," and wandered with his family through all the Munster counties, and was welcome and kindly treated wherever he came. After some time the cabin, from neglect fell, and offered no further impediment to the fairy host in their midnight wanderings, whilst Larry followed a life of pleasure and peace, far from the scene of his former perils and privations.

The cat, of course, was never seen after; but the peasantry of the neighbourhood say that the screams of the infernal fiend, mingled with the deep howlings of hell-hounds and the savage yellings of the sable hunter, may be distinctly heard in horrid chorus amongst the fens and morasses of the broad Moine-more.

## HANDSOME KATE KAVANAGH.

In that fertile district of the county Wexford, the barony of Forth, distinguished for its comfortable cottages and general good husbandry, lived Dennis Costigan, a rich farmer. His farm was large, well-stocked, and in high condition; his dwelling-house was furnished as a farmer's house should be, and it was as cleanly and neat as it was commodious. His wife was tidy, notable, and good-tempered, and his three children were such as would please a father—well-formed in person and virtuous in mind. Then, should not our friend Dennis Costigan have been a happy man? He would have been so, *perhaps*—for

there is ever to be a stumbling-block in our road to happiness—but that the first object that glared upon his eyes in each morning's sun was the white, low cottage of his next neighbour, Miles Kavanagh. Yet that cottage was not an ugly feature in the landscape. It was small and low, but as white as the whitest lime could make it; it was neatly thatched, too, and its small casements were never broken or patched. A few honeysuckles and roses crept up its walls, and it was surrounded by a hedge of hazels and willows, that lent it an air of comfort and seclusion. Its owner, at least, thought it a pretty

spot, and that he was a happy man indeed to possess it and its two or three adjoining acres; and as he trimmed his hedges, and looked pleasantly on all around—the fruits of his industry and labour—he little thought that anyone could look upon his cot and farm with other eyes than those of admiration; and, least of all, that he, or aught of his, was the source of care or annoyance to his wealthier neighbour. And why did wealthy Dennis Costigan glance loweringly on this humble tenement? Was it that, like his betters, he thought a poor man's dwelling always an unsightly object? and that, like many a grasping spirit, all land convenient to his own was misappropriated if not in his possession? It was not so. Dennis Costigan envied no man his possessions. He was a right specimen of a farmer, independent, upright, honest, and industrious, contented with what Providence had given him, and willing to help a neighbour with purse and hand if required. And if he *did* grumble a little, and turn away his eyes quickly, as if in pain, from the cottage we have mentioned, many another father with hopeful sons would do the same, for it contained a gem that would grace the proudest castle in Ireland—beautiful, charming, innocent Kate Kavanagh, but who had no fortune.

One fine morning in August, farmer Costigan sallied forth at the head of a regiment of reapers armed for the destruction of a large field of wheat, but scarcely had he got outside his yard when he missed two of his most efficient men—his two sons.

"Where can those gorsoons ov mine be, boys?" inquired he of the reapers.

"In the arms ov *Murphy*, to be sure," answered a little shrill-piped fellow, the crack orator of the country, which, and the circumstance of his name being alike, procured him the cognomen of "Counsellor Shiel." "In the arms ov *Murphy*, to be sure, afther thrippin' it all night on the light funtastic toe with that flower ov Forth an' belle of the barony, Kate Kavanagh."

"Arrah, can't ye speak in plain English, man?" thundered the farmer, with kindling eyes—the name just mentioned always putting him in a passion. "What the dickens does I know of funtastic toes or heels?"

"Very little, indeed, *lithorally*," quoth the counsellor, laughing and glancing sarcastically at the farmer's large feet, cased in tremendous brogues, shod with hob-nails; "very little *lithorally*, but you might metaphorically, for all that. But you have no more poetry or bells leathers in ye than a bag of beans!"

"Nor you more common sense than a goose."

"Stop!" cried the orator suddenly, in a tone of command enough to arrest a retreating army, and motioning to the body of reapers. "Stop, one and all ov ye, an' listen! It would be a sin to let this profane ignirince continue longer." Then, addressing our barony Forth farmer with a countenance in which pity and ineffable contempt were blended, "Is it in the nointeenth centhery that you call me a goose, by way ov contimpt? Oh, ignorant of nathral hiothry, jography, bells leathers, pelite litherature ritogether! For, know, unforthenate man, that it

was the *caakle* ov that same illustrious baist, a goose, that saved what?—where do ye think?"

"Yer mother's hen-roost from the fox, is it?"

"No, haithen, but imparial Rome!!!"

The might, the majesty of the "counsellor's" tones and gestures, as he uttered the words, struck amazement into the hearts of his hearers! They had considered him a clever fellow, but by no means the great man he then appeared! Enchanted with his eloquence, not a few of his auditors were certain that, if he were in parliament, he would do more for Ireland than Mr. O'Connell and all his friends; while the remainder, as much delighted with his energy, lamented that "the crathur wasn't two fut higher, for he had a great spirit intirely!"

The happy "counsellor" perceived the impression he had produced, and in his altitude was proceeding to tell them when and how "imparial Rome" was saved, when his attention was arrested by an approaching object, and, with an instantaneous change of attitude and tone, he exclaimed,

"But, soft! what light from yonder meadow breaks?

It is the aist, an' Cath'rine is the sun!"

as a tall and very handsome girl, with the finest eyes and brightest smile imaginable, met them at the entrance of the wheat-field.

"A blithe mornin' to Misther Costigan," said the maiden, "and the same to all the raipers!"

"Oh! a good-morra," returned Mr. Costigan, very coldly and with looks still colder, "an' I wondher, above all things, what is it that takes Miss Kavanagh out of her bed so early?"

"Just what ought to rouse many more of us, Misther Costigan," replied Kate, spiritedly: "to help a naibur, an' I am come to offer you all the 'sistance in my power to-day, aither as binder or raiper, whichever ye may want worst."

"I want neither," returned the farmer, gruffly, and turning on his heel; "and, besides, I could not possibly think of puttin' sitch delicate white hands to sitch coorse work!"

"The belle o' the barony" coloured high at the affront couched in this speech, and she hastily answered that "her hands, sitch as they war, could earn her bread for her when she required it; an' if *she* didn't find them too tendher for work, Misther Costigan needn't find fault with them. But," added she, more kindly, "you have a rough manner, but a kind heart, Dennis Costigan, an' I won't mind what you say to me. Moreover, I'll stay with ye to-day, whether ye be willin' or not, aither as binder or raiper."

Dennis Costigan, "kind as his heart" was, would have given a sovereign of "bright goold" that Kate Kavanagh and her bright eyes were a few miles off at the moment; but as he saw that she carried all before her, he thought it better not to give her any further offence, and accordingly, but with a very bad grace, he accepted her services.

"Where be's Jem and Ned Costigan this mornin'?" whispered Kate to the counsellor, who was flourishing away gallantly at her side.

The man of eloquence flung himself into an atti-

tude, laid his hand upon his heart, and looked languishingly, as he "assured her that her charms were raily too potently influential over the hearts of her admirers, as she not only deprived them of the needful refreshment of nathur, oblivious slumber, but she also hendered them from doin' their daily manual imployments. For instance," said he, "you see *Saul*, the orb of day, is high up in his meraydian hemisphere, an' those inamoured swains are still pressin' their beds, or rather cooches, in the arms of *Murphy*, mainin' sleep or *Somnus*—"

"An' what have I to do with that?" said Kate, laughing heartily. "Do you think I gave thim a sleepy potion?"

"Ah, my beautiful flower of Forth," sighed out the sentimental counsellor, "anything but a sleepy potion do you give your lovers! if 'tis anything, sure I am 'tis a draught to banish sleep for ever! But consarnin' those vagrant truints ye spaik of, I ondherstand that you kep thim up beyant their ushial hours of repose last night, admirin' yer graceful movemints in yer *Turphascorian* revels, mainin' the dance at *Judy Colfer's*; and that man, their father, who is not to be moved with 'concord of sweet sounds,' or any sounds at all but the chink of money, almost snapt my head off a while ago bekase I tould him so. Ah! my Catherine dear, I fear you'll in-counther opposition in that quarther. But '*vel desperantum*,' say I, which manes in plain English, 'never dispair.'"

Catherine said nothing, but instantly began to sing, at the top of her fine, rich voice, a song the counsellor had composed in praise of her, and shortly afterwards she had the pleasure to see the two sleepy truants bounding across the yard towards the wheat-field, as if her well-known notes had awakened them.

While this magical song was thrilling on all hearts, Kate Kavanagh, the witching Kate! stood apart from the others, singing and laughing alternately, her reaping-hook resting on one arm, and dressed in the everyday fashion of the place—the striped linsey short petticoat, and loose bedgown or wrapper, a dress that would make an ordinary woman frightful, and straw hat, the leaf of which, turned up before and pinned to the crown, displayed her sable locks and fair, high forehead to perfection. And many a side-glance the anxious father, Dennis Costigan, cast at this arrangement of Kate's head-gear, as he broadly hinted that "for sartin Miss Kavanagh's complexion would be intirely spoiled if she showed it too much to the sun."

"Tut!" was Kate's good-humoured reply, "'the life of an ould hat is to cock it,' as we say in the country. The leaf of it was flappin' in my eyes; the lads couldn't see me, nor I them, so a pin settled the bisnes;" and nothing could become her fine Spanish face better, though her toilet was made in perfect carelessness, for dashing Kate had other charms to depend on besides beauty. Imprimus, she was the first dancer in the country, outdoing her dancing-master himself at "jigs, reels, thrubbles, doubles, hornpipes, and *petticoatees*." She was a *killing* dancer in both senses of the word, for no boy

or girl could keep it up with the spirit of Kate Kavanagh, and she generally disabled six or eight prime beaux at every "hop" she appeared at, which was nearly every night. The worst of it was (as the sorely annoyed fathers and mothers of the neighbourhood said), "though she fairly kilt all the boys that danced with her, yet sorra one but herself would sarve them for a partner ather all!" Then she was, as Orator Shiel said, "Apollyo in petticoats for singin'!" and songs of love, murder, hunting, war, and sea, would charm with double effect, borne on the musical notes of Kate Kavanagh. In short, she was "metal most," but also too "attractive" and loud complaints and grievances at last came thundering on her devoted head. "Boys growin' lazy and crazy—work undone or done badly—time spent an' misspent—messages forgotten and mistaken—girls neglected—matches broken—eternal dancin', fightin', black eyes, and bloody noses"—all, all was laid in a bundle at the door of handsome, animated, dashing, yet very innocent Kate Kavanagh.

"What will be done with her, at all at all?" iterated the suffering fathers and mothers all round the country. "What will we do with her at all?"

"I'll tell ye, naiburs," responded one of the elders, as a body of them returned from chapel on the Sunday after Mosey Fortune's great "flare-up," at which three topping bloods fought for the honour of first figuring on the floor with the "belle o' the barony." "Let a respectable dacent naibur, sitch as Dennis Costigan here, for example, go to her father as a friend to advise him to get his daughter married out of hand, for fear some harm will happen. And, throth, harm *will* happen; for if she's not the destruction of herself, she will be the ruination of others. So, Mither Costigan, let you be the man to spake to Miles Kavanagh."

"Agreed," said Dennis Costigan, who was one of the party, and also a suffering father; and on the ensuing Thursday he intended to proceed on the mission.

In the meantime, Kate Kavanagh, never dreaming of the grand hubbub about her, assisted to cut down Mr. Costigan's wheat; and so full of songs, jokes, and attractions was she, that it was observed, even by the farmer himself, that the men, old and young, surpassed themselves at reaping that day. Indeed, Kate set them an excellent pattern; for, notwithstanding that her tongue moved in double-quick time, she took care that her hands should be equally nimble; and at nightfall, thanks to Kate and the influence of her black eyes, sharp and bright as her sickle, the very large field of wheat was cut down, bound, and stooked to the owner's satisfaction. Yet, after all, the "flower of Forth" bloomed too near Dennis, or rather his sons, to allow him to be perfectly content.

"How your father equints at me!" observed Kate to James Costigan, her ardent admirer, and to whom, by the way, she contrived to keep close during the day. "He looks at me as if I was a crab-apple, an' he had just taken a bite. Wouldn't it be the best of a good joke, now, if I'd make him change his tune in spite of himself?"

Jem looked at her very tenderly as he replied, "Ye do as you like with us, Kate, darlin', but I doubt yer power over my father. He is flent to purty girls, an' above all to you."

"We shall see," said Kate; and that very evening, between coaxing and pulling, she actually brought the portly farmer, albeit in no dancing mood, to dance with her (when Peter Hamilton and his violin happened in after supper), to the amazement and amusement of a kitchenful of spectators, though, as honest Dennis confessed, while wiping his broad brows, "he didn't take sitch a spree for ten years afore!" Handsome Kate at the end of it looked knowingly at Jem Costigan, as much as to say, "You see this, and you'll see more."

The next morning an express arrived to Dennis Costigan, with the news that his sister's daughter, Miss Peggy Malone, was about to "change her state," and that her uncle's company was required at the wedding.

"Och, murther!" cried the farmer, when he had sufficiently expressed his surprise at the news, "this ould brown coat ov mine will never do for a weddin'!—turn it which way I will, it looks shabby enough—pieced at the elbows an' torn at the cuffs! So, Jem, asthore, take the black mare and set off this minnit to Wexford, and buy me the makin's of a coat an' waistcoat of good green cloth: it always became my complexion. An', Jem, for yer head, don't make any mistake this time. Those three months past you're full ov mistakes an' nothin' else."

"Is it me makes mistakes?" quoth Jem, indignantly; "that's what I never did yet, except wanst or twice, an' I'll not begin now." And he mounted the mare, and turned her head towards Wexford. But, as he should pass Miles Kavanagh's cottage, "it would be only right an' proper to ax if he or Kate had any commands for town." And—and—when he got to Wexford, he quite forgot the colour his father had ordered, and, thinking of Kate Kavanagh's hair and eyes, he bought black.

Well, never was man in a greater fume than our friend Dennis Costigan, when he saw his son's purchase. "Black! black!" he repeated again and again, as he held up the cloth and indignantly scowled at it and its purchaser, "black for a weddin'! Oh, ye born natural! what on earth put it into yer head to buy black for a weddin'? But I see the thruth in your eyes this minnit! You seen that—that plague upon earth, Kate Kavanagh, afore ye went to Wexford, and she, as ushial, put every wise thought out of yer head. Black coat at a weddin'!—who ever seen the like afore?"

It was in vain that poor Jem explained that "the cloth was not all out black, but what was called Ox-fert-gray—a mighty ginteel colour, an' sitch as was worn by all fathers of families."

"That's as much as to say that it is wora by all ould min!" said the father, nothing better pleased. "What a judge ye are! But, as the cloth is bought, I must keep it, I suppose, an' I'll take it to the tailor's myself, for fear ye'd make some other confounded blundher. I wouldn't wondher if ye'd tell

him to make it a spincer-jacket without skirts, ye have sitch a janious for mistakes!" And putting the parcel of cloth under his arm, he set out for Jemmy Nowlan's domicile.

There he saw no one but the tailor's old mother sitting very melancholy over the fire.

"Can I see your son Jemmy, Widda Nowlan?" asked the farmer.

"Och, asthore machree, Misther Costigan," said the widow, setting up a keen, and rocking herself about, "ye may see him an' welkim, but a quare sight ye'll see whin ye sees him; an', linamachree! the worst of it is, he can't see ye now."

"Why, what's the matter?" demanded Mr. Costigan, alarmed. "I hope he's not dead?"

"He's not dead, but he's kilt entirely," sobbed the distressed parent, "wid the lambastin' he got ere-last night at the dance at Dinny Doran's."

"Well, and what takes him to dances?" said the farmer, in a heat. "Sure the like shred ov him ought to stay at home an' mind his bisness."

"Pulliliew! is that the feelin' ye has for yer fella-crathurs, Misther Costigan? But, indeed I often said that same to him myself. 'Stay at home, honey,' I says to him, 'an' don't be losin' yer sleep an' fith-erin' yer slippers at them dances.' 'Hould yer whisht, mother,' he'll say to me thin (for he is a mighty obaydient child), 'love sthrikes the little as well as the big, and I wouldn't have a sowl above buttons if I wouldn't take every opportunity ov meetin' and coortin' Kate Kavanagh.' So, ye see, the win' sits in that quarther, Misther Costigan."

Mr. Costigan actually stamped on the floor with passion when he heard the name of Kate Kavanagh; and as the tailor's mother perceived unusual anger in his countenance, she flattered herself that it was all sympathy for her "darlint Jemmy," and she hastened to give him the particulars "ov the murdher," foul and unnatural. "So now, my darlint Misther Costigan," she concluded, "his poor eyes is black an' blue, and closed up into the bargain, an' he couldn't handle a needle if it was for Misther Grogan Morgan himself—God bless him for the fine lan'lord that he is."

If poor Mrs. Nowlan knew but all, little sympathy had her wealthy visitor for her battered son, when he understood the cause of his woes, and her pathetic touches of tenderness went for nothing. Muttering something about "hanging all fools and mothers of fools," he took a gruff leave of the widow, and returned home with his cloth. There was no other tailor nearer than Wexford, and it was fated that he should wear his old brown coat at the wedding. But that was not his only annoyance. The evening before he set out on his journey, he found that the horse he intended to ride wanted two shoes; and fearing to trust his sons (both of whom were smitten with the "belle o' the barony") in their present plight, he brought the animal to the forge himself. No smith was to be found. "Arrah, where the d—l is he?" cried the farmer, quite exasperated, and addressing a girl standing knitting at the door of a house near the forge.

"Sorrah bit ov us knows, Mither Costigan," replied the damsel; "but we're guessin' that he is either at the public-house, or at Miles Kavanagh's, hankerin' afther his daughter, for betwixt the two places he spins the most ov his time."

Dennis Costigan said nothing, but he raised up his hands and eyes—eloquence more expressive than words. Kate Kavanagh again!

As he returned with his unshod horse, he pondered while jogging along. "What should be about that Kate Kavanagh, above all girls, to set a whole parish astray?" And as he could find no solution of the enigma short of sorcery, he set it down that she was "Ould Nick in petticoats!" "My two hopeful sons is mad afther her," said he, soliloquising; "the unfortunate counsellor is fairly cracked about her; the smith is grown wild, and the tailor knocked stupid; heaven only knows what way the carpinther an' mason is, for she has all the thrades, I'm thinkin'; an' now all I pray is that she may charm some thrav'ling tinker, and that he may carry her off body an' bones for the pace of the counthry!" Ah, little did honest Dennis know who was to be the next victim of merciless Kate Kavanagh!

Well, next morning he set out for Bargie, after taking an affectionate farewell of his good little wife, and after cautioning her repeatedly to have a constant look-out after the "boys and Kate Kavanagh." Fain would he have persuaded his eldest son to accompany him to the wedding, but Jem pathetically pleaded "pains in his bones an' headache" (heartache he should have said), and his father very unwillingly set off without him.

Our farmer had only ridden a few miles, when, coming to a village, like a true son of the soil he should stop at the "public" to taste the "mountain dew." Early as it was in the morning, it appeared there were others as interestingly engaged, and vociferating loudly on some important topic. Whatever it might be, our friend Dennis thought it could be no concern of his, and without making any inquiry he called for his dandy of punch. Overhead the revellers kept up a most astounding debate; presently were heard shouts, curses, hustling, and blows, and the next instant half-a-dozen combatants came head foremost tumbling down the steep and narrow stairs together!

"Fight it out fair, ye vilyens," roared the hostess, as her face flamed and her eye fired, "but fight it out ov my house. Into the street with every mother's son ov ye, or know for what!" and seizing a pewter beer quart, she leaped over the counter, and pummelled the backs and heads of all within her reach, till she actually cleared them out of her house.

"What an uproar they make in a quiet place!" said she, as she returned to Dennis Costigan, who was laughing heartily at the spree.

Now, there is something extraordinary in the blood of an Irishman. A fight is his choicest amusement, and if he is not a principal actor in one, he must be a spectator. Even our sober barony Forth farmer was excited, and eagerly asked "what it was all about?"

"All about nonainse," replied Mrs. Boniface, "all

about nonsense when it is about a woman. All the uproar was about a naibur ov yours, Mither Costigan who has turned the heads ov some ov our lads here, an' many others besides—one Miss Kavanagh. Do you know her?"

"Know her!" exclaimed Dennis, and suddenly set down his glass on the counter, just as he was about to put it to his lips.

"What's the matter, Mither Costigan?" asked the landlady, alarmed; "don't you like yer punch?"

"Oh, I likes it well," returned Mr. Costigan, in a sickly tone, "but somehow there's an all-overness over me that makes me very quare at times, but it will wear off. Here's to yer health, Mrs. Rochel" and gulped off the punch at a draught, as if he didn't know what he was about. He then proceeded on his journey, inwardly determined not to stop again, lest he might hear the dreaded name before he arrived at his sister's, and there he trusted he was free from the infliction. Nevertheless, the name was mentioned at the wedding, and our farmer, under the influence of good cheer and hilarity, laughed loud and long as his brain began to whirl while thinking of the strange combination of circumstances that brought Kate Kavanagh for ever before him.

At this wedding was a certain buck of the name of Magrah. He was a rake and a spendthrift, but, nevertheless, was artful and designing. He had heard of the beauty of Kate Kavanagh, and knowing that Mr. Costigan was a neighbour of hers, he tormented him with questions about her, particularly "if she had a fortune?"

For the first time in his life Dennis Costigan told an untruth with an evil intention. He protested that Kate Kavanagh had a fortune, and a good one too; he praised her person and industrious habits; and at last became so zealous in his friendship to his absent neighbours as to give a cordial invitation to Mr. Magrah to his house, for the purpose of seeing and being introduced to the "belle o' the barony," but never once asking what sort of person this Magrah was, or what was his means of living.

Mr. Pat Magrah very eagerly accepted the invitation, returned with Mr. Costigan, and was introduced to and charmed with handsome Kate Kavanagh, and he found his quarters so good, and his time pass so agreeably, that instead of a week he remained a month in the neighbourhood of the "flower of Forth," quite enamoured with her beauty and attractions.

Dennis Costigan was delighted. Like a true friend to one or all of the parties, he encouraged the courtship by every means in his power—even lending money to the suitor to enable him to cut a dash in the eyes of Miles Kavanagh and his daughter.

At length the Bargie hero returned to his home for a short time, protesting that "he was quite confused an' ashamed ov intrudin' so long on Mither Costigan's hospitality, but that he would sartainly come again to look afther his sweetheart, for none but he should thransplant the "flower of Forth."

On the third evening after his departure, as part



of the family of the Costigans were seated round the fire, Ned, our friend Dennis's younger son, ran in all in a hurry, exclaiming, "News, friends, news! there's a runaway match on the road to-night, for Denny Doran met a couple on horseback, sweepin' like the win' into Waxford, an' he'll take his oath Pat Magrah was the man, let who will be the woman!"

"An' Kate Kavanagh was sartinly the woman!" exclaimed Dennis Costigan, in undisguised delight, while his son James turned as pale as death. But the joy of the one and despair of the other was of short duration; for in the next instant Kate Kavanagh herself rushed in breathless, and apparently in much uneasiness. "Where's Mary Costigan?" cried she anxiously, and examining the group round the fire. All seemed surprised and alarmed at her anxious appearance and inquiry, and Mrs. Costigan repeatedly called her daughter, but got no answer.

"Oh, 'tis too true!" said Kate; "an', Mither Costigan, I'm sorry to have to say it. The seape-grace you brought to this neighbourhood has carried off your own daughter! My father met them on the road to Waxford, an' knew them."

It would be impossible to describe the confusion of the family at this announcement. For a time all were stupified with astonishment. Then the brothers, giving vent to their rage in curses, sprang to their feet and rushed out of the house; while the father, stung by many conflicting feelings, hung his head and remained powerless.

"My child! my tender, dutiful child!" cried the distracted mother, wringing her hands in an agony of weeping. "My child! my child!"

"Whisht! woman," at last roared the farmer in a voice of thunder, unwilling to let his supposed enemy have the satisfaction to see their distress and confusion. "Whisht, I say! what has she done but got a good husband, what they are all strivin' for young an' ould? Whisht, I say! or if ye must lament, lament that ye didn't keep sitch notions out of her head till she was sixteen anyhow."

"She was full seventeen, Dennis," interposed the mother, in all her grief, as a woman anxious to defend her sex. "Don't say the craithur was forward beyant her years, for she was full seventeen last October."

Up started the farmer. "We'll soon end that argamint," said he, seizing a candle, and striding furiously towards the parlour; "I have her age down in black an' white in my pocket-book."

They could hear him unlock his desk and searching amongst papers; then followed impatient mutterings, and at length a loud groan, as if body and soul were parted. All now rushed to the parlour, where they found poor Costigan the image of heart-broken despair. He stood with his eyes fixed and his face as pale as marble: one hand grasped a pocket-book that seemed torn and empty, while the other hung listless by his side.

"Marcy ov heaven!" exclaimed the trembling wife, clinging to him for support, "what new misforthin' has befallen us now?"

The farmer groaned heavily ere he replied; and then it was in a broken, sunken voice—"We're ruined, Alley! an' robbed, an' I deserve it! The vilyen has not only taken our child from us, but robbed us of one hundred pounds! See, here is the deek, bruck open, an' the pocket-book empty, an' she did it at his instigation!"

This was blow on blow! Mrs. Costigan was a weak and delicate woman. She fell senseless to the ground, and was borne to her bed, from which she never rose again. And thus was Dennis Costigan's treachery rewarded. He had brought a wretch to his house for the purpose of introducing him as an admirer to his honest neighbour's daughter, without once inquiring into his character or circumstances; and the young fellow had cleverly turned the visit to account; for instead of portionless Kate Kavanagh, he carried off young and pretty Mary Costigan, and her hundred pounds!

It is certain our barony Forth farmer felt this triple blow most severely, and the more so from his consciousness that he deserved it, and prepared the way for his misfortunes himself. But he was doomed to feel his lapse from honour and fair dealing yet more acutely, when on the day of his wife's death he was accosted by his neighbour Miles Kavanagh, as he was droopingly wandering about his fields, shunning the crowds collected at the wake.

"Mither Costigan," began Miles abruptly—for the Irish peasant feels too warmly to take time to shape his congratulations or condolences with the go-about refinements of delicacy—"I am sorry for yer thrubble this day, an' the more so bekase Mrs. Costigan was ever the kind and friendly naibur, that never changed from hot to cowl like others." Dennis winced. "I also heerd ov yer loss in other respects, but that loss will be soon made up, please God. In the maintime, Mithar Costigan, ye might want a thrifle of ready cash for the expinse ov the wake an' berrin'; an' as I've seraped together a mather ov a few pounds for the rint, but which is not called for yet, I'd be very glad to lind it to a friend, an' maybe you'd take it, an' ye may pay me when you please. Fair, sitch poor men as me ought never to keep money long in the house for fear ov the vilyens ov rogues."

Dennis Costigan was unable to speak, and without accepting the money he motioned his honest neighbour away, and turned off abruptly. But Miles Kavanagh was not a man to be deterred from doing a kind action.

"Hut-tut! Mithar Costigan," he continued, "don't turn away from an ould naibur an' friend. You think now that I bear a grudge to ye on account ov that vilyen ye brought down to court my Kate. I know all, ye see; an' if I do, I freely forgive ye. Fathers, an' specially rich fathers sitch as you, are a little partiklar, I suppose, about who their sons would marry, an' it's all right. But Dennis Costigan ought to have known us betther! He ought to have known that neither I nor my child would seek to enther any man's family against his will, for he never seen any mean or disavin' ways in us. But all's forgiven and

forgotten now; so don't be the laist suspicious ov us, but take the money that I freely offer, if you want it, an' you'll make a poor man an' naibur happy. Turn about, man, an' let us live in pace an' good-will while we're on the earth together."

Dennis Costigan stood, perpendicular as a poplar, with his back to Miles Kavanagh while he was speaking, and the latter thought from the stiffness of the farmer's air, that he had nerved himself up to break sooner than bend, and that he was determined to retain his sturdy pride to the last, and perhaps to cut with him altogether. To Miles's surprise, however, when he ceased speaking, portly Dennis wheeled right about, still perpendicular, seized the hand of his honest friend, and, as if the mere touch of a sympathising friend communicated a softness he was unused to, he wept aloud! yes, wept! and they were the first bitter tears he had ever shed.

"But for the sake of human nathur, which I am glad to see so good," said Dennis Costigan afterwards, "I'd most rather ye'd have abused me; I could have borne it better!"

Well, months passed over, and still the "belle o' the barony" was making sad havoc with the hearts of the beaux. She had already all the trades enlisted under her banner, and it was a nice question whether she would spare one bachelor in an entire parish or not. Fathers and mothers still complained, and the girls prayed that Kate Kavanagh were married, and out of the way. Matters were daily growing worse and worse, "confusion worse confounded," in the country round.

As a last resource, Dennis Costigan was reminded of his promised mission to Miles Kavanagh, to "coax him to settle his daughter out of hand," and for the repose of the neighbourhood he agreed to do so. He now felt a warm friendship for both father and daughter, and it would make him really happy if he could be the means of assisting pretty Kate to a husband every way worthy of her. Still he had not brought himself to wish *his* son married to her, for he had taken it into his head that Jem was entitled to a girl with a couple of hundreds at least, and since his late loss he was more anxious on that score than ever.

At last, deeming himself bound in honour to delay no longer from fulfilling his promise, Mr. Costigan gravely proceeded to Miles Kavanagh's cottage. He found the "flower of Forth" busily engaged in her little kitchen, scouring her deal tables and chairs, and singing merrily as she scoured. The labour had thrown a lovely glow over her fine face, and her smile was really bewitching as she welcomed Mr. Costigan, and handed him a chair.

"Is yer father within, Miss Kavanagh?" inquired Dennis, as kindly as the recollection of his son's untoward situation would permit.

"He is not, Mr. Costigan," Kate replied, "but I think he will be here presently, so you have nothing for it but to sit with a wild girl like me till he comes in."

Down plumped Mr. Costigan, and to look at him one would imagine he had come a-suitoring himself,

so awkward and confused did he seem while obliged to continue alone with the beautiful "plague upon earth." He turned his head away from her, stuck an old pipe in his mouth for employment's sake, and preserved a dead silence for ten minutes. Kate, perceiving his mood, troubled him with little chat. At length, tired of waiting for the father, the missionary condescended to address the daughter; and she, judging from the contortions of his phiz, thought the effort cost him as much as a spasm of cholera morbus.

"Hem! haw! hum! I wondher very much that you don't think ov changin' yer state, Miss Kavanagh. The marriage life is the happiest life ov all, as I know," sighing deeply, "an' I would recommend ye to thry it:" and he launched into a long harangue in praise of the honourable state, its happiness, comfort, and safety, compared to a single life—so full of peril to a female; to all of which our "belle o' the barony" listened, and assented as demurely as could be wished. After lauding the state and urging the necessity of it, he next proceeded to point out the most eligible match in his opinion, recommending of all things "an independent man, unburdened by fathers, mothers, sisters, or brothers; a single man in every sense, with whom she could have everything her own way, and no one to interfere;" and he named several whom he considered would be unexceptionable, but to all of whom our Kate had a quick and characteristic objection, as prompt and ready as if she had anticipated the visit of the matrimonial delegate, and guessed his errand. This is a specimen of the colloquy. After mentioning several others—

"Well, what do you think of long Jem Whalen?"

"Why, that one pair of tongs in one house is enough."

"Oh, that won't do? What do you think of John Barry? he's a snug, warm fella."

"Warm enough, for he's the dickens for fightin'."

"Well, Redmond Connors, the carpinther?"

"He's a close shaver, but not to my taste."

"Pulliliew! you'll never be pleased. Have ye anything to say agin Burn, the mason?"

"He's too great a plasterer to be sincere."

"An' what chance has the smith?"

"He won't forge *my* feathers, that's all."

"An' the tailor?"

"Must stitch himself to another."

Here the dialogue broke off abruptly, for neither the missionary nor the maiden could longer refrain from laughing; the former, though a grave and reverend signior at all times, was perfectly overcome by Kate's *saisets* and archness; and though he was farther than ever from attaining his object, he was in perfect good humour. Miles Kavanagh soon after entered the cottage, and much was he surprised to find his daughter and Mr. Costigan *tête-à-tête*, and on such excellent terms. Nor was the surprise lessened when he saw the farmer sit it out for two hours longer, still laughing and still joking, as if he and Kate had ever been the best of friends and banterers. At length Mr. Costigan heavily arose from his seat, and declaring that he would come again on the same

business (he forgot, however, to speak to Miles Kavanagh about it), he took his leave.

And he did go again and again; and at the third visit Dennis Costigan and Miles Kavanagh retired to an inner apartment. Kate neither knew nor wished to know the subject of their confab; but she observed that, as the farmer was retiring after the last visit, he and her father shook hands, as if clenching a bargain. "You're mighty affectionate!" thought Kate; "I wonder yez didn't kiss!"

As well as I can remember, it was about a fortnight from the day of our friend Dennis Costigan's visit to Miles Kavanagh's cottage, that Watty Colfer (Watty always walks with his head down: mind, his face is an ell longer than any other face, so grave and thoughtful is he!) had just got inside Father Tobin's gate, and closed it after him, when he saw his reverence himself thundering down the avenue on St. Patrick, his nag.

"Yer sarvint, sur!" said Watty, very humbly, and hat in hand, and propping himself against the shut gate, "could I make so bould as just to spake one word to yer rivirince?"

"Not one word!" replied the priest, hastily, "if you were the bishop! I am in too great a hurry. Lave my way and open the gate."

"Thin, God help me," groaned Watty, but still keeping his position, "that am neither priest nor bishop; I haven't the headpiece for sitch great min; and all clargy must have great heads to keep in the larnin'. Now, is it a great weight intirely, sur?"

The priest laughed, in spite of his hurry; but as he well knew the man he had to deal with, he checked himself immediately, and, assuming as determined a look as possible under the circumstances, he "commanded the slieveen to open the gate for him."

Watty, too, knew his man. He knew every variation of the priest's temper, from its usual ladylike placidity, till it got up to boiling-water heat. He thought it was beginning to "simmer" a little, but far away yet from "bubbling and hissing;" and gratifying his own cool impudence, he continued the process of "heating up."

"Why, thin, indeed, what I have to say won't keep you long, sur."

"Open the gate this instant!" thundered the priest.

"Sartinly, sur," quoth Watty, turning quickly round, and pretending to be very busy with the gate; "see this boult, now! Och, my course upon the whole corporation ov smiths, includin' my own dacent uncle, who made this same gate, an' so stiff an' bad, that all I can do won't shoot back the boult! A clever workman is a fine thing! An' so you won't listen to what I have to say, sur?"

"I can't, I tell ye. I'm going in all haste to marry a couple."

"Och, if I knew that, I'd be very sorry to detain your rivirince! What I have to say may well keep for another opportunity. See this curst boult, now! Throth, the skin is torn off my fingers strivin' to pull it back, an' yer rivirince in sitch a disperate hurry! But ye have the patience of Job himself, beyant all

doubt. God help the couple that's expectin' ye, sur! And who are they, the craithurs?"

The impatient churchman looked at his watch and groaned: but as the inexorable gate would not open to let him pass through, he gratified the newsmonger with the information that "the couple he was about to marry were Dennis Costigan and Catherine, Miles Kavanagh's daughter."

"Tunder an' turf!" exclaimed Mr. Colfer, opening his eyes as wide as he could, and raising his hands to express the extremity of astonishment. "Is it ould Dinnis Costigan, father to Jem, that's goin' to be married to handsome Kate Kavanagh, the belle o' the barony?—it's quite onpossible!"

"It's not impossible," said the priest, angrily: "and I see nothing extraordinary in her father preferring to give her to a sensible, steady old man than to a wild young one. But don't I see the gate open, and you pretending it was bolted? Oh! ye double-dyed slieveen, quit my way this moment, or, by all that's good, I'll let you feel the weight of this," and he raised his horse-whip.

"Och, wid all the pleasure in life!" quoth Watty, jumping quickly aside: and the gate flew open, as if by magic, through which Father Tobin dashed at full speed.

Watty, then, sound in wind and limb, shot off through the fields—a short cut to a certain cross-road, about a mile from the priest's house, and less than a quarter from Miles Kavanagh's cottage, by which his reverence should pass. Pulling a little, he was just in time to gravely touch his hat as the priest cantered by. Then, raising his voice, he shouted after him, "Ride aisy, ride aisy, yer rivirince; take things aisy, can't ye? Young James Costigan an' Kate Kavanagh ran off together this mornin', and they're now man and wife! Arrah, take things aisy, can't ye?"

"Oh! ye limb of Satan!" ejaculated the disappointed clergyman, as he pulled up to hear these tidings, "why didn't ye tell me this before, and not send me off on a fool's errand?"

"How could I, sur," responded the slieveen, meekly, "when you war in sitch a disperate hurry?—sure ye wouldn't let me spake, at all at all!"

His reverence returned to his home, muttering denunciations upon Watty's devoted head; and Watty went his way, laughing immoderately at the success of his joke. He had given his spiritual director a ride of a mile or so without his breakfast, which no clerical stomach, Catholic or Protestant, could put up with, unless with a wedding breakfast in prospective. And he told but the truth after all. Young Costigan and handsome Kate had, that morning, given the knowing old ones the slip, and got married in Wexford; and Dennis, our portly friend Dennis, since he couldn't have the "belle o' the barony" for his bride, put a good face on the matter, and received her as his daughter-in-law. Twelve rejected suitors were at the "hauling home;" amongst them Counsellor Shiel, of course, who favoured the company with a song made for the occasion.

## THE GRIDIRON; OR, PADDY MULLOWNEY'S TRAVELS IN FRANCE.

BY SAMUEL LOVER

A CERTAIN old gentleman in the West of Ireland, whose love of the ridiculous quite equalled his taste for claret and fox-hunting, was wont, upon certain festive occasions, when opportunity offered, to amuse his friends by *drawing out* one of his servants, who was exceedingly fond of what he termed his "*travels*," and in whom a good deal of whim, some queer stories, and perhaps, more than all, long and faithful services, had established a right of loquacity. He was one of those few trusty and privileged domestics, who if his master unheedingly uttered a rash thing in a fit of passion, would venture to set him right. If the squire said, "I'll turn that rascal off," my friend Pat would say, "throth, you won't, sir;" and Pat was always right; for if any altercation arose upon the "subject matter in hand," he was sure to throw in some good reason, either from former services, general good conduct, or the delinquent's "wife and childer," that always turned the scale.

But I am digressing. On such merry meetings as I have alluded to, the master, after making certain "approaches," as a military man would say, as the preparatory steps in laying siege to some *extravaganza* of his servant, might perchance assail Pat thus:—"By-the-by, Sir John" (addressing a distinguished guest), "Pat has a very curious story which something you told me to-day reminds me of. You remember, Pat" (turning to the man, evidently pleased at the notice thus paid to himself), "you remember that queer adventure you had in France?"

"Throth, I do, sir," grins forth Pat.

"What!" exclaims Sir John, in feigned surprise, "was Pat ever in France?"

"Indeed he was," cries mine host; and Pat adds, "ay, and farther, plaze your honour."

"I assure you, Sir John," continues my host, "Pat told me a story once that surprised me very much, respecting the ignorance of the French."

"Indeed!" rejoins the baronet; "really, I always supposed the French to be a most accomplished people."

"Throth, then, they are not, sir," interrupts Pat.

"Oh, by no means," adds mine host, shaking his head emphatically.

"I believe, Pat, 'twas when you were crossing the Atlantic?" says the master, turning to Pat with a seductive air, and leading into the "full and true account" (for Pat had thought fit to visit *North America*, for a "*raison he had*," in the autumn of the year 'ninety-eight).

"Yes, sir," says Pat, "the broad Atlantic," a favourite phrase of his which he gave with a brogue as broad almost as the Atlantic itself.

"It was the time I was lost in crassin' the broad Atlantic, a-comin' home," began Pat, decoyed into

the recital, "whin the winds began to blow, and the sae to rowl, that you'd think the *Colleen dhas* (that was her name) would not have a mast left but what would rowl out of her.

"Well, sure enough, the masts went by the board, at last, and the pumps were choak'd (divil choak them for that same), and av coorse the wather gained an us; and, throth, to be filled with wather is neither good for man or baste; and she was sinkin' fast, settlin' down, as the sailors call it; and, faith, I never was good at settlin' down in my life, and I liked it then less nor ever; accordingly we prepared for the worst, and put out the boat, and got a sack o' bishkits, and a cashk o' pork, and a kag o' wather, and a thrifle o' rum aboard, and any other little matthers we could think iv in the mortal hurry we wor in—and, faith, there was no time to be lost, for my darlint, the *Colleen dhas* went down like a lump o' lead, afore we wor many strokes o' the oar away from her.

"Well, we dhrifted away all that night, and next mornin' we put up a blanket an the ind av a pole as well as we could, and then we sailed iligant; for we darn't show a stitch o' canvass the night before, bekase it was blowin' like murther, savin' your presence, and sure it's the wondher of the world we wor n't swally'd alive by the ragin' sae.

"Well, away we wint, for more nor a week, and nothin' before our two good-lookin' eyes but the canopy iv heaven, and the wide ocean—the broad Atlantic—not a thing was to be seen but the sae and the sky; and though the sae and the sky is mighty purty things in themselves, throth, they're no great things when you've nothin' else to look at for a week together—and the barest rock in the world, so it was land, would be more welkim. And then, soon enough, throth, our provision began to run low, the bishkits, and the wather, and the rum—throth that was gone first of all, God help uz; and, oh! it was thin starvation began to stare us in the face. 'Oh, murther, murther, captain darlint,' says I, 'I wish we could see land anywhere,' says I.

"'More power to your elbow, Paddy, my boy,' says he 'for sitch a good wish, and, throth, it's myself wishes the same.'

"'Oh,' says I, 'that it may plaze you, sweet queen iv heaven, supposing it was only a *dissolute* island,' says I, 'inhabited wid Turks, sure they wouldn't be such bad Christians as to refuse us a bit and a sup.'

"'Whisht, whisht, Paddy,' says the captain, 'don't be talkin' bad of any one,' says he; 'you don't know how soon you may want a good word put in for yourself, if you should be called to quarthers in th' other world all of a suddint,' says he

“ ‘Thru for you, captain darlint,’ says I—I called him darlint, and made free wid him, you see, bekase disthress makes us all equal—‘thru for you, captain jewel—God betune uz and harm, I owe no man any spite—and, throth, that was only thruth. Well, the last bishkit was sarved out, and begor the *wather itself* was all gone at last, and we passed the night mighty cowld. Well, at the brake o’ day the sun riz most beautiful out o’ the waves, that was as bright as silver and as clear as chrysthal: but it was only the more cruel upon us, for we wor beginnin’ to feel *terrible* hungry; when all at wanst I thought I spied the land—begor I thought I felt my heart up in my throat in a minit, and ‘Thunder an’ turf, captain,’ says I, ‘look to leeward,’ says I.

“ ‘What for?’ says he.

“ ‘I think I see the land,’ says I. So he ups with his bring-’m-near (that’s what the sailors call a spy-glass, sir) and looks out, and, sure enough, it was.

“ ‘Hurrah,’ says he, ‘we’re all right now; pull away, my boys,’ says he.

“ ‘Take care you’re not mistaken,’ says I; ‘maybe it’s only a fog-bank, captain darlint,’ says I.

“ ‘Oh, no,’ says he, ‘it’s the land in airnest.’

“ ‘Oh, then, whereabouts in the wide world are we, captain?’ say I; ‘maybe it id be in *Roostia*, or *Proostia*, or the Garman Oceanant,’ says I.

“ ‘Tut, you fool,’ say he—for he had that consaited way wid him—thinkin’ himself cleverer nor anyone else—‘tut, you fool,’ says he, ‘that’s *France*,’ says he.

“ ‘Tare an ouns,’ says I, ‘do you tell me so? and how do you know it’s *France* it is, captain dear?’ says I.

“ ‘Bekase this is the Bay o’ Bishky we’re in now,’ says he.

“ ‘Throth, I was thinkin’ so myself,’ says I, ‘by the rowl it has; for I often heerd av it in regard of that same;’ and, throth, the likes av it I never seen before nor since, and with the help o’ God never will.

“ ‘Well, with that, my heart began to grow light; and when I seen my life was safe, I began to grow twice hungrier nor ever—so, says I, ‘Captain jewel, I wish we had a gridiron.’

“ ‘Why, then,’ says he, ‘thunder an turf,’ says he, ‘what puts a gridiron into your head?’

“ ‘Bekase I’m starvin’ with the hunger,’ says I.

“ ‘And sure, bad luck to you,’ says he, ‘you couldn’t ate a gridiron,’ says he, ‘barrin you wor a *pelican* the *wildherness*,’ says he.

“ ‘Ate a gridiron?’ says I; ‘oh, in throth, I’m not sich a *gommoch* all out as that, anyhow. But sure, if we had a gridiron, we could dress a beefstake,’ says I.

“ ‘Arrah! but where’s the beefstake?’ says he.

“ ‘Sure, couldn’t we cut a slice aff the pork,’ says I.

“ ‘Begor, I never thought o’ that,’ says the captain. ‘You’re a clever fellow, Paddy,’ says he, laughin’.

“ ‘Oh, there’s many a thru word said in a joke,’ says I.

“ ‘Thru for you, Paddy,’ says he.

“ ‘Well, then,’ says I, ‘if you put me ashore there beyant’ (for we were nearin’ the land all the time),

‘and sure I can ax thim for to lind me the loan of a gridiron,’ says I.

“ ‘Oh, begor, the butther’s comin’ out o’ the stir—about in airnest now,’ says he; ‘you gommoch,’ says he, ‘sure I towld you before that’s *France*—and sure they’re all furriners there,’ says the captain.

“ ‘Well,’ says I, ‘and how do you know but I’m as good a furriner myself as any o’ thim.’

“ ‘What do you mane?’ says he.

“ ‘I mane,’ says I, ‘what I towld you, that I’m as good a furriner myself as any o’ thim.’

“ ‘Make me *sinsible*,’\* says he.

“ ‘Bedad, maybe that’s more nor I could do,’ says I—and we all began to laugh at him, for I thought I’d pay him off for his bit o’ consait about the Garman Oceanant.

“ ‘Lave aff your humbuggin’,’ says he, ‘I bid you, and tell me what it is you mane, at all at all.’

“ ‘*Parly voo frongsay*,’ says I.

“ ‘Oh, your humble sarvant,’ says he; ‘why, begor, you’re a scholar, Paddy.’

“ ‘Throth, you may say that,’ says I.

“ ‘Why, you’re a clever fellow, Paddy,’ says the captain, jeerin’ like.

“ ‘You’re not the first that said that,’ says I, ‘whether you joke or no.’

“ ‘Oh, but I’m in airnest,’ says the captain; ‘and do you tell me, Paddy,’ says he, ‘that you spake Frinch?’

“ ‘*Parly voo frongsay*,’ says I.

“ ‘Begor, that bangs Banagher, and all the world knows Banagher bangs the divil. I never met the likes o’ you, Paddy,’ says he. ‘Pull away, boys, and put Paddy ashore, and maybe we won’t get a good bellyful before long.’

“ ‘So, with that, it was no sooner said than done; they pulled away, and got close in shore in less than no time, and run the boat up into a little creek—and a beautiful creek it was, with a lovely white strhand—an iligant place for ladies to bathe in the summer; and out I got—and it’s stiff enough in my limbs I was, afther bein’ cramp’d up in the boat, and perished with the cowld and hunger; but I contrived to scramble on, one way or t’other, tow’rds a little bit iv a wood that was close to the shore, and the smoke curlin’ out of it, quite timptin’ like.

“ ‘By the powdthers o’ war, I’m all right,’ says I; ‘there’s a house there;’—and, sure enough, there was, and a parcel of men, women, and childher, ating their dinner round a table, quite convaynient. And so I wint up to the door, and I thought I’d be very civil to thim, as I heerd the Frinch was always mighty p’lite intirely—and I thought I’d show them I knew what good manners was.

“ ‘So I took off my hat, and making a low bow, says I, ‘God save all here,’ says I.

“ ‘Well, to be sure, they all stopt ating at wanst, and began to stare at me—and, faith, they almost looked me out of countenance; and I thought to myself it was not good manners at all—more betoken from furriners which they call so mighty p’lite; but

\* That is to say, “make it intelligible to me.”

I never minded that, in regard o' wanting the gridiron; and so says I, 'I beg your pardon,' says I, 'for the liberty I take, but it's only bein' in disthress in regard o' ating,' says I, 'that I make bowld to trouble yez, and if you could lind me the loan of a gridiron,' says I, 'I'd be entirely obleeged to ye.'

"Begor, they all stared at me twice worse nor before; and with that, says I (knowin' what was in their minds), 'indeed, it's thrue for you,' says I; 'I'm fattered to pieces, and God knows I look quare enough; but it's by raison o' the storm,' says I, 'which dhruv us ashore here below, and we're all starvin,' says I.

"So then they began to look at each other agin; and myself, seeing at wanst dirty thoughts was in their heads, and they tuk me for a poor beggar, comin' to crave eharity—with that, says I, 'Oh, not at all!' says I, 'by no manes;—we have plenty o' mate ourselves, there below, and we'll dhress it,' says I, 'if you would be plazed to lind us the loan of a gridiron,' says I, makin' a low bow.

"Well, sir, with that, throth, they stared at me twice worse nor ever—and, faith, then I began to think that maybe the captain was wrong, and that it was not France, at all at all; and so, says I, 'I beg pardon, sir,' says I, to a fine owld man, with a head of hair as white as silver—'maybe I'm undher a mistake,' says I; 'but I thought I was in France, sir: aren't you a furriner?' says I—'*Parly voo frongsay?*'

"We, munseer,' says he.

"Then would you lind me the loan of a gridiron,' says I, 'if you plaze?'

"Oh, it was thin that they stared at me as if I had siven heads; and, faith, myself began to feel fushed like, and onaisy—and so says I, makin' a bow and scrape agin, 'I know it's a liberty I take, sir,' says I, 'but it's only in regard of bein' cast away; and if you plaze, sir,' says I, '*Parly voo frongsay?*'

"We, munseer,' says he, mighty sharp.

"Then, would you lind me the loan of a gridiron?' says I, 'and you'll obleege me.'

"Well, sir, the owld chap began to munseer me, but the divil a bit of a gridiron he'd gi'e me; and so I began to think they wor all neygars, for all their fine manners; and, throth, my blood began to rise, and says I, 'By my sowl, if it was you was in disthress,' says I, 'and if it was to owld Ireland you kem it's not only the gridiron they'd give you, if you ax'd

it, but something to put an it too, and the dhrop o' dhrink into the bargain, and *cead mile failthe.*'

"Well, the word *cead mile failthe* seemed to sthreck his heart, and the owld chap cocked his ear, and so I thought I'd give him another offer, and make him sinsible at last; and so says I, wanst more, quite slow, that he might undherstand, '*Parly—voo—frongsay*, munseer?'

"We, munseer,' says he.

"Then lind me the loan of a gridiron,' says I, 'and bad scan to you.'

"Well, bad win to the bit of it he'd gi' me, and the owld chap begins bowin' and scrapin', and said something or other about a long tongs.\*

"Pooh!—the divil sweep yourself and your tongs,' says I, 'I don't want a tongs, at all at all; but can't you listen to raison', says I—'*Parly voo frongsay?*'

"We, munseer.'

"Then lind me the loan of a gridiron,' says I, 'and hould your prate.'

"Well, what would you think, but he shook his owld noddle, as much as to say he wouldn't; and so says I, 'bad cess to the likes o' that I ever seen—throth, if you were in my counthry it's not that away they'd use you; the curse o' the crowson you, you owldsinner,' says I, 'the divil a longer I'll darken your door.'

"So he seen I was vex'd, and I thought as I was turnin' away, I seen him begin to relint, and that his conscience throubled him; and says I, turnin' back, 'Well, I'll give you one chance more—you owld thief—are you a Chrishtan, at all at all? Are you a furriner?' says I, 'that all the world call so p'fite. Bad luck to you, do you undherstand your own language?—*Parly voo frongsay?*' says I.

"We, munseer,' says he.

"Then, thunder and turf,' says I, 'will you lind me the loan of a gridiron?'

"Well, sir, the divil resave the bit of it he'd gi' me—and so with that, the 'curse o' the hungry an you, you owld negarly villain,' says I: 'the back o' my hand and the sowl of my fut to you, that you may want a gridiron yourself yit,' says I, 'and wherever I go, high and low, rich and poor, shall hear o' you,' says I, and with that I left them there, sir, and kem away—and, in throth, it's often sence that I thought that it was remarkable."

\* Some mystification of Paddy's, touching the French *entende*.

## PADDY CORBETT'S FIRST SMUGGLING TRIP.

No order of men has experienced severer treatment from the various classes into which society is divided than that of excisemen, or, as they are vulgarly denominated, gaugers. If, unlike the son of the Hebrew patriarch, their hand is not raised against every man, yet they may be truly said to inherit a portion of Ishmael's destiny, for every man's

hand is against them. The cordial and unmitigated hostility of the lower classes follows the gauger at every point of his dangerous career, whether his pursuit be smuggled goods, poteen, or unpermitted parliament. Literary men have catered to the gratification of the public at his expense, by exhibiting him in their stories of Irish life under such circum-

stances that the good-natured reader scarcely knows whether to laugh or weep most at his ludicrous distress. The varied powers of rhyme have been pressed into the service by the man of genius and the lover of fun. The "Diel's awa' wi' the Exciseman" of Burns, and the Irishman's "Paddy was up to the Gauger," will ever remain to prove the truth of the foregoing assertion.

But the humble historian of this unpretending narrative is happy to record one instance of retributory justice on the part of an individual of this devoted class, which would have procured him a statue in the temple of Nemesis, had his lot been cast among the ancients. Many instances of the generosity, justice and self-abandonment of the gauger have come to the writer's knowledge and these acts of virtue shall not be utterly forgotten. Our readers shall blush to find men, whose qualities might reconcile the estranged misanthrope to the human family, rendered the butt of ridicule, and their many virtues lost and unknown.

On a foggy evening, in the November of a year of which Irish tradition, not being critically learned in chronology, has not furnished the date, two men pursued their way along a bridle road that led through a wild mountain tract, in a remote and far westward district of Kerry. The scene was savage and lonely. Far before them extended the broad Atlantic, upon whose wild and heaving bosom the lowering clouds seemed to settle in fitful repose. Round and beyond, on the dark and barren heath, rose picturesque masses of rock—the finger-stones which nature, it would seem, in some wayward frolic, had tossed into pinnacled heaps of strange and multiform construction. About their base, and in the deep interstices of their sides, grew the holly and the hardy mountain-ash, and on their topmost peaks risked the agile goat in all the pride of unfettered liberty.

These men, each of whom led a Kerry pony that bore an empty sack along the difficult pathway, were as dissimilar in form and appearance as any two of Adam's descendants possibly could be. One was a low-sized, thickset man; his broad shoulders and muscular limbs gave indication of considerable strength; but the mild expression of his large blue eyes and broad, good humoured countenance, told, as plain as the human face divine could, that the fierce and stormy passions of our kind never exerted the strength of that muscular arm in deeds of violence. A jacket and trousers of brown frieze, and a broad-brimmed hat, made of that particular grass named *thranen*, completed his dress. It would be difficult to conceive a more strange or unseemly figure than the other: he exceeded in height the usual size of men; but his limbs, which hung loosely together, and seemed to accompany his emaciated body with evident reluctance, were literally nothing but skin and bone; his long, conical head was thinly strewed with rusty-coloured hair, that waved in the evening breeze about a haggard face of greasy, sallow hue, where the rheumy, sunken eye, the highly prominent nose, the thin and livid lip, half disclosing a few

rotten, straggling teeth, significantly seemed to tell how disease and misery can attenuate the human frame. He moved, a living skeleton; yet, strange to say, the smart nag which he led was hardly able to keep pace with the swinging, unequal stride of the gaunt pedestrian, though his limbs were so fleshless that his clothes flapped and fluttered around him as he stalked along the chilly moor.

As the travellers proceeded, the road, which had lately been pent within the huge masses of granite, now expanded sufficiently to allow them a little side-by-side discourse; and the first-mentioned person pushed forward to renew a conversation which seemed to have been interrupted by the inequalities of the narrow pathway.

"An' so ye war sayin', Shane Glas," he said, advancing in a straight line with his spectre-looking companion, "ye war saying that face of yours would be the means of keeping the gauger from our taste of tibaccy."

"The devil reseave the gauger will ever squint at a lafe of it," says Shane Glas, "if I'm in your road. There was never a cloud over Tim Casey for the twelve months I thravelled with him; and if the foolish man had had me the day his taste o' brandy was taken, he'd have the fat boiling over his pot to-day, 'tisn't that I say it myself."

"The sorrow from me, Shane Glas," returned his friend, with a hearty laugh, and a roguish glance of his funny eye at the angular and sallow countenance of the other, "the sorrow be from me if it's much of Tim's fat came in your way, at any rate, though I don't say so much for the *grais*."

"It's laughing at the crucked side o' yer mouth ye'd be, I'm thinking, Paddy Corbett," said Shane Glas, "if the thief of a gauger smelt your taste o' tibaccy—*Crush Christ duin!* and I not there to fricken him off, as I often done afore."

"But couldn't we take our lafe o' tibaccy on our ponies' backs in panniers, and throw a few hake or some oysters over 'em, and let on that we're fish-joulting?"

"Now, mark my words, Paddy Corbett: there's a chap in Killarney as knowledgeable as a jailor; Ould Nick wouldn't bate him in roguery. So put your goods in the thruckle, shake a wisp over 'em, lay me down over that in the fould o' the quilt, and say that I kem from Decie's counthry to pay a round at Tubber-na-Treenoda, and that I caught a faver, and that ye're taking me home to die, for the love o' God and yer mother's sowl. Say, that Father Darby, who prepared me, said that I had the worst spotted faver that kem to the counthry these seven years. If that doesn't fricken him off, ye're sowld" (betrayed).

By this time they had reached a deep ravine, through which a narrow stream pursued its murmuring course. Here they left the horses, and, furnished with the empty sacks, pursued their onward route till they reached a steep cliff. Far below, in the dark and undefined space, sounded the hollow roar of the heaving ocean, as its billowy volume broke upon its granite barrier, and formed along

the dark outline a zone of foam, beneath whose snowy crest the ever-impelled and angry wave yielded its last strength in myriad flashes of phosphoric light, that sparkled and danced in arrowy splendour to the wild and sullen music of the dashing sea.

"Paddy Corbett, avick," said Shane Glas, "pull yer legs fair an' easy afther ye; one inch iv a mistake, achorra, might sind ye a long step of two hundred feet to furnish a cowld supper for the sharks. The sorrow a many would vinture down here, avourneen, barring the red fox of the hill and the honest smuggler; they are both poor persecuted crathurs, but God has given them *gumpshun* to find a place of shelter for the fruits of their honest industry, glory be to his holy name!"

Shane Glas was quite correct in his estimate of the height of this fearful cliff. It overhung the deep Atlantic, and the narrow pathway wound its sinuous way round and beneath so many frightful precipices that, had the unpractised feet of Paddy Corbett treaded the mazy declivity in the clear light of day, he would, in all probability, have performed the salutation, and furnished the banquet of which Shane Glas gave him a passing hint. But ignorance of his fearful situation saved his life. His companion, in addition to his knowledge of this secret route, had a limberness of muscle, and a pliancy of uncouth motion, that enabled him to pursue every winding of the awful slope with all the activity of a weasel. In their descent the wild sea-fowl, roused by the unusual approach of living things from their couch of repose, swept past on sounding wing into the void and dreary space abroad, uttering discordant cries, which roused the more distant slumberers of the rocks. As they farther descended round the foot of the cliff, where the projecting crags formed the sides of a little cove, a voice, harsh and threatening, demanded "Who goes there?" The echo of the questioner's interrogation, reverberating along the receding wall of rocks, would seem to a fanciful ear the challenge of the guardian spirit of the coast pursuing his nightly round. The wild words blended in horrid unison through the mid-air with the sigh of waving wings and discordant screams, which the echoes of the cliffs multiplied a thousand-fold, as though all the demons of the viewless world had chosen that hour and place of loneliness to give their baneful pinions and shrieks of terror to the wind.

"Who goes there?" again demanded this strange warder of the savage scene; and again the scream of the sea-bird and the echo of human tones sounded wildly along the sea.

"A friend, avick machree," replied Shane Glas. "Paudh, achorra, what beautiful lungs you have! But keep yer voice a thrifle lower, ma bouchal, or the wather-guards might be afther staling a march on ye, sharp as ye are."

"Shane Glas, ye slinging thief," rejoined the other, "is that yerself? Honest man," addressing the newcomer, "take care of that talla-faced schamer. My hand for ye, Shane will see his own funeral yet, for the devil another crathur, barring a fox, could creep

down the cliff till the moon rises, anyhow. But I know what saved yer bacon; he that's born to be hanged—you can repate the rest o' the thrue ould saying yerself, ye poor atomy!"

"*Chorp an Dou!*," said Shane Glas, rather chafed by the severe raillery of the other, "is it because ye shoulder an ould gun that an honest man can't tell ye what a Judy ye make o' yerself, swaggering like a raw Peeler, and frightening every shag on the cliff with yer foolish bull-scuttering! Make way there, or I'll stick that ould barrel in yez—make way there, ye spalpeen!"

"Away to yer maether with ye, ye miserable disciple," returned the unsparing giber. "Arrah, by the hole o' my coat, afther ye have danced yer last jig upon nothing, with your purty himp cravat on, I'll coax yer miserable carcass from the hangman to frighten the crows with."

When the emaciated man and his companion had proceeded a few paces along the narrow ledge that lay between the steep cliff and the sea, they entered a huge excavation in the rock, which seemed to have been formed by volcanic agency, when the infant world heaved in some dire convulsion of its distempered bowels. The footway of the subterranean vault was strewn with the finest sand, which, hardened by frequent pressure, sent the tramp of the intruders' feet raverberating along the gloomy vacancy. On before gleamed a strong light, which, piercing the surrounding darkness, partially revealed the sides of the cavern, while the far space beneath the lofty roof, impervious to the powerful ray, extended dark and undefined. Then came the sound of human voices mixed in uproarious confusion; and anon, within a receding angle, a strange scene burst upon their view.

Before a huge fire, which lighted all the deep recess of the high, over-arching rock, that rose sublime as the lofty roof of a Gothic cathedral, sat five wild-looking men, of strange, semi-nautical raiment. Between them extended a large sea-chest, on which stood an earthen flagon, from which one, who seemed the president of the revel, poured sparkling brandy into a single glass that circled in quick succession, while the jest and laugh and song swelled in mingled confusion, till the dinsome cavern rang again to the roar of the subterranean bacchanals.

"God save all here!" said Shane Glas, approaching the festive group. "Oh, wisha, Mr. Cronin, but you and the boys is up to fun! The devil a naither glass o' brandy: no wonder ye should laugh and sing over it. How goes the Colleen Ayrigh, and her Bochal Fadda, that knows how to bark so purty at thim plundering thieves, the wather-guards?"

"Ah! welcome, Shane," replied the person addressed; "the customer you've brought may be depinded on, I hope. Sit down, boys."

"'Tis ourselves that will, and welkim," rejoined Shane. "Depinded on! why 'scure to the dacenther father's son from this to himself than Paddy Corbett, 'tisn't that he's to the fore?"

"Come, taste our brandy, lads, while I help you to some ham," said the smuggler. "Shane, you



have the stomach of a shark, the digestion of an ostrich, and the *gout* of an epicure."

"Begor, ye may say that wid yer own purty mouth, Misther Cronin," responded the garrulous Shane. "Here, gintlemin, here is free thrade to honest min, an' high hangin' t' all informers! Oh, murdermaura" (smacking his lips), "how it tastes! Oh, *avirra yealish*" (laying his bony hand across his shrunken paunch), "how it hates the stummuck!"

"You are welcome to our mansion, Paddy Corbett," interrupted the hospitable master of the cavern; "the house is covered in, the rent paid, and the cruiskeen of brandy unadulterated; so eat, drink, and be merry. When the moon rises, we can proceed to business."

Paddy Corbett was about to return thanks when the interminable Shane Glas again broke in.

"I never saw a man, beggin' yer pardon, Misther Cronin, lade a finer or rolickinger a life than your own four bones—drinking an' coorting on land, and spreading the canvass of the Colleen Ayriugh over the salt say, for the good o' thrade. *Manim syr Shyre*, if I had Trig Dowl, the piper, forninst me there, near the cruiskeen, but I'd drink an' dance till morning. But here's God bless us, and success to our thrip, Paddy, avrahir;" and he drained his glass. Then, when many a successive round went past, and the famished-looking wretch grew intoxicated, he called out at the top of his voice, "Silence for a song," and in a tone somewhat between the squeak of a pig and the drone of a bagpipe, poured forth a lyric, of which we shall present one or two stanzas to the reader:—

"I thravelled France an' Spain, an' likewise in Asia,  
Fal de ral, &c. &c.  
And spint many a long day at my aise in Arabia,  
Fal de ral, &c. &c.  
Pur-shoeing of their ways, their sates, an' their farima,  
But sich another place as the lakes o' Killarney  
I never saw elsewhere, the air being most charming,  
Fal de ral, &c. &c.  
There the Muses came to make it their quarters,  
Fal de ral, &c. &c.  
An' for their ray-creation they came from Castalia,  
Fal de ral, &c. &c.  
With congratulations playing for his lordship,  
A viewing of that place, I mean sweet Killarney,  
That the music been so sweet, the lake became enchanted,  
Fal de ral, &c., &c."

Early on a clear sunny morning after this, a man with a horse and truckle-car was observed to enter the town of Killarney from the west. He trolled forth before the animal, which, checked by some instinctive dread, with much reluctance allowed himself to be dragged along at the full length of his hair halter. On the rude vehicle was laid what seemed a quantity of straw, upon which was extended a human being, whose greatly attenuated frame appeared fully developed beneath an old flannel quilt. His face, that appeared above its tattered hem, looked the embodiment of disease and famine, which seemed to have gnawed, in horrid union, into his inmost vitals. His distorted features portrayed rending agony; and as the rude vehicle jolted along the rugged pavement, he groaned hideously. This

miserable man was our acquaintance, Shane Glas, and he that led the strange procession no other than Paddy Corbett, who thus experimented to smuggle his "taste o' tibaccy," which lay concealed in well-packed bales beneath the sick couch of the wretched simulator.

As they proceeded along, Shane Glas uttered a groan, conveying such a feeling of real agony that his startled companion, supposing that he had in reality received the sudden judgment of his deception, rushed back to ascertain whether he had not been suddenly stricken to death.

"Paddy, achorra-na-nea," he muttered in an undergrowl, "here's the vagabone thief of a gauger down sthreet! Exert yourself, a-lea, to baffle the schamer, an' don't forget 'tis the spotted faver I have."

Sure enough, the gauger did come; and noticing, as he passed along, the confusion and averted features of Paddy Corbett, he immediately drew up.

"Where do you live, honest man, an' how far might ye be goin'?" said the keen exciseman.

"Oh, wisha! may the heavens be yer honour's bed!—ye must be one o' the good ould stock, to ax afther the consarns of a poor angishore like me: but, a *yinusal-a-chree*, 'tisn't where I lives is worse to me, but where that donan in the thruckle will die with me."

"But how far are you taking him?"

"Oh, 'tis myself would offer a pather and ave on my two binded knees for yer honour's soul, if yer honour would tell me that. I forgot to ax the crathur where he *should* be berrid when we kim away, and now he is speechless out an' out."

"Come, say where is your residence," said the other, whose suspicion was increased by the countryman's prevarication.

"By jamine, yer honour's larnin' bothers me intirely; but if your honour manes where the woman that owns me and the childhre is, 'tis that way, west at Tubber-na-Treenoda: yer honour has heard tell o' Tubber-na-Treenoda, by coorse?"

"Never, indeed."

"Oh, wisha, don't let yer honour be a day longer that way. If the sickness, God betune us an' harum, kim an ye, 'twould be better for yer honour to give a testher to the durhogh there, to offer up a rosary for ye, than to *shell out* three pounds to Dr. Crumpe."

"Perhaps you have some *soft goods* concealed under the sick man," said the gauger, approaching the car. "I frequently catch smuggled wares in such situations."

"The devil a taste *good* or *soft* under him, sir dear, but the cowl'd sop from the top o' the stack. *Ketch!* why, the devil a haporth ye'll *ketch* here but the spotted faver."

"Fever!" repeated the startled exciseman, retiring a step or two.

"Yes, faver, yer honour; what else? Didn't Father Darby, that prepared him, say that he had spotted faver enough for a thousand min! Do, yer honour, come look in his face, an' thin throw th:

poor dying crathur, that kem all the way from Decie's cuntry, by raison of a dhream, to pay a round for his wife's sowl at Tubber-na-Treenoda: yes, throw him out an the belly o' the road, and let his blood, the blood o' the stranger, be on yer soul and his faver in yer body."

Paddy Corbett's eloquence, operating on the exciseman's dread of contagion, saved the tobacco.

Our adventurers, considering it rather dangerous to seek a buyer in Killarney, directed their course eastward to Kanturk. The hour of evening was rather advanced as they entered the town; and Shane, who could spell his way without much difficulty through the letters of a sign-board, seeing "entertainment for man and horse" over the door, said they would put up there for the night, and then directed Paddy to the shop of the only tobacconist in town, whither, from some private motive, he declined to attend him. Mr. Pigtail was after despatching a batch of customers when Paddy entered, who, seeing the coast clear, gave him the "God save all here," which is the usual phrase of greeting in the kingdom of Kerry. Mr. Pigtail was startled at the rude salutation, which, though a beautiful benediction, and characteristic of a highly religious people, is yet too uncouth for modern "ears polite," and has, excepting among the lowest class of peasants, entirely given way to that very sincere and expressive phrase of address, "your servant."

Now, Mr. Pigtail, who meted out the length of his replies in exact proportion to the several ranks and degrees of his querists, upon hearing the vulgar voice that uttered the more vulgar salute, hesitated to deign the slightest notice, but, measuring with a glance the outward man of the saluter, he gave a slight nod of acknowledgment, and the dissyllabic response "servant;" but seeing Paddy Corbett, with gaping mouth, about to open his embassy, and that, like Burns' Death,

"He seemed to make a kind o' stan',  
But naething spak."

he immediately added, "Honest man, you came from the West, I believe?"

"Thrus enough for yer honour," said Pat; "my next door neighbours at that side are the wild Ingins of Immeriky. A wet an' cowl'd foot an' a dhry heart I had coming to ye; but welkim be the grace o' God, sure poor people should make out an honest bit an' sup for the weeny crathurs at home; an' I have thirteen o' thim, all thackeens, praise be to the Maker."

"And, I dareeay, you have brought a trifle in my line of business in your road?"

"Faith, 'tis yerself may book it: I have the natest lafe o' tibaccy that ever left Connor Croab-a-bo. I was going to skis an the honest man—Lord betune us and harum, I'd be the first informer of my name, anyhow. But, talking o' the tibaccy, the man that giv it said a sweether taste never left the hould of his ship, an' that's a great word. I'll give it dog chape, by raison o' the long road it thravelled to yer honour."

"You don't seem to be long in this business," said Mr. Pigtail.

"Thrus for ye there agin, a-yinusal; 'tis yourself may say so. Since the priest christened Paddy and me, an' that's longer than I can remember, I never went an the sachrawn afore. God comfort poor Jillian Dawly, the crathur, and the grawls I left her. Amin, a-hierna!"

Now, Mr. Pigtail supposed, from the man's seeming simplicity, and his inexperience in running smuggled goods, that he should drive a very profitable adventure with him. He ordered him to bring the goods privately to the back way that led to his premises; and Paddy, who had the fear of the gauger vividly before him, lost no time in obeying the mandate. But when Mr. Pigtail examined the several packages, he turns round upon poor Paddy with a look of disapprobation, and exclaims, "This article will not suit, good man—entirely damaged by sea-water—never do."

"See wather, anagh!" returns Paddy Corbett; "had luck to the dhrop o' wather, salt or frosh, did my taste o' tibaccy ever see. The Colleen Ayrigh that brought it could dip and skim along the waves like a sea-gull. There are two things she never yet let in, Mr. Pigtail, avourneen—wather nor wather-guards: the one ships off her, all as one as a duck; and the Boochal Fadda on her deck keeps 'tother a good mile off, more spunk to him." This piece of nautical information Paddy had ventured from gleanings collected from the rich stores which the conversation of Shane Glas presented along the road and i the smugglers' cave.

"But, my good man, you cannot instruct me in the way of my business. Take it away—no man in the trade would venture an article like it. But I shall make a sacrifice, rather than let a poor ignorant man fall into the hands of the gauger. I shall give you five pounds for the lot."

Paddy Corbett, who had been buoyed up by the hope of making two hundred per cent. by his lading, now seeing all his gainful views vanish into thin air, was loud and impassioned in the expression of his disappointment.

"Oh, Jillian Dawly!" he cried, swinging his body to and fro, "Jillian, aroon manima, what'll ye say to yer man, afther throwing out of his hand the half-year's rint that he had to give the agint? Oh, what'll ye say, aveen, but that I med a purty padder-na-peka of myself, listening to Shane Glas, the yellow schamer; or what'll Sheelabeg, the crathur, say, whin Tim Murphy won't take her without the cows that I won't have to give her? Oh, Mither Pigtail, avourneen, be marciful to an honest father's son; don't take me short, avourneen, an' that God might take you short. Give me the tin pounds it cost me, an' I'll pray for yer sowl, both now an' in the world to come. Oh, Jillian, Jillian! I'll never face ye, nor Sheelabeg, nor any o' the crathurs, agin, without the tin pound, anyhow. I'll take the vestment an all the books in Father Darby's house of it."

"Well, if you don't give the tobacco to me for less than that, you can call on one Mr. Prywell, at the

other side of the bridge; he deals in such articles, too. You see, I cannot do more for you; but you may go farther and fare worse," said the perfidious tobacconist, as he directed the unfortunate man to the residence of Mr. Paul Prywell, the officer of excise.

With heavy heart and anxious eye, peering in every direction beneath his broad-leafed hat, Paddy Corbett proceeded till he reached a private residence, having a green door and a brass knocker. He hesitated, seeing no shop nor appearance of business there; but on being assured that this was indeed the house of Mr. Prywell, he approached, and gave the door three thundering knocks with the butt end of his holly-handled whip. The owner of the domicile, roused by this unceremonious mode of announcement, came forth to demand the intruder's business, and to wonder that he would not prefer giving a single rap with the brass knocker, as was the wont of persons in his grade of society, instead of sledging away at the door like a "peep-o'-day boy."

"Yer honour will excuse my bouldness," said Paddy, taking off his hat, and scraping the mud before and behind him a full yard; "excuse my bouldness, for I never seed such curifizes on a dure afore, an' I wouldn't throuble yer honour's house at all at all, only in regard of a taste of goods that I was tould would shoot yer honour. Ye can have it, a yinusal, for less than nothing, 'case I don't find myself in heart to push on farther; for the baste is slow, the crathur, an' myself that's saying it, making buttons for fear o' the gauger."

"Who, might I ask," said the astonished officer of excise, "directed you here to sell smuggled tobacco?"

"A very honest gentleman, but a bad buyer, over the bridge, sir. He'd give but five pounds for what cost myself tin—*foreer dhota*, that I had ever had a hand in it. I put the half-year's rint in it, yer honour; and my thirteen femul grawls and their mother, God help 'em, will be soon on the sachrawn. I'll never go home without the tin pound, anyhow. High hanging to ye, Shane Glas, ye tallow-faced thief, that sint me smuggling. Oh, Jillian! 'tis sojering I'll soon be, with a gun an' my shoulder."

"Shane Glas!" said the exciseman; "do you know Shane Glas? I'd give ten pounds to see the villain."

"'Tis myself does, yer honour, an' could put yer finger an' him, if I had ye at Tubber-na-Treenoda, saving yer presence; but as I was setting away, he was lying undher an ould quilt, and I heard him telling that the priest said he had spotted fever enough for a thousand min."

"That villain will never die of spotted fever, in my humble opinion," said the exciseman.

"A good judgment in yer mouth, sir, achree. I heard the rogue himself say, 'Bad cess to the thief! that a cup-tosser tould him he'd die of stoppage of breath.' But won't yer honour allow me to turn in the lafe o' tibaccy?"

The officer of excise was struck with deep indignation at the villainy of him who would ruin a

comparatively innocent man, when he failed in circumventing him, and was resolved to punish his treachery. "My good fellow," said he, "you are now before the gauger you dread so much, and I must do my duty, and seize upon the tobacco. However, it is but common justice to punish the false-hearted traitor that sent you hither. Go back quickly, and say that he can have the lot at his own terms; I shall follow close, and yield him the reward of his treachery. Act discreetly in this good work of biting the biter, and, on the word of a gentleman, I shall give you ten pounds more."

Paddy was on his knees in a twinkling, his hands uplifted in the attitude of prayer, and his mouth opened, but totally unable, between terror and delight, to utter a syllable of thanks.

"Up, I say," exclaimed the exciseman, "up and be doing; go earn your ten pounds, and have your sweet revenge on the thief that betrayed you."

Paddy rapidly retraced his steps, ejaculating as he went along, "Oh, the noble gentleman, may the Lord make a bed in heaven for his sowl in glory! Oh, that chating imposthor, 'twas sinding the fox to mind the hins, sure enough. Oh, high hanging to him of a windy day!—the informer o' the world, I'll make him sup sorrow."

"Have you seen the gentleman I directed you to?" said Mr. Pigtail.

"Arrah, sir dear, whin I came to the bridge an' looked about me, I thought that every roguish-looking fellow I met was the thief of a gauger, an' thin, after standing awhile, quite amplused, with the botheration and the dread upon me, I forgot yer friend's name, and so kim back agin to ax it, if ye please."

"You had better take the five pounds than venture again; there's a gauger in town, and your situation is somewhat dangerous."

"A gauger in town!" cried Paddy Corbett, with well-affected surprise; "Isas Mauri! what'll I do, at all at all? now I'm a gone man all out. Take it for anything ye like, sir dear, an' if any throuble like this should ever come down an ye, it will be a comfort and a raycreation to yer heart to know that ye had a poor man's blessing, *avick deelish machree*, an' I give it to ye on the knees of my heart, as ye desarved it, an' that it may go in yer road, an' yer childhre's road, late an' early, eating an' dhrinking, lying an' rising, buying an' selling."

Our story has approached its close: the tobacco was safely stowed inside, in order to be consigned to Mr. Pigtail's private receptacle for such contraband articles. Paddy had just pocketed his five pounds, and at that moment in burst Mr. Prywell. The execration which ever after pursued the tobacconist for his treacherous conduct, and the heavy fine in which he was amerced, so wrought upon his health and circumstances, that in a short time he died in extreme poverty. His descendants became homeless wanderers; and it is upon record, among the brave and high-minded men of Duballow, that Jeffrey Pigtail, of Kanturk, was the only betrayer that ever disgraced the barony.

## THE THREE TASKS.

BY WILLIAM CARLETON.

"EVERY person in the parish knows the purty knoll that rises above the Routing Burn, some few miles from the renowned town of Knockimdowny, which, as all the world must allow, wants only houses and inhabitants to be as big a place as the great town of Dublin itself. At the foot of this little hill, just under the shelter of a dacent pebble of a rock, something about the bulk of half a dozen churches, one would be apt to see—if they knew how to look sharp, otherwise they mightn't be able to make it out from the gray rock above it, except by the smoke that *ris* from the chimbley—Nancy Magennis's little cabin, snug and cosey, with its corrag,\* or *ould man* of branches, standing on the windy side of the door, to keep away the blast.

"Upon my word, it was a dacent little residence in its own way, and so was Nancy herself, for that matther; for though a poor *widdy*, she was very *punctwell* in paying for Jack's schooling, as I often heard ould Terry M'Phaudeen say, who tould me the story. Jack, indeed, grew up a fine slip; and, for hurling, football playing, and leaping, hadn't his likes in the five quarters of the parish. It's he that knew how to handle a spade and a raping-hook, and what was bether nor all that, he was kind and tindher to his poor ould mother, and would let her want for nothing. Before he'd go to his day's work in the morning, he'd be sure to bring home from the clear spring-well that ran out of the other side of the rock, a pitcher of water to serve her for the day; nor would he forget to bring in a good creel of turf from the snug little peat-stack that stood, thatched with rushes, before the door, and leave it in the corner, beside the fire; so that she had nothing to do but put over her hand, without rising off her sate, and put down a sod when she wanted it.

"Nancy, on her part, kept Jack very clane and comfortable; his linen, though coarse, was always a good colour, his working clothes tidily mended at all times; and when he'd have occasion to put on his good coat to work in, for the first time, Nancy would sew on the forepart of each sleeve a stout patch of ould cloth, to keep them from being worn by the spade; so that when she'd rip these off them every Saturday night, they would look as new and fresh as if he hadn't been working in them, at all at all.

"Then, when Jack came home in the winter

nights, it would do your heart good to see Nancy sitting at her wheel, singing '*Stachan Varogah*,' or '*Peggy Na Laveen*,' beside a purty clear fire, with a small pot of *Murphys* boiling on it for their supper, or laid up in a wooden dish, comfortably covered with a clane praskeen, on the well-swept hearthstone, whilst the quiet, dancing blaze might be seen blinking in the nice earthen plates and dishes that stood over against the side wall of the house. Just before the fire you might see Jack's stool waiting for him to come home; and, on the other side, the brown cat washing her face with her paws, or sitting beside the dog that lay asleep, quite happy and continted, purring her song, and now and then looking over at Nancy, with her eyes half shut, as much as to say, 'Catch a happier pair nor we are, Nancy, if you can.'

"Sitting quietly on the roost above the door were Dickey the cock, and half a dozen hens, that kept this honest pair in eggs and egg-milk for the best part of the year—besides enabling Nancy to sell two or three clutches of March-birds every season, to help to buy wool for Jack's big coat and her own gray-beard gown and striped red-and-blue petticoat.

"To make a long story short, no two could be more comfortable, considering everything. But, indeed, Jack was always observed to have a dacent, ginteel turn with him: for he'd scorn to see a bad gown on his mother, or a broken Sunday coat on himself; and instead of drinking his little earning in a shebeen-house, and then eating his praxies dry, he'd take care to have something to *kitchen*† them; so that he was not only snug and dacent of a Sunday, regarding wearables, but so well-fed and rosy, that the point of a rush would take a drop of blood out of his cheek.‡ Then he was the comeliest and best-looking young man in the parish, could tell lots of droll stories, and sing scores of merry songs, that would make you split your sides with down-right laughing; and when a wake or a dance would happen to be in the neighbourhood, maybe there wouldn't be many a sly look out from the purty girls for pleasant Jack Magennis.

"In this way lived Jack and his mother, as happy and continted as two lords; except now and then, that Jack would feel a little consarn for not being able to lay past anything for the *sore foot*§ or that

\* The *Corrag* is a roll of branches tied together when green, and used for the purposes mentioned in the story. It is six feet high, and much thicker than a sack, and is changed to either side of the door, according to the direction from which the wind blows.

† *Kitchen* signifies any liquid with which solid food is diluted.

‡ This proverb, which is always used as above, but without being confined in its application to only one sex, is a general one in Ireland. In delicacy and beauty I think it inimitable.

§ *Accidents*—future calamity—or old age.

might enable him to think of marrying—for he was beginning to look about him for a wife; and why not, to be sure? But he was prudent, for all that, and didn't wish to bring a wife and small family into poverty and hardship without means to support them, as too many do.

"It was one fine, frosty, moonlight night—the sky was without a cloud, and the stars all blinking, that it would delight anybody's heart to look at them, when Jack was crassing a bog that lay a few fields beyant his own cabin. He was just crooning the *Humours of Glynn*,<sup>\*</sup> in to himself, and thinking that it was a very hard case that he couldn't save anything, at all at all, to help him to the wife—when, on coming down a bank in the middle of the bog, he saw a dark-looking man leaning against a clump of turf, and a black dog, with a pipe of tobackey in his mouth, sitting at his ase beside him, and he smoking as sober as a judge. Jack, however, had a stout heart, bekase his conscience was clear, and, barring being a little daunted, he wasn't very much afeard. 'Who is this coming down toardst us?' said the black-favoured man, as he saw Jack approaching them. 'It's Jack Magennis,' says the dog, making answer, and taking the pipe out of his mouth with his right paw, and after puffing away the smoke, and rubbing the end of it against his left leg, exactly as a Christian (this day's Friday, the Lord stand betune us and harm) would do against his sleeve, giving it at the same time to his comrade. 'It's Jack Magennis,' says the dog, 'honest Widow Magennis's dacent son.' 'The very man,' says the other, back to him, 'that I'd wish to sarve, out of a thousand. Arrah, Jack Magennis, how is every tether-length of you?' says the ould fellow, putting the *furrawn*<sup>\*</sup> on him—'and how is every bone in your body, Jack, my darling? I'll hould a thousand guineas,' says he, pointing to a great big bag that lay beside him, 'and that's only the tenth part of what's in this bag, Jack, that you're just going to be in luck to-night, above all nights in the year!'

"And may worse never happen you, Jack, ma bouchal,' says the dog, putting in *his* tongue, then wagging his tail, and *houlding* out his paw to shake hands with Jack.

"Gintlemen,' says Jack, never minding to give the dog his hand, bekase he heard it wasn't safe to touch the likes of him; 'gintlemen, says he, 'ye're sitting far from the fire this frosty night.'

"Why, that's true, Jack,' answers the ould fellow; 'but if we're sitting far from the fire, we're sitting very near the makins of it, man alive.' So with this, he pulls the bag of goold over to him, that Jack might know by the jingle of the shiners what was in it.

"Jack,' says dark-face, 'there's some born with a silver ladle in their mouth, and others with a wooden spoon; and if you'll just sit down on the one end of this clump with me, and take a hand at the *five-and-ten*,<sup>\*</sup> pulling out as he spoke a *deck* of

cards, 'you may be a made man for the remainder of your life.'

"Sir,' says Jack, 'with submission, both yourself and this cur—I mane,' says he, not wishing to give the dog offence, 'both yourself and this dacent gintlemen with the tail and claws upon him, have the advantage of me, in respect of knowing my name; for I don't mistake' says he, putting his hand to his caubeen, 'I never had the pleasure of seeing either of ye before.'

"Never mind that,' says the dog, taking back the pipe from the other, and clapping it in his mouth; 'we're both your well-wishers, anyhow, and it's now your own fault if your're not a rich man.'

"Jack, by this time, was beginning to think that they might be aafter wishing to throw luck in his way; for he had often heard of men being made up entirely by the fairies, till there was no end to their wealth.

"Jack,' says the black man, 'you had better be sed by us for this bout: upon the honour of a gintleman, we wish you well: however, if you don't choose to take the ball at the right hop, another may, and you're welcome to toil all your life, and die a beggar after.'

"Upon my reputation, what he says is true, Jack,' says the dog, in his turn; 'the lucky minute of your life is come; let it pass without doing what them that wishes your mother's son well desire you, and you'll die in a ditch.'

"And what am I to do,' says Jack, 'that's to make me so rich all of a sudden?'

"Why, only to sit down and take a game of cards with myself,' says black-brow; 'that's all, and I'm sure it's not much.'

"And what is it to be for,' Jack inquires, 'for I have no money—tare-nation to the rap itself's in my company.'

"Well, you have yourself,' says the dog, putting up his fore-claw along his nose, and winking at Jack; 'you have yourself, man;—don't be faint-hearted:—he'll bet the contents of this bag; and with that the ould thief gave it another great big shake, to make the guineas jingle again. 'It's ten thousand guineas in hard goold; if he wins, you're to sarve him for a year and a day; and if he loses, you're to have the bag.'

"And the money that's in it?" says Jack, wishing, you see, to make a sure bargain, anyhow.

"Ev'ry penny,' answered the ould chap, 'if you win it; and there's fifty to one in your favour.'

"By this time the dog had got into a great fit of laughing, at Jack's sharpness about the money. 'The money that's in it, Jack,' says he, and he took the pipe out of his mouth, and laughed till he brought on a hard fit of coughing. 'Oh, by this and by that,' says he, 'but that bates Bannagher! and you're to get it ev'ry penny, you thief of the world, if you win it; but for all that he seemed to be laughing at something that Jack wasn't up to.

"At any rate, surely, they palavered Jack betune them, until he sot down and consinted. 'Well,' says he, scratching his head, 'why, worse nor lose I can't, so here goes for one trial at the shiners, anyhow!'

\* That frank, cordial manner of address which brings strangers suddenly to intimacy.

“Now,” says the obscure gentleman, just when the first card was in his hand, ready to be laid down ‘you’re to serve me for a year and a day, if I win; and if I lose, you shall have all the money in the bag.’

“Exactly,” says Jack, and just as he said the word, he saw the dog putting the pipe in his pocket, and turning his head away for fear Jack would see him breaking his sides laughing. At last, when he got his face sobered, he looks at Jack, and says, ‘Surely, Jack, if you win, you must get all the money in the bag; and upon my reputation, you may build castles in the air with it, you’ll be so rich.’

“This plucked up Jack’s courage a little, and to work they went; but how could it end otherwise than Jack to lose betune two such knowing schemers as they soon turned out to be? For what do you think, but as Jack was beginning the game, the dog tips him a wink, laying his fore-claw along his nose, as before, as much as to say: ‘Watch me and you’ll win,’ turning round, at the same time, and showing Jack a nate little looking-glass, that was set in his oxther, in which Jack saw, dark as it was, the spots of all the other fellow’s cards, as he thought, so that he was cock sure of bating him. But they were a pair of downright knaves, anyhow; for Jack, by playing to the cards that he saw in the looking-glass, instead of to them the other held in his hand, lost the game and the money. In short, he saw that he was blarneyed and chated by them both; and when the game was up he plainly tould them as much.

“What, you scoundrel!” says the black fellow, starting up and catching him by the collar, ‘dare you go for to impache my honour?’

“Leather him if he says a word,” says the dog, running over on his hind legs, and laying his shut paw upon Jack’s nose. ‘Say another word, you rascal,’ says he, ‘and I’ll down you;’ with this the ould fellow gives him another shake.

“I don’t blame you so much,” says Jack to him, ‘it was the looking-glass that desaved me; that cur’s nothing but a blackleg.’

“What looking-glass, you knave you?” says dark-face, giving him a fresh haul.

“Why, the one I saw under the dog’s oxther,” replied Jack.

“Under my oxther! you swindling rascal,” replied the dog, giving him a pull by the other side of the collar; ‘did ever any honest pair of gentlemen hear the like?—but he only wants to break through the agreement; so let us turn him at once into an ass, and then he’ll brake no more bargains, nor strive to take in honest men and win their money. Me a blackleg!’ So saying, the dark fellow drew his two hands over Jack’s jaws, and in a twinkling there was a pair of ass’ ears growing up out of his head. When Jack found this, he knew that he wasn’t in good hands; so he thought it best to get himself as well out of the scrape as possible.

“Gentlemen, be aisy,” says he, ‘and let us understand one another: I’m very willing to serve you for a year and a day; but I’ve one request to ax, and it’s this: I’ve a helpless ould mother at home, and if I go with you now she’ll break her heart

with grief first, and starve afterwards. Now, if your honour will give me a year to work hard, and lay in provision to support her, while I’m away, I’ll serve you with all the veins of my heart—for a bargain’s a bargain.’

“With this the dog gave his companion a pluck by the skirt, and, after some chat together, that Jack didn’t hear, they came back and said they would comply with his wishes that far. ‘So, on to-morrow twelvemonth, Jack,’ says the dark fellow, ‘the dog here will come to your mother’s, and if you follow him, he’ll bring you safe to my castle.’

“Very well, your honour,” says Jack; ‘but as dogs resemble one another so much, how will I know him when he comes?’

“Why,” answers the other, ‘he’ll have a green ribbon about his neck, and a pair of Wellington boots on his hind legs.’

“That’s enough, sir,” says Jack, ‘I can’t mistake him in that dress, so I’ll be ready;—but, gentlemen, if it would be plasing to you both, I’d every bit as soon not go home with these,’ and he handled the brave pair of ears he had got, as he spoke. ‘The truth is, gentlemen, I’m deluding enough without them; and as I’m so modest, you persuade, why, if you’d take them away you’d oblige me!’

“To this they had no objection, and during that year Jack wrought night and day, that he might be able to lave as much provision with his poor mother as would support her in his absence; and when the morning came, that he was to bid her farewell, he went down on his two knees and got her blessing. He then left her with tears in his eyes, and promised to come back the very minute his time would be up. ‘Mother,’ says he, ‘be kind to your little family here, and feed them well, as they are all you’ll have to keep you company till you see me again.’

“His mother then stuffed his pockets with bread, till they stuck out behind him, and gave him a crooked sixpence for luck; after which he got his staff, and was just ready to tramp, when, sure enough, he spies his ould friend the dog, with the green ribbon about his neck, and the Wellington boots upon his hind legs. He didn’t go in, but waited on the outside till Jack came out. They then set off, but no one knows how far they travelled, till they reached the dark gentleman’s castle, who appeared very glad to see Jack, and gave him a hearty welcome.

“The next day, in consequence of his long journey, he was ax’d to do nothing; but in the course of the evening the dark chap brought him into a long, frightful room, where there were three hundred and sixty-five hooks sticking out of the wall, and on every hook but one a man’s head. When Jack saw this agreeable sight, his dinner began to quake within him; but he felt himself still worse, when his master pointed to the empty hook, saying, ‘Now, Jack, your business to-morrow is to clane out a stable that wasn’t claned for the last seven years, and if you don’t have it finished before dusk—do you see that hook?’

“Ye—yes;” replied Jack, hardly able to spake.

“Well, if you don't have it finished before dusk your head will be hanging on that hook as soon as the sun sets.”

“Very well, your honour,” replied Jack, scarcely knowing what he said, or he wouldn't have said ‘very well’ to such a bloody-minded intention, anyhow; ‘very well,’ says he, ‘I'll do my best, and all the world knows that the best can do no more.’

“Whilst this discourse was passing betune them, Jack happened to look at the upper end of the room, and there he saw one of the beautifullest faces that ever was seen on a woman, looking at him through a little panel that was in the wall. She had a white snowy forehead—such eyes, and cheeks, and teeth, that there's no coming up to them;—and the clusters of dark hair that hung about her beautiful temples!” by the laws, I'm afraid of falling in love with her myself, so I'll say no more about her, only that she would charm the heart of a wheelbarrow. At any rate, in spite of all the ould fellow could say—heads and hooks, and all, Jack couldn't help throwing an eye, now and then, to the panel, and to tell the truth, if he had been born to riches and honour, it would be hard to fellow him for a good face and a good figure.

“Now, Jack,” said his master, ‘go and get your supper, and I hope you'll be able to perform your task—if not, off goes your head.’

“Very well, your honour,” says Jack, again scratching it in the hoith of perplexity, ‘I must only do what I can.’

The next morning Jack was up with the sun, if not before him, and hard at his task; but before breakfast time he lost all heart; and little wonder he should, poor fellow, bekase for every one shoveifl he'd throw out, there would come three more in: so that instead of making his task less, according as he got on, it became greater. He was now in the greatest dilemmy, and didn't know how to manage; so he was driven at last to such an amplush, that he had no other shift for employment, only to sing, ‘Paddeen O'Rafferty,’ out of mere vexation, and dance the hornpipe trebling step to it, cracking his fingers, half mad, through the stable. Just in the middle of this tantrum, who comes to the dour to call him to his breakfast but the beautiful crathur he saw the evening before peeping at him through the panel. At this minute Jack had so hated himself by the dancing, that his handsome face was in a fine glow, entirely.

“I think,” said she to Jack, with one of her own sweet smiles, ‘that this is an odd way of performing your task.’

“Och, thin, 'tis you that may say that,” replies Jack; ‘but it's myself that's willing to have my head hung up any day, just for one sight of you, you darling.’

“Where did you come from?” asked the lady, with another smile that bate the first all to nothing.

“Where did I come from, is it?” answered Jack; ‘why, death-alive! did you never hear of ould Ireland, ty jewel!—hem—I mane, plase your ladyship's honour.’

“No,” she answered;—‘where is that country?’

“Och, by the honour of an Irishman,” says Jack, ‘that takes the shine!—not heard of Erin—the Imerald Isle—the Jim of the ocean, where all the men are brave and honourable, and all the women—hem—I mane the ladies—chaste and beautiful?’

“No,” said she; ‘not a word: but if I stay longer I may get you blame—come into your breakfast, and I'm sorry to find that you have done so little at your task. Your master's a man that always acts up to what he threatens; and, if you have not this stable cleared out before dusk, your head will be taken off your shoulders this night.’

“Why, thin,” says Jack, ‘my beautiful darl—plase your honour's ladyship—if he hangs it up, will you do me the favour, *acushla machree*, to turn my head *toardst* that same panel where I saw a sartin fair face that I won't mintion; and if you do, let me alone for watching a sartin purty face I'm acquainted with.’

“What means *cushla machree*?” inquired the lady, as she turned to go away.

“It manes that you're the pulse of my heart, avourneen, plase your ladyship's reverence,” says Jack.

“Well,” said the lovely crathur, ‘any time you speak to me in future, I would rather you would omit terms of honour, and just call me after the manner of your own country; instead, for instance, of calling me your ladyship, I would be better pleased if you called me *cushla*—something—‘*Cushla machree, ma vourneen*—the pulse of my heart—my darling,’ said Jack, constnering it (the thief) for her, for fraid she wouldn't know it well enough.

“Yes,” she replied, ‘*cushla machree*; well, as I can pronounce it, *acushla machree*, will you come into your breakfast?’ said the darling, giving Jack a smile that would be enough, any day, to do up the heart of an Irishman. Jack, accordingly, went after her, thinking of nothing except herself; but on going in he could see no sign of her, so he sat down to his breakfast, though a single ounce, barring a couple of pounds of beef, the poor fellow couldn't ate, at that bout, for thinking of her.

“Well, he went again to his work, and thought he'd have better luck; but it was still the ould game—three shoveifuls would come in for ev'ry one he'd throw out; and now he began, in earnest, to feel something about his heart that he didn't like, bekase he couldn't for the life of him help thinking of the three hundred and sixty-four heads and the empty hook. At last he gave up the work entirely, and took it into his head to *make himself scarce* from about the ould fellow's castle altogether; and without more to do he set off, never saying as much as ‘good-bye’ to his master; but he hadn't got as far as the lower end of the yard when his ould friend, the dog, steps out of a kennel, and meets him full butt in the teeth.

“So, Jack,” says he, ‘you're going to give us leg bail, I see; but walk back with yourself, you spalpeen, this minute, and join your work, or if you don't,’ says he, ‘it will be worse for your health. I'm not so much your enemy now as I was, bekase you have a friend in coort that you know nothing about: so

just do whatever you are bid, and keep never minding.'

"Jack went back with a heavy heart, as you may be sure, knowing that, whenever the black cur began to blarney him there was no good to come in his way. He accordingly went into the stable, but consuming to the hand's turn he did, knowing it would be only useless; for, instead of clearing it out, he'd be only filling it.

"It was now near dinner time, and Jack was very sad and sorrowful—as how could he be otherwise, poor fellow, with such a bloody-minded ould chap to dale with?—when up comes the darling of the world again to call him to his dinner.

"'Well, Jack,' says she, with her white arms so beautiful, and her dark clusters tossed about by the motion of the walk, 'how are you coming on at your task?' 'How am I coming on, is it? Och, thin,' says Jack, giving a good-humoured smile through the frown that was on his face, 'plase your lady—*acushla machree*—it's all over with me; for I've still the same story to tell, and off goes my head, as sure as it's on my shoulders, this blessed night.'

"'That would be a pity, Jack,' says she, 'for there are worse heads on worse shoulders; but will you give me the shovel?' 'Will I give you the shovel, is it?—Och, thin, wouldn't I be a right big baste to do the likes of that, anyhow?' says Jack. 'What! *avourneen dheelish!* to stand up with myself, and let this hard shovel into them beautiful, soft, white hands of your own! Faix, my jewel, if you knew but all, my mother's son's not the man to do such a disgraceful turn as to let a lady like you take the shovel out of his hand, and he standing with his mouth under his nose looking at you—not myself, *avourneen!* we have no such ungenteel manners as that in our country.' 'Take my advice, Jack,' says she, pleased in her heart at what Jack said, for all she didn't purtend it; 'give me the shovel, and, depend upon it, I'll do more in a short time to clear the stable than you would for years.' 'Why, thin, *avourneen,* it goes to my heart to refuse you; but, for all that, may I never see yesterday, if a taste of it will go into your purty white fingers,' says the thief, praising her to her face all the time; 'my head may go off any day, and welcome, but death before dishonour. Say no more, darling; but tell your father I'll be in to my dinner immediately.'

"Notwithstanding all this, by jingo, the lady would not be put off. Like a raal woman, she'd have her way. So, on telling Jack that she didn't intend to work with the shovel, at all at all, but only to take it for a minute in her hand, at long last he gave it to her; she then struck it three times on the threshel of the door, and, giving it back into his hand, tould him to try what he could do. Well, sure enough, now there was a change; for, instead of three shovelfuls coming in, as before, when he threw one out, there went nine more along with it. Jack, in coorse, couldn't do less than thank the lovely crathur for her assistance; but when he raised his head to speak to her, she was gone. I needn't say, howsomever, that he went in to his dinner with a light

heart and a murdering appetite; and when the ould fellow axed him how he was getting on, Jack tould him that he was doing gloriously. 'Remember the empty hook, Jack,' said he. 'Never fear, your honour,' answered Jack; 'if I don't finish my task, you may bob my head off any time.'

"Jack now went out, and was a short time getting through his job, for before the sun set it was finished; and he came into the kitchen, ate his supper, and, sitting down before the fire, sung 'Love among the Roses' and the 'Black Joke,' to vex the ould fellow.

"This was one task over, and his head was safe for that bout; but that night, before he went to bed, his master called him upstairs, brought him into the bloody room, and gave him his orders for the next day. 'Jack,' says he, 'I have a wild filly that has never been caught, and you must go to my demesne to-morrow and catch her, or if you don't—look there,' says the big blackguard, 'on that hook it hangs before to-morrow, if you haven't her before sunset in the stable that you claned yesterday.' 'Very well, your honour,' says Jack, carelessly; 'I'll do everything in my power, and if I fail I can't help it.'

"The next morning Jack was out with a bridle in his hand, going to catch the filly. As soon as he got into the demesne, sure enough, there she was in the middle of a green field, grazing quite at her ase. When Jack saw this he went over towards her, houlding out his hat, as if it was full of oats; but he kept the hand that the bridle was in behind his back, for fraid she'd see it and make off. Well, my dear, on he went till he was almost within grip of her, cock sure that he had nothing more to do than slip the bridle over her neck and secure her; but he made a bit of a mistake in his reckoning, for though she smelt and snoaked about him, just as if she didn't care a feed of oats whether he caught her or not, yet when he boulted over to hould her fast, she was off like a shot, with her tail cocked, to the far end of the demesne, and Jack had to set off hot foot after her. All, however, was to no purpose; he couldn't come next or near her for the rest of the day, and there she kept coarsing about him, from one field to another, till he hadn't a blast of breath in his body.

"In this state was Jack when the beautiful crathur came out to call him home to his breakfast, walking with the pretty small feet and light steps of her own, upon the green fields, so bright and beautiful, scarcely bending the grass and flowers as she went along, the darling.

"'Jack,' says she, 'I fear you have as difficult a task to-day as you had yesterday.'

"'Why, and it's you may say that with your own purty mouth,' says Jack, says he: for out of breath and all as he was, he couldn't help giving her a bit of blarney, the rogue.

"'Well, Jack,' says she, 'take my advice, and don't tire yourself any longer by attempting to catch her; thruth's best—I tell you, you could never do it: come home to your breakfast, and when you return again just amuse yourself as well as you can until dinner time.'



"Och, och!" says Jack, striving to look, the sly thief, as if she had promised to help him, "I only wish I was a king, and, by the powers, I know who would be my queen, anyhow; for it's your own sweet lady—*savournen dheelish*; I say, amn't I bound to you for a year and a day longer, for promising to give me a lift, as well as for what you done yesterday?"

"Take care, Jack," says she, smiling, however, at his ingenuity in striving to trap her into a promise, "I don't think I made any promise of assistance."

"You didn't," says Jack, wiping his face with the skirt of his coat; 'cause why?—you see, pocket-handkerchiefs weren't invented in them times: 'why, thin, may I never live to see yesterday, if there's not as much rale beauty in that smile that's divarting itself about them sweet-breathing lips of yours and in them two eyes of light that's breaking both their hearts laughing at me this minute, as would encourage any poor fellow to expect a good turn from you—that is, whin you could do it, without hurting or harming yourself; for it's he would be the right rascal that could take it, if it would injure a silken hair of your head.'

"Well," said the lady, with another roguish smile, "I shall call you home to your dinner, at all events."

"When Jack went back from his breakfast he didn't slave himself after the filly any more, but walked about to view the demesne, and the avenues, and the green walks, and nice temples, and fish-ponds, and rookeries, and everything, in short, that was worth seeing. Towards dinner time, however, he began to have an eye to the way the sweet crathur was to come, and, sure enough, it's she that wasn't one minute late.

"Well, Jack," says she, "I'll keep you no longer in doubt," for the tender-hearted crathur saw that Jack, although he didn't wish to let an to her, was fretting every now and then about the odd hook and the bloody room. "So, Jack," says she, "although I didn't promise, yet I'll perform;" and with that she pulled a small ivory whistle out of her pocket, and gave three blasts on it that brought the wild filly up to her very hand, as quick as the wind. She then took the bridle and threw it over the baste's neck, giving her up, at the same time, to Jack. "You needn't fear now, Jack," says she, "you will find her as quiet as a lamb, and as tame as you wish: as a proof of it, just walk before her, and you will see she will follow you to any part of the field."

"Jack, you may be sure, paid her as many and as sweet compliments as he could; and never heed one from his country for being able to say something toothsome to the ladies. At any rate, if he laid it on thick the day before, he gave her two or three additional coats this time, and the innocent soul went away smiling, as usual.

"When Jack brought the filly home, the dark fellow, his master, if dark before, was a perfect tunder-cloud this night: bedad, he was nothing less than near bursting with vexation, bekase the thieving ould sinner intended to have Jack's head upon

the hook; but he fell short in his reckoning now as well as before. Jack sung 'Love among the Roses' and the 'Black Joke,' to help him into better temper.

"Jack," says he, striving to make himself speak pleasant to him, "you've got two difficult tasks over you; but you know the third time's the charm—take care of the next."

"No matter about that," says Jack, speaking up to him, stiff and stout, bekase, as the dog tould him, he knew he had a friend in coort—let's hear what it is, anyhow."

"To-morrow, then," says the other, "you're to rob a crane's nest on the top of a beech-tree which grows in the middle of a little island in the lake that you saw, yesterday, in my demesne; you're to have neither boat nor oar, nor any kind of conveyance, but just as you stand; and if you fail to bring me the eggs, or if you break one of them—look here!" says he, again pointing to the odd hook, for all this discourse took place in the bloody room.

"Good again," says Jack; "if I fail, I know my doom."

"No, you don't, you spalpeen," says the other, getting vexed with him entirely, "for I'll roast you till you're half dead, and ate my dinner off you after; and, what is more than that, you blackguard, you must sing the "Black Joke" all the time for my amusement."

"Div'l fly away with you," thought Jack, "but you're fond of music, you vagabond."

The next morning Jack was going round and round the lake, trying about the edge of it, if he could find any place shallow enough to wade in; but he might as well go to wade the *say*, and what was worse of all, if he attempted to swim, it would be like a tailor's goose—straight to the bottom; so he kept himself safe on dry land, still expecting a visit from the 'lovely crathur,' but, bedad, his good luck failed him for *wanst*; for, instead of seeing her coming over to him, so mild and sweet, who does he observe steering, at a dog's trot, but his ould friend the smoking cur. "Confusion w. that cur," says Jack to himself; "I know now there's some bad fortune before me, or he wouldn't be coming across me."

"Come home to your breakfast, Jack," says the dog, walking up to him, "it's breakfast time."

"Ay," says Jack, scratching his head, "it's a great matter whether I do or not, for my head's hardly worth a flat-dutch cap."

"Why, man, it was never worth the baste, pulling out his pipe and p. mouth, when it lit at once.

"Take care of yourself," said Jack, qu.—for he thought he was near the end of 'take care of yourself, you dirty cur, might take a gentleman's toe from the n. neck.'

"You had better keep a straight tong head," said four legs, "while it's on your or I'll break every bone in your skin. Jack, a fool," says he, checking himself, and speaking kindly to him—"you're a fool; didn't I tell yo

other day to do what you were bid, and keep never minding?"

"Well," thought Jack to himself, 'there's no use in making him any more my enemy than he is—particularly as I'm in such a hobble.'

"You lie," says the dog, as if Jack had spoken out to him, wherein he only thought the words to himself, 'you lie,' says he, 'I'm not, nor never was, your enemy, if you knew but all.'

"I beg your honour's pardon," answers Jack, 'for being so smart with your honour; but, bedad, if you were in my case—if you expected your master to roast you alive—eat his dinner off your body—make you sing the "Black Joke" by way of music for him; and, to crown all, knew that your head was to be stuck upon a hook after—maybe you would be a little short in your temper as well as your neighbours.'

"Take heart, Jack," says the other, laying his foreclaw as knowingly as ever along his nose, and winking slyly at Jack, 'didn't I tell you that you have a friend in court? the day's not past yet; so cheer up; who knows but there is luck before you still?'

"Why, thin," says Jack, getting a little cheerful, and wishing to crack a joke with him, 'but your honour's very fond of the pipe!'

"Oh! don't you know, Jack," says he, 'that that's the fashion at present among my tribe: sure all my brother puppies smoke now, and a man might as well be out of the world as out of the fashion, you know.'

"When they drew near home, they got quite thick entirely. 'Now,' says Jack, in a good-humoured way, 'if you can give me a lift in robbing this crane's nest, do; at any rate, I'm sure your honour won't be my enemy. I know you have too much good nature in your face to be one that wouldn't help a lame dog over a stile—that is,' says he, taking himself up for fear of offending the other—'I'm sure you'd be always inclined to help the weak side.'

"Thank you for the compliment," says the dog, 'but didn't I tell you that you have a friend in court?'

"When Jack went back to the lake, he could only sit and look sorrowfully at the tree, or walk about the edge of it, without being able to do anything else. He spent the whole day this-a-way till dinner time, when, what could you have of it, but he sees the dog sitting out to him, as fair and as blooming as a daisy."

"Well, thin," says she, 'there is not a minute to be lost. If you will, you may be sure, got up to the nest. Now she would be apt to take him for a dog's name. When she came up—'

"What do you want with the knife?" she inquired.

"What do I want with it?—why, to give you the best toe on both my feet, for the one I lost on you. Do you think I'd suffer you to want a toe, and I have ten thumping ones at your sarvice!—I'm not the man, you beauty you, for such a shabby trick as that comes to."

"But you forget," says the lady, who was a little cooler than Jack, 'that none of yours would fit me.'

"And must you die to-morrow, *acushla*?" asked Jack, in desperation.

"As sure as the sun rises," answered the lady; 'for your master would know at once that it was by my toes the nest was robbed.'

"By the powers," observed Jack, 'he's one of the greatest ould vag—I mane, isn't he a terrible man, out and out, for a father?'

"Father!" says the darling—'he's not my father, Jack; he only wishes to marry me, and if I'm not able to outdo him before three days more, it's decreed that he must have me.'

"When Jack heard this, surely the Irishman must

"She then pulled a small white wand out of her pocket, struck the lake, and there was the prettiest green ridge across it to the foot of the tree that ever eye beheld. 'Now,' says she, turning her back to Jack, and stooping down to do something that he couldn't see, 'take these, put them against the tree, and you will have steps to carry you to the top, but be sure, for your life and mine, not to forget any of them; if you do, my life will be taken to-morrow morning, for your master puts on my slippers with his own hands.'

"Jack was now going to swear that he would give up the whole thing, and surrender his head at once; but when he looked at her feet and saw no appearance of blood, he went over without more to do, and robbed the nest, taking down the eggs one by one, that he mightn't break them. There was no end to his joy as he secured the last egg; he instantly took down the toes, one after another, save and except the little one of the left foot, which, in his joy and hurry, he forgot entirely. He then returned by the green ridge to the shore, and according as he went along it melted away into the water behind him.

"Jack," says the charmer, 'I hope you forgot none of my toes.'

"Is it me?" says Jack, quite sure that he had them all. 'Arrah, catch anyone from my country makin' a blunder of that kind.'

"Well," says she, 'let us see.' So, taking the toes, she placed them on again, just as if they had never been off. But, lo and behold! on coming to the last of the left foot, it wasn't forthcoming. 'Oh! Jack, Jack,' says she, 'you have destroyed me; to-morrow morning your master will notice the want of this toe, and that instant I'll be put to death.'

"Lave that to me," says Jack; 'by the powers, you won't lose a drop of your darling blood for it. Have you got a penknife about you? and I'll soon show you how you won't.'

"What do you want with the knife?" she inquired.

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come out; there he stood, and began to wipe his eyes with the skirt of his coat, making as if he was crying, the thief of the world. 'What's the matter with you?' she asked.

"Ah!" says Jack, 'you darling, I couldn't find in my heart to desave you; for I have no way at home to keep a lady like you, in proper style, at all at all; I would only bring you into poverty, and since you wish to know what ails me, I'm vexed that I'm not rich for your sake; and next, that that thieving ould villain's to have you; and by the powers, I'm crying for both these misfortunes together.'

"The lady couldn't help being touched and pleased with Jack's tindersness and ginerosity; so, says she, 'Don't be cast down, Jack; come or go what will, I won't marry him—I'd die first. Do you go home, as usual; but take care and don't sleep all this night. Saddle the wild filly—meet me under the whitethorn bush at the end of the lawn, and we'll both leave him for ever. If you're willing to marry me, don't let poverty distress you, for I've more money than we'll know what to do with.'

"Jack's voice now began to tremble in earnest, with downright love and tinderness, as good right it had; so he promised to do everything just as she bid him, and then went home with a dacent appetite enough to his supper.

"You may be sure the ould fellow looked darker and grimmer than ever at Jack: but what could he do? Jack had done his duty; so he sat before the fire and sung 'Love among the Roses,' and the 'Black Joke,' with a stouter and lighter heart than ever, while the black chap could have seen him skivered.

"When midnight came, Jack, who kept a hawk's eye to the night, was at the hawthorn with the wild filly, saddled and all—more betoken, she wasn't a bit wild then, but astame as a dog. Off they set, like Erin-go-bragh, Jack and the lady, and never pulled bridle till it was one o'clock next day, when they stopped at an inn and had some refreshment. They then took the road again, full speed; however, they hadn't gone far when they heard a great noise behind them, and the tramp of horses galloping like mad. 'Jack,' says the darling, on hearing the hubbub, 'look behind you, and see what's this.'

"Och, by the elevens!" says Jack, 'we're done at last; it's the dark fellow, and half the country, after us.' 'Put your hand,' says she, 'in the filly's right ear, and tell me what you find in it.' 'Nothing, at all at all,' says Jack, 'but a weeshy bit of a dry stick.' 'Throw it over your left shoulder,' says she, 'and see what will happen.'

"Jack did so at once, and there was a great grove of thick trees growing so close to one another that a dandy could scarcely get his arm betwixt them. 'Now,' said she, 'we are safe for another day.' 'Well,' said Jack, as he pushed on the filly, 'you're the jewel of the world, sure enough; and maybe it's you that won't live happy when we get to the Jim of the Ocean.'

"As soon as the dark-face saw what happened, he was obliged to scour the country for hatchets and

hand-saws; and all kinds of sharp instruments, to hew himself and his men a passage through the grove. As the saying goes many hands make light work, and, sure enough, it wasn't long till they had cleared a way for themselves, thick as it was, and set off with double speed after Jack and the lady.

"The next day, about one o'clock, he and she were after taking another small refreshment of roast-beef and porther, and pushing on, as before, when they heard the same tramping behind them, only it was ten times louder.

"Here they are again,' says Jack, 'and I'm afraid they'll come up with us at last.'

"If they do,' says she, 'they'll put us to death on the spot; but we must try somehow to stop them another day, if we can: search the filly's right ear again, and let me know what you find in it.'

"Jack pulled out a little three-cornered pebble, telling her that it was all he got. 'Well,' says she, 'throw it over your left shoulder like the stick.'

"No sooner said than done, and there was a great chain of high, sharp rocks in the way of devil-face and all his clan. 'Now,' says she, 'we have gained another day.' 'Tundher-and-turf!' says Jack, 'what's this for, at all at all?—but wait till I get you in the Immerald Isle, for this, and if you don't enjoy happy days, anyhow, why I'm not sitting before you on this horse, by the same token that it's not a horse at all, but a filly, though: if you don't get the hoith of good aiting and drinking—lashings of the best wine and whiskey that the land can afford, my name's not Jack. We'll build a castle, and you'll have upstairs and downstairs—a coach-and-six to ride in—lots of sarvints to attend on you, and full and plinty of everything; not to mintion—hem!—not to mintion that you'll have a husband that the fairest lady in the land might be proud of,' says he, stretching himself up in the saddle, and giving the filly a jag of the spurs, to show off a bit; although the coaxing rogue knew that the money which was to do all this was her own. At any rate, they spent the remainder of this day pleasantly enough, still moving on, though, as fast as they could. Jack, every now and then, would throw an eye behind, as if to watch their pursuers, wherein, if the truth was known, it was to get a peep at the beautiful glowing face and warm lips that were breathing all kinds of *fraagrancies* about him. I'll warrant he didn't envy the king upon his throne, when he felt the honeysuckle of her breath, like the smell of Father Ned's orchard there of a May morning.

"When *Fardoroughah*\* found the great chain of rocks before him, you may set it down that he was likely to blow up with vexation; but, for all that, the first thing he blew up was the rocks—and that he might lose little or no time in doing it, he collected all the gunpowder and crowbars, spades and pick-axes, that could be found for miles about him, and set to it, working as if it was with inch of candle. For half a day there was nothing but boring and splitting, and driving of iron wedges, and blowing

\* The dark man.

up pieces of rock as big as little houses, until, by hard labour, they made a passage for themselves sufficient to carry them over. They then set off again, full speed; and great advantage they had over the poor filly that Jack and the lady rode on, for their horses were well rested, and hadn't to carry double, like Jack's. The next day they spied Jack and his beautiful companion, just about a quarter of a mile before them.

"'Now,' says dark-brow, 'I'll make any man's fortune for ever that will bring me them two, either living or dead, but, if possible, alive; so, spur on, for whoever secures them is a made man—but, above all things, make no noise?'

"It was now devil take the hindmost among the bloody pack—every spur was red with blood, and every horse smoking. Jack and the lady were jogging on across a green field, not suspecting that the rest were so near them, and talking over the pleasant days they would *spind* together in Ireland, when they *hears* the hue-and-cry once more at their very heels.

"'Quick as lightning, Jack,' says she, 'or we're lost—the right ear and the left shoulder, like thought—they're not three lengths of the filly from us!'

"But Jack knew his business; for just as a long, grim-looking villain, with a great rusty rapier in his hand, was within a single leap of them, and quite sure of either killing or making prisoners of them both, Jack flings a little drop of green water, that he got in the filly's ear, over his left shoulder, and in an instant there was a deep, dark gulf, filled with black, pitchy-looking water, between them. The lady now desired Jack to pull up the filly a bit, till they would see what would become of the dark fellow; but just as they turned round, the ould nager set spurs to his horse, and in a fit of desperation, plunged himself, horse and all, into the gulf, and was never seen or heard of more. The rest that were with him went home, and began to quarrel about his wealth, and kept murdering and killing one another, until a single vagabond of them wasn't left alive to enjoy it.

"When Jack saw what happened, and that the bloodthirsty ould villain got what he deserved so richly, he was as happy as a prince, and ten times happier than most of them, as the world goes, and she was every bit as delighted. 'We have nothing more to fear,' said the darling that put them all down so cleverly, seeing she was but a woman—but, bedad, it's she was the right sort of a woman;—'all our dangers are now over, at least, all yours are; regarding myself,' says she, 'there is a trial before me yet, and that trial, Jack, depends upon your faithfulness and constancy.'

"'On me, is it? Och, then, murder! isn't it a poor case entirely that I have no way of showing you that you may depend your life upon me, only by telling you so?'

"'I do depend upon you,' says she; 'and now, as you love me, do not, when the trial comes, forget her that saved you out of so many troubles, and made you such a great and wealthy man.'

"The foregoing part of this Jack could well understand, but the last part of it, making *collusion* to the

wealth, was a little dark, he thought, because he hadn't fingered any of it at that time: still, he knew she was truth to the back bone, and wouldn't *deceive* him. They hadn't travelled much farther, when Jack snaps his fingers, with a 'Whoof by the powers, there it is, my darling—there it is, at long last!'

"'There is what, Jack?' said she, surprised, as well she might, at his mirth and happiness—'there is what?' said she.

"'Cheer up,' says Jack—'there it is, my darling—the Shannon!—as soon as we get to the other side of it, we'll be in ould Ireland once more.'

"There was no end to Jack's good-humour when he crossed the Shannon; and she was not a bit displeased to see him so happy. They had now no enemies to fear, were in a civilised country, and among green fields and well-bred people. In this way they travelled at their ease, till they came within a few miles of the town of Knockimdowny, near which Jack's mother lived.

"'Now, Jack,' said she, 'I could you that I would make you rich. You know the rock beside your mother's cabin; if the east end of that rock there is a loose stone, covered over with gray moss, just two feet below the cleft out of which the hanging rowan-tree grows; pull that stone out, and you will find more gold than would make a duke. Neither speak to any person, nor let any living thing touch your lips till you come back to me, or you'll forget that you ever saw me, and I'll be left poor and friendless in a strange country.'

"'Why, thin, *manim athes hu,\** says Jack, 'but the best way to guard against that is to touch your own sweet lips at the present time,' giving her a smack that you'd hear of a calm evening across a couple of fields. Jack set off to touch the money with such speed that when he fell he scarcely waited to rise again; he was soon at the rock, anyhow, and, without either doubt or disparagement, there was a cleft of real goolden guineas, as fresh as daisies. The first thing he did, after he had filled his pockets with them, was to look if his mother's cabin was to the fore; and there, surely, it was, as snug as ever, with the same decent column of smoke rowling from the chimbley.

"'Well,' thought he, 'I'll just stale over to the door-cheek, and peep in to get one sight of my poor mother; then I'll throw her in a handful of these guineas, and take to my scrapers.'

"Accordingly, he stole up at a half-bend to the door, and was just going to take a peep in, when out comes the little dog, Trig, and begins to leap and fawn upon him, as if it would eat him. The mother, too, came running out to see what was the matter, when the dog made another spring up about Jack's neck, and gave his lips the slightest lick in the world with its tongue, the crathur was so glad to see him: the next minute, Jack forgot the lady as clean as if he had never seen her; but, if he forgot her, catch him at forgetting the money—not he, *avick!*—that stuck to him like pitch.

\* My soul's within you.

"When the mother saw who it was, she flew to him, and, clasping her arms about his neck, hugged him till she wasn't worth three halfpence. After Jack *sot* awhile, he made a trial to let her know what had happened him, but he *disremembered* it all, except having the money in the rock, so he up and tould her that, and a glad woman she was to hear of his good fortune. Still he kept the place where the goold was to himself, having been often forbid by her ever to trust a woman with a sacret when he could avoid it.

"Now, everybody knows what changes the money makes, and Jack was no exception to this ould saying. In a few years he had built himself a fine castle, with three hundred and sixty-four *windies* in it, and he would have added another, to make one for every day in the year, only that that would be equal to the number in the king's palace, and the Lord of the Black Rod would be sent to take his head off, it being high *thrason* for a subject to have as many windies in his house as the king. However, Jack, at any rate, had enough of them; and he that couldn't be happy with three hundred and sixty-four, wouldn't deserve to have three hundred and sixty-five. Along with all this he bought coaches and carriages, and didn't get proud, like many other beggarly upstarts, but took especial good care of his mother, whom he dressed in silks and satins, and gave her nice nourishing food, that was fit for an ould woman in her condition. He also got great teachers, men of deep larning, from Dublin, acquainted with all subjects; and as his own abilities were bright, he soon became a very great scholar entirely, and was able, in the long run, to outdo all his tutherers.

"In this way he lived for some years—was now a man of great larning himself—could spake the seven *languiges*, and it would delight your ears to hear how high-flown and Englified he could talk. All the world wondered where he got his wealth; but, as he was kind and charitable to everyone that stood in need of assistance, the people said that, wherever he got it, it couldn't be in better hands. At last he began to look about him for a wife, and the only one in that part of the country that would be at all fit for him was the Honourable Miss Bandbox, the daughter of a nobleman in the neighbourhood. She, indeed, flogged all the world for beauty; but it was said that she was proud and fond of wealth, though, God knows, she had enough of that, anyhow. Jack, however, saw none of this; for she was cunning enough to smile, and simper, and look pleasant, whenever he'd come to her father's. Well, begad, from one thing and one word to another, Jack thought it was best to make up to her at *wanst*, and try if she'd accept of him for a husband; accordingly, he put the word to her, like a man, and she, making as if she was blushing, put her fan before her face and made no answer. Jack, however, wasn't to be daunted; for he knew two things worth knowing, when a man goes to look for a wife: the first is—that 'faint heart never won fair lady,' and the second—that 'silence gives consent;' he, therefore, spoke up to her in fine English, for it's he that knew

how to speak now, and, after a little more fanning and blushing, by jingo, she consented. Jack then broke the matter to her father, who was as fond of money as the daughter, and only wanted to grab at him for the wealth.

"When the match was a-making, says ould Bandbox to Jack, 'Mr. Magennis,' says he (for nobody called him Jack now but his mother), 'these two things you must comply with, if you marry my daughter, Miss Gripsy:—you must send away your mother from about you, and pull down the cabin in which you and she used to live; Gripsy says that they would jog her memory concerning your low birth and former poverty. She's nervous and high-spirited, Mr. Magennis, and declares, upon her honour, that she couldn't bear the thoughts of having the delicacy of her feeling offended by these things.'

"'Good-morning to you both,' says Jack, like an honest fellow, as he was. 'If she doesn't marry me except on these conditions, give her my compliments, and tell her our courtshp is at an end.'

"But it wasn't long till they soon came out with another story, for before a week passed, they were very glad to get him on his own conditions. Jack was now as happy as the day was long—all things appointed for the wedding, and nothing a-wanting to make everything to his heart's content but the wife, and her he was to have in less than no time. For a day or two before the wedding, there never was seen such grand preparations: bullocks, and hogs, and sheep were roasted whole—kegs of whiskey, both Roscrea and Innishowen, barrels of ale and beer, were there in dozens. All descriptions of niceties, and wild-fowl, and fish from the *say*, and the dearest wine that could be bought with money was got for the gentry and grand folks. Fiddlers, and pipers, and harpers, in short, all kinds of music and musicianers, played in shoals. Lords and ladies, and squares of high degree, were present—and, to crown the thing, there was open house for all comers.

"At length, the wedding day arrived; there was nothing but roasting and boiling; servants dressed in rich liveries ran about with joy and delight in their countenances, and white gloves and wedding favours on their hats and hands. To make a long story short, they were all seated in Jack's castle at the wedding breakfast, ready for the priest to marry them when they'd be done; for in them times people were never married until they had laid in a good foundation to carry them through the ceremony. Well, they were all seated round the table, the men dressed in the best of broadcloth, and the ladies rustling in their silks and satins—their heads, necks, and arms hung round with jewels, both rich and rare: but of all that were there that day, there wasn't the likes of the bride and bridegroom. As for him, nobody could think, at all at all, that he was ever anything else than a born gintleman; and what was more to his credit he had his kind ould mother sitting beside the bride, to tache her that an honest person, though poorly born, is company for the king. As soon as the breakfast was served up, they all set to, and maybe the *various* kinds of *eaables* did not say

for it; and amongst all this cutting and thrusting, no doubt but it was remarked that the bride herself was behindhand *wid* none of them—that she took her *dalin-trick* without flinching, and made nothing less than a right fog meal of it: and small blame to her for that same, you persave.

“When the breakfast was over, up gets Father Flanagan, out with his book, and on with his stole, to marry them. The bride and bridegroom went up to the end of the room, attended by their friends, and the rest of the company stood on each side of it, for you see they were too high-bred, and knew their manners too well, to stand in a crowd like spalpeens. For all that, there was many a sly look from the ladies to their bachelors and many a titter among them, grand as they were: for, to tell the truth, the best of them likes to see fun in the way, particularly of that sort. The priest himself was in as great a glee as any of them, only he kept it under: and well he might, for sure enough this marriage was nothing less than a rale windfall to him, and the parson that was to marry them after him—bekase you persave a Protestant and Catholic must be married by both, otherwise it doesn't hould good in law. The parson was as grave as a mustard-pot, and Father Flanagan called the bride and bridegroom his childhre, which was a big bounce for him to say the likes of, more betoken that neither of them was a drop's blood to him.

“However, he pulled out the book, and was just beginning to buckle them, when in comes Jack's ould acquaintance, the smoking cur, as grave as ever. The priest had just got through two or three words of Latin, when the dog gives him a pluck by the sleeve; Father Flanagan, of coorse, turned round to see who it was that nudged him: ‘Behave yourself,’ says the dog to him, just as he peeped over his shoulder—‘behave yourself,’ says he; and with that he sot him down on his *hunkers* beside the priest, and pulling a cigar, instead of a pipe, out of his pocket, he put it in his mouth, and began to smoke for the bare life of him. And, by my own word, it's he that could smoke: at times he would shoot the smoke in a slender stream, like a knitting-needle, with a round curl at the one end of it, ever so far out of the *right* side of his mouth; then he would shoot it out of the *left*, and sometimes make it swirl out so beautiful from the middle of his lips!—why, then, it's he that must have been the well-bred puppy all out, as far as smoking went. Father Flanagan and they all were tunderstruck.

“‘In the name of St. Anthony, and of that holy nun, St. Terega,’ said his reverence to him, ‘who or what are you, at all at all?’

“‘Never mind that,’ says the dog, taking the cigar for a minute between his claws; ‘but if you wish particularly to know, I'm a thirty-second cousin of your own, by the mother's side.’

“‘I command you, in the name of all the saints,’ says Father Flanagan, ‘to disappear from among us, and never become visible to anyone in this house again.’

“‘The sorra a bulge, at the present time, will I

budge,’ says the dog to him, ‘until I see all sides rightified, and the rogues disappointed.’

“Now, one would be apt to think the appearance of a *spaking* dog might be after fright'ning the ladies; but doesn't all the world know that *spaking* puppies are their greatest favourites. Instead of that, you see, there was half a dozen of fierce-looking whiskered fellows, and three or four half-pay officers, that were nearer making off than the ladies. But, besides the cigar, the dog had, upon this occasion, a pair of green spectacles across his face, and through these, while he was *spaking* to Father Flanagan, he ogled all the ladies, one after another, and when his eye would light upon any that pleased him, he would kiss his paw to her, and wag his tail with the greatest politeness.

“‘John,’ says Father Flanagan to one of the servants, ‘bring me salt and water, till I consecrate them to banish the divil, for he has appeared to us all during broad daylight, in the shape of a dog.’

“‘You had better behave yourself, I say again,’ says the dog, ‘or if you make me speak, by my honour as a gentleman, I'll expose you. I say you won't marry the same two, neither this nor any other day, and I'll give you my reasons presently; but I *repate* it, Father Flanagan, if you compel me to speak, I'll make you look nine ways at once.’

“‘I defy you, Satan,’ says the priest; ‘and if you don't take yourself away before the holy wather's made, I'll send you off in a flame of fire.’

“‘Yes, I'm trimbling,’ says the dog; ‘plenty of *spirits* you laid in your day, but it was in a place that's nearer us than the Red Sea, you did it: listen to me, though, for I don't wish to expose you, as I said.’ So he gets on his hind legs, put his nose to the priest's ear, and whispers something to him that none of the rest could hear, all before the priest had time to know where he was. At any rate, whatever he said seemed to make his reverence look *double*, though, faix, that wasn't hard to do, for he was as big as *two* common men. When the dog was done speaking, and had put his cigar in his mouth, the priest seemed tunderstruck, crossed himself, and was, no doubt of it, in great perplexity.

“‘I say it's false,’ says Father Flanagan, plucking up courage; ‘but you know you're a liar, and the father of liars.’

“‘As thrue as gospel, this bout, I tell you,’ says the dog.

“‘Wait till I make my holy wather,’ says the priest, ‘and if I don't cork you in a thumb bottle for this, I'm not here.’

“‘You're better at uncorking,’ says the dog—‘better at *relaxing* spirits than confining them.’

“‘Just at this minute the whole company sees a gentlemen galloping for the bare life of him up to the hall-door, and he dressed like an officer. In three jiffeys he was down off his horse, and in among the company. The dog, as soon as he made his appearance, laid his claw as usual on his nose, and gave the bridegroom a wink, as much as to say, ‘Watch what'll happen.’

“Now, it was very odd that Jack, during all this

time, remembered the dog very well, but could never once think of the darling that did so much for him. As soon, however, as the officer made his appearance, the bride seemed as if she would sink outright; and when he walked up to her, to ask what was the meaning of what he saw, why down she drops at once—fainted clean. The gentleman then went up to Jack, and says, 'Sir, was the lady about to be married to you?'

"'Sartinly,' says Jack, 'we were going to be yoked in the blessed and holy tackle of matrimony,' or some high-flown words of that kind.

"'Well, sir,' says the other back to him, 'I can only say that she is most solemnly sworn never to marry another man but me. That oath she took when I was joining my regiment before it went abroad; and if the ceremony of your marriage be performed, you will sleep with a perjured bride.'

"'Begad, he did, plump before all their faces. Jack, of course, was struck all of a hape at this; but as he had the bride in his arms, giving her a little sup of whisky to bring her to, *you persave*, he couldn't make him answer. However, she soon came to herself, and, on opening her eyes, 'Oh! hide me, hide me!' says she, 'for I can't bear to look on him!'

"'He says you are his sworn bride, my darling,' says Jack.

"'I am—I am,' says she, covering her eyes, and crying away at the rate of a wedding. 'I can't deny it; and, by tare-an-ouny!' says she, 'I'm unworthy to be either his wife or yours; for, except I marry you both, I dunna how to settle this affair between you, at all. Oh, murder sheery! but I'm the misfortunate crathur, entirely.'

"'Well,' says Jack to the officer, 'nobody can do more than be sorry for a wrong turn; small blame to her for taking a fancy to your humble servant, Mr. Officer—and he stood as tall as possible, to show himself off. 'You see the fair lady is sorrowful for her folly, so as it's not yet too late, and as you came in the nick of time, in the name of Providence take my place, and let the marriage go on.'

"'No,' says she, 'never; I'm not worthy of him, at all at all: tunder-an-age, but I'm the unlucky thief!'

"'While this was going forward, the officer looked closely at Jack, and seeing him such a fine, handsome fellow, and having heard before of his riches, he began to think that, all things considered, she wasn't so much to be *blompt*. Then, when he saw how sorry she was for having forgot him, he steps *forrid*.

"'Well,' says he, 'I'm still willing to marry you, particularly as you feel *contrition* for what you were going to do.' So, with this, they all *gother* about her, and, as the officer was a fine fellow himself, prevailed upon her to let the marriage be performed, and they were accordingly spliced as fast as his reverence could make them.

"'Now, Jack,' says the dog, 'I want to spake with you for a minute—it's a word for your own ear.' So he stands up on his two hind legs, and pertended to be whisp'ring something to him; but

what do you think?—he gives him the slightest touch on the lips with his paw, and that instant Jack remembered the lady and everything that happened betune them.

"'Tell me this instant,' says Jack, seizing him by the throat, 'where's the darling, at all at all?'

"'Jack spoke finer nor this, to be sure, but as I can't give his tall English, the sorra one of me will bother myself striving to do it.

"'Behave yourself,' says the dog; 'just say nothing, only follow me.'

"'Accordingly, Jack went out with the dog, and in a few minutes comes in again, *leading* along with him, *on the one side*, the loveliest lady that ever eye beheld, and the dog, that was her brother, now *matamorphied* into a beautiful, illegant gentleman, on the other.

"'Father Flanagan,' says Jack, 'you thought a while ago you'd have no marriage, but instead of that you'll have a brace of them;' up and telling the company, at the same time, all that happened him, and how the beautiful crathur that he brought in with him had done so much for him.

"'Whin the gentlemen heard this, as they were all Irishmen, you may be sure there was nothing but huzzaing and throwing up of hats from them, and waving of handkerchers from the ladies. Well, my dear, the wedding dinner was ate in great style; the nobleman promised no disgrace to his rank at the trencher; and so, to make a long story short, such faisting and banquetearing was never seen since or before. At last night came; and among ourselves, not a doubt of it, but Jack thought himself a happy man; and maybe if all was known, the bride was much of the same opinion: be that as it may, night came; the bride, all blushing, beautiful, and modest as your own sweetheart, was getting tired after the dancing; Jack, too, though much stouter, wished for a trifle of repose, and many thought it was near time to throw the stocking, as is proper, of course, on every occasion of the kind. Well, he was just on his way upstairs, and had reached the first landing, when he hears a voice at his ear shouting, 'Jack, Jack—Jack Magennis!' Jack could have *spitted* anybody for coming to disturb him at such a criticality. 'Jack Magennis!' says the voice. Jack looked about to see who it was that called him, and there he found himself lying on the green *Rath*, a little above his mother's cabin, of a fine, calm summer's evening in the month of June. His mother was stooping over him, with her mouth at his ear, striving to awaken him by shouting and shaking him out of his sleep.

"'Oh! by this and by that, mother,' says Jack, 'what do you waken me for?'

"'Jack, avourneen,' says the mother, 'sure and you war lying grunting and groaning, and snifthering there, for all the world as if you had the colic; and I only nudged you for fraid you war in pain.'

"'I wouldn't for a thousand guineas,' says Jack, 'that ever you wakened me, at all at all; but whisht, mother, go into the house, and I'll be afther you in less than no time.'

"The mother went in, and the first thing Jack did was to try the rock; and, sure enough, there he found as much money as made him the richest man that ever was in the country. And what was to his credit, when he did grow rich, he wouldn't let his cabin be thrown down, but built a fine castle on a spot near it, where he could always have it under his eye, to prevent him from getting proud. In the

course of time, a harper, hearing the story, composed a tune upon it, which everybody knows is called the 'Little House under the Hill' to this day.

"So you see that was the way the great Magennis first came by their wealth, and all because Jack was industrious, and an obadient, dutiful, tindher son to his helpless ould mother; and well he deserved what he got."

## THE WITCH OF KILKENNY:

BY MICHAEL JOSEPH BARRY.

NIGHT reigns! On Ormonde's castle walls  
Serenely soft the moonlight falls,  
As, high above the "stubborn Newre,"  
They stand in solid strength secure.  
All idly now its turrets rise—  
All idly now its strength defies—  
No hostile clans, with hope elate,  
Come thundering to its massive gate.  
No watchful eyes, that dare not sleep,  
From battlement and loop-hole peep.  
No more the tramp of warder's tread,  
Beats time above the chieftain's head.  
No more at night the wassail-din  
Of men-at-arms is heard within;  
Nor morning rudely breaks repose,  
With onslaught loud of storming foes.  
No more—but could those three old towers,  
Now sentried round with smiling flowers,  
Tell of the deeds they've seen and braved,  
Since first war's tempests round them raved—  
The glory, havoc, smiles, and tears,  
Of full six hundred stormy years—  
A mightier lesson would they preach  
Than pen or tongue of man can teach!  
Silent are they—but still we learn  
That lord, and gallowglass, and kern,  
Whose strife oft made Newre's crystal flood  
Grow purple red with human blood,  
Have passed at length from earth away,  
As passed its wave of yesterday.  
And still the smiling earth is green,  
And still the arching heaven serene,  
And still the river glides along,  
And still the wild bird wakes his song,  
And still the noon-day sun is bright,  
And still the stars shine out at night,  
All things to bless and brighten life  
Still lavished, by the hand of God,  
As if the curse of human strife  
Had never marred the lovely sod:  
All things proclaiming man has still  
The means, if he but have the will,

To make himself a godlike fate.  
This lesson sure is not too late.

If my father had made me a parson or lawyer,  
At either profession I'd be a "top-sawyer."  
And at times, as a rhymester,  
I make a sublime stir;  
But the deuce of it is I've a dash of frivolity,  
That sends me unconsciously off into jollity:  
That piece of advice  
Is almost beyond price,  
Were it not 'tis my own, I'd say of the best quality.  
But though I began  
As a rational man,  
And meant to be serious throughout all the rest of it—  
I'll be hanged if I can—so you must make the best  
of it.

To begin, then, once more:  
On the banks of the Nore  
Is the castle of Ormonde, I spoke of before—  
(I then called Nore "Newre," and 'tis so called by  
Spenser,  
'Tis right to explain—I'll begin now again, sir—  
I beg pardon—I should have said, Madam or Miss,  
For my readers are chiefly the ladies I wis)—  
A very old castle—and lest you may doubt it,  
I shall tell you a little *en passant* about it:  
It was Richard de Clare  
Built the first castle there,  
Known more widely as Strongbow (his famed *som*  
*de guerre*),  
In one thousand one hundred and seventy-two,  
(And of course in that year the old castle was new)  
I should think 'twas Kilkenny black marble un-  
polished,  
But Donald O'Brien the fabric demolished,  
So we can't in fact say  
What 'twas built of, to-day;  
For Donald left of it no stone, brick, or rafter—  
It was rebuilt, however, some twenty years after  
By William Lord Pembroke (and likewise Lord  
Marshal,  
To historic detail I'm exceedingly partial),



Whose heirs, it appears,  
Held it two hundred years,  
(Giving plentiful work to the family cutlers),  
When 'twas purchased by James, then the head of  
the Butlers,  
From Thomas le Spencer, whose grandfather Hugh  
By marriage got that, and an earldom, too,  
Since which time the Ormondes have held it as  
masters,  
Right bravely, through various mishaps and dis-  
asters;  
And even old Noll found it no easy matter  
The garrison into surrender to batter;  
And was going to march off "as mad as a hatter,"

When the base corporation,  
In dire consternation,  
Walked out with the keys of their town on a platter,  
And the valiant defence of the gallant Sir Walter  
Was marred by the fears of some funky drysalter.  
Now the different facts that here I have told  
I've but stated to show that the castle is old,  
At least three towers which still survive,  
Since eleven hundred and ninety-five,  
And might have witnessed some devilish tricks,  
In thirteen hundred and twenty-six,  
At which time the date of my tale I fix.  
In fact there can't be the slightest doubt,  
If those turrets gray  
Could only say  
What wonderful things they've seen in their day,  
That they'd bear the truth of my story out.

And now, *hey presto!* five centuries back  
Fly we, as fleet as the lightning's track;  
And sit we alone, at the midnight hour,  
Under the shade of the eastern tower!

Hey! to the shade of the battlement strong,  
Close by the city which boasts in its song,  
"Fire without smoke—air without fog—  
Water without mud, and land without bog."

Silent the sleeping city lies,  
Under the veil of the shadowy skies;  
Slumber has sealed the citizens' eyes;  
But, with many, the nose  
Takes no sort of repose,  
But its trumpet all night most melodiously blows.—  
By the way 'tis exceedingly queer, on my word it is,  
That folk when asleep do all sorts of absurdities,  
Kick, snore, whistle, grin, throw their pillows and  
clothes about,  
While the freaks they commit not a soul of 'em  
knows about;  
And often at night, when I'm vagabondising,  
(I use the word here in its literal sense  
Of wandering about), where the houses are dense,  
I think over and over, 'tis very surprising,  
That around me lie folk of all ranks and conditions,  
Boxed up by the thousand in comic positions,

Some in slumber profound—some in vigilant dozes,  
And nothing at all to be seen but their noses!  
But a truce to philosophy—excellent muse—  
The cits of Kilkenny are taking their snooze,  
And all, except noses and spirits of ill,  
'Neath the shadows of midnight are tranquil and still,

But some there are who taste not sleep,  
But a wicked midnight vigil keep,  
A wicked vigil, for spirits of ill  
And they who commune with them keep it still.

Alone, alone,  
By her gray hearth-stone,  
Haggard and grim sits a queer old crone,  
There by her hearth-stone with never a fender,  
Grimly she sits like the old witch of Endor;  
(One of the sex that we speak of as "tender!"  
But all little boys have learned in all schools,  
There are always exceptions to general rules,  
And if they forget this they're like to be fools;  
For to say this old lady was tender were stuff,  
As in fact and in truth she is fearfully tough).

There she sits at the midnight time,  
Mumbling over a devilish rhyme;  
And thrice she had mumbled it through and through,  
And thrice the cock for midnight crew.  
But just as the cock the third time crows,  
Up she rises, and over she goes,  
And slowly unlocks  
A large wooden box,  
And out of it takes she nine red cocks;  
Then she locks it once more,  
And unbolts her door,  
And forth she goes into the principal street,  
Bad companions, I ween, to meet.  
For I greatly doubt, Dame Alice Kettle,  
That it's any good business you've to settle!

To the market cross she hies her forth,  
And she turns her south, and she turns her north,  
And she turns her east, and she turns her west,  
And each time she speaketh words unblest,  
And, whether from earth or whether from air,  
Two hag companions stand by her there,  
Each of the red cocks taketh three,  
Each of them kneels on bended knee,  
Each of them swears three fearful oaths,  
Each of them cuts three red cocks' throats,  
And when the blood has entirely flowed,  
Backward they go to the hag's abode.

In they go,  
Muttering low,  
Fearful prayers to the powers below  
And near to the fire each takes a seat,  
And nine cabalistic words they repeat;  
And at every word  
One throws in a bird,  
And they look very hideous, though somewhat  
absurd;

And when this is finished the three of them rise,  
And each from a pouch takes six peacocks' eyes,  
And they fling them over the burning coals,  
And thus they call on the killer of souls:—

“Sire of witches and of wizards,  
To thee give we nine cocks' gizzards,  
Legs and livers, wings and hearts,  
Gills and combs, and other parts;  
Chosen cocks of plumage red,  
Which at market cross we bled,  
At the hour of midnight dread,  
Also twice nine peacocks' eyes;  
Mighty Nicholas, arise!”

At that name a gloom  
O'erspreadeth the room,

And, who could imagine such magic in chicken-flesh?

Or in peacock's eyes—  
In a horrible guise,

Before the three hags up starts old Nick in flesh,  
And coolly standing erect in the fire,  
Asks the old ladies what they require!

Each of the crones presents him a broom  
(Three of them lay in Dame Alice's room),  
And said, “We are thine to the crack of doom,  
If thou but grease

The handles of these,

That they bear us whither our fancies please;  
'Twill the midnight hour and the morning light,  
With speed that passes the lightning's flight,  
And givest to us, as a fiendish dower,  
Over the broom and broomstick power.”

“Agreed!” cries Satan—“the bargain's made,  
By broom and broomstick be ye obeyed!”

Try we a flight,  
Through the air to night,

Start we together—together alight!”  
The words are scarce said when they're all out of  
sight.

Sailing away 'neath the moonbeams bright!

They may talk of the rate  
Done on railways of late,

But that old “atmospheric” surpasses them quite.

Riding a hunt, or riding a race,  
Riding a desperate hard steeplechase,  
Talk not about them—they're “all in my eye,”  
To riding a hard-pulling broom through the sky!  
And never on hard-pulling racer did groom stick  
More closely than Dame Alice sticks to her broom-  
stick.

Of a pretty good seat in truth she had need,  
Borne through the air at such desperate speed;  
For it takes her not quite a minute to flit  
From Ormonde tower to the Devil's Bit;  
I never could manage to follow her flight,  
So here for the present I bid her good-night.

One William Utlaw dwells by the Newre,  
He cheats the rich, and he grinds the poor;

Coffers he hath of wealth untold,  
Hoards of silver and hoards of gold,  
And worst of all, this greatest of sharks  
Has purchased the whole of the city parks;  
For he shrewdly foresees,  
For the produce of these

What a price from the cits he can manage to squeeze;  
And he chuckles each day,  
At the sums they must pay,

Nor cares he a jot what about him they say.  
If they ask him for alms, with a growl he'll refuse,  
Even to the church he won't pay his dues:  
He seeks not pleasure, he seeks not health,  
He seeks for nothing in fact but wealth,  
He's a fellow that all the citizens shun,  
And is Dame Alice Kettle's only son;  
And she, to render him still more rich,  
Has bartered her soul, and set up as a witch;  
A pretty business, for which some day,  
She'll certainly have “the devil to pay.”

Again has midnight's gloomy hour  
In shadow wrapped the Ormonde's tower;  
Again do wakeful noses keep  
Their vigils, while their owners sleep;  
Again do weary cits repose,  
And dream away their cares and woes;  
Again do caterwauling cats,  
Strike terror into roving rats;  
Again—no further time to lose—  
Kilkenny takes its nightly snooze;

But what do I hear?

Comes a voice in my ear,  
Speaking in accents unearthly and queer,  
“Hie all the wealth of Kilkenny town  
Unto the house of William my son!”  
And mark, as the voice the couplet repeats,  
Brooms of all sorts are scouring the streets,  
Sweeping the yards, the alleys, the lanes,  
Sweeping the sewers, the markets, the drains;  
Never was town so supremely well swept,  
As Kilkenny, while all its inhabitants slept!

The golden hues of morning streak  
Proud Ard na h'Erin's highest peak;  
The red deer quits his midnight lair,  
And sniffs again the dewy air;  
The lark exulting cleaves the sky,  
And wakes his matin chant on high.  
Oh! thou who, wasting joy and health,  
Still toiled on in search of wealth,  
Go forth, and, on the mountain side,  
Behold the morning in its pride;  
And ask of thine own sordid soul,  
If wealth indeed be man's great goal,  
To seek which he was formed by heaven.  
For what are all these glories given?  
If not to gladden human eye,  
Why glow with beauty, earth and sky?  
If not to gladden human ear,  
Why thrills with music all our sphere?

Thoud'st clip the spirit's soaring wings,  
 And bind it down to useful things.  
 Poor scoffer!—dost thou never dream  
 How words like these heaven's works blaspheme?  
 How dar'st thou say in God's great plan  
 Aught enters not of use to man?  
 Go forth, and learn to see His power,  
 In earth and sky, in star, in flower,  
 To know that he did not impart  
 Vain longings to the human heart;  
 But—while immortal hopes He gave  
 Of higher bliss beyond the grave—  
 Still made—to harmonise his plan—  
 Man fit for earth, and earth for man!

Never did folk open wider their eyes  
 Than do those of Kilkenny, next morn when they  
 rise.

The whole city swept clean!  
 What the deuce can it mean?

The manure, for their crops with such carefulness  
 kept,  
 Carried off by some villainous thieves while they  
 slept!  
 They had borne for whole weeks with its odours  
 unsavoury,  
 And 'tis lost in one night by some vile piece of  
 knavery.  
 From morning till night the whole town's in  
 commotion;  
 But who swept the streets, not a soul has a notion.

But "murder will out," yes! and all improprieties,  
 An old maxim, and true besides, you may rely it is,  
 Some vigilant cits, at the dead of night peeping,  
 Get glimpses of this supernatural sweeping;  
 And one of them sees, with a petrified stare,  
 Dame Alice herself on her broom in the air!  
 (A vision, which but that he chanced to be drunk  
 At the time, might have lost him his senses from  
 funk),

For 'tis fearsome enough, one may fairly presume,  
 To see an old lady,

When skies have grown shady,  
 Playing pranks in the air on a mettlesome broom.  
 By degrees through the city the fact grows notorious,  
 And the rage of the people becomes most uproarious;  
 So the Bishop of Ossory summons Dame Alice,  
 To give an account of her magic and malice.  
 Now, one must confess, in a civilised nation,  
 There were few things less pleasant than such a  
 citation;

For mostly old dames, who denied they were witches  
 Were ducked well in horse-ponds, and beaten with  
 switches;

Thrown into rivers, tied neck and limb,  
 When, if they were witches, they surely would  
 swim;

And if they were not it was easily found,  
 Because in that case the old ladies were drowned;  
 Whereas if they escaped, as some dozen at most did,  
 Then the old ladies were sure to be roasted!

So, if any old lady ungraciously frowned,  
 'Twas ten chances to one she was roasted or drowned!  
 And very wise judges with very wise saws,  
 "Top sawyers," in truth, at expounding the laws,  
 Sentenced many old ladies for this very cause.

But this is digression—the day of the trial  
 Comes on, and the dame to the charge gives denial.  
 The judge therefore calls on the bishop for evidence,  
 Who produces of witnesses 'gainst her a bevy dense—  
 And the end of it is that his lordship decides  
 "That 'tis proved beyond doubt on a broomstick  
 she rides;  
 That 'tis devilish to make of a broomstick a horse,  
 or he  
 Can't comprehend what is devilish in sorcery;  
 That, thus against all Christian laws having  
 spurned,  
 At the market-place cross she must next day be  
 burned!"

Their notions were horridly coarse in those olden  
 days,

We only hang folk by the neck in our golden days,—  
 A much cheaper plan, for a rope will hang twenty,  
 Whereas burning is costly when fuel's not plenty.

The Court having risen,

Dame Kettle is taken in fetters to prison;  
 And the bishop and judge having done for the  
 sinner,  
 With the calmest of consciences go to their dinner.  
 Why not, when they felt their sublime Christianity  
 Was free from the taint of the slightest humanity?

'Tis morn—at the gate of the judge there's a  
 knocking

That awakes all the inmates—the cause must be  
 shocking—

For never did man wear a countenance paler,  
 Than the man who thus knocks—and that man is  
 the gaoler.

'Tis perfectly clear something dreadful's the  
 matter,

His limbs do so shake, and his teeth do so chatter;  
 Such a shivering sight you would scarce through a  
 winter view,

And he vows with the judge he at once wants an  
 interview.

We must try to find out

What it can be about,

For 'tis something exceedingly strange, I've no  
 doubt.

Gone off with the devil!—eloped with Old Nick!  
 Escaped from her cell, through stone, mortar, and  
 brick,

That dreadful old woman! "They went like the  
 wind,

The devil before—the old woman behind."—

That's enough to be told—'tis a regular sell,  
The old woman has done them, and gone off to hell!

A SERIOUS ADVICE TO THE READER.

Lest this story may leave on your innocent mind  
An impression for which it was never designed,  
I'd have you to know you are not to suppose  
That every old lady who has a long nose,  
Or a very sharp chin,  
Or a very odd grin,  
Or hair on her lip, or a squint in her eye,  
Is able to fly,

On a broomstick, or otherwise, up to the sky;  
The fact is, they can't, and what's more, they don't try;  
So however hideous, or however old,  
No matter what stories about them are told—  
Whether they're poor, or whether they're rich,  
Don't fancy that any old lady's a witch.  
But this I must add—though it seem superstition,  
There are young ones of whom I'd give that definition,  
Whose witchery lies  
In their lips and their eyes,  
In glances, and whispers, and kisses, and sighs,  
Who, do what we can to keep safe, make a jest of us,  
And, in fact, play the devil at times with the best of us!

## BARNEY BRADLEY'S RESURRECTION.

BY WILLIAM CARLETON.

THERE was a time when the friends of any Irishman who happened to be found "dead" or "drowned," which, after all, is much the same thing, never thought of getting a coroner to "sit upon the body," as it is frequently termed; but this was before Barney Bradley's time. There was a time when Irishmen brewed their own beer, and wore strange wigs; but this was also before Barney Bradley's time. There was a time when Irishmen were industrious, lived in rude comfort, and slept in beds o' nights; but this was before the Coercion Bill and Barney Bradley's time. There was also a time when Irishmen loved whiskey and fighting, and hated gaugers, which time was long before Barney Bradley's time, and will be long after it. This now is the time we speak of—rather a brief space, to be sure, extending only from the days of Adam to the present, and from the present to the end of *secula seculorum*. We say from Adam's time; for Barney, who was a walking book of knowledge, could have told you that when Adam was thrust out of Paradise, he set up a private still; "an' more betoken," added Barney, "a murdherin' fine time it was, in regard that divil a ganger or redcoat durst show his face." Barney, in fact, was very learned upon the history of malt drink, and could, if you believed him, disclose the receipt from which the Danes used to make beer from heather. In this boast, to be sure, he went in the very teeth of tradition, which affirms that the Danes kept the knowledge of such an invaluable secret to themselves; "bekase," says tradition, "if Irishmen had known it, they'd have earlier leathered the murdherin' villains clane out o' the country." But at all events, Barney, without scruple, frequently put himself not only against tradition, but against Scripture. "Sure whin Noah," said he, "pressed the grapes, what does it mane, barrin' distillin' the sup o' malt?" When contradicted on this point, by his friend Darby M'Fudge, Barney replied: "Keep your jaw aisy,

Darby, what do *you* know about it? Sure it's only the highflown way that Scripture has. I can't shave you if you be spakin'." Now this last observation usually silenced his antagonist, and we will tell you why. Barney, though no barber either by education or profession, carried such a smooth hand at the razor, that his house was crowded every Sunday morning with his village friends, from whose face he reaped with the greatest dexterity their week's crop of beard. There are few villages in Ireland that do not contain such a character as Barney Bradley, and every one of them is famous for anecdote or story telling; but whether the operation of shaving naturally produces the power of invention, or this imaginative faculty their expertness at shaving, we leave to modern philosophy to determine. The subject is too slippery for us, who are no philosophers at all. Here then follows a loose outline of Barney, whom the reader will be kind enough to take, upon our authority, as the representative of his class. Within the bounds of his own parish he was a well-known man; and in his own village the best authority under the sun upon any given subject. His cabin stood in the very centre of the hamlet, a perfect pattern of houses inhabited by men who hate work and scorn comfort. The roof was covered with a coat of rotten thatch, long dissolved into black dirt, over which grew large lumps here and there of green and flourishing chicken-weed. When Barney's wife had put down a fresh fire, you might see the smoke oozing through the roof in all directions, and spreading so complacently in dusky clouds over its surface, that on a calm day very little else except the smoke could be seen. As you entered it, two stone steps brought you over a pool that lay, two-thirds of it at least outside the door, one-third inside. A good stride brought you to the middle of the floor, where you found Barney, with a beard two inches long upon his own chin, hard at work shaving his neighbours, and

amusing them with his stories. When you came close to the house you might hear the peals of laughter ringing from within, and among all the voices Barney's was by far the most audible; for be it known to you that he always laughed longest and loudest at his own jokes. Barney never loved what is termed spade work, nor agricultural labour of any kind, but devoted himself, on the contrary, to the lighter employments of life. Some wicked wag who had read Horace taught him a phrase, which he frequently applied to himself with a marked air of consequence, and a rather offensive consciousness of his own accomplishments. When, for instance, any good-natured neighbour reproved him for frittering away his time in a series of small pursuits, that were, at all events, unprofitable to himself, he usually replied first with what is called barber's logic, and then with the quotation from Horace.

"Keep your jaw asy, Paddy: how can I shave you, if you be spakin'?"—'This was the barber's argument.—"If you want to have larning for it, it's this—I mix the *utyle* with the *dulse*, an' by jabus, show me a man of you all that's able to do as much. So no palaver, but bate that if you can."

"An' what do you mane, Barney, by mixin' the *utyle* wid the *dulse*?"

"Pick that out o' your larnin'," was Barney's reply; and as the querist seldom had learning from which to pick it, Barney found it a very valuable method of putting an end to the remonstrances of his friends. There was, besides, a third method of silencing them, to which he also pretty frequently resorted. This mode, which he only adopted when tipsy (which always happened whenever he could get liquor), simply consisted in knocking them down first, and afterwards explaining to them the grounds upon which he did it. Such a species of argument, however, frequently went against himself, so that his friends had, on some occasions, not only the satisfaction of pointing out to him his follies, but of correcting them in his person: a kindness which, to do him justice, he returned to them as often as he could. Barney not only shaved his neighbours gratuitously, but bled them also, whenever they required it, or rather whenever he himself thought it necessary. He was, in fact, a perfect Sangrado, with this difference, that he recommended burnt whiskey instead of water. It were to be wished, indeed, that every medical man, now-a-days, would imitate him, and take his own prescription as Barney did; for then a patient could put confidence in his doctor. Barney charged half-a-crown per head for bleeding; and let it be mentioned to his credit, that his parish was the best bled parish in Europe. He had a threefold system of treating every possible complaint under heaven; he bled, as we have said, administered Glauber salts upon a fearful scale, and then prescribed burnt whiskey. To be sure, he frequently inverted the order of his recipes. Sometimes, for instance, he bled and medicined them first, and afterwards administered the whiskey; and sometimes, on the contrary, he administered the whiskey, and then bled and medicined them. It mattered not what the

complaint was, Barney scorned to alter his treatment, except as to the order in which he applied it, or to give up one atom of his judgment touching the virtue of his tripartite *theory*, which was, in the meantime, dreadfully *practical* to his patients.

One excellent advantage resulted from his system. There was no such thing in the parish as an imaginary malady. To complain in the presence of Barney was a proof of no common hardihood, it being, in fact, only another word for undergoing the threefold operation in its most rigorous severity. Barney would have no excuse, hear no palaver; did they know better than the doctor whether they were well or not? "Sure, blood alive, there was a great big faver on their back. Didn't he cure Darby M'Fudge of the same complaint, only that Darby was dead all out afore they sent for him; an' now isn't he as well and betther than ever he was, barrin' the weakness in his back, that'll go off wid two or three more bleedings, two or three stiff doses, and two quarts o' whiskey." In short, there was no resisting Barney, who so far departed from the regular practice as frequently to spend the better half of his fee in treating his patient to the prescription he had ordered him. With respect to Darby M'Fudge, whom we have mentioned, he was a standing referee for Barney. No complaint ever afflicted a human being, under which, according to Barney's account and his own, he had not suffered. Barney had cured him of the cancer, the falling sickness, a paralytic stroke, a broken back, together with fevers, agues, and several minor complaints without end. Darby, when applied to, gave the inquirers every possible satisfaction.

"Be gorra thin he did cure me o' the cancer, sure enough, an' aftherwards of a palatic stroke I got in a row we had with the M'Thumpers, in Ballykippeen fair. Devil a' ha'porth fails the same man, when he gets his own way, so there isn't. Sure it 'ud be neither fair or honest in me to deny the truth."

Yet, notwithstanding this disastrous valetudinarianism of Darby, we are bound to say that not a man in the parish ever knew him to have a day's sickness. But as he and Barney said, in reply to this very natural observation: "They always tuck the complaint in time, before the nabours had an opportunity of *eevin'* it."

Pass we on now to the other accomplishments for which Barney was noted. Not that we are anxious to claim for them more high-sounding titles than those by which Barney himself was willing that they should be recognised. He was, then, what modern taste would call a veterinary surgeon; but Barney would certainly have by no means relished the term of a surgeon for horses. Nay, he was not even known as a farrier, but simply as a horse doctor; which is, after all, a more significant phrase than either of the other two. He bled and doctored horses upon the same principles as those applied to his friends; and it was observed by those who had a *right* to know, that if we except the blood-letting, he treated man and horse upon nearly the same scale. In addition to this he understood all diseases incident to cows, sheep, pigs, and dogs; and as a referee was necessary

in these cases, as well as in those of his human patients, so did he refer, without compunction, to his staunch friend, Darby M'Fudge, who never, in a single instance, failed to lie stiffly on his behalf! Darby's farmyard, in fact, was, if you could believe himself and Barney, absolutely a veterinary hospital, and his cattle as much afflicted with disease as himself. But that signified little. Their cures were every whit as effectual as his own, and, we may add, as secret; for "Barney," as Darby said, "had them well agin afore they had time to be sick."

Their immediate neighbours, of course, understood all this, and bantered them with a good deal of humour upon their success in so gravely hoaxing those who did not know them. They told Barney that all his most topping cures were wrought upon those who were not sick—that however successful he might be at curing, he was a very bad hand at prevention; for that whenever he persuaded a healthy man to take a course of his medicine, by way of guarding off any malady, he never failed to bring either it or a worse one on him. Notwithstanding this, many of those who openly ridiculed his pretensions had a lurking confidence in his skill, and applied to him as readily, when ill, as if they had never made him the subject of their mirth.

At faction fights Barney was frequently useful in bleeding those who had been severely beaten; but, with the true spirit of a partisan, he, for that day, confined his skill, with a rascally want of benevolence, altogether to the necessities of his own party. This we neither can nor shall attempt to defend, because it was unprofessional; we simply state the fact, that he would not open a vein in one of the opposite side, if it would save their lives, except with his cudgel, which was heartily at their service. It would be unjust in us, however, to deprive Barney of a certain high degree of merit to which, in the capacity of a medical practitioner, he was fairly entitled. His parish was, without exception, the most peaceable one in Ireland, and this effect was, by the best judges, properly traced to Barney, as the efficient cause. The priest and the parson both certainly scouted this argument, so creditable to him, and ascribed the cool moral state of their parishioners to religious instruction. Their jealousy was natural enough, though rather narrow-minded on both their parts; but it was notorious that his medicine and lancet, so freely and vigorously applied, did more in keeping down the passions of the people, by letting their bad blood out, and removing their bile, than all the sermons that ever the worthy gentlemen preached. As a proof that we are right, we will just mention an anecdote, which, as it is an authentic one, is calculated to set the matter at rest. On a certain occasion the two religious parties of the parish were openly preparing for a party fight. The priest and parson went to the respective leaders, and attempted by every argument in their power to change their purpose. Neither could succeed, and the task was given up in despair. Barney, on the other hand, having heard of their failure, resolved to show them that he was the best peace-maker of the three. He accordingly waited upon the two heroes the day before the

fair, insisted that they wanted blood-letting, would take no excuse—they would fight, he said, the cooler for it—and ere he left their respective houses, he had taken forty-eight ounces of blood from each. The next day neither of them attended the fair, and in consequence of their unaccountable absence there was no fight.

But the priest and minister were not the only persons who looked upon Barney with jealousy. The two parish attorneys were his bitter enemies, in consequence of losing so many lawsuits through his interference. Two neighbours, who had a dispute about a strip of land worth very little, decided on going to law, and having each consulted his attorney, they were egged on to a most vindictive and litigious spirit by Jack M'Fleece'em and Dick M'Shear'em. On the eve of the assizes, Barney bled and medicined the two neighbours, and to the utter dismay of M'Fleece'em and M'Shear'em, they came to a compromise, and peaceably divided the strip between them. Barney's wife, before her marriage, had given such proofs of temper and prowess as promised little more in married life than a very slender share of authority to the husband: yet it was wonderful to think with what placidity and resignation she discharged her domestic duties. Whether she possessed a certain idiosyncrasy of constitution or not, we cannot pretend to say; but we do affirm, that although he was ready with the lancet, he never prescribed *whiskey* in her case. On the contrary, he took that part of the prescription on her behalf, and let it act if it pleased, by sympathy.

Barney, however, after all, distinguished himself most as a rustic barber and hairdresser. He was, besides, a keen hand at sharpening a razor, having acted as razor-setter to priest, parson, and all the neighbouring country gentlemen for some years. From his equals he made no charge, as we have said; but he never hesitated to accept a gratuity from the wealthy. Such, in fact, is a routine of his pursuits, that is, of such as he actually *did* practice, for it would swell our pages beyond all bounds were we to enumerate all that he attempted. Nothing could prevent him from believing that he was an universal genius. For instance, he tried his hand at masonry, which he abandoned, after having built a house that did *not* crush its inmates to death, merely because it fell before they came into it. He attempted on two or three occasions to be allowed to practise as *accoucheur*; but was repulsed with scorn by Bridget Moan, the midwife. He practised as a shoemaker for some time, and lamed half the parish. All his own stools and chairs were made by himself, in his efforts to be a carpenter; for which reason it was as much as a man's limbs were worth to sit on them. As a hairdresser he was desperately ornamental, the heads which came from under his hands usually exhibiting all the variety which could be produced by the most startling inequality of surface.

Still Barney was a great favourite with the whole parish. If he fought with a man to-day, he treated him to-morrow, which surely was a proof that his heart retained no malice; and he whose heart retains no

malice deserves to be a favourite. He loved his glass, too, and that was, is, and will be, many a good man's case. If he drank too much to-day, why he atoned for that by drinking as soon as possible after he had got sober, to show that he entertained no spite against the whiskey. He was, from the nature of his pursuits, a wandering character: to-day at one extremity of the parish, strapping a razor; to-morrow at the other, bleeding a friend, or doctoring his horse, perhaps both. Of course no man was more visible. Wherever you went you met him. Any odd sight that was to be seen to the country side he saw it—at least he always said so; any strange story that was to be heard, he heard it. He was an eye-witness of all fights, cock-fights, still huntings, fox-chases, weddings, drivings, auctions, and all the other great little events that keep parish rumour afloat. Neither was any man more ready to take a part in a passing spree than Barney; for which reason he has often come home to the wife in rather a queer condition. Many a drubbing has he got at the hands of his own patients; and many a drubbing, on the contrary, have they received at his.

For many a year will the May fair of Ballykippeen be remembered, if for no other reason, at least on Barney's account. Barney, in fact, attended it professionally, and spent the early part of the day in the pig-market, where the soft and peculiarly mellow intonations of his horn might be heard rising gradually to its fullest note, and melting away quite poetically in a dying fall. We do not undertake to say how he spent the better half of the day; but we know that about the hour of four o'clock he was something between drunk and tipsy. His professional avocations had terminated for at least two hours before; but in the course of that period he had atoned for his morning's sobriety. Now, Barney was one of those men whose ruling passion still is strong in drink; and, of course, whenever he was tipsy, he could not sit five minutes in any man's company without taking out the lancet, and feeling his pulse. It was then, a little after four o'clock, that, on going somewhat unsteadily up the street of Ballykippeen, he met a large, comfortable, corpulent farmer, called Andy Murtagh.

"Andy," said Barney, "how goes it?"

"Why, Barney, man alive—no, but docthor—or, I b'lieve surgin's bether—why Surgin Bradley, how is every inch of you, not forgettin' your lances?"

"Faith the ould *cut*, Andy;—still mixin' the *utyle* an' the *dulse*: did you hear the cure I made on Darby M'Fudge?"

"No, Barney, I did not; let us hear it. But what do you mane by the *yew-yewt*—Pheo!—what the dickens do you call it? I suppose it manes the whiskey an' wather; am I at it, Barney?"

"Faith, you opened the right vein there, anyhow—divil a nater explanation could be put to it. But, Andy, did ever any man livin' remember such unhealthy weather? Begad it's a killin' sason, the Lord be praised!"

"Killin'! why it's the healthiest sason, Barney, widin' my memory, instead o' that."

"Andy, you have but one failin'—you'd contradict St. Pether if he said the same thing. I tell you it

is an unhealthy time, an' that if the people don't take warnin' they'll die in scores like rotten sheep. What does Jack Simpson's weather-glass say? '*For the next three months there's to be a mortal number of deaths.*'"

"An' I contradict the weather-glass too, Barney."

"Why, do you mane to say that you're well yourself at present?"

"Faith, I'll swear it, Barney, in spite of you an' all the weather-glasses in Europe."

"Then divil a worse sign could be about than that same. It's always the forerunner of ill health. Sure you never heard of a man bein' sick yet that his health wasn't good before it."

"Barney, how is your ould patient, Darby M'Fudge? Ha, ha, ha!"

"Come, come, man, don't be a coward; I tell you, your nose is a little to the one side, an' that's another sign. There's a complaint, Andy, that twists the half of a man's face towards the left ear; an' nothin' cures it but flaybottomry. Divil a thin'. Now don't be an ass, Andy; you know as well as I do that you're out of ordher. You're unwell; that's the short an' the long of it."

"Unwell! why what 'ud ail me! Sure you see nothing wrong wid me?"

"I'll tell you what, Andy, by all the books that ever was shut, you want flaybottomry. All the blood in your body's in your face this minit. But, asy; let me feel your pulse. Oh, tundher an ounce! you're—you're—Andy, folly me. It's nothin' else than a downright blessin' that I met you."

The good-natured farmer had not time to resist him; so without saying a word, Barney led him across the street into a back yard, where, after planting him in a stable, he proceeded with his dialogue.

"Now, Andy, be a man, an' don't fear a drop o' blood;—have you half-a-crown about you?"

"For what, Barney?"

"Bekase if you have, better laid out money never left your pocket; I'll save your life—not that I want to alarm you—all I say is, that you're widin a turn of havin' a fit of perplexity—divil a less it is!"

"A fit o' perplexity! faith, if that's a complaint I've had it often in my day, Barney."

"A fit o' perplexity, Andy, is what they call the knock-down complaint."

"Faith, surgin', an' I have both got an' gave the same complaint in my time," said the stout farmer, laughing. "I tell you, Barney, I've given many a man the falling sickness afore now, an' that's well known. Are they related?"

"They're cousin-jarmins, anyhow, man alive—if you go to that. But this perplexity, you see, is —"

"Look to yourself, Barney; if ever a man had an appearance of it, you have. You're black in the face this minit, an' your two eyes is set in your head."

"Why, man," said Barney, "your pulse is fifty-six, that's six more than the half hundred; strip immediately, or I'll not be answerable for the consequences."

"How could you bleed me here you nager?"

"Right well; I have the ribbon and everything—as for a plate we don't want it. I'll bleed you wid your face to the wall."

"Well, come, hit or miss; I can't be much the worse of it, so I don't care if I lose a thrifle; I think I do want to get red of some of it—I always bleed in May, anyhow."

He stripped, and in a short time Barney had the blood spinning out of his arm against the stable wall, to his own manifest delight, and not much to the dissatisfaction of honest Andy Murtagh.

It might be about an hour after this that the attention of the crowd was directed to a fight between two men opposite the public-house to which the stable wherein Andy had been phlebotomized was attached. One of them was evidently in a state of intoxication, and the other had the use of only one arm; but as he appeared, by the dexterity with which he handled his cudgel, to be left-handed, or *kitthogue*, this circumstance was not such a disadvantage as might be supposed. The fight lasted but a short time, for the more drunken of the two received a blow which left him senseless on the street.

Our readers need scarcely be told that this was Barney and his patient. The former, on receiving his half-crown, insisted on giving Andy a treat, at which some dispute arose that caused the keeper of the public-house to put them both out into the street. Here they fought, and the result is known. Barney, however, soon recovered; but having been perfectly satisfied with what he got, he only thrust his hands into his pockets to ascertain whether or not he had any more money to bear the future expenses of the day. On hearing silver jingle, he concluded that all was right: and with his professional spirit highly excited, he went through the fair, insisting by the way, that every acquaintance he met was on the point of having "a fit of perplexity," and pressing them to "thry flaybotomry and *medicine*," for he had added the latter in consequence of his being more highly intoxicated. We cannot at present trace him further; but we must request our kind readers to accompany us to the head inn of the town, where, with the apothecary and doctor, the county coroner, a vulgar man who loved his glass, was seated at lunch, or dinner if you will, upon a cold turkey and ham, both of which they washed down with indifferent good port. The coroner was in the act of putting the glass to his lips, when the door opened, and two men in evident distress and alarm soon entered.

"What's the matter?" said the coroner, laying down the glass; "you look as if you were—were—eh?—what do you want?"

"We want you, sir, if you please."

"Why, what's wrong?"

"One Barney Bradley, sir, that was *kilt*."

"Kilt!—by whom was he kilt?"

"By one Andy Murtagh, sir, that hot him a *polthogue* on the skull, sir, and kilt him."

"Right—right," said the coroner—"all fair: gentlemen, will you have the goodness to come along wid me, till we sit upon the corpse. Your opinions may be necessary, and I shall order the waither to keep the

lunch safe till we dispatch this business. Between you and me, I'm not sorry that that fellow's done for. The confounded scrub has bled me out of business—ha! ha! ha!"

"Barney Bradley!" said the doctor, "was not that the quack who treated men and horses upon the same scale? That rascal," he added, in an undertone to the apothecary, "that rascal was not fit to live. He had a monopoly of deaths to himself, the villain!"

"Better could not happen him," replied the apothecary, in a whisper: "the scrub got his salts from Boileau, in Dublin, took them by the hundred weight, the slave, and I never got a penny by him. Well, you see, doctor, there is justice above."

"Gentlemen, the sooner we get through this concern the better," said the coroner. "Let us dispatch it quickly, and we'll have our snack snug and convenient when we return our *verjick*."

On arriving at the public-house, they found considerable difficulty in making way to the room in which Barney lay. The coroner's name, however, was an *open sesame* to the party, who in a few minutes found themselves ready, as the coroner said, to "enter upon business." After having surveyed the corpse, the judge of the dead requested his medical friends to try if any symptoms of life remained. The doctor consequently felt his pulse, and shook his head.

"Ah!" said he, "it's all over with him!"

The apothecary looked into his face. "Ay!" he exclaimed, "it is so; but isn't that a villanous expression of countenance? That man, doctor—that man, sir, had—a—a—that is, independently of the violent mode of his death—had—I think, the germs, doctor, the germs—or seeds of death within him. Am I right, sir?"

"You are positively right, sir. The man would have died, most decidedly, especially when we consider that—"

"Gentlemen," observed the coroner, "it doesn't signify a horse-nail how or when he might have died. The man is dead now, and that's enough—or rather he was *kilt* by a blow on the scone; so our best and only plan, you persave, is to swear a jury to thry the merits of the case. And, gentlemen, I'll take it as a particular *favor* if you will have the civility to make no reflections upon the corpse, for every such reflection, gentlemen, is unbecoming and dangerous, according to the present law of libel, and an extenuation, probably, against myself. *Let day mortinis nil neesy boreum* be our rule in this unhappy case—hem!"

This was received with great applause by the bystanders, who began to cheer him for so spirited a defence of the deceased. The coroner, however, would not suffer this.

"Gentlemen," said he, "I must request that you will avoid giving expression to any such thing as public feeling on this occasion. We want to identify ourselves with no party whatsoever, at least I don't. I'm partly a government officer, and obadience is my cue; but as the country is divided into two parties, I feel it to be my duty to hold myself *neither* upon the one side. *Hanim an diuol!* whisht wid yez, gentlemen, no cheerin'!"



The worthy coroner immediately swore a jury, after which they proceeded to find a verdict in the following manner :

"Gintlemen, are you all sworn?"

"We're all sworn, Misther Casey."

"Waither," he shouted, "I'll throuble you to bring me a tumbler of cowled wather, with a naggin of whiskey in it. There's the devil's *drowth* about me to-day, boys; upon my honour and *sowl* there is—owing to the *hate* of the room and the hot weather."

"Faith," said the foreman, "myself is just as if I was afther bein' pulled out o' the river with prospiracion, I'm so dry. Blood alive, Misther Casey, don't forget us!"

"What! a naggin a man! No, faith; let it be a glass a-piece, and I don't care. Waither!"

The waiter appeared.

"Bring up twelve glasses of whiskey, and be quick, for I'm in a devil of a hurry."

The coroner, when the whiskey arrived, took off his frog, and the treat to the jury also soon began to disappear.

"Misther Casey," said the foreman, with a shrewd face, "here's wishin' your health, and success to you, sir, in your occupation!"

"Thank you, thank you, Mr. Foreman. Now let us proceed to call the witnesses; capital whiskey that, for public-house whiskey: gintlemin," added he to the bystanders, "if there's any of you competent to give evidence in this unfortunate affair, we are ready to hear you. Does any of you know how the deceased came by his death?"

"Faith, Mr. Crowner," said a voice out of the crowd, "it would be well for him if he had come by it—be my soul he *stuck* in it, any way, poor fellow."

"That's no evidence of his death," said the coroner, with a grave and knowing air; "we want something nearer related to the subject."

"I'm his cousin, Mr. Casey," said a man, coming forward.

"But what do you know of his death?" inquired Mr. Casey?

"Oh, devil the haporth, good or bad, barrin' that no's dead, poor fellow," replied the man.

Several persons now advanced, who declared that they were competent to give testimony touching the manner and cause of his death. One man was sworn, and thus replied to the jury:—

Foreman.—"What do you know about this business, Mickey?"

"Why, begorra, I seen Andy Murtagh there givin' him the lick on the head that kilt him: an' I say it's neither fair nor honest for Andy to be a jury upon the man that he *done* for."

This was like a thunder-stroke to the coroner, who, by the way, our readers may have perceived, was at the time none of the soberest. Instead of being angry, however, it affected him with uncontrollable mirth; and as a feather will often turn the feelings of an Irish crowd either one way or the other, so did Andy's manœuvre and the coroner's example produce loud laughter among all present,

especially among the jurors themselves, except, of course, the friends of the deceased.

"Murtagh," said the coroner, "devil a thing you are but a common skamer, to make such an ass of me, and corpse, and jury, and all, by such villanous connivance. You're at laste a homicide, Andy; and to think of our bringin' in a verjick, and one of the jury an outlaw, would mutilate the whole proceedings. Only for the humour of the thing, upon my honour and sowl, I'd not scruple a thrawneen to commit you for contempt of coort, you imposther."

"Faith, sir," said Murtagh, "I thought I had as good a right to be on the jury as any other, in regard that I knew most about it. I'll make a good witness, anyhow."

"Go out, you nager," said the coroner; "I'll lay you by the heels before night, plase God. Gintlemen, hould him tight till we return our verjick."

"I'll give you my book oath," replied Murtagh, "that the man was walkin' about as well as ever he was, long after his scrimmage wid me. Ay, and I can prove it. There's Dick Moran, he knows it."

Dick was sworn and examined by the foreman.

"Dick," said the foreman, who was a process-server, and who, moreover, considered himself no bad authority as a lawyer—an opinion which caused him to keep a strict eye upon the practice of the courts—"Dick, what's your name?"

"Dick, what's your name!" replied Dick, with a grin: "be my faith, that's aquil to 'Paddy, is this you?' when you meet a man!"

"You must answer him," said the coroner; "the question is strictly legal."

"It is," said the foreman, in high dudgeon—"it is strictly laygal; an', I say agin, Dick Moran, what's your name?"

Dick raised his eyebrows, and after giving a look of good-humoured astonishment and contempt at the foreman, gravely replied, "My name, is id?—why, Paddy Baxther."

This excited considerable mirth; but the coroner began to get exasperated at what he looked upon as an insult to his authority.

"Confound you, you rascal, why don't you answer the foreman?"

"Come, thin, my name's Dick Moran."

Foreman.—"Do you *remimber* the *present* fair day of Ballykippeen?"

Dick.—"You may swear that, Pether; but I'd tell you bether to-morrow."

Foreman.—"No, sir; but *you* are swearin' it, so I'll have no shufflin'."

Dick.—"Time for you to determine on that, Pether; bether late mend than never do well, anyhow—does that cap fit?"

"That's not to the purpose at all, at all," observed the coroner; "devil a verjick we'll get to-night, at this rate."

Foreman.—"Hem! did you see the deceased on *that* day?"

Dick.—"On *what* day?"

Foreman.—"I mane on *this* day."

Dick.—But who do you mean by the deceased, Pether?"

Foreman.—"Barney Bradley, you omodhawn, who else?"

Dick.—"To be sure I did; but the man's drinkin' this minnit, wid his wife and father-in-law in Bill Finnigan's, an' is in as good health as yourself, Pether; faith, in a better state of honesty, at all evints."

Foreman.—"Why, don't you see him lyin' kilt before you, man alive?"

Dick.—"Hut, man, I'm spakin' of his cousin an' namesake."

Coroner.—"Well, of all the rascals I ever saw at an inquest, you, Dick Moran, are the greatest."

"Misther Casey," said one of the jurors, "you don't undherstand this business, wid submission. If our foreman was at Dick for fifty years, he'd not wring a syllable out of him. Neither Diok, sir, nor any other witness in the house, will answer a *prossarver*."

"Right, Brian," said Dick; "but I'll answer you anything."

"Well, tell us what you seen of this business?"

"Why, I seen Andy Murtagh knockin' down Barney; but thin, by the vartue of my oath, didn't Barney bleed myself in Paddy Campbell's tint aftherwards?"

"There's not a word o' truth in that, at all evints," said another man, pushing himself forward as he spoke.

"What's your name?" said the coroner.

"Darby M'Fudge," said the man. "I'll give my oath that poor Barney, God rest his sowl, never moved or spoke afther the welt that Andy there hot him. I was by from the beginnin' of the fight till his death, and his last words to myself was—'I lave my death,' said he, 'upon Andy Murtagh; and,' says he, 'Andy had no right to shut his fist so hard, or he wouldn't have kilt me good or bad.' God be good to you, Barney darlin'; you're lyin' there, and it was you that cured me of the cancer an' fallin' sickness along wid a broken back; and bad luck to the penny o' money ever he'd take, by way of payment, barrin' a bottle o' whiskey, or the likes. Be me sowl, he *knew* more than docthors an' puttycaries that had a higher name."

"That's direct proof," said the coroner; "we can aaily find a verjick on it; there's a man who evidently speaks truth. Now, my worthy fellow, remember that you're on your solemn oath. When did this conversation take place between the corpse and you?"

"In the street below, sir, afther poor Barney was kilt, wid the help o' God."

"Darby, my nate fellow," said one of the jury, "how could he tell this *afther* he was kilt? Keep a sharp look out, Darby; we know you an' Barney of sould. Arro, be me sowl, Misther Casey, that man 'ud swear through a dale board for him."

"I'd not believe a syllable from that fellow's ups," whispered the apothecary to Mr. Casey.

"He is evidently a lying rascal," said the doctor,

"for no honest man would wantonly asperse the professional character of any set of gentlemen."

"Come, sir," said the coroner, "there must be no equivocality here, nor no dispersion of purfessional character. You could have no conversation wid the man after he was killed."

"Be me sowl, and he was speechless, anyhow. I swear to that through thick an' thin, and I'll stand up for it, that it was Andy Murtagh there that kilt him."

"But, Darby," said the process-server, "how could a man who was speechless hould discorse wid you, you nager?"

"How could a prossarver be a rogue, you dirty savage?" replied Darby; "I'll answer you nothing. Paddy Finnigan, do you ax me," he added, with a significant look at Paddy, "an', remember, Paddy, that poor Barney was a warm friend o' your own."

"Misther Casey," said the angry foreman, "that's puttin' swiggessions upon the jury, an' be the same token, it's not laygal."

"You ought to be committed, you rascal, for perjury," said Casey to M'Fudge. "How dare you swear that you held a conversation with the man after he lost his speech?"

"Faith, an' I did too," replied Darby; "I axed him wasn't it Andy Murtagh that done for him, an' he didn't say to the contrary. Silence gives consint, you know."

"You're nothing but a proffigate," observed the coroner: "a cool, hardy villain."

"Why, wid great respect to you, Misther Casey," said a man in the crowd, "I b'lieve you didn't swear Darby M'Fudge, at all, at all. Howsomever, as to that, sir, I can settle him, anyhow. The thruth is, sir, that Darby there never seen a morsel of the fight betune Andy and Barney, good or bad. He was wid me, sir, an' my brother, at the time it happened, an' I can swear that it was only since he came into this very house that he knew who it was that gave Barney the welt that settled him."

"What my brother says is thruth, sir. Darby said, too, it was wid his fist that Andy sthruck him, when everyone knows it was with a staff, your honour."

"You are a sensible fellow," replied Casey.

"But, in the manetime, the man is right," said the foreman; "devil a one of Darby M'Fudge was sworn at all, the sponce!"

"And that's all the better," said Casey, "there's so much perjury saved."

"An' if I wasn't even, isn't my word as good as your oath, any day, you rip you? He has perjured himself, Mr. Casey, till there's a crust upon his conscience a foot thick!" said Darby.

"Bravo, Darby!" exclaimed several voices from the crowd; "lay it into him."

"An oath from him would blister a griddle," continued Darby, encouraged by those around him.

"Sir," said the foreman, "you ought to have a crier to keep order in the court. That blaggard should be put out."

"I'll tell you what it is," said the choleric coroner,



BARNEY BRADLEY'S RESURRECTION. (SEE PAGE 145.)

addressing Darby, "if you're not off before we find our verjick, upon my *secret* honour, I'll kick you from this to the court-house above, and lay you by the heels there afterwards."

"You'll kick me, is id? A pair of us can play at that game, Mистер Casey. Did you ever hear what profound inthrest is? I tell you, if you rise hand or fut to me, you'll get that same. To the devil wid all upstarts."

The coroner, who was a noted pugilist, set in a body blow that laid Darby horizontal in a moment. Darby, however, had friends on his own part, as well as on behalf of Barney, who were not all disposed to see him ill-treated by a man in office.

"Down wid the rascal!" they shouted, closing immediately about the coroner, "down wid him! he's a government man, anyhow, an' a spy, maybe, into the bargain. Down wid him!"

"Come on, you rascals," shouted the coroner; "my jury and I against any baker's dozen of you. Gintlemen of the jury, stand to me, and we'll clear the house. Come, boys—come, gintlemen—fight like devils. We can bring in our own verjick atherwards."

"Honour bright, Mr. Casey," responded the jury, "we'll back you, sir, every man of us. To the devil wid the verjick, till ather our spree's over."

The friends of the jurors also took the part of the coroner, as did many others present, for the man's propensities to fighting had made him popular; so that in point of fact the numbers were pretty equal on both sides. A rich scene ensued. In a moment the whole room exhibited such a picture of riot and uproar as could scarcely be conceived. The coroner and his jury certainly did fight like devils, and they were every whit as devilishly opposed. All were thumping, knocking down, pulling, dragging, wrestling, and shouting. Crash went a chair—smash went a window or a table—down went a man here—up sprung another there—a thump was heard in this corner—a shout in that. Sometimes they appeared detached into small groups; again they seemed like a ravelled hank, matted into one mass of inextricable confusion. The doctor and apothecary got first an odd thump, *en passant*, in compliment to the coroner; by-and-by they were sucked, sorely against their wills, into the vortex of the fight; and ere it was half over, they might be seen amongst the thickest of the fray, giving and receiving, according to their ability, on each side. The fight might now be at its hottest, when two men were seen engaged in a bitter struggle near the window, one of whom was the coroner, and the second, to the inexpressible astonishment of all present, no other than the subject of the inquest, Barney Bradley himself. In a moment, what between surprise and mirth, there was an immediate cessation of hostilities among all the belligerents, with the exception of the coroner and Barney, Darby M'Fudge and the foreman, who, so far as exhaustion permitted them, laid in the blows with great vigour. It was impossible to say on which of their heads victory might have alighted; for, however amusing their contest appeared to their wondering and excited by-

standers, the latter deemed it proper to separate Barney and the coroner, for the ludicrous purpose of giving that gentleman an opportunity of recognising his antagonist. The foreman, who had already been sufficiently well drubbed, felt no wish for a more lengthened battle; and the two medical gentlemen stood as if thunderstruck at the activity of the *corpses*! When the four were separated, it is utterly impossible to describe what ensued, so as to retain any portion of the mingled mirth and amazement of the whole crowd.

"Eh?" exclaimed the coroner.—"What!—why!—is it—eh?—is it the—it is—by the sky above us, it's the rascal that was kilt!—the dead vagabond we had the inquest over!"

This was replied to by a thundering uproar of laughter, in which, however, neither the coroner nor his medical friends felt any inclination to join.

"Be the holy farmer, Mr. Casey, you're fairly done!"

"Death alive, Mистер Casey! you may say that, anyhow, an' so may Barney. You see, in spite of all your law, the devil a dhrop was out of him! Ha! ha! ha!"

"Why, who dared to hould an inquest on me?" exclaimed Barney, with astonishment.

"Faith, Mr. Casey there, Barney, and twelve jurymen, wid that pross-sarver for the foreman."

"He did!—well, here's for his throuble," said Barney, attacking the coroner once more with evident goodwill. The crowd, however, interposed, and succeeded in appeasing his indignation. "Let me at him!" he shouted; "let me at the rascal! You won't! Well, never heed! Be this and be that, Mистер Casey, if I ever catch you houldin' an inquisht on me agin, I'll make it be an ugly business to you!"

"In the meantime, we will return our verjick," said Casey. "There is legal proof that you were dead, and the jury have nothing to do at all with your resurrection, at all at all, you unseasonable rascal you."

"Right, Mr. Casey," shouted the whole crowd; "the sorra's funny thought, that. Barney, be asy, man alive! Barney himself can be a witness, Mистер Casey."

"Faith," said Casey, "I'll not be well licked, and defrauded out of my money into the bargain. I have two medical gintlemen to prove that he was dead, and wid the help of heaven and obadient jury, we'll return our verjick. Waither!"

The waiter appeared

"Waither, another tumbler of wather, wid a naggin of the same to tighten it. Gintlemen of the jury, I cannot lose this opportunity of returning my sinsare congratulations upon the decided stand you have made on this trying occasion, against those who countenance and encourage blaggardism and outrageousness. You are, gintlemen—(here waither, it's not for the foreman I ordered it)—you are, gintlemen, an honour to your country, and wid twelve such independent men to support me, I'd undertake to lick any thirteen fellows in the county, and to give a proper verjick upon any dacent case of manslaughter,

murder, shoocide, or Otto-diffay afterwards. And now, gintlemen, for fear you might be disposed to call this merely dry talk, I order you a glass of whiskey each, to keep you cool and collected."

"Bravo! Mistor Casey; be my song, sir, you're the very moral of a crowner," returned the jury; "long life to you, sir!"

"Waither! a glass of whiskey a-piece for the gintlemen of the jury."

"Faith, Mistor Casey, it 'ud be a'most worth one's while to get knocked on the head, just to have the pleasure of your sittin' an them."

"Gintlemen, your healths, any way! Why, touching a verjick, I'd not give in to e'er a coroner in Europe for probing an Otto-diffay, or charging a jury. And, gintlemen, I say there's nothing like a good skrimmage, even although a skull or two be cracked."

"Devil a thing. Bravo, Mistor Casey! Faith you're the jewel of a crowner, sir. More power to you! If other people won't make work for you, why you'll be apt to make work for yourself, an' why not?"

The waiter now returned with the spirits, and the jury, after plajing the now tipsy coroner, told him they were ready to proceed with Barney's inquest.

"Come, gintlemen," said Casey, "before we begin, I'll be dacent. Here, waither, agin; bring the subject—bring Barney Bradley something to drink. He liked it before death, and faith he must get a sup after it."

"Why, then, as you're doin' the dacent thing, Mistor Casey," said Barney, "you're welcome to sit an me wid a heart an' a half."

Coroner.—"Now, Barney, be an evidence, man alive, and give us a lift where you can."

Barney.—"Ha! ha! ha! Devil fly away wid the merrier. Depind your life an me, Mistor Casey. We'll make out a clear case, or the sorra's in it. But saize the word I'll answer the pross-sarver."

"The pross-sarver! faith, an unlucky spalpeen he is to be put on a jury. But I'll pledge my reputation that if one half the county was to murder the other, Barney, I'll never have one on an inquest agin."

"Success, Mistor Casey! The drivin' blaggard skulked into it merely to grab the shillin'."

"Now, gintlemen, let us resume proceedings. Barney, as I consider you the most important evidence, we shall begin wid yourself."

"Wid all my heart, sir; ha! ha! ha! But, wid submission, Mr. Casey, are you unwell, sir?"

"Not I. I'm in excellent health."

"Begorra, then, wid great respect, you're not, sir. Devil a man in Ireland wants flaybottomry more."

"What do you mane, Bradley?"

"Why, sir, you have too much blood in you entirely. Your nose, sir, is twisted a little to the one side, too, an', begorra, that's another sign."

"Come, come, man—my nose! Asy, Barney, you know how *that* can be accounted for. On the other point you're right enough. Maybe I have more blood than I want, sartinly."

"Sir, if you take my advice, you'll lose some immedintly. I'll spin it out o' you while you'd say Jack Robison."

The audience were exceedingly grave here. Not the least symptom of a smile appeared on a single face. On the contrary, they looked at the coroner with an alarm which the rascals succeeded in making more impressiv by their feigned attempts to conceal it. At length one of them said in a very solemn voice:

"Mistor Casey, Barney's right, sir. Something is wrong wid you, whatever it is, for there's a great change in your face since you came into the house."

"Tut, it can't be, but if I thought —"

"The safest way, sir, is to be sure, and lose the blood. Barney's the very boy that can breathe a vein in style."

"Where are the other medical gintlemen?" said the coroner. "Why, they are gone! However, I don't wonder at it, after what they *got*."

"Waither," shouted Barney, "bring up a basin, poor Mistor Casey's not well. Why, sir, you're changin' for the worse in your looks every minute. Devil a word I'll hear, sir, nor a blessed syllable of evidence I'll give to-day, barrin' you take care of your health."

"Gintlemen of the jury, do you think I want to lose blood?"

"Bedad, sir, there's a terrible change on you; why you're black undher *both* eyes. You must have got some hurt, sir, inwardly, durin' the row."

"Faith, and there may be something in that, sure enough. Come, Barney, set to work. It can do no harm, at all events."

Barney, now in his glory, stripped the coroner, and in two minutes had a full tide of blood rushing from his arm into a large basin, the bottom of which could not be covered by less than thirty ounces of blood."

"Now, Mistor Casey, don't you feel asier?"

"I do, Barney, but very wake. Stop, man, you have taken enough, five times over; do you intend to *fill*—the—the basin? Stop!—my sight's going—I'm getting —"

Forty-eight ounces of blood would be apt to make any man weak. The worthy coroner could go no farther, and in a moment he lay in a swinging faint.

It was now, when he could not hear them, that their mirth became loud and excessive. Barney, in the meantime, tied up his arm.

"The devil fly away wid you, Barney, but you're able to walk widout bein' led, you bird o' grace!"

"Whisht, wid yees," replied Bradley; "we'll be up to him. Let us sit an' hould an inquisht an himself, before he comes to—that won't be these ten good minutes to come."

"Oh! consumin' to the better. Here, you rap of a pross-sarver—you must be the crowner; an' as you'd do nuttin' for nuttin', we'll give you another glass o' whiskey."

"Then, Barney, you must take my place on the jury."

"To be sure I will."

"Well, thin, gintlemen, as we were all spectathors of this bloody business, we may as well, at wanst, return a verdict against Barney."

"Not wilful murder agin me anyhow, aither in joke or airnest."

"No; but here's the verdict: *we find that Mistor Casey died by the visitation of Barney Bradley.*"

"A choice good one," replied Barney. "Here, waither, bring in a naggin of burnt whiskey for Mistor Casey. That's what'll set him to rights. Here, boys, let us bring him near the windy, an' rise him up a little. Come, Mistor Casey, blood alive, sir, don't be a woman. Pluk up spirit; here's a naggin o' burnt whiskey, to make all square. Bedad, sir, you have nothin' else than the patter of a ginteel face this minute."

Coroner.—"Where's the whiskey, in the first place?"

Barney.—"Here, sir; here it is. Never nip it; take it at a bite, an' you may dance Shawn Buie in five minutes."

"Yes, it will do me good. Gentlemen of the jury, what has happened to me? Was there anything illaygal in this business?"

"Sorrahaporth, Mistor Casey, barrin' that Barney Bradley tuck a few ounces of blood out o' you."

"Yes, yes. I remember. Barney, in the mane-time, confound you and your flaybottomry, you have almost bled me to death, you infernal quack."

It was impossible to resist the ludicrous appearance of the coroner, whose face, being at best ruddy upon a sallow ground, now bore a strong resemblance to green linen, if we except his nose, which was of a pale dead blue, like the end of a burnt brick. The laughter, in fact, could not be suppressed, nor could the coroner, after surveying himself in a three-cornered broken looking-glass that hung against the wall, avoid joining in the mirth, although at his own expense.

"Gentlemen of the jury," said he, "there's no use in my spoiling a good joke, although I've paid some of the best blood in my veins for it. It's well known, anyhow, that a more bloodthirsty vagabond than Barney Bradley is not to be had. You go about, Barney, you nager, seeking whom you may bleed; and I now tell you, that you'll take a cup too much from someone before you're hanged, my man. Reduce your practice, Barney, or you'll die somewhere convenient to the county gaol—ha! ha! ha! Well, gentlemen, now let us to sarious business, for, upon my conscience, I'll have a verjick and my fees, if the fellow was to come alive fifty times."

"We're ready, Mr. Casey, to examine the witnesses."

"Let any man, then, who was present at this unfortunate business step forward and state all he knows."

"I seen the whole of it, sir, an' more," said a man to the jury.

"Alick Smith," said one of the jury, "tell us what you did see, an' never mind statin' what you didn't see."

"Why, you see, Pether, I happened to be passin' Brian Finigan's public-house at the time; so, begad, hearin' that it was a bit o' fun, I ran up from the street that Billy Button the tailor lives in, bekase, you see, I was goin' to leave the measure of my head for a hat with Condy Branagan."

"I thought," observed the coroner, "you said you were passing Brian Finigan's?"

"But that was *afther*, sir; so hearin', you see, of the row, up I ran just about two minutes afther Barney was sent home to his modher."

"What do you mean by that?" inquired Casey.

"Why, afther he was knocked down an' kilt, sir."

"But were you not present at the fight?"

"Oh, the devil a blow I seen them give, sir, barrin' what I heard from them that wor lookin' on. But that's no rason that I can't give you the outs and ins of the business as true as anyone, allowin' for mistakes."

"Get out, you spalpeen," said Casey; "take yourself and your mistakes out of this. You're nothing but a nagerly equivocator."

"Well, Mistor Casey," said the fellow, winking at the bystanders, "if that's my thanks, I can't help it. I'm always willin' to oblige a *jinteel*-lookin' gintleman. It's more than I'd do afore Barney bled you."

The coroner winced at this, but the mirth and the cause of the mirth were too decidedly against him to resent it with success.

"Come, now," said he, "I'll tell you what, boys; I'll order any man half-a-pint that will give true evidence on this melancholy affair."

Nine of the jury immediately volunteered.

"Beg pardon, Mistor Casey," said the foreman, "that's not laygal, wid submission; it's what lawyers call insubordination of perjury. It'll *invaleed* the whole inquest."

"You lie, you rascal," replied Casey, deeply offended; "how dare you charge the coroner of the county with disorganization of perjury. Only you're on the jury, I'd send you out of the window by the heels."

"Faith, an' let him not be too sure that that same will save him," observed the rest of the jury; "devil a better we could do than shove him out, an' clap Barney himself in his place."

"Out wid him!" shouted the bystanders, "out wid him, the rip, and make Barney himself foreman—ha! ha! ha!"

"Devil a sweeter," said Barney; "wid all my heart. Out wid the rascal."

The coroner, if he were even disposed, had not strength to prevent this. The window was raised, the unfortunate process-server caught, and very quietly, but with remarkable exactness, dropped astride a cow that happened to pass, which cow belonged to a poor widow who lived in the suburbs of the town. It is sufficient to say that in a short time the cow and her rider were followed by at least two-thirds of the fair, as far as the pound-burn, in which she deposited him, to the exquisite enjoyment of the spectators.

"Now, Mistor Casey, we'll make Barney himself foreman."

"I doubt it's a *little* irregular," said Casey; "but as it's a particular case altogether, why, let him take the office."

"Well, but, sir," said the jurors, "here's nine of us that can give right thrue evidence."

"Faith," said Barney, "you may add me fer a tenth, provided the half-pint's to come to the fore."

The coroner now felt himself sadly puzzled: he

was literally overwhelmed with evidence. Not an individual present, after having heard of the affair of the half-pint, but professed himself to be intimately acquainted with all the particulars of that "melancholy affair." The transaction promised to be clouded with witnesses.

"What's to be done?" said Casey; "death alive, boys, I can't hear you all; if I did, the fees of the inquest wouldn't cover the expenses."

"But the gentlemen of the jury, Mистер Casey, have the best right to the whiskey, sir. Remimber how we stood to you in the skrimmage, a while ago."

"Under the circumstances, gentlemen, I'll ballot for evidence; first, for two out of the jury, and afterwards for two more out of the bystanders; and there's a full bottle gone."

"That's takin' evidence by the quart, Mистер Casey."

"Boys, be asy, now, and don't turn so solemn an investigation into ridicule. Set me a hat."

A score of caubeens, amidst the most unlimited glee, were instantly offered to him, and having selected one, he proceeded to draw lots for the witnesses, or, as he more formally termed it, "to ballot for the evidence in this unfortunate transaction." Barney himself and another juror had the good luck to succeed, as had Andy Murtagh who had *kilt* him, and a person who was an eye-witness.

"What's your name?" said Casey to the stranger.

"Philip Coogan, sir."

"Were you present at this business, Philip?"

"I was present at both, wid the help o' goodness."

"At both what, man alive?"

"Why, sir, at Barney and Andy's affair, an' aftherwards at your own little consarn in the house here."

"Well, but stick to Barney's and Andy's; what do you know of that?"

"Why, sir, Barney bled him in Brian Finnigan's stable, up agin the wall; then, sir, Barney brought him in to trate him. I don't know what privication came atune them, but something surely must, sir, or they'd not tuck to weltn' one another as they did."

"Go on, Philip."

"I was passin', sir, when I see Brian Finnigan an' his brodher, an' his sarvint, pushin' them out; an' one o' them, but I can't say which, hot Brian a lick as he went in."

"Well done, Philip; you're coming to it by degrees, as the lawyers go to heaven. Go on."

"Then, sir, they attacked one another again;—Barney, sir, let fly at Andy wid his *battagh*, an' thin Andy knocked him down, an' that blow sobered him."

"Be the vartue of my oath, Mистер Casey, he didn't knock me down this day. It was never in his waistcoat to do it," said Barney.

"Philip Coogan tould the thruth, Mистер Casey," observed Andy; "it was I that gave him as purty a tumble as ever he got since he was christened; an' is well able to do it any day."

"Murtagh, be asy, man," said the coroner, "you're not bound to criminate yourself; (waither!) consider that there may be a verjick of homicide, anyhow, brought against you."

"Not 'till I kill Barney over agin, Mистер Casey."

"I tell you, Andy, that the jury have laygal and professional proof that the man was dead. We have nothing to do only to prove how he was killed. Coming to life again is his own affair, and not ours."

"Be me sowl, I suppose it was the row brought me to life," said Barney; "if anything 'ud do it, 'twould be aither that or a smell of the whiskey bottle, praise be goodness!"

"That's your own consarn, Barney, and not the jury's," said Casey.

Barney.—"It's a lie, anyhow, to say that Andy knocked me down; he never was the man."

Andy.—"Well, I tell you what, Barney, let the business go an, and you know we can decide that asy enough afther."

Barney.—"Never say it again, Andy. Boys, go an wid the inquest. It's the least I should know whether I was kilt or not, at any rate. Ha! ha! ha!"

Barney's brother juror now stepped forth to set them right.

"Mистер Casey, sir—"

"Waither!" said Casey, "were you asleep, you spalpeen? Bring me another tumbler of wather, wid a naggin of whiskey in it. I'm as wake as a fishing-rod."

"Take it burned, sir," said Barney, "an' dhrink the wather afterwards. That's the right plan."

"Bring what I desire you," said Casey. "Go on, Mr. Juror."

"I must give it agin Barney, sir;—I seen Andy Murtagh give him as clane a knock-down as ere a shave ever Barney himself gave in his life. I was beside them, sir, an' Barney, by the vartue o' my oath, couldn't kick no more than a spatchcock."

"Able to kick you for that lie, any day," said Barney, "an' will, too, before a month o' Sundays passes."

A fresh argument here took place between Barney, his brother juror, and Andy Murtagh, in which the latter insisted that if Barney were *kilt* at all, *he* it was who had the merit of killing him. Barney stiffly denied this, and their partisans on either side gave rather decisive proofs of their readiness to bring the matter to a short issue. The coroner, however, at this moment received his tumbler of water, a fact which reminded him of the compensation he had promised them for their evidence.

"Now, boys," said he, "let's have no more fighting here till we finiah the business on hand, at any rate. Afther that you have the length and breadth of the street to decide it in. All I can say is, that if you rise a ruction now you'll get no whiskey from me."

"Faith, an' that's sensible, Mистер Casey, an' stands to reason; we *have* the street, as you say; so let us put it off till afther we get the *quart of evidences*."

"Asy, boys, asy: no more of that. But now, what verjick will we return upon the death of Barney?"

"Oh, devil parahue the one o' me will ever consent to be kilt by Andy Murtagh, or the likes o' him," said Barney.

"Faith, an' if I was on the jury," replied Andy, "I'd consent to give no other."

"Mистер Casey, sir," said the juror, "we'll do the thing in a way that Barney can't be offended wid."

"How is that?"

"We'll find—*Kilt by Andy Murtagh, and found beatin' the coroner afterwards.*"

The bystanders decided on the propriety of this verdict by the loud seal of their approbation. Barney himself, the coroner, and Andy Murtagh, were also carried away by the spirit of the moment. It was impossible, in fact, to resist it. A general scene of mirth followed, which was still heightened by the good humour with which Casey paid them for their testimony. This worthy gentleman insisted that they should shake hands, and bury their differences in a fresh bottle at his expense—a suggestion which was instantly acted on, but with what degree of sincerity we cannot say. He thought himself bound, however, to thank the jury in "a neat address," and said:—

"Gentlemen of the jury—For your unwearied attention, patience, and general good conduct, in this trying and tedious case, I beg leave to return you my most serious acknowledgments. I am now fifteen months and six weeks upon the bench; and I am bound to say that in the course of that period I have never sat upon a case of such difficulty, handled in a manner that reflects, gentlemen—hem!—that reflects such—such credit and general esteem upon the talents you displayed in assisting me in my difficulties this day. We had, gentlemen, to *fight our way* through a very ugly species of opposition, and nobly you acquitted yourselves. Gentlemen, I am bound to say, that you are the best boxed jury in the three united kingdoms—by which I mane England, Ireland, and Scotland. But I must add, that some of the party who conducted the row against us have a villanous habit of kicking in the shins while they fight—by which I have heavily suffered. I do not now wish to rip up the embers of strife; but I must confess that, touching the kicking in the shins, I strongly suspect the *corpse* to have been by far the worst conducted. Gentlemen, I repeat it, that the subject of the inquest did not behave himself with due decorum. He denied that he was kilt, gentlemen, in the teeth of the plainest and most equivocal evidence. We had the opinion of two medical men, who, I am sorry to say, were each of them by the

corpse, gentlemen, so to spake, both of whom proved that he was dead. We had, moreover, the testimony of the worthy man who kilt him, corroborating the opinion of the doctors. Yet he denied the fact in the face of all this. However, as I said, let it be forgotten. Gentlemen, I now propose the health of ould Ireland—a country, gentlemen, in which, I am proud to say, the law of inquest, gentlemen—the law of inquest—is better understood than 'n any other country under the sun. Gentlemen, 'Ould Ireland, the Land of Inquests!'"

This, as the papers say, was received with tremendous cheers, and the health of the coroner drank, as "one of the best coroners that ever sat on a live corpse." This was rather sharp, but the worthy man was now too far advanced in liquor to notice it. He accordingly paid the reckoning, got his hat, and was staggering out, when the waiter thrust a slip of paper into his hand, on which was written: "Verdict of the jury that *set* upon the body of Bartle Casey, Esquire, late crowner for this part of the county, before Barney Bradley, Esquire, flaybottomist and horse-doctor—We find that the diseased died by the visitation of Barney Bradley. Signed, Barney Bradley."

"Ay," exclaimed Casey, after he had made it out with some difficulty, "I don't doubt that, anyhow. The rascals would outwit the devil, let alone Bartlemy Casey, Esquire; and as for Barney Bradley, he would bleed the devil if he had any blood in him." He then staggered up to the inn, where he slept that night, with less of fever than he would have felt were it not for Barney Bradley's lancet.

This was Barney Bradley's first inquest, or, as it was termed by his neighbours, his first resurrection. He was, however, the subject of three inquests, every one of which he survived, and in every one of which the coroners suffered, either by "flaybottomry" or a sound drubbing. In fact, he became so celebrated a corpse, and withal so dangerous, that on the occasion of two or three subsequent deaths occurring, after the three inquests alluded to, no coroner could sit upon him, inasmuch as they did so at the evident risk and hazard of their lives.

## THE DEVIL'S MILL.

BY SAMUEL LOVER.

BEHIND the River Liffey stand the picturesque ruins of a mill, overshadowed by some noble trees that grow in great luxuriance at the water's edge. Here, one day, after making a sketch, I was accosted by a silver-haired old man that for some time had been observing me, and who, when I was about to

leave the spot, approached me, and said, "I suppose it's after takin' off the owld mill you'd be, sir?"

I answered in the affirmative.

"Maybe your honour id let me get a sight iv it," said he.



"With pleasure," said I, as I untied the strings of my portfolio, and, drawing the sketch from amongst its companions, presented it to him. He considered it attentively for some time, and at length exclaimed:

"Throth, there it is to the life—the broken roof and the wather-coorse; ay, even the very spot where the gudgeon of the wheel was wanst, let alone the big stone at the corner, that was laid the first by *himself*;" and he gave the last word with mysterious emphasis, and handed the drawing back to me, with a "thankee, sir," of most respectful acknowledgment.

"And who was 'himself,' said I, "that laid that stone?" feigning ignorance, and desiring "to draw him out," as the phrase is.

"Oh, then, maybe it's what you'd be a stranger here?" said he.

"Almost," said I.

"And did you never hear tell of L——'s mill," said he, "and how it was built?"

"Never," was my answer.

"Throth, then, I thought young and owld, rich and poor, knew that—far and near."

"I don't, for one," said I; "but perhaps," I added, bringing forth some little preparation for a lunch, that I had about me, and producing a small flask of whiskey—"perhaps you will be so good as to tell me, and take a slice of ham, and drink my health," offering him a dram from my flask, and seating myself on the sod beside the river.

"Thank you kindly, sir," says he; and so, after "warming his heart," as he said himself, he proceeded to give an account of the mill in question.

"You see, sir, there was a man wanst, in times back, that owned a power of land about here—but God keep uz, they said he didn't come by it honestly, but did a crooked turn whenever 'twas to sarve himself—and sure he *sould the pass*, and what luck or grace could he have afther that?"

"How do you mean he sold the pass?" said I.

"Oh, sure your honour must have heerd how the pass was sowld, and he betrayed his king and country."

"No, indeed," said I.

"Och, well," answered my old informant, with a shake of the head, which he meant, like Lord Burleigh in the *Critic*, to be very significant, "it's no matter now, and I don't care talkin' about it; and laist said is soonest mended; howsomever, he got a power of money for that same, and lands and what not; but the more he got, the more he craved, and there was no ind to his sthrivin' for goold evermore, and thirstin' for the lucre of gain.

"Well, the story goes that at last, the devil (God bless us) kem to him, and promised him hapes o' money, and all his heart could desire, and more, too, if he'd sell his sowl in exchange."

"Surely he did not consent to such a dreadful bargain as that," said I.

"Oh, no, sir," said the old man, with a slight play of muscle about the corners of his mouth, which, but

that the awfulness of the subject suppressed it, would have amounted to a bitter smile—"oh no, he was too cunnin' for that; bad as he was—and he was bad enough, God knows—he had some regard for his poor sinful sowl, and he would not give himself up to the devil, all out; but, the villain, he thought he might make a bargain with the *old chap*, and get all he wanted, and keep himself out of harm's way still: for he was mighty 'cute—and, throth, he was able for Owld Nick any day.

"Well, the bargain was struck: and it was thia-a-way: the devil was to give him all the goold ever he'd ask for, and was to let him alone as long as he could; and the timpter promised him a long day, and said 'twould be a great while before he'd want him, at all at all; and whin that time kem, he was to keep his hands aff him, as long as the other could give him some work he couldn't do.

"So, when the bargain was made, 'Now,' says the colonel to the devil, 'give me all the money I want.'

"'As much as you like,' says Owld Nick; 'how much will you have?'

"'You must fill me that room,' says he, pointin' into a murtherin' big room that he emptied out on purpose—'you must fill that room,' says he, 'up to the very ceilin' with goolden guineas.'

"'And welkem,' says the devil.

"With that, sir, he began to shovel in the guineas into the room, like mad; and the colonel towld him, that as soon as he was done, to come to him in his own parlour below, and that he would then go up and see if the devil was as good as his word, and had filled the room with the goolden guineas. So the colonel went down stairs, and the owld fellow worked away as busy as a nailer, shovellin' in the guineas by hundherds and thousands.

"Well, he worked away for an hour, and more, and at last he began to get tired; and he thought it *mighty odd* that the room wasn't fillin' faster. Well, afther restin' for awhile, he began agin, and he put his shoulder to the work in airnest; but still the room was no fuller, at all at all.

"'Och! bad luck to me,' says the devil, 'but the likes of this I never seen,' says he, 'far and near, up and down—the dickens a room I ever kem across afore,' says he, 'I couldn't cram while a cook would be crammin' a turkey, till now; and here I am,' says he, 'losin' my whole day, and I with such a power o' work on my hands yit, and this room no fuller than five minutes ago.'

"Begor, while he was spakin' he seen the hape o' guineas in the middle of the flure growing *littler and littler* every minit; and at last they wor disappearin', for all the world like corn in the hopper of a mill.

"'Ho! ho!' says Owld Nick, 'is that the way wid you?' says he; and wid that, he ran over to the hape of goold—and what would you think, but it was runnin' down through a great big hole in the flure, that the colonel made through the ceilin' in the room below; and that was the work he was at afther he left the devil, though he purtended he was only waitin' for him in his parlour; and there the devil, when he

looked down the hole in the flure, seen the colonel, not content with the *two* rooms full of guineas, but with a big shovel throwin' them into a closet a' one side of him, as fast as they fell down. So, putting his head through the hole, he called down to the colonel:

"'Hillo! neighbour,' says he.

"The colonel looked up, and grew as white as a sheet, when he seen he was found out, and the red eyes starin' down at him through the hole.

"'Musha, bad luck to your impudence!' says Owld Nick: 'it is sthriven to chate *me* you are,' says he, 'you villain?'

"'Oh! forgive me this wanst,' says the colonel, 'and, upon the honour of a gentleman,' says he, 'I'll never—'

"'Whisht! whisht! you thievin' rogue,' says the devil, 'I'm not angry with you, at all at all, but only like you the better, bekase you're so cute;—lave off slaving yourself there,' says he, 'you have got goold enough for this time; and whenever you want more, you have only to say the word, and it shall be yours to command.'

"So with that, the devil and he parted for that time: and myself doesn't know whether they used to meet often aither or not; but the colonel never wanted money, anyhow, but went on prosperous in the world—and, as the saying is, if he took the dirt out o' the road, it id turn to money wid him; and so, in course of time, he bought great estates, and was a great man entirely—not a greater in Ireland, throth."

Fearing here a digression on landed interest, I interrupted him, to ask how he and the fiend settled their accounts at last?

"Oh, sir, you'll hear that all in good time. Sure enough, it's terrible, and wonderful it is at the ind, and mighty improvin'—glory be to God!"

"Is that what you say," said I, in surprise, "because a wicked and deluded man lost his soul to the tempter!"

"Oh, the Lord forbid, your honour; but don't be impatient, and you'll hear all. They say, at last, aither many years of prosperity that the owld colonel got stricken in years, and he began to have misgivings in his conscience for his wicked doings, and his heart was heavy as the fear of death came upon him; and sure enough, while he had such murn'ful thoughts, the devil kem to him, and towld him *he should go wid him*.

"Well, to be sure, the owld man was frekened, but he plucked up his courage and his cuteness, and towld the devil, in a bantherin' way, jokin' like, that he had partic'lar business thin, that he was goin' to a party, and hoped an *owld friend* wouldn't inconvenyance him, that-a-way."

"Well," said I, laughing at the "put off" of *going to a party*, "the devil, of course, would take no excuse, and carried him off in a flash of fire?"

"Oh, no, sir," answered the old man, in something of a reproving, or at least offended tone—"that's the finish I know very well, of many a story.

such as we're talkin' of, but that's not the way of this, *which is thruth every word*, what I tell you—"

"I beg your pardon for the interruption," said I.

"No offence in life, sir," said the venerable chronicler, who was now deep in his story, and would not be stopped.

"Well, sir," continued he, "the devil said he'd call the next day, and that he must be ready; and sure enough in the evenin' he kem to him; and when the colonel seen him, he reminded him of his bargain that as long as he could give him some work he couldn't do, he wasn't obleeged to go.

"'That's thrue,' says the devil.

"'I'm glad you're as good as your word, anyhow,' says the colonel.

"'I never bruk my word yit,' says the owld chap, cocking up his horns consaitedly; 'honour bright,' says he.

"'Well, then,' says the colonel, 'build me a mill, down there, by the river,' says he, 'and let me have it finished by to-morrow mornin'.

"'Your will is my pleasure,' says the owld chap, and away he wint; and the colonel thought he had nicked Owld Nick at last, and wint to bed quite aisy in his mind.

"But, *jewel machree*, sure the first thing he heard the next mornin' was that the whole counthry round was runnin' to see a fine bran' new mill, that was an the river side, where, the evening before, not a thing, at all at all, but rushes was standin', and all, of coorse, wonderin' what brought it there; and some sayin' 'twas not lucky, and many more troubled in their mind, but one and all agreein' it was no *good*; and that's the very mill forninst you, that you were takin' aff, and the stone that I noticed is a remarkable one—a big coignstone—that they say the devil himself laid first, and has the mark of four fingers and a thumb an it to this day.

"But when the colonel heard it he was more troubled than any, of coorse, and began to conthrive what else he could think iv, to keep himself out iv the claws of the *owld one*. Well, he often heard tell that there was one thing the devil never could do, and I darsay you heard it too, sir,—that is, that he couldn't make a rope out of the sands of the sae; and so when the *owld one* kem to him the next day, and said his job was done, and that now the mill was built, he must either tell him somethin' else he wanted done, or come away wid him.

"So the colonel said he saw it was all over wid him. 'But,' says he, 'I wouldn't like to go wid you alive, and sure it's all the same to you, alive or dead?'

"'Oh, that won't do,' says his frind; 'I can't wait no more,' says he.

"'I don't want you to wait, my dear frind,' says the colonel; 'all I want is, that you'll be plased to kill me, before you take me away.'

"'With pleasure,' says Owld Nick.

"'But will you promise me my choice of dyin' one partic'lar way?' says the colonel.

"'Half a dozen ways, if it plazes you,' says he.

" 'You're mighty obleegin,' says the colonel; 'and so,' says he, 'I'd rather die by bein' hanged with a rope made out of the sands of the sea,' says he, lookin' mighty knowin' at the owld fellow.

" 'I've always one about me,' says the divil, 'to obleege my frinds,' says he; and with that he pulls out a rope made of sand, sure enough.

" 'Oh, it's game you're makin',' says the colonel, growin' as white as a sheet.

" 'The game is mine, sure enough,' says the owld fellow, grinnin', with a terrible laugh.

" 'That's not a sand-rope at all,' says the colonel.

" 'Isn't it?' says the divil, hittin' him across the face with the end iv the rope, and the sand (for it was made of sand, sure enough) went into one of his eyes, and made the tears come with the pain.

" 'That bates all I ever seen or heard,' says the colonel, sthrivin' to rally and make another offer; 'is there anything you can't do?'

" 'Nothing you can tell me,' says the divil, 'so you may as well lave off your palaverin', and come along at wanst.'

" 'Will you give me one more offer,' says the colonel.

" 'You don't deserve it,' says the divil; 'but I don't care if I do;' for you see, sir, he was only playin' wid him, and tantalising the owld sinner.

" 'All fair,' says the colonel, and with that he ax'd him could he stop a woman's tongue.

" 'Thry me,' says Owld Nick.

" 'Well, then,' says the colonel, 'make my lady's tongue be quiet for the next month, and I'd thank you.'

" 'She'll never trouble you agin,' says Owld Nick; and with that the colonel heard roarin' and cryin', and the door of his room was thrown open and in ran his daughter, and fell down at his feet, telling him her mother had just dhropped dead.

" The minit the door opened, the divil runs and hides himself behind a big elbow-chair; and the colonel was frekened almost out of his seven sineses, by raison of the sudden death of his poor lady, let alone the jeopardy he was in himself, seein' how the divil had forestalled him every way; and after ringin' his bell, and callin to his sarvants, and recoverin' his daughter out of her faint, he was goin' away wid her out of the room, when the divil caught howld of him by the skirt of the coat, and the colonel was obleeged to let his daughter be carried out by the sarvants, and shut the door afther them.

" 'Well,' says the divil, and he grinn'd and wagg'd his tail, all as one as a dog when he's pleased; 'what do you say now?' says he.

" 'Oh,' says the colonel, 'only lave me alone until I bury my poor wife,' says he, 'and I'll go with you then, you villain,' says he.

" 'Don't call names,' says the divil; 'you had better keep a civil tongue in your head,' says he; 'and it doesn't become a gentleman to forget good manners.'

" 'Well, sir, to make a long story short, the divil purtended to let him off, out of kindness, for three

days and his wife was buried; but the raison of it was this, that when the lady his daughter fainted, he loosened the clothes about her throat, and in pullin' some of her dhress away, he tuk off a goold chain that was on her neck, and put it in his pocket, and the chain had a diamond crass on it (the Lord be praised!) and the divil darn't touch him while he had the sign of the crass about him.

" 'Well, the poor colonel (God forgive him!) was grieved for the loss of his lady, and she had an *illigant berrin*—and they say, that when the prayers was readin' over the dead, the owld colonel took it to heart like anything, and the word o' God kem home to his poor sinful sowl at last.

" 'Well, sir, to make a long story short, the ind of it was, that for the three days o' grace that was given to him the poor deluded owld sinner did nothin' at all but read the Bible from mornin' till night, and bit or sup didn't pass his lips all the time, he was so intint upon the Holy Book, but he sat up in an owld room in the far ind of the house, and bid no one disturb him an no account, and struv to make his heart bould with the words iv life; and sure it was somethin' strinthened him at last, though as the time drew nigh that the *inimy* was to come, he didn't feel aisy, and no wondher; and, bedad the three days was past and gone in no time, and the story goes that at the dead hour o' the night, when the poor sinner was readin' away as fast as he could, my jew'l, his heart jumped up to his mouth at gettin' a tap on the shoulder.

" 'Oh, murder!' says he, 'who's there?' for he was afeard to look up.

" 'It's me,' says the *owld one*, and he stood right forninst him, and his eyes like coals o' fire, lookin' him through, and he said, with a voice that almost split his owld heart, 'Come!' says he.

" 'Another day,' cried out the poor colonel.

" 'Not another hour,' says Sat'n.

" 'Half an hour?'

" 'Not a quarter,' says the divil, grinnin' with a bitter laugh; 'give over your readin', I bid you,' says he, 'and come away wid me.'

" 'Only gi' me a few minits,' says he.

" 'Lave aff your palaverin', you snakin' owld sinner,' says Sat'n; 'you know you're bought and sould to me, and a purty bargain I have o' you, you owld baste,' says he; 'so come along at wanst,' and he put out his claw to ketch him; but the colonel tuk a fast hould o' the Bible, and begg'd hard that he'd let him alone, and wouldn't harm him until the bit o' candle that was just blinkin' in the socket before him was burned out.

" 'Well, have it so, you dirty coward,' says Owld Nick, and with that he spit an him.

" But the poor owld colonel didn't lose a minit (for he was cunning to the ind), but snatched the little taste o' candle that was forninst him out o' the candlestick, and puttin' it an the Holy Book before him, he shut down the cover of it, and quinched the light. With that the divil gave a roar like a bull, and vanished in a flash o' fire, and the poor colonel fainted away in his chair; but the sarvants heard

the noise (for the divil tore aff the roof o' the house when he left it), and run into the room, and brought their master to himself agin. And from that day he was an althered man, and used to have the Bible read to him every day, for he couldn't read himself any more, by raison of losin' his eyesight, when the divil hit him with the rope of sand in the face, and

afther spit an him—for the sand wint into one eye, and he lost the other that-a-way, savin' your presence.

"So you see, sir, afther all, the colonel, undher heaven, was too able for the divil, and by readin' the good book his sowl was saved, and (glory be to God!) *isn't that mighty improvin'?*"

## MISS JUDY MACAN.

(FROM "CHARLES O'MALLEY.")\*

BY CHARLES LEVER.

I WAS sitting at breakfast with Webber, a few mornings after the mess dinner I have spoken of, when Power came in hastily.

"Ha, the very man!" said he. "I say, O'Malley, here's an invitation for you from Sir George, to dine on Friday. He desired me to say a thousand civil things about his not having made you out, regrets that he was not at home when you called yesterday, and all that. By Jove, I know nothing like the favour you stand in; and, as for Miss Dashwood, faith! the fair Lucy blushed, and tore her glove in most approved style, when the old General began his laudation of you."

"Pooh, nonsense," said I; "that silly affair in the West."

"Oh, very probably; there's reason the less for your looking so excessively conscious. But I must tell you, in all fairness, that you have no chance; nothing short of a dragoon will go down."

"Be assured," said I, somewhat nettled, "my pretensions do not aspire to the fair Miss Dashwood."

"*Tant mieux et tant pis, mon cher.* I wish to heaven mine did; and, by St. Patrick, if I only played the knight-errant half as gallantly as yourself, I would not relinquish my claims to the Secretary at War himself."

"What the devil brought the old General down to your wild regions?" inquired Webber.

"To contest the county."

"A bright thought, truly. When a man was looking for a seat, why not try a place where the law is occasionally heard of?"

"I'm sure I can give you no information on that head; nor have I ever heard how Sir George came to learn that such a place as Galway existed."

"I believe I can enlighten you," said Power. "Lady Dashwood—rest her soul!—came west of the Shannon; she had a large property somewhere in Mayo, and owned some hundred acres of swamp, with some thousand starving tenantry thereupon, that people dignified as an estate in Connaught. This first suggested to him the notion of setting up for the county; probably supposing that the people

who never paid in rent might like to do so in gratitude. How he was undeceived, O'Malley there can inform us. Indeed, I believe the worthy General, who was confoundedly hard up when he married, expected to have got a great fortune, and little anticipated the three chancery suits he succeeded to, nor the fourteen rent-charges to his wife's relatives that made up the bulk of the dower. It was an unlucky hit for him when he fell in with the old 'maid' a-Bath; and, had she lived, he must have gone to the colonies. But the Lord took her one day, and Major Dashwood was himself again. The Duke of York, the story goes, saw him at Hounslow during a review—was much struck with his air and appearance—made some inquiries—found him to be of excellent family and irreproachable conduct—made him an aide-de-camp—and, in fact, made his fortune. I do not believe that, while doing so kind, he could by possibility have done a more popular thing. Every man in the army rejoiced at his good fortune; so that, after all, though he has had some hard rubs, he has come well through, the only vestige of his unfortunate matrimonial connexion being a correspondence kept up by a maiden sister of his late wife's with him. She insists upon claiming the ties of kindred upon about twenty family eras during the year, when she regularly writes a most loving and ill-spelled epistle, containing the latest information from Mayo, with all particulars of the Macan family, of which she is a worthy member. To her constant hints of the acceptable nature of certain small remittances, the poor General is never inattentive; but to the pleasing prospect of a visit in the flesh from Miss Judy Macan, the good man is dead. In fact, nothing short of being broke by a general court-martial could at all complete his sensations of horror at such a stroke of fortune; and I am most certain, if choice were allowed him, that he would prefer the latter."

"Then he has never yet seen her," said Webber.

"Never," replied Power; "and he hopes to leave Ireland without that blessing, the prospect of which, however remote and unlikely, has, I know well, more than once terrified him since his arrival."

"I say, Power, and has your worthy General sent me a card for his ball?"

"Not through me, Master Frank."

"Well, now, I call that devilish shabby, do you know. He asks O'Malley there from *my* chambers, and never notices the other man, the superior in the firm. Eh, O'Malley, what say you?"

"Why, I didn't know you were acquainted."

"And who said we were? It was his fault, though, entirely, that we were not. I am, as I have ever been, the most easy fellow in the world on that score—never give myself airs to military people—endure anything, everything,—and you see the result—hard, ain't it?"

"But, Webber, Sir George must really be excused in this matter. He has a daughter, a most attractive, lovely daughter, just at that budding, unsuspecting age when the heart is most susceptible of impressions; and where, let me ask, could she run such a risk as in the chance of a casual meeting with the re-doubted lady-killer, Master Frank Webber? If he has not sought you out, then here be his apology."

"A very strong case, certainly," said Frank; "but still, had he confided his critical position to my honour and secrecy, he might have depended on me; now, having taken the other line——"

"Well, what then?"

"Why, he must abide the consequences. I'll make fierce love to Louisa;—isn't that the name?"

"Lucy, so please you."

"Well, be it so—to Lucy—talk the little girl into a most deplorable attachment for me."

"But how, may I ask, and when?"

"I'll begin at the ball, man."

"Why, I thought you said you were not going?"

"There you mistake seriously. I merely said that I had not been invited."

"Then, of course," said I, "Webber, you can't think of going, in any case, on *my* account."

"My very dear friend, I go entirely upon my own. I not only shall go, but I intend to have most particular notice and attention paid me. I shall be prime favourite with Sir George—kiss Lucy——"

"Come, come, this is too strong."

"What do you bet I don't? There, now, I'll give you a pony a-piece I do. Do you say, done?"

"That you kiss Miss Dashwood, and are not kicked down stairs for your pains; are those the terms of the wager?" inquired Power.

"With all my heart. That I kiss Miss Dashwood, and am not kicked down stairs for my pains."

"Then I say, done."

"And with you, too, O'Malley?"

"I thank you, sir, coldly; "I'm not disposed to make such a wager for Sir George Dashwood's hospitality and because an insult to his family the subject of the bet."

"Why, what are you dreaming of? Miss Dashwood will not refuse my chaste salute. Come, Power, I'll give you the other pony."

"Agreed!" said he. "At the same time, understand me distinctly—that I hold myself perfectly eligible to winning the wager by my own interfer-

ence; for, if you do kiss her, by Jove! I'll perform the remainder of the compact."

"So I understand the agreement," said Webber, arranging his curls before the looking-glass. "Well, now, who's for Howth?—the drag will be here in half an hour."

"Not I," said Power; "I must return to the barracks."

"Nor I," said I, "for I shall take this opportunity of leaving my card at Sir George Dashwood's."

"I have won my fifty, however," said Power, as we walked out in the courts.

"I am not quite certain——"

"Why, the devil, he would not risk a broken neck for that sum; besides, if he did, he loses the bet."

"He's a devilish keen fellow."

"Let him be. In any case, I am determined to be on my guard here."

So chatting, we strolled along to the Royal Hospital, when, having dropped my pasteboard, I returned to the college.

I have often dressed for a storming party with less of trepidation than I felt on the evening of Sir George Dashwood's ball. Since the eventful day of the election I had never seen Miss Dashwood; therefore, as to what precise position I might occupy in her favour was a matter of great doubt in my mind, and great import to my happiness. That I myself loved her was a matter of which all the badinage of my friends regarding her made me painfully conscious; but that, in our relative positions, such an attachment was all but hopeless, I could not disguise from myself. Young as I was, I well knew to what a heritage of debt, lawsuit, and difficulty I was born to succeed. In my own resources and means of advancement I had no confidence whatever, had even the profession to which I was destined been more of my choice. I daily felt that it demanded greater exertions, if not far greater abilities, than I could command, to make success at all likely; and then, even if such a result were in store, years, at least, must elapse before it could happen, and where would she then be, and where should I?—where the ardent affection I now felt and gloried in, perhaps all the more for its desperate hopelessness—when the sanguine and buoyant spirit to combat with difficulties which youth suggests, and which later manhood refuses, should have passed away? And, even if all these survived the toil and labour of anxious days and painful nights, what of her? Alas! I now reflected that, although only of my own age, her manner to me had taken all that tone of superiority and patronage which an elder assumes towards one younger, and which, in the spirit of protection it proceeds upon, essentially bars up every inlet to a dearer or warmer feeling—at least, when the lady plays the former part. "What, then, is to be done?" thought I. "Forget her?—but how? How shall I renounce all my plans, and unweave the web of life I have been spreading around me for many a day, without that one golden thread that lent it more than half its brilliancy and all its attraction? But, then, the alter-

native is even worse, if I encourage expectations and nurture hopes never to be realised. Well, we meet to-night, after a long and eventful absence; let my future fate be ruled by the results of this meeting. If Lucy Dashwood does care for me—if I can detect in her manner enough to show me that my affection may meet a return, the whole effort of my life shall be to make her mine; if not—if my own feelings be all that I have to depend upon to extort a reciprocal affection—then shall I take my last look of her, and with it the first and brightest dream of happiness my life has hitherto presented.”

It need not be wondered at if the brilliant *coup d'œil* of the ballroom, as I entered, struck me with astonishment, accustomed as I had hitherto been to nothing more magnificent than an evening party of squires and their squireses, or the annual garrison ball at the barracks. The glare of waxlights, the well-furnished saloons, the glitter of uniforms, and the blaze of plumed and jewelled dames, with the clang of military music, was a species of enchanted atmosphere which, breathing for the first time, rarely fails to intoxicate. Never before had I seen so much beauty: lovely faces, dressed in all the seductive flattery of smiles, were on every side; and as I walked from room to room, I felt how much more fatal to a man's peace and heart's ease the whispered words and silent glances of those fair damsels, than all the loud gaiety and boisterous freedom of our country belles, who sought to take the heart by storm and escalade.

As yet I had seen neither Sir George nor his daughter, and, while I looked on every side for Lucy Dashwood, it was with a beating and anxious heart I longed to see how she would bear comparison with the blaze of beauty around.

Just at this moment a very gorgeously-dressed hussar stepped from a doorway beside me, as if to make a passage for someone, and the next moment she appeared, leaning upon the arm of another lady. One look was all that I had time for, when she recognised me.

“Ah, Mr. O'Malley—how happy!—has Sir George—has my father seen you?”

“I have only arrived this moment; I trust he is quite well?”

“Oh, yes! thank you——”

“I beg your pardon with all humility, Miss Dashwood,” said the hussar, in a tone of the most knightly courtesy, “but they are waiting for us.”

“But, Captain Fortescue, you must excuse me one moment more. Mr. Lechmere, will you do me the kindness to find out Sir George? Mr. O'Malley—Mr. Lechmere.” Here she said something in French to her companion, but so rapidly that I could not detect what it was, but merely heard the reply—“*Pas mal!*”—which, as the lady continued to canvass me most deliberately through her eyeglass, I supposed referred to me. “And, now, Captain Fortescue——” And with a look of most courteous kindness to me she disappeared in the crowd.

The gentleman to whose guidance I was entrusted was one of the aides-de-camp, and was not long in

finding Sir George. No sooner had the good old General heard my name, than he held out both his hands and shook mine most heartily.

“At last, O'Malley—at last I am able to thank you for the greatest service ever man rendered me. He saved Lucy, my lord; rescued her under circumstances where anything short of his courage and determination must have cost her her life.”

“Ah! very pretty, indeed,” said a stiff old gentleman addressed, as he bowed a most superbly-powdered scalp before me;—“most happy to make your acquaintance.”

“Who is he?” added he, in nearly as loud a tone to Sir George.

“Mr. O'Malley, of O'Malley Castle.”

“True, I forgot—why is he not in uniform?”

“Because, unfortunately, my lord, we don't own him; he's not in the army.”

“Ha! ha! thought he was.”

“You dance, O'Malley, I suppose? I'm sure you'd rather be over there than hearing all my protestations of gratitude, sincere and heartfelt as they really are.”

“Lechmere, introduce my friend, Mr. O'Malley; get him a partner.”

I had not followed my new acquaintance many steps, when Power came up to me. “I say, Charley,” cried he, “I've been tormented to death by half the ladies in the room to present you to them, and have been in quest of you this half-hour. Your brilliant exploit in savageland has made you a regular *preux chevalier*; and if you don't trade on that adventure to your most lasting profit, you deserve to be—a lawyer. Come along here! Lady Muckleman, the adjutant-general's lady-and-chief, has four Scotch daughters you are to dance with; then I am to introduce you in all form to the Dean of Something's niece; she is a good-looking girl, and has two livings in a safe county. Then, there's the town-major's wife; and, in fact, I have several engagements from this till supper-time.”

“A thousand thanks for all your kindness in prospective, but, I think, perhaps, it were right I should ask Miss Dashwood to dance, if only as a matter of form—you understand?”

“And, if Miss Dashwood should say, ‘With pleasure, sir,’ only as a matter of form—you understand?” said a silvery voice beside me. I turned, and saw Lucy Dashwood, who, having overheard my very free-and-easy suggestion, replied to me in this manner.

I here blundered out my excuses. What I said, and what I did not say, I do not now remember; but, certainly, it was her turn now to blush, and her arm trembled within mine as I led her to the top of the room. In the little opportunity which our quadrille presented for conversation I could not help remarking that, after the surprise of her first meeting with me, Miss Dashwood's manner became gradually more and more reserved, and that there was an evident struggle between her wish to appear grateful for what had occurred, with a sense of the necessity of not incurring a greater degree of intimacy. Such was my impression, at least, and such the conclusion I drew from a certain quiet tone in her manner, that went further to wound my feelings and mar my happiness

than any other line of conduct towards me could possibly have effected.

Our quadrille over, I was about to conduct her to a seat, when Sir George came hurriedly up, his face greatly flushed, and betraying every semblance of high excitement.

"Dear papa, has anything occurred?—pray what is it?" inquired she.

He smiled faintly, and replied: "Nothing very serious, my dear, that I should alarm you in this way; but certainly a more disagreeable *contretemps* could scarcely occur."

"Do tell me: what can it be?"

"Read this," said he, presenting a very dirty-looking note, which bore the mark of a red wafer most infernally plain upon its outside.

Miss Dashwood unfolded the billet, and after a moment's silence, instead of participating, as he expected, in her father's feeling of distress, burst out a-laughing, while she said: "Why, really, papa, I do not see why this should put you out much, after all. Aunt may be somewhat of a character, as her note evinces, but after a few days——"

"Nonsense, child; there's nothing in this world I have such a dread of as that confounded woman—and to come at such a time!"

"When does she speak of paying her visit?"

"I knew you had not read the note," said Sir George, hastily; "she's coming here to-night—is on her way this instant, perhaps. What is to be done? If she forces her way in here, I shall go deranged outright. O'Malley, my boy, read this note, and you will not feel surprised if I appear in the humour you see me."

I took the billet from the hands of Miss Dashwood, and read as follows:—

"DEAR BROTHER,—When this reaches your hand, I'll not be far off. I'm on my way up to town, to be under Dr. Dease for the ould complaint. Cowley mistakes my case entirely; he says it's nothing but religion and wind. Father Magrath, who understands a good deal about females, thinks otherwise—but God knows who's right. Expect me to tea, and, with love to Lucy, believe me yours, in haste,

"JUDITH MACAN.

"Let the sheets be well aired in my room; and if you have a spare bed, perhaps we could prevail upon Father Magrath to stop too."

I scarcely could contain my laughter till I got to the end of this very free-and-easy epistle; when at last I burst forth in a hearty fit, in which I was joined by Miss Dashwood.

From the account Power had given me in the morning, I had no difficulty in guessing that the writer was the maiden sister of the late Lady Dashwood, and for whose relationship Sir George had ever testified the greatest dread, even at the distance of two hundred miles, and for whom, in any nearer intimacy, he was in nowise prepared.

"I say, Lucy," said he, "there's only one thing to be done; if this horrid woman does arrive, let her be shown to her room, and for the few days of her stay in town, we'll neither see nor be seen by anyone."

Without waiting for a reply, Sir George was turning away to give the necessary instructions, when the door of the drawing-room was flung open, and the servant announced, in his loudest voice, "Miss Macan." Never shall I forget the poor General's look of horror as the words reached him; for, as yet, he was too far to catch even a glimpse of its fair owner. As for me, I was already so much interested in seeing what she was like, that I made my way through the crowd towards the door. It is no common occurrence than can distract the various occupations of a crowded ballroom, where, amid the crash of music and the din of conversation, goes on the soft, low voice of insinuating flattery, or the light flirtation of a first acquaintance; every clique, every coterie, every little group of three or four, has its own separate and private interests, forming a little world of its own, and caring for and heeding nothing that goes on around; and even when some striking character or illustrious personage makes his *entrée*, the attention he attracts is so momentary, that the buzz of conversation is scarcely, if at all, interrupted, and the business of pleasure flows on. Not so now, however. No sooner had the servant pronounced the magical name of Miss Macan than all seemed to stand still. The spell thus exercised over the luckless General seemed to have extended to his company, for it was with difficulty that anyone could continue his train of conversation, while every eye was directed towards the door. About two steps in advance of the servant, who still stood door in hand, was a tall, elderly lady, dressed in an antique brocade silk, with enormous flowers gaudily embroidered upon it. Her hair was powdered and turned back, in the fashion of fifty years before; while her high-pointed and heeled shoes completed a costume that had not been seen for nearly a century. Her short, skinny arms were bare and partly covered by a falling flower of old point lace, while on her hands she wore black silk mittens; a pair of green spectacles scarcely dimmed the lustre of a most piercing pair of eyes, to whose effect a very palpable touch of rouge on the cheeks certainly added brilliancy. There stood this most singular apparition, holding before her a fan about the size of a modern tea-tray, while, at each repetition of her name by the servant, she courtseyed deeply, bestowing the while upon the gay crowd before her a very curious look of maidenly modesty at her solitary and unprotected position.

As no one had ever heard of the fair Judith save one or two of Sir George's most intimate friends, the greater part of the company were disposed to regard Miss Macan as someone who had mistaken the character of the invitation, and had come in a fancy dress. But this delusion was but momentary, as Sir George, armed with the courage of despair, forced his way through the crowd, and, taking her hand affectionately, bid her welcome to Dublin. The fair Judy, at this, threw her arms about his neck, and saluted him with a hearty smack, that was heard all over the room.

"Where's Lucy, brother? let me embrace my little darling," said the lady, in an accent that told more

of Miss Macan than a three-volume biography could have done. "There she is, I'm sure;—kiss me, my honey."

This office Miss Dashwood performed with an effort at courtesy really admirable; while, taking her aunt's arm, she led her to a sofa.

It needed all the poor General's tact to get over the sensation of this most *mal à propos* addition to his party; but, by degrees, the various groups renewed their occupations, although many a smile, and more than one sarcastic glance at the sofa betrayed that the maiden aunt had not escaped criticism.

Power, whose propensity for fun very considerably outstripped his sense of decorum to his commanding officer, had already made his way towards Miss Dashwood, and succeeded in obtaining a formal introduction to Miss Macan.

"I hope you will do me the favour to dance next set with me, Miss Macan?"

"Really, captain, it's very polite of you, but you must excuse me. I was never anything great in quadrilles; but if a reel or a jig—"

"Oh, dear aunt, don't think of it, I beg of you."

"Or even Sir Roger de Coverley," resumed Miss Macan.

"I assure you, quite equally impossible."

"Then I'm certain you waltz," said Power.

"What do you take me for, young man? I hope I know better. I wish Father Magrath heard you ask me that question, and for all your laced jacket—"

"Dearest aunt, Captain Power didn't mean to offend you; I'm certain he—"

"Well, why did he dare to—*sob, sob*—did he see anything light about me. that he—*sob, sob, sob*—oh, dear! oh, dear! is it for this I came up from my little peaceful place in the West?—*sob, sob, sob*—General George, dear; Lucy, my love, I'm taken bad. Oh, dear! oh, dear! is there any whiskey negus?"

Whatever sympathy Miss Macan's sufferings naturally excited in the crowd about her before, this question totally routed them, and a most hearty fit of laughter broke forth from more than one of the bystanders.

At length, however, she was comforted, and her pacification completely effected by Sir George setting her down to a whist-table. From this moment I lost sight of her for above two hours. Meanwhile, I had little opportunity of following up my intimacy with Miss Dashwood, and, as I rather suspected that, on more than one occasion, she seemed to avoid our meeting, I took especial care, on my part, to spare her the annoyance.

For one instant only had I any opportunity of addressing her, and then there was such an evident embarrassment in her manner that I readily perceived how she felt circumstanced, and that the sense of gratitude to one whose further advances she might have feared rendered her constrained and awkward. "Too true," said I; "she avoids me. My being here is only a source of discomfort and pain to her; therefore, I'll take my leave, and, whatever it may cost me, never to return." With this intention, re-

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solving to wish Sir George a very good-night, I sought him out for some minutes. At length I saw him in a corner, conversing with the old nobleman to whom he had presented me early in the evening.

"True, upon my honour, Sir George," said he; "I saw it myself, and she did it just as dexterously as the oldest blackleg in Paris."

"Why, you don't mean to say that she cheated?"

"Yes, but I do, though—turned the ace every time. Lady Herbert said to me, 'Very extraordinary it is—four by honours again.' So I looked, and then I perceived it—a very old trick it is; but she did it beautifully. What's her name?"

"Some western name;—I forget it," said the poor General, ready to die with shame.

"Clever old woman, very!" said the old lord, taking a pinch of snuff; "but revokes too often."

Supper was announced at this critical moment, and before I had further thought of my determination to escape, I felt myself hurried along in the crowd towards the staircase. The party immediately in front of me were Power and Miss Macan, who now appeared reconciled, and certainly testified most openly their mutual feelings of good-will.

"I say, Charley," whispered Power, as I came along, "it is capital fun—never met anything equal to her; but the poor General will never live through it, and I'm certain of ten days' arrest for this night's proceeding."

"Any news of Webber?" I inquired.

"Oh, yes, I fancy I can tell something of him; for I heard of someone presenting himself, and being refused the *entrée*, so that Master Frank has lost his money. Sit near us, I pray you, at supper. We must take care of the dear aunt for the niece's sake, eh?"

Not seeing the force of this reasoning, I soon separated myself from them, and secured a corner at a side-table. Every supper, on such an occasion as this, is the same scene of soiled white muslin, faded flowers, flushed faces, torn gloves, blushes, blanc-mange, cold chicken, jelly, sponge cakes, spooney young gentlemen doing the attentive, and watchful mammas calculating what precise degree of propinquity in the crush is safe or seasonable for their daughters, to the moustached and unmarried lovers beside them. There are always the same set of gratified elders, like the benchers in King's Inn, marched up to the head of the table, to eat, drink, and be happy—removed from the more profane looks and soft speeches of the younger part of the creation. Then there are the *pollos* of outcasts, younger sons of younger brothers, tutors, governesses, portionless cousins, and curates, all formed in a phalanx round the side-tables, whose primitive habits and simple tastes are evinced by their all eating off the same plate and drinking from nearly the same wineglass—too happy if some better-off acquaintance at the long table invites them to "wine," though the ceremony on their part is limited to the pantomime of drinking. To this miserable *tiers état* I belonged, and bore my fate with unconcern; for, alas! my spirits were depressed and my heart heavy. Lucy's treatment of me was every moment before me,



contrasted with her gay and courteous demeanour to all save myself, and I longed for the moment to get away.

Never had I seen her looking so beautiful: her brilliant eyes were lit with pleasure, and her smile was enchantment itself. What would I not have given for one moment's explanation, as I took my leave for ever!—one brief avowal of my love, my unalterable, devoted love; for which I sought not or expected return, but merely that I might not be forgotten.

Such were my thoughts, when a dialogue quite near me aroused me from my reverie. I was not long in detecting the speakers, who, with their backs turned to us, were seated at the great table, discussing a very liberal allowance of pigeon pie, a flask of champagne standing between them.

"Don't, now! don't, I tell ye; it's little ye know Galway, or ye wouldn't think to make up to me, squeezing my foot."

"Upon my soul, you're an angel, a regular angel. I never saw a woman suit my fancy before."

"Oh, behave now. Father Magrath says ——"

"Who's he?"

"The priest; no less."

"Oh, confound him!"

"Confound Father Magrath, young man?"

"Well, then, Judy, don't be angry; I only meant that a dragoon knows more of these matters than a priest."

"Well, then, I'm not so sure of that. But, anyhow, I'd have you to remember it ain't a Widow Malone you have beside you."

"Never heard of the lady," said Power.

"Sure, it's a song—poor creature—it's a song they made about her in the North Cork, when they were quartered down in our county."

"I wish to heaven you'd sing it."

"What will you give me, then, if I do?"

"Anything—everything—my heart—my life."

"I wouldn't give a trauneeen for all of them. Give me that old green ring on your finger, then."

"It's yours," said Power, placing it gracefully upon Miss Macan's finger; "and now for your promise."

"Maybe my brother might not like it."

"He'd be delighted," said Power; "he dotes on music."

"Does he, now?"

"On my honour, he does."

"Well, mind you get up a good chorus, for the song has one, and here it is."

"Miss Macan's song," said Power, tapping the table with his knife.

"Miss Macan's song!" was re-echoed on all sides; and before the luckless General could interfere she had begun. How to explain the air I know not, for I never heard its name; but at the end of each verse a species of echo followed the last word, that rendered it irresistibly ridiculous.

#### "THE WIDOW MALONE.

"Did ye hear of the Widow Malone,  
Ohone!  
Who lived in the town of Athlone  
Alone?"

Oh! she melted the hearts  
Of the swains in them parts,  
So lovely the Widow Malone.

Ohone!

So lovely the Widow Malone.

"Of lovers she had a full score,  
Or more;  
And fortunes they all had galore,  
In store;

From the minister down  
To the clerk of the crown,  
All were courting the Widow Malone,

Ohone!

All were courting the Widow Malone.

"But so modest was Mrs. Malone,  
'Twas known

No one ever could see her alone,  
Ohone!

Let them ogle and sigh,  
They could ne'er catch her eye,  
So bashful the Widow Malone,  
Ohone!

So bashful the Widow Malone.

"Till one Mister O'Brien from Clare,  
How quare!

It's little for blushin' they care  
Down there;

Put his arm round her waist,  
Gave ten kisses at laste,  
'Oh,' says he, 'you're my Molly Malone,  
My own;

Oh,' says he, 'you're my Molly Malone.'

"And the widow they all thought so shy,

My eye!

Ne'er thought of a simper or sigh,  
For why?

But 'Lucius,' says she,  
'Since you've made now so free,  
You may marry your Mary Malone,  
Ohone!

You may marry your Mary Malone.'

"There's a moral contained in my song,

Not wrong,

And one comfort it's not very long,  
But strong:

If for widows you die,  
Larn to *kiss*, not to *sigh*,  
For they're all like sweet Mistress Malone,  
Ohone!

Oh! they're very like Mistress Malone."

Never did song create such a sensation as Miss Macan's; and, certainly, her desires as to the chorus were followed to the letter, for "The Widow Malone, ohone!" resounded from one end of the table to the other, amid one universal shout of laughter. None could resist the ludicrous effect of her melody; and even poor Sir George, sinking under the disgrace of his relationship, which she had contrived to make public by frequent allusions to her "dear brother, the General," yielded at last, and joined in the mirth around him.

"I insist upon a copy of 'The Widow,' Miss Macan," said Power.

"To be sure; give me a call to-morrow—let me see—about two. Father Magrath won't be at home," with a coquettish look.

"Where, pray, may I pay my respects?"

"No. 22 South Anne-street—very respectable lodgings. I'll write the address in your pocket-book."

Power produced a card and pencil, while Miss Macan wrote a few lines, saying, as she handed it: "There now, don't read it here before the people; they'll think it mighty indelicate in me to make an appointment."

Power pocketed the card, and the next minute Miss Macan's carriage was announced.

Sir George Dashwood, who little flattered himself that his fair guest had any intention of departure, became now most considerably attentive—reminded her of the necessity of muffling against the night air—hoped she would escape cold—and wished her a most cordial good-night, with a promise of seeing her early the following day.

Notwithstanding Power's ambition to engross the attention of the lady, Sir George himself saw her to her carriage, and only returned to the room, as a group was collecting around the gallant captain, to whom he was relating some capital traits of his late conquest—for such he dreamed she was.

"Doubt it who will," said he, "she has invited me to call on her to-morrow—written her address on my card—told me the hour she is certain of being alone. See here!" At these words he pulled forth the card, and handed it to Lechmere.

Scarcely were the eyes of the other thrown upon the writing, when he said, "So, this isn't it, Power."

"To be sure it is, man," said Power. "Anne-street is devilish seedy—but that's the quarter."

"Why, confound it, man," said the other, "there's not a word of that here."

"Read it out," said Power. "Proclaim aloud my victory."

Thus urged, Lechmere read:—

"DEAR P.—Please pay to my credit—and soon, mark ye—the two ponies lost this evening. I have done myself the pleasure of enjoying your ball, kissed the lady, quizzed the papa, and walked into the cunning Fred Power.

"Yours,

"FRANK WEBBER.

"'The Widow Malone, ohone!' is at your service."

Had a thunderbolt fallen at his feet, his astonishment could not have equalled the result of this revelation. He stamped, swore, raved, laughed, and almost went deranged. The joke was soon spread through the room, and from Sir George to poor Lucy, now covered with blushes at her part in the transaction, all was laughter and astonishment.

"Who is he? that is the question," said Sir George, who, with all the ridicule of the affair hanging over him, felt no common relief at the discovery of the imposition.

"A friend of O'Malley's," said Power, delighted, in his defeat, to involve another with himself:

"Indeed," said the General, regarding me with a look of a very mingled cast.

"Quite true, sir," said I, replying to the accusation that his manner implied; "but equally so, that I neither knew of his plot, nor recognised him when here."

"I am perfectly sure of it, my boy," said the General; "and, after all, it was an excellent joke—carried a little too far, it's true; eh, Lucy?"

But Lucy either heard not, or affected not to hear; and, after some little further assurance that he felt not the least annoyed, the General turned to converse with some other friends; while I, burning with indignation against Webber, took a cold farewell of Miss Dashwood, and retired.

## THE KEG OF POTEEN.

### A TALE.

"WELL, not a farden more I'll abate you, Tim; it's too chape you'll be after having it already."

"Come, thin, I suppose I need say no more about it, Larry; so here's the money."

"And here's the receipt, Tim; and here's towards your good health! and I pray that THE STILL may have as good luck with you as it had with me; and, throth! if it has, you'll have small raison to repint your bargain. I'm working that still now, Tim—let me see—going hard on seven years, and not so much as a grasshopper, let alone a gauger, ever thwarted me oncet. It's a mighty looky consarn entirely, Tim."

"Ough! thin, sure it's myself 'll be satisfied if it only thrives half as well with me as it did with you, Larry," answered his companion, "but somehow or other you were fort'nate beyant all I ever seen or heard tell of."

"Bedad! you may say that, and no lie, Tim; and thankful for it I am; I *did* make a purty little penny in it, sure enough. And now, maybe, I won't stock my farm with my hard, honest airnings, and live dacent and respictable for the rest of my born days wid my poor wife and my thirteen little childher: and isn't that a comfort to think of? and, sure, won't

you yourself, Tim, have the same comfort one of these days?"

"Certainly, Larry, I may, at last I hope so; and, sure, your words revives me. Here's your health;—come, fill your glass!"

"No more for me, just now, Tim. I'll bid you good-bye, *a vich*, for I must hurry on to the Hall with the little *keg* that you see here."

"Sure, thin, Larry, it was just about that same *keg* that I was going to spake. Now, I put it to yourself, as it's the last *keg* of all on hands of your own running, tundher-an-ounties! don't you think, now, that in all conscience the laste you can do is to throw it into the bargain to me?"

"Hoot, toot, toot! asy, Tim, asy, Tim, darlint, asy; why *a vich ma chree*, it id be as much as my life is worth to disappoint the 'squire down at Ballyshindy Hall of it, now that he has set his heart upon it; for, you see, as it was he that tuk my *very first* *keg* of all, 'Larry,' says he to me only last Sunday, and we coming out of the chapel afther Mass, 'Larry, your soul!' says he, 'you're giving up business now,' says he, and if you don't bring me the *very last* *keg* of all, bad scran to me,' says he, 'if I won't be the death of you.' Besides, Tim, he's a gentleman, and he's *my* foster brother, and he was always a good friend to me, and I've no doubt he'll be a good friend to you, too, or a good customer, at laste, for he can't do a-thout the dhrink. I'm certain sure he's able to take more poteen whiskey at a sitting nor any other two I ever laid eyes 'pon. And it's he that likes it. Disappoint him!—talk's chape!—I darn't, Tim; so no more about the *keg*."

"Why, in that case, of course——. But, harkee! Larry, I heerd, *accidin'tly*, from one of the boys, that Mac Ullage, the gauger, intended to pay a visit to Ballyshindy—town and parish—this day;—warehawk! that's enough!—good-bye!"

"Good-bye, Tim, and success, *ma bouhil!*" said Larry, as he shook his friend's hand; "never fear for me; not a gauger ever peeled a pratie that Larry O'Leary is not able to *do*."

"Then look out sharp to-day," said his friend, Tim Moran, as he departed to take possession of his newly-purchased *distillery*; while Larry, placing the precious *keg* in a little ass' dray (the occupant of whose shafts had been quietly browsing beside them during the whole of their debate), proceeded to cover all over with a tolerably large load of newly-made heath brooms, which he had provided specially for the purpose.

"It id be cruel hard entirely to be cotched wid the *last* *keg* and all, afther escapin' so long," muttered Larry to himself, as he took the little ass by the head-rein, and led her into the direct road to the famous village of Ballyshindy. "It id be cruel hard entirely," he continued, still musing, as he thought of Tim Moran's words, "mighty hard entirely!—come along, Boes, get along, a-pet;—but no matter, we'll see if I don't blink him yet:" and he and his ass at a quiet pace jogged towards the village where the gauger's hated presence was that day expected.

It is almost superfluous to inform the reader that the opening of the conversation, by which he has

been just edified, is neither more nor less than the clinching of a long and hard (but not dry) bargain between two worthies, in which Mr. Laurence O'Leary, for a sufficient consideration, transfers a contraband still, having already realised for himself a handsome competence by it, to his neighbour, Mr. Timothy Moran; who, fired by his friend's success, determines to tread, a faithful disciple, in the footsteps of so fortunate a master.

But we must return to Larry, who is now within sight of Ballyshindy. Its fine, perfect specimen of the old round towers—its dismantled, but still massive, "Danish" castle—its mouldering and gray abbey walls, with the delicate tracery of their Gothic windows and arches, fondly embraced and supported by green tendrils of ivy—its neat new church—and its thatched cottages mingled with huge elms, in the high tops of which innumerable rooks had taken it into their heads to build their nests—all blushing in the early sunshine, form the perspective of the scene before him.

Important as the buildings which we have just mentioned may appear, still, in Ballyshindy (as in almost every other Irish town and village), THE PORCH was the grand focus of attraction. It is the general mart of all the little gossip and parish scandal that may be afloat. While the sturdy son of Vulcan plies his ponderous trade, his ears are regaled by the variety of questions and solutions interchanged between the groups of idlers, who, attracted by the comfortable climate of the smithy, lounge about either to tell or listen to the news.

Clumsy jests, with, occasionally, a really smart repartee—chuck the halfpenny—and wagers about football, wrestling, and so forth, laid in gallons of porter, or naggins of whiskey, give now and again an agreeable diversity to the conversation and character of the scene. At the time which most immediately concerns our narrative, THE FORGE of Ballyshindy was in full work. Its proprietor, the redoubtable Murtoch O'Malley, was at the anvil in person: nor did it want a few of its usual newsmongers; but, somehow or other, silence seemed just now to be the order of the moment, nods and winks and meaning grins being the only description of stock in which business of any amount was done. Murtoch kept his eyes fixed on his task, and hammered away with a strength that would have been no discredit to a giant; while the brilliant sparkles from the glowing metal flew hissing right and left at every blow that he delivered.

The cause of this reserve was simply that an unusual visitant—and he, too, an unwelcome one—was amongst them. This personage was no other than Mr. Mac Ullage, the gauger, who (true to the information that Tim Moran had received) was about to pay the village and parish of Ballyshindy a consolatory *scator*; finding on the way, however, that his mare had slipped an off fore-shoe, he called a halt at O'Malley's to have it set to rights.

Mac Ullage was a short, thick-set figure, with short, thick arms, short, thick legs, and a very short, thick neck, surmounted by a bullet-head, well

thatched with wiry, close-cut black hair. His eyes were small, quick, dark, and restless; his brows shaggy, and his whole countenance strongly expressive of distrust and low cunning. It was a broad, flat face, of a dull, soapy colour, with the sole exception of the nose, and *that* was a little curiosity in its own way. This feature, in shape, closely resembled a mutton kidney; in colour (or rather colours), it was of a genuine orange at the base, which, by almost imperceptible gradations, like the tints of an evening sky in autumn, or the worsteds in a young lady's sampler at a boarding-school, diverged into a deep vermilion as it approached the tip, which again, "deepening, deepening still," was of a mingled red and indigo hue. The whole formed a most appropriate and unique *setting* to a huge carbuncle of the first water, which ornamented the extreme apex. What peculiar regimen had imparted to his nose this very suspicious appearance Mr. Mac Ullage himself may best explain, and it is not our province to be inquisitive. We may, however, mention (just to laugh at the absurdity of the charge) that rumour whispered him to be *the most inveterate lover of poteen that his own parish (which adjoined that of Ballyshindy) could boast of*. What stories scandal will fabricate! A gauger drink illicit spirits! Pooh! the mere idea is sufficiently ridiculous. The remainder of this important official's portrait is easily disposed of. He wore a sort of half sporting-dress, not unlike that worn by many respectable farmers, and carried about with him a short fowling-piece, as he said himself "to have an odd shot at any chance game that might cross his way;" but, as the neighbours slyly whispered, for "quite and clane another reason he had."

Such was the personage that was now regarded with glances of antipathy and distrust by all present villagers in Murtoch's smithy, *with the exception of one*.

And that *one* was an assistant of our smith's, who, for mere charity's sake, had appointed him to the high office of bellows-blower-in-ordinary to himself. This enviable place-holder, from the exuberant filth in which he allowed his outward man to revel, had gained for himself the appropriate cognomen of Dirty Diarmid.

Poor Diarmid was one of those monstrosities that Nature, when in a cruel or a fantastic mood, sometimes chooses to usher into life. To describe the utter deformity of his person would be impossible. It bore some resemblance to the form of a long-armed but very clumsily-built monkey, save that the shoulders carried an enormous hump; and that the head, which appeared to have been set on rather obliquely, was about five times too large in proportion to the rest of the body. Some considered the dirty one to be a born idiot; others thought him a knave. Perhaps he partook of both characters. He was, however, a sort of privileged favourite, and was welcome to a potato or a herring in any cabin he chanced to drop into; for he sometimes took sudden fits of idleness, and roamed about the country for days together, neglecting the bellows department of his kind patron's establishment entirely. With the

youngsters he was a decided favourite; and well he knew how to confirm himself in their good-will, by robbing for them birds' nests, and making up nose-gays of flowers; in fact, he had but one enemy, or, more properly speaking, he himself was the enemy of but a single individual in the world—and that individual was no other than our hero, Larry O'Leary.

It chanced, on one occasion, that Diarmid had received rather a severe slash of a whip from Larry, who detected him endeavouring, with more than idiotlike indifference, to pry into the interior of certain small parcels, the contents of which their owner seemed most anxious to keep a secret. This blow Dirty Diarmid had never forgiven. No attempts at conciliation, no proffered kindness, no entreaties or fair words could ever mitigate the unmeasured hatred and malice that the deformed creature harboured for the man that had once raised up his hand against him.

The mare's shoe was now nearly set to rights, and Mac Ullage was standing beside the trough of the forge, leaning on his fowling-piece, when, suddenly, and to the surprise of all present, Dirty Diarmid broke silence, and exclaimed, leering up at the gauger with the most indefinable expression of countenance:—

"Ah, thin, does your honour's worship ever thrats yourself to a naggin of the real good poteen?"

At this singular and blunt question of Dirty Diarmid's, a very audible titter ran round the forge. The gauger reddened, and fixing an angry eye on his querist, replied:—

"How dare you put such a question to me, fellow? and me in his majesty's service, and all! Do you know *who* you talk to?" Here he looked round with a dignified air, and taking out a tin snuff-canister from his coat pocket, regaled the nose of which we have already made mention with a most liberal pinch of Lundy Foot's "high toast."

"Oh!" answered Diarmid, nothing awed by the pompous manner of the gauger, "for the matter of that, I know who you are well enough; and the reason I make bould to ask you the question is, that if you *ars* fond of a dhrop of the right sort, there's one coming down the sthreet now that most always has some of it with him for sale."

"Down there, where you are? Who or what's coming down the street? Is it dhramin' you are, or do you pretend you can see through the bricks and morthor of the wall?"

"No, I don't pretend I can *see* him," said Diarmid; "but I know he's comin', for all that. Whisht—listen—don't you hear his cry of *heath brooms*?"

All listened for a moment, and, true to Diarmid's assertion, a very faint and distant cry was just barely audible; but what the sounds were, or who might be the owner of the voice that uttered them, entirely surpassed the auricular powers of the most lynx-eared of the bystanders.

Fierce and exciting passions, it is known, oftentimes give an almost miraculous acumen to the human organ of sound; and on the present occasion the mishapen

idiot's indomitable hatred of the man by whom his feelings had been outraged so whetted his sense of hearing that, amid all the clang of the forge, he was able to identify a voice which, even when it had approached considerably nearer, and, when silence was proclaimed, was perfectly irrecognisable by the others.

"'Pon my conscience, Diarmid *avourneen*, it's yourself that has the sharp lugs; *musha*, maybe you'd be so engaging as to tell us (poor def oratur) who the good body may be that's approachin';—is it a man or a woman, Diarmid?"

"It's the murderin' rascal, Larry O'Leary," shouted Diarmid, angrily, "the infernal poteen hawker."

"Whisht, you thief, of the world, whisht. Don't you know the gauger's by?" whispered Murtoch, who was a friend of Larry's, and was right fond of a glass of good poteen himself.

"O'Leary! I know O'Leary," interposed the gauger, and I always considered him an honest, hard-working man. Can what you just now said be possible, my good friend?" he continued, in an eager and conciliatory tone to Dirty Diarmid; "are you quite certain—I mean, could you enable me to prove, to detect, that is, this——"

"Boo!" interrupted Diarmid, "all myself can prove is this: wherever you see Larry O'Leary you may take your book oath that there's more or less poteen within your gun's length of him."

"Silence, you ugly blagard," whispered Murtoch again, angrily. "Silence, I say, or I'll hit you a lik of the nailrod."

"*He* hit me enough already—I advise you not!" was the dogged reply of Diarmid, as he flounced out of the forge and skulked into the next cabin. Perhaps he feared that Larry's ass might require some dressing about the feet, and that his foe and he should happen to encounter each other face to face—an event to which he always seemed to have a great aversion.

What he had said, however, served to put the gauger completely on the alert; and the mare's shoe being now set all to rights, he busied himself in retightening her girths, which he had slacked during his halt, until Larry and his load of brooms had passed by Murtoch's forge, on their road towards Ballyshindy Hall.

He then mounted, and paced slowly after the object of his suspicions, wisely conjecturing that the business between Larry and him would be transacted much more safely to himself in a lonesome part of the road than in the street of Ballyshindy, where the poteen-vendor (if such he proved to be) would be sure to find friends and backers in all the idlers that their alteration might happen to collect.

Now, in passing through the street of Ballyshindy, poor Larry's demeanour was altogether calculated not a little to confirm the gauger's already aroused suspicions; for, having heard that Mac Ullage was in the forge, he flogged his ass impatiently along the street, hawling, at the top of his voice, "Heath brooms! new heath brooms!" yet without daring to

look one side or the other, and quite regardless of more than one of the townswomen, who, being anxious to make a purchase, ran out into the street and called loudly after him, "Brooms here." They might just as well have remained silent, for Larry still flogged away, and, holding the little animal, dragged it along at a most unnatural pace, in which two of the legs seemed to trot while the other pair performed a sort of canter. This hurried and unaccountable conduct almost convinced Mac Ullage that unfortunate Larry was on a guilty errand. It even occurred to him that the forbidden article might be secreted in the very place where Larry had, as before-mentioned, concealed it, namely, in the little dray, and under the load of brooms. Proud and flattered by his own sagacity in having hit upon this conjecture, he pushed on briskly and overtook the object of his chase just opposite the old walls of Ballyshindy Abbey.

"Good-morrow, O'Leary," he exclaimed, checking his mare beside the little ass car. "Be so good as just to pull up your ass for one moment; I want to have a word with you."

"Ah! then, good-morrow kindly to your honour; it's a fine, elegant day it is for your honour's ride. Get along, Bessy, get along, a-pet," answered poor Larry, terribly frightened, and pretending not to have heard the *tog* to Mac Ullage's salute.

"Do you hear what I say, man?" roared the gauger, leaning from the saddle till his mouth was within a yard of Larry's ear; "stop your ass at once, I have got something of importance to say to you."

There was no resisting this. Mac Ullage's tone and manner were so imperative, Larry was obliged to halt.

"*Musha*," he exclaimed, affecting surprise, "I beg your honour's pardon, over and over, for not attending to you at first; but, you see, the clatter of this little dray on the broken stones half bothers me; and along with that, I'm a little hard o' hearing ever since Wensdy week, when I coch cowl cutting heath for the brooms 'pon the bog's side."

Mac Ullage dismounted, and, slinging his bridle carelessly on one arm, addressed poor Larry with official dignity.

"Larry," said he, "you and I have been always good neighbours, and have often obliged each other, so I must say that I regret that any difference should take place between us. But you know yourself that I'm a man that must do my duty, and me in his majesty's service and all; and so there's no use in going about the bush with it now. In one word, then, I have received information that you are in the habit of vending and hawking about illicit whiskey, and that these brooms are a mere make-believe to cover the contraband commodity."

"Ah, thin," interrupted Larry, "can I believe that my own ears is afther hearing what your honour is afther saying?"

"Mac Ullage, however, without heeding him, continued:—"I really am sorry; but such being the case, I must now demand, in the king's name, to search this lead of brooms."

As he spoke the last words, he drew the ramrod from his gun, and made a pass or two with it through Larry's bundles of heather.—“Ah, ha!” he exclaimed at last, triumphantly, “I can feel it as plain as possible. Hurrah! *it's here, sure enough.*”

Larry felt that he was caught: there was no time for deliberation, but in half a second his resolution was adopted. In a tone, therefore, as calm as Mac Ullage's was excited, he ejaculated. “An' sure, don't I know *it's there?*”

“Oh, you acknowledge it, then?” said the other, still joyously. “In the name of our sovereign lord and master, King George, I seize——”

“Whist, Mr. Mac Ullage, *avick ma chrée, whisht!*” interrupted Larry, “and don't go and make a pair of amadhauns of us both in the middle of the public road, and maybe somebody listening.”

“I don't care who's listening,” said Mac Ullage; “I must do my duty; and so, I say, I seize upon——”

“Seize upon the devil,” again interrupted Larry. “I beg your honour's pardon for swearing; but just let me ax y'rself, Mr. Mac Ullage, in the name of all that's good, where *is* the use of your making a saisure of what's your own property already?”

“Why, O'Leary,” said Mac Ullage, stammering a little at the guilty reminiscence of certain small purchases that he had, with the utmost caution effected, “you—you don't intend—I mean you don't dare to charge me, that's in his majesty's service and all, with being the owner of contraband spirits?”

“Is it *me* that you'd suspect of such a dirty trick?” said Larry, indignantly. “No, but if any other big blagard, like me, was to charge your honour with the like, isn't it myself that id go forward and swear your honour out of it as white as the driven snow.”

“Then, what the mischief do you mean, man?” returned the gauger, recovering his self-possession.

“What do I mane?” said Larry; “sure if you'll only have patience for a minit, I'll tell you all about it; and wouldn't I have tould you all about it before, and wasn't I just clearin' my voice to begin the very first instant that you rid up to me; but, *onnamon-dhiaoul!* how could I tell you when your honour slapped at me all at oncet, without giving me time to cry *credo?* But if your honour, sure, will only listen to raison, I could aisily——”

“Listen to reason! certainly, I'll listen to reason,” answered Mac Ullage. “Let me hear what you've got to say for yourself regarding this unpleasant business.”

“Why, your honour,” said Larry, with well-assumed earnestness, “I'll just up and tell you the whole truth. First, then, you see, when I bought the mouileen heifer from Tim the day afore yesterday, like a dacent boy as he is, and maning very well, I'm sure, and little thinking of the trouble it id bring me into, faicks! I'll own to you, sure enough, he threw the little keg here into the bargain to me as a luck-penny. ‘And what do you intind to do with it, Larry?’ said my wife, says she, that evening. ‘Faicks, Mary,’ says I, ‘I was thinking of making a present of it to the priest.’ ‘Pooh, man,’ says she, ‘where's the use of throwing clane water into the

well; sure the priest gets enough of it,’ says she ‘and it's too much for yourself to keep; but take my advice, Larry,’ says she, ‘and I'll tell you what to do with it. There's Mister Mac Ullage,’ says she, ‘that you're under a many an obligation to;—didn't he lend you the two harrows in last March, and the barrow and the water-truck again in June, and let me ask you what return did you ever make? But now's your time to do the dacent thing; so take the cask tomorrow,’ says she, ‘and fetch it over to Mr. Maó Ullage, and presint it to him with your and my compliments.’ ‘*Liggum lat'té a coilleen ma chrée,*’ says I, for I saw by her manner that to contradict her id be useless, for the women will have their way in spite of a body sometimes, sir. So, by this and by that, myself was on my way to make an offer of it to your honour.”

“But, Larry, they tell me that this is a common practice of yours.”

“Not a *dacent* neighbour ever tould you so; my head to a hapeny it was no other Christian in the 'versal world that tould so thunderin' a lie but Dirty Diarmid at the forge?”

“I admit that he *is* my informant.”

“Didn't I know it; but don't I know, too, that your honour is too much a gentleman to take the word of a gaummouche agin an honest, hard-working man?”

Mac Ullage walked up and down for a moment, as if undecided.

“I think I'm giving him a little blarney of the right sort now,” soliloquised Larry, smiling internally at his own mendacious effrontery.

Mac Ullage scratched the back of his ear with his forefinger. *He was excessively fond of poteen!*

“Larry,” said he, with some hesitation, “damn it, man, if I thought—hem,—I mean, if I was certain that this was a solitary case, and that you really, as you say, intended the—not that I much like the idea of accepting a contraband present, and, indeed, though I do take it, it's only,—ahem,—for fear you might think I was too proud to accept of your proffered kindness;—no such thing, and I'm under obligations to Mrs. O'Leary for remembering me;—so—a—so—come, I *must* overlook your error this once; but take care of me *for the future.* I must do my duty, mind.”

“Mr. Mac Ullage, sir,” said Larry, “whenever we meet *for the future,* I hope you'll just sarch me from the wad of my caubeen to the straw in my brogues, and then your honour will be satisfied whether I'm an honest man or not.”

“Very fair; we had better push on now.”

In an instant the two quadrupeds were sociably jogging along side by side, Larry's little ass going it *non passibus aquis.*

They had now arrived at a *fiork* in the road, one prong of which led on to Ballyshindy Hall, while the other brought you into the next parish, and passed the door of the gauger's domicile. The ass, instinctively, was for the “Hall” side, but Larry, with a strong jerk of rein and smart lash, controlled her inclination. Now, had Mac Ullage not accompanied

Larry, we will not pretend to say whether his course would not have been different. But the truth is, Mac Ullage slightly suspected him, and so he thought it prudent to make sure. This arrangement was a sore disappointment to Larry, who (why disguise the fact?) certainly *did* intend to have broken faith with him. Mac Ullage, however, had determined to prove himself up to trap, and leave no loop-hole for Larry to make his escape; so, trying to conceal his mortification, as well as he might, our hero paced on quietly beside his escort, conversing of the weather, the crops, and such other subjects as the season and state of the country suggested.

They had now advanced within a few yards of the gauger's house, and Mrs. Mac Ullage, who happened to be standing at the door, hemming the border of a new lace cap, was not a little surprised to see her dear Mac returned already. The object of her affection, however, advanced no further, but pulling rein, suddenly addressed O'Leary.

"Well, Larry, I believe all's right now, I see the mistress standing at the door there, and as I have a long ride before me yet, I don't see the use of accompanying you any farther. Here, take this key, and give it to Mrs. Mac Ullage, and tell her I desired you to place the keg beside THE OTHER LITTLE ONE *that's on the oak stillion behind the cellar door.*"

"I will, sir," said Larry, with an expression of face miraculously solemn, "I will, sir," and he took the key. Mac Ullage then, merely pointing with the butt of his fowling-piece at Larry, nodded significantly to his better-half, meaning her to understand thereby that he consigned Larry and his cargo to her care, and then, turning his mare's head, was soon, once more, on his way to Ballyshindy. His pace, at first, was rather slow, and, after proceeding a short distance, he turned about his head and looked back, but seeing Mrs. Mac Ullage and Larry in close conversation, and the latter frequently pointing to the guilty load of brooms, "All's safe," he exclaimed, and setting spurs to his mare, galloped away to visit with vengeance every unlucky wight that his vigilance might detect trespassing on his majesty's sacred rights and privileges.

In this instance, however, he had drawn his conclusion too hastily when he assured himself that "all was safe;" for, as it happened, all was not safe, nor anything like safe either. For Larry no sooner found he had the opportunity than he began to cast, in his own mind, a plan not only to keep his own keg, but even to possess himself of that *other little one* that the gauger mentioned as being *on the stillion behind the door*. Now, Mrs. Mac Ullage, being a lady of rather excitable nerves, was, as we before mentioned, rather surprised at her deary's sudden return; this surprise was considerably increased by that loved one's mysterious "nods and becks," which, to her lively penetration, were perfectly unintelligible; but her astonishment and anxiety to know "what *was* the matter?" reached the very highest pitch possible when she saw her liege lord as suddenly gallop away at a pace that, in her estimation, fully equalled that of John Gilpin through the famous town of Edmon-

ton, from Cowper's authentic history of whose ride she had frequently derived a fund of pleasure and improvement, as which of us has not? Larry was not at all excited, but was very mysterious. Mrs. Mac Ullage could not contain herself; he merely nodded, and pointed frequently to the broom-load.

"My good man—Mr. O'Leary, I mean," she exclaimed, agitatedly, "did you ever—. Goodness gracious *do*, if you can, for heaven's sake, inform me what in the wide world is the matter with Mr. Mac? what *can* be come over him, or where is he off to now, in such a frightful hurry?"

"Ah! sure enough, ma'am," responded Larry, "it's himself that has good reason to be in a hurry."

"Merciful! how you frighten me," exclaimed the lady. "The dear man! I hope nothing unfortunate—nothing dangerous can have—"

Larry, who had been eagerly looking after Mac Ullage, and was now satisfied that there was no likelihood of his sudden return, here interrupted the lady's tender apprehensions.

"Oh, no, no, ma'am," said he, "Don't be afeard, at all, ma'am; there's no danger at all, I'm sartain sure—that is, I *hope* not; provided only we make haste."

"Haste! then why haven't you been quicker, you brute?" screamed the irritable lady, giving way, for the moment, to her passion, and giving way, at the same time, to her fist, which sounded against Larry's lower ribs.

"Why, you see, ma'am, 'twas myself found it all out, and more power to me for that same; but to cum to the pint at wanst, the whole truth is simply this: some dirty big blagard has up, and wint, and gev information of the master for having a drop of something in the house; and, to be sure, in a whiff, officers is despatched to sarch—they are in Ballyshindy now—but by good luck myself got wind of the matter, put the master on his guard, so *he's* gone back to keep *them* in parley while you and I are making all sartain to disappoint the 'ternal villainus. But, *avourneen* (I beg your pardon for the word, ma'am), we haven't a minit to lose; so, *mind my words now*; he desired you to give me the *KEG that's on the oak stillion behind the cellar door, AND HERE'S THE KEY!*"

Mrs. Mac Ullage, whose wits had been, one by one, taking leave of her during Larry's recital, here made a most magnanimous effort to rally her scattered energies; she could speak only in incoherent sentences, it is true, but then she could act—act energetically. Making a sudden rush at Larry, she seized him by the collar of the coat, and led, or rather dragged him along the hall, and down the back stairs, at a pace which considerably hazarded the safety of their pair of necks. In a twinkling the key was turned, the door dashed open, and they at once stood beside the oak stillion and its unlawful burden.

"There it is," she stammered, breathlessly; "did I ever—my poor Mac—what an escape—the odious stuff—goodness me!—joy be with it—mercy, if they surprise us!—how I *am* obliged to you—saved us from disgrace—will we ever be in time?—take it—ah, make haste."

It happened that these admonitions to speed were superfluous on the present occasion, for O'Leary had far more cogent reasons of his own to hasten his movements than any his fair monitress could urge. He spoke not a word; but the keg was under his arm, and he was up the back stairs, and out at the hall-door in a single moment. Being no novice at stowing away an article quickly, a few brooms were misplaced, the keg vanished, and the covering once more adjusted with a dexterity that would have been creditable to a Donnybrook juggler. He then merely touched his hat to the convalescing fair one, who was leaning beside the door, and putting Bess to her fastest gallop, exerted his own legs manfully to keep pace with her. The road he took was a short one, and led directly to Ballyshindy Hall, and, by this route, his journey was nought. The whole distance

was accomplished within half an hour; Ballyshindy Hall was gained; the whiskey was deposited where "day's gaudy eye" had never penetrated; in a word, Larry had triumphed, and, betaking himself to the kitchen, was expeditiously supplied with refreshments, while he wiped the sweat from his brow, and flung himself at ease along the settle. The squire had that day a few friends to entertain; it is needless to say that Larry's keg was welcome, it is doubly needless to say that the gauger's keg was twice as welcome, and it's trebly needless to state, that, after dinner, when Larry, with a hot tumbler of the identical material before him, told the company, in his own humorous way, the circumstances of his *rencontre* with the gauger, that the cheers, laughter, and uproarious merriment of all present, surpassed even anything that Ballyshindy Hall itself had ever shook with.

## THE CAPTURED LEPRAUCHAUN.

THE broad, rubicund face of Tim Daly, the cosey proprietor of the Goat and Churndash, shone out with more than usual brightness on the chill autumn evening to which our present writing refers. And so it well might, for many and merry were the faces that brightened round the cheerful turf fire upon his kitchen hearth, and copious and frequent were the demands for ale, pipes, and poteen.

"Well, boys," said old Shawn O'Toole, the father of the party, "sence it is my turn to tell a story, I'll tell you a thrue one, that'll make yous know a sacret maybe some ov yous never knew afore. Becourse, yous all heered tell one time or another ov a leprauchaun?"

"Certainly," said Ned Ryan; "they are for all the world like a little ould man about two feet high, and they have a bag of goold on their backs, and they must give you the goold if you're only lucky enough to ketch hould ov one of them. But they say they run as fast as the very mischief."

"Nabocklish! Ned, alanna," said old Shawn, with the conscious smile of superior knowledge on his lips, and a dimple of delight in his still rosy cheek that would have become five-and-twenty—"Nabocklish! Ned, alanna, don't b'leeve the half of what you hear. The thieves of the world, even if you cotch one of them, I'll be bound he'd find a way to slink out of the bargain, jist the same as the one that I'm going to tell you about."

"Why, then, musha, now, Shawn, a *vick ma chree*, did you ever raily hear that anybody had the luk to grab one ov them?" said Ned Ryan, who had often entertained secret hopes of catching a leprauchaun himself, and was now sorry to hear that the immunity of the bag of gold could be secured to the fairy by any means whatever.

"Patience a wee wee bit, Ned *a-ohra*; I'm going to tell yous an account of a leprauchaun that was cotch by Paudeen O'Ruark (rest his soul! he and my father were boys together): but he cotechd him in the round paddock at the back of his father's haggard, and he coming home from the patteredn of Tundherinstown one fine moonlight night, about two o'clock in the morning.

"The paddock was *ooshire* at the time, and jist sarved for a run for the little brawn pig, and they let no other baste into it.

"The patteredn was terrible well attinded entirely. Tents pitched on all sides—fiddles playing—pots ov beef biling—dancing—and mutton roasting—and punck' makin in lashings, and hogsheds of porther rowling this-a-way, and that-a-way, and every sort ov divarsion you could mintion going forward.

"But thruth's thruth, and the boord wasn't cleared in a single tent there that day for a nater or claner boy than poor Paudeen—sorrow one ov them could cover the buckle like him—and maybe the girls didn't smile on him, and maybe his own sweetheart wasn't proud of him.

"Then, sure, he ran the fastest in the sack race, and when not a man among them could get more than about two fathom up the long post, Paudeen clambered straight up to the tiptop of it, and brought down the leg o' mutton and turnips in a whiff, and sent them straight home to his mother, for fear of accidents, and a rattlin' fine Sunday dinner they made for the family that week.

"Well, sure, they were all so pleasant that they niver thought how time went; and, sure enough, it was purty late when Paudeen started for home.

"Whether he had a drop in his head or no I can't



say, but Paudeen mistuk his way slightly, so that it was nigh two o'clock, but a darlint moonlight morning, when he leaped the ditch into the *coohire* paddock, and then his mind was asy, for he considered himself at home; so he stuk his hands into his breeches pockets, and sauntered slowly along the grip o' the fence up towards the stump of the ould oak tree that Fin-ma-Coul (they say) cut down for a walking-stick. All of a suddent, something or another put it into his head to stop, and stop he did. First he looked down on the airth, musing like, and then he looked up at the purty stars; but when he tuk his eyes down again, what the blazes did he see sitting on a goold and velvet cushion but a leprauchaun, sure enough, leering up at him, quite cute and crabbed, smoking a purty little dudeen of his own.

"Save you, Paudeen," says the leprauchaun.

"Save you kindly," says Paudeen.

"Why don't you stand steady?" says the leprauchaun.

"Keep a civil tongue in your head," says Paudeen; 'it's yourself that's rocking on your sait, and not me that's unsteady,' and at that the leprauchaun laughed hearty.

"Those that win may laugh," says Paudeen, nettled a little. 'May I ax what's in that bag at your back?'

"Ay—money," says the leprauchaun.

"Then let us have a fair race for it," says Paudeen.

"'Liggum lathe!' (as you like) says the leprauchaun, jumping up and cutting three capers, for all the world like a young goat.

"Paudeen made a grab for the velvet cushion, but sorrow a hapurth he caught but an old fairy mushroom.

"I'll be with you directly," says Paudeen.

"'Liggum lathe,' says the leprauchaun; and, at that, away they both started like the very wind, as fast as their legs could carry them—the leprauchaun ahead and Paudeen hot foot after him.

"Five times round and round the paddock they went, at a rate of going the like of what never was seen or hard tell of before or coense.

"The sight of Paudeen's eyes was half laving him

when he pursaived that the thieving leprauchaun had twisted the tail of his coat up till it was for all the world like a pig's tail.

"Oh! is that the way with you?" says Paudeen. 'I often cotch a pig itself by the tail, just thia-aways;' and with that he made a desperate grab, and saized the leprauchaun by the tail, but it slipped through his fist just as if it was soaped.

"Bad scran to you!" says Paudeen, and round and round they wint again and again. But Paudeen, cute enough, while they were running, stooped suddenly and snatched up a fine wisp of coorse grass, and lined his fist with it (just as you would if you were going to saize hould of a bully big eel, and then he pushed on afther the leprauchaun very fast entirely.

"Here's at you, your sowl you!" shouted Paudeen, hurling himself desperately forward, and, sure enough, saizing the tail again, but, at the same time, dashing both their heads together agin Fin-ma-Coul's stump.

"Oh, murdher! murdher!" shouted poor Paudeen, 'I'm knocked speechless, but don't think I'll let you escape, for all that; it's myself that has a grip like a vice.' And sure enough he did hould a tight hould; but a sort of a swound like came over him, during all which he never relaxed his grip the laste:

"But when he woke out of it, *wirrasthrue!* what was Paudeen's surprise to find himself, at ten o'clock, with the bright, blessed sun shining on him, and he lying beside Fin-ma-Coul's stump, and houlding the poor little brawn pig fast by the tail. The crathur lay quite quiet and panting, for it was tired trying to escape.

"But how he kem there instead of the leprauchaun Paudeen never could explain; for he swore he never relaxed his hand, and he had th' identical wad of grass untoesicated in his fist that he saized the deluding vagabone with the night afore. But at any-rate, the leprauchaun was gone, and Paudeen had no bag of goold; and that shows yous, boys, that a man may catch a leprauchaun and be just as poor as if he didn't.

"That's my story. Here's towards your good health, boys."

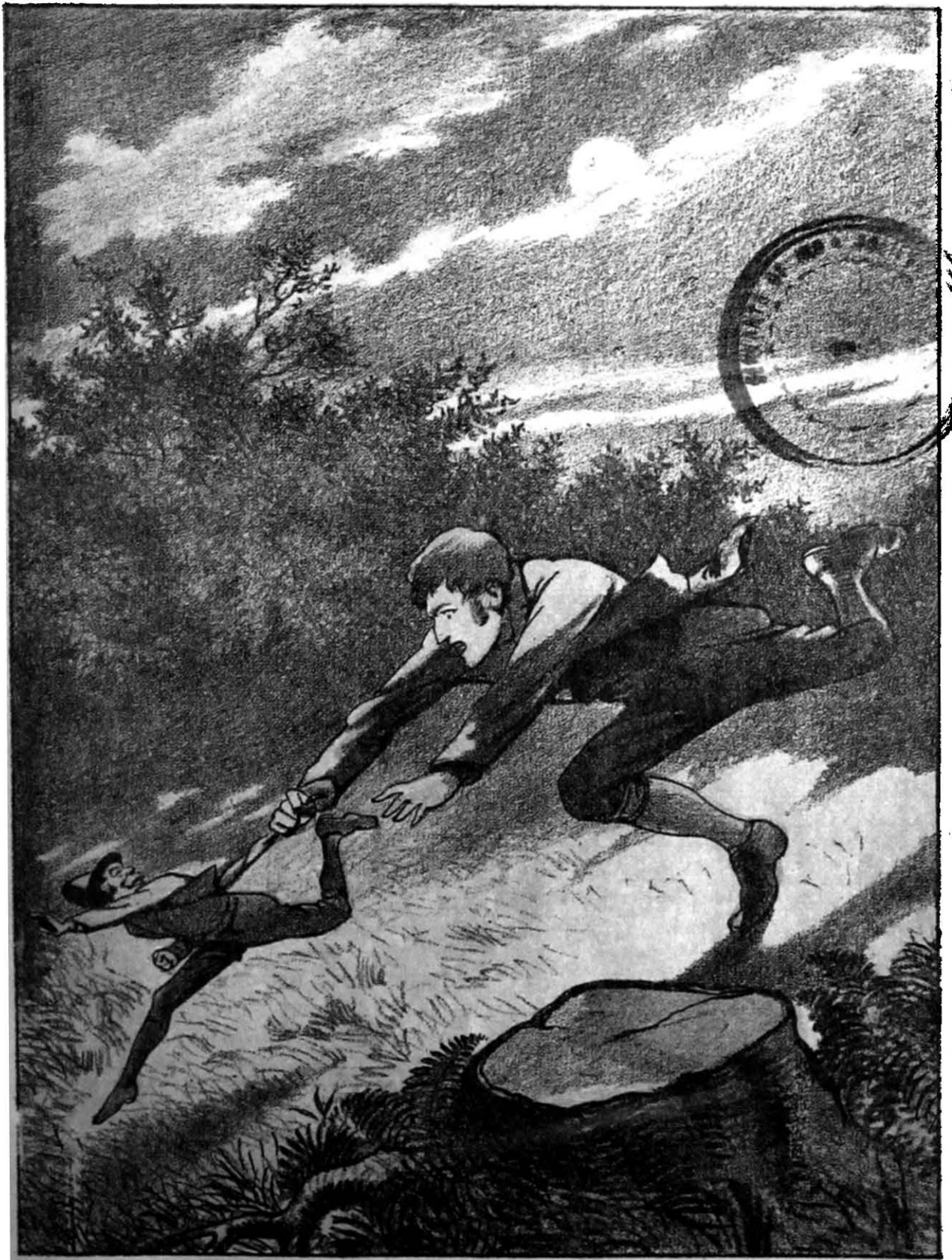
## AN IRISH WAKE.

BY WILLIAM CARLETON.

"I TOLD YOU," said Tom, "that the news of Larry M'Farland's death spread over all the country in less than no time. Accordingly, in the coorse of the day, his relations began to come to the place; but, anyway, messengers had been sent especially for them.

"The squire very kindly lent sheets for him to be

laid out in, and mould-candlesticks to hould the lights; and, God He knows, 'twas a grievous sight to see the father stretched there, and his little orphans about him; the gorsoons—them that had sense enough to know their loss—breaking their hearts, the crathurs, and so hoarse that they weren't able to cry or spake. But, indeed, it was worse to



CATCHING A LEPRAUCHAUN (SEE PAGE 166)

see the two young things going over, and wanting to get across to waken their daddy, poor desolite childher!

"When the corpse was washed and dressed it looked uncommonly well, consitherin', and his friends and neighbours knelt down round him, and offered up a Pather and Ave apiece for the good of his sowl. When this was done, they all raised the keene, stooping over him at a half bend, clapping their hands, and praising him, as far as they could say anything good of him.

"After the first keening, the friends and neighbours took their seats about the corpse. In a short time whiskey, pipes, snuff, and tobacco came, and everyone about the place got a glass and a fresh pipe. Tom, when he held his glass in his hand, looking at his dead brother, filled up to the eyes, and couldn't for some time get out a word; at last, when he was able to spake, 'Poor Larry,' says he, 'you're lying there low before me, and many a happy day we spint with one another. When we were childher,' said he, 'turning to the rest, 'we were never asunder; he was oulder nor me by two years, and can I ever forget the leathering he gave Dick Rafferty long ago for hitting me with the rotten egg—although Dick was a great dale bigger than either of us. God knows, although you didn't thrive in life, as you might and could have done, there wasn't a more neighbourly or friendly man in the parish. Larry, acushla, your health, and may God Almighty have marcy on your sowl.'

"After this, the neighbours began to flock in more generally. When any relation of the corpse would come, as soon, you see, as they'd get inside the door, whether man or woman, they'd raise the shout of a keene, and all the people about the dead would begin along with them, stooping over him and clapping their hands as before.

"Well, I said it's it that was the merry wake, and that was only the thruth, neighbours. As soon as night came, all the young boys and girls from the country-side about flocked to it in scores. In a short time the house was crowded; and maybe there wasn't laughing, and story-telling, and singing, and smoking, and drinking, and crying—all going on, *heltter skeltter*, together. When they'd be all in full chorus this-a-way, maybe some new friend or relation, that wasn't there before, would come in, and raise the keene. Of coorse, the youngsters would then keep quiet; and if the person coming in was from the one neighbourhood with any of them that were so merry, as soon as he'd raise the shout, the merry folks would rise up, begin to pelt their hands together, and cry along with him till their eyes would be as red as a ferret's. That once over, they'd be down again at the songs, and divarsion, and divilment, just as if nothing of the kind had taken place. The other would then shake hands with the friends of the corpse, get a glass or two and a pipe, and in a few minutes be as merry as the best of them.

"Well, as I was telling you, there was great sport going on. In one corner you might see a knot of ould men sitting together, talking over ould times—

ghost stories, fairy tales, or the great Rebellion of '98. There they'd sit smoking, their faces quite plased with the pleasure of the pipe, amusing themselves and a crowd of people that would be listening to them with open mouth. Or, it's odds, but there would be some droll young fellow among them, taking a *rise* out of them; and, positively, he'd often find them able enough for him, particularly ould Ned Mangin, that wanted at the time only four years of a hundred. The Lord be good to him, and rest his sowl in glory, it's he that was the pleasant ould man, and could tell a story with anyone that ever got up.

"In another corner there was a different set, bent on some piece of divilment of their own. The boys would be sure to get beside their sweethearts, anyhow; and if there was a purty girl, as you may set it down there was, it's there the skroodging, and the pushing, and the shoving, and, sometimes, the knocking down itself would be, about seeing who'd get her. There's ould Katty Duffy, that's now as crooked as the hind leg of a dog, and it's herself was then as straight as a rush and as blooming as a rose—Lord bless us, what an alteration time makes upon the strongest and fairest of us!—it's she that was the purty girl that night, and it's myself that gave Frank M'Shane, that's still alive to acknowledge it, the broad of his back upon the flure when he thought to pull her off my knee. The very gorseons and girshas were coorting away among themselves, and learning one another to smoke in the dark corners. But all this took place in the corpse-house, before ten or eleven o'clock at night; after that time the house got too throng entirely, and couldn't hold the half of them; so, by jing, off we set, maning all the youngsters of us, both boys and girls, out to Tom's barn, that was *red\** up for us, there to commence the plays. When we were gone the ould people had more room, and they moved about on the sates we had left them. In the manetime, lashings of tobacco and snuff, cut in platefulls, and piles of fresh new pipes, were laid on the table for any man that wished to use them.

"When we got to the barn, it's then we *took our pumps off†* in arnest—by the hokey, such sport you never saw. The first play we began was *Hot-loaf*, and maybe there wasn't skelping then. It was the two parishee of Errigle-Keeran an' Errigle-Truagh against one another. There was the Slip from Althadhawan, for Errigle-Truagh, against Pat M'Ardle, that had married Lanty Gorman's daughter of Cargagh, for Errigle-Keeran. The way they play it is this:—Two young men out of each parish go out upon the flure; one of them stands up, then bends himself, sir, at a half bend, placing his left hand behind on the back part of his ham, keeping it there to receive what it's to get. Well, there he stands, and the other, coming behind him, places his left foot out before him, doubles up the cuff of his coat, to give his hand and wrist freedom: he then rises his right arm, coming down with the heel of his hand upon

\* Cleared up—set in order.

† Threw aside all restraint.

the other fellow's palm, under him, with full force. By jing, it's the devil's own divarsion, for you might as well get a stroke of a sledge as a blow from one of them able, hard-working fellows, with hands upon them like limestone. When the fellow that's down gets it hot and heavy, the man that struck him stands bent in his place, and some friend of the other comes down upon him, and pays him for what the other fellow got.

"In this way they take it, turn about, one out of each parish, till it's over; for, I believe, if they were to pelt one another *since*,\* that they'd never give up. Bless my soul, but it was terrible to hear the strokes that the Slip and Pat M'Ardle did give that night.

"The next play they went to was the *Sitting Brogue*. This is played by a ring of them, sitting down upon the bare ground, keeping their knees up. A shoemaker's leather apron is then got, or a good stout brogue, and sent round under their knees. In the manetime, one stands in the middle, and after the brogue is sent round, he is to catch it as soon as he can. While he stands there, of coorse, his back must be to someone, and accordingly those that are behind him thump him right and left with the brogue, while he, all the time, is striving to catch it. Whoever he catches this brogue with must stand up in his place, while he sits down where the other had been, and then the play goes on as before.

"There's another play called the *Standing Brogue*, where one man gets a brogue of the same kind, and another stands up facing him with his hands locked together, forming an arch turned upside down. The man that holds the brogue then strikes him with it betune the hands; and even the smartest fellow receives several pelts before he is able to close his hands and catch it; but when he does, he becomes brogue-man, and one of the opposite party stands for him until he catches it. The same thing is gone through, from one to another, on each side, until it is over.

"The next is *Frimsey Framsey*, and is played in this manner:—A chair or stool is placed in the middle of the flure, and the man who manages the play sits down upon it, and calls his sweetheart, or the prettiest girl in the house. She, accordingly, comes forward, and must kiss him. He then rises up, and she sits down. 'Come now,' he says, 'fair maid—*Frimsey Framsey*, who's your fancy?' She then calls him she likes best, and when the young man she calls comes over and kisses her, he then takes her place, and calls another girl—and so on, smacking away for a couple of hours. Well, it's no wonder that Ireland's full of people, for I believe they do nothing but court from the time they're the hoith of my leg. I dunna is it true, as I hear Captain Sloethorn's steward say, that the Englishwomen are so fond of Irishmen?"

"To be sure it is," said Shane Fadh; "don't I remember, myself, when Mr. Fowler went to England—and he as fine-looking a young man at the time as ever got into a saddle:—he was riding up the

street of London one day, and his servant after him—and, by the same token, he was a thousand pound worse than nothing; but no matter for that, you see luck was before him—what do you think, but a rich-dressed livery servant came out, and stopping the squire's man, axed whose servant he was.

"'Why, thin,' says Ned Magavran, who was his body servant at the time, 'bad luck to you, you spalpeen, what a question do you ax, and you have eyes in your head!' says he—'hard feeding to you!' says he, 'you vagabone, don't you see I'm my master's?'"

"The Englishman laughed. 'I know that, Paddy,' says he—for they call us all Paddies in England, as if we had only the one name among us, the thieves—but I wish to know his name,' says the Englishman.

"'You do!' says Ned; 'and by the powers,' says he, 'but you must first tell me which side of the head you'd wish to hear it an.'

"'Oh, as for that,' says the Englishman, not up to him, you see, 'I don't care much, Paddy, only let me hear it, and where he lives.'

"'Just keep your ground then,' says Ned, 'till I light off this blood horse of mine'—he was an ould garron that was fattened up, not worth forty shillings—'this blood horse of mine,' says Ned, 'and I'll tell you.'

"So down he gets, and lays the Englishman sprawling in the channel.

"'Take that, you vagabone,' says he, 'and it'll larn you to call people by their right names agin; I was christened as well as you, you spalpeen!'"

"All this time the lady was looking out of the windy, breaking her heart laughing at Ned and the servant; but, behold, she knew a thing or two, it seems; for, instead of sending a man, at all at all, what does she do but sends her own maid, a very purty girl, who comes up to Ned, putting the same question to him.

"'What's his name, avourneen?' says Ned, melting, to be sure, at the sight of her. 'Why, then, darling, who could refuse you anything? But, you jewel, by the hokey, you must bribe me, or I'm dumb,' says he.

"'How could I bribe you?' says she, with a sly smile—for Ned himself was a well-looking young fellow at the time.

"'I'll show you that,' says Ned, 'if you tell me where you live; but, for fraid you'd forget it—with them two lips of your own, my darling.'

"'There in that great house,' says the maid; 'my mistress is one of the beautifulest and richest young ladies in London, and she wishes to know where your master could be heard of.'

"'Is that the house?' says Ned, pointing to it.

"'Exactly,' says she; 'that's it.'

"'Well, acushla,' says he, 'you've a purty and an innocent-looking face; but I'm tould there's many a trap in London well baited. Just only run over while I'm looking at you, and let me see that purty face of yours smiling at me out of the windy that that young lady is peeping at us from.'

"'This she had to do.

"'My master,' thought Ned, while she was away,

\* From that hour to this.

'will aasily find out what kind of a house it is, anyhow, if that be it.'

"In a short time he saw her in the windy, and Ned then gave her a sign to come down to him.

"My master,' says he, 'never was afeard to show his face, or tell his name to anyone—he's a Squire Fowler,' says he—'a sarjunt-major in a great militia regiment; he shot five men in his time, and there's not a gentleman in the country he lives in that dare say Boo to his blanket. And now, what's your own name,' says Ned, 'you flattering little blackguard, you?'

"My name's Betty Cunningham,' says she.

"And next—what's your mistress's, mydarling?'

"There it is,' says she, handing him a card.

"Very well,' says Ned, the thief, looking at it with a great air, making as if he could read; 'this will just do, a *colleen bawn*.'

"Do you read in your country with the wrong side of the print up?" says she.

"Up or down,' says Ned, 'it's all one to us in Ireland; but, anyhow, I'm left-handed, you deluder!'

"The upshot of it was that her mistress turned out to be a great *hairess*, and a great beauty, and she and Fowler got married in less than a month. So, you see, it's true enough that the Englishwomen are fond of Irishmen," says Shane; "but, Tom, with submission for stopping you, go on with your wake."

"The next play, then, is *Marrying* —"

"Hooch!" says Andy Morrow, "why, all their plays are about kissing and marrying, and the like of that."

"Surely, and they are, sir," says Tom.

"It's all the nathur of the baste," says Alick.

"The next is marrying. A bouchal puts an ould dark coat on him, and if he can borrow a wig from any of the ould men in the wake-house, why, well and good, he's the liker his work—this is the priest: he takes and drives all the young men out of the house, and shuts the door upon them, so that they can't get in till he lets them. He then ranges the girls all beside one another, and going to the first, makes her name him she wishes to be her husband; this she does, of coorse, and the priest lugs him in, shutting the door upon the rest. He then pronounces a funny marriage sarvice of his own between them, and the husband smacks her first, and then the priest. Well, these two are married, and he places his wife upon his knee, for fraid of taking up too much room, *you persave*: there they coort away again—and why shouldn't they? The priest then goes to the next, and makes her name her husband; this is complied with, and he is brought in after the same manner, but no one else till they're called: he is then married, and kisses his wife, and the priest kisses her after him; and so they're all married.

"But if you'd see them that don't chance to be called at all, the figure they cut—slipping into some dark corner, to avoid the mobbing they get from the priest and the others. When they're all united, they must each sing a song—man and wife, according as they sit; or if they can't sing, or get someone to do

it for them, they're divorced. But the priest himself usually lirts for anyone that's not able to give a verse. You see, Mr. Morrow, there's always in the neighbourhood some droll fellow that takes all these things upon him, and if he happens to be absent, the wake would be quite dull."

"Well," said Andy Morrow, "have you any more of their sports, Tom?"

"Ay, have I—one of the best and pleasantest you heard yet."

"I hope there's no coorting in it," says Nancy; "God knows we're tired of their kissing and marrying."

"Were you always so?" says Ned, across the fire to her.

"Behave yourself, Ned," says she; "don't you make me spake; sure you were set down as the greatest Brine-oge that ever was known in the parish, for such things."

"No, but don't you make *me* spake," replies Ned.

"Here, Biddy," said Nancy, "bring that uncle of yours another pint; that's what he wants most at the present time, I'm thinking."

Biddy, accordingly, complied with this.

"Don't make *me* spake," continued Ned.

"Come, Ned," she replied, "you've a fresh pint now; so drink it, and give no more *gosther*."\*

"Your health," says Ned, putting the pint to his head, and winking slyly at the rest.

"Ay, wink!—in throth I'll be up to you for that, Ned," says Nancy; by no means satisfied that Ned should enter into particulars. "Well, Tom," said she, diverting the conversation, "go on, and give us the remainder of your wake."

"Well," says Tom, "the next play is in the military line. You see, Mr. Morrow, the man that leads the sports places them all on their sates—gets from some of the girls a white handkerchief, which he ties round his hat, as you would tie a piece of mourning; he then walks round two or three times, singing—

"Will you list and come with me, fair maid?  
Will you list and come with me, fair maid?  
Will you list and come with me, fair maid?  
And folly the lad with the white cockade?"

"When he sings this, he takes off his hat, and puts it on the head of the girl he likes best, who rises up and puts her arms round him, and then they both go about in the same way, singing the same words. She then puts the hat on some young man, who gets up, and goes round with them, singing as before. He next puts it on the girl he loves best, who, after singing and going round in the same manner, puts it on another, and he on his sweetheart, and so on. This is called the *White Cockade*. When it's all over, that is, when every young man has pitched upon the girl that he wishes to be his sweetheart, they sit down, and sing songs, and coort, as they did at the marrying. After this comes the *Weds or Forfaits*, or what they call Putting round the Button. Everyone gives in a forfeit—the boys a

pocket handkerchief or a penknife, and the girls a neck handkerchief or something that way. The forfeit is held over them, and each of them stoops in turn. They are then compelled to command the person that owns that forfeit to sing a song—to kiss such and such a girl—or to carry some ould man, with his legs about their neck, three times round the house, and this last is always great fun. Or, maybe, a young upsetting fellow will be sent to kiss some toothless, slaving ould woman, just to punish him; or, if a young woman is any way saucy, she'll have to kiss some ould withered fellow, his tongue hanging with age halfway down his chin, and the tobacco water trickling from each corner of his mouth.

“By jingo, many a time, when the friends of the corpse would be breaking their very hearts with grief and affliction, I have seen them obligated to laugh out, in spite of themselves, at the drollery of the priest, with his ould black coat and wig upon him; and when the laughing fit would be over, to see them rocking themselves again with the sorrow—so sad. The best man for managing such sports in this neighbourhood, for many a year, was Roger M'Conn, that lives up as you go to the mountains. You wouldn't begrudge to go ten miles, the coldest winter night that ever blew, to see and hear Roger.

“There's another play, that they call *the Priest of the Parish*, which is remarkably pleasant. One of the boys gets a wig upon himself, as before, goes out on the flure, places the boys in a row, calls one his *Man Jack*, and says to each, ‘What will you be?’ One answers, ‘I'll be *black cap*,’ another ‘*red cap*,’ and so on. He then says, ‘The priest of the parish has lost his considering cap—some say this, and some say that, but I say my man Jack!’ Man Jack, then, to put it off himself, says, ‘Is it me, sir?’ ‘Yes, you, sir!’ ‘You lie, sir!’ ‘Who then, sir?’ ‘Black Cap!’ If Black Cap, then, doesn't say, ‘Is it me, sir?’ before the priest has time to call him, he must put his hand on his ham, and get a pelt of the brogue. A body must be supple with the tongue in it.

“After this comes one they call *Horns*, or the *Painter*. A droll fellow gets a lump of soot or lamp-black, and after fixing a ring of the boys and girls about him, he lays his two forefingers on his knees and says, ‘Horns, horns, cow horns!’ and then raises his fingers by a jerk up above his head; the boys and girls in the ring then do the same thing, for the meaning of the play is this:—the man with the black'ning *always* raises his fingers every time he names an animal; but if he names any that has *no* horns, and that the others jerk up their fingers then, they must get a stroke over the face with the soot.

Horns, horns, goat horns!—then he ups with his fingers like lightning; they must all do the same, bekase a goat *has* horns. ‘Horns, horns, horse horns!’—he ups with them again, but the boys and girls ought not, bekase a horse has *not* horns; however, anyone who raises *them* gets a slake. So that it all comes to this:—Anyona, you see, that lifts his fingers when an animal is named that has *no* horns, or anyone that does not raise them when a baste is

mentioned that *has* horns, will get a mark. It's a purty game, and requires a keen eye and a quick hand; and, maybe, there's not fun in straiiking the soot over the purty, warm, rosy cheeks of the colleens, while their eyes are dancing with delight in their heads, and their sweet breath comes over so pleasant about one's face, the darlings!

“There's another game they call *The Silly Ould Man*, that's played this way:—A ring of the boys and girls is made on the flure—boy and girl about—houlding one another by their hands; well and good, a young fellow gets into the middle of the ring, as ‘the silly ould man.’ There he stands looking at all the girls to choose a wife, and, in the mane-time, the youngsters of the ring sing out—

“Here's a silly ould man that lies alone,  
That lies all alone,  
That lies all alone;  
Here's a silly ould man that lies all alone,  
He wants a wife, and he can get none.”

“When the boys and girls sing this, the silly ould man must choose a wife from some of the colleens belonging to the ring. Having made choice of her, she goes into the ring along with him, and they all sing out—

“Now, young couple, you're married together.  
You're married together,  
You're married together,  
You must obey your father and mother.  
And love one another like sister and brother—  
I pray, young couple, you'll kiss together!”

“And you may be sure this part of the marriage is not missed, anyway.”

“I doubt,” said Andy Morrow, “that good can't come of so much kissing, marrying, and *coorting*.”

The narrator twisted his mouth knowingly, and gave a significant groan.

“*Be dhe huath* (hould your tongue), Mister Morrow,” said he. “Biddy, avourneen,” he continued, addressing Biddy and Beasy, “and Bessy, alannah, just take a friend's advice, and never mind going to wakes; to be sure there's plinty of fun and divarsion at such places, but—healths *apiece*!” putting the pint to his lips, “and that's all I say about it.”

“Right enough, Tom,” observed Shane Fadh; “sure most of the matches are planned at them, and, I may say, most of the *runaways* too—poor young foolish crathura, going off, and getting themselves married; then bringing small, helpless families upon their hands, without money or manes to begin the world with, and afterwards likely to eat one another out of the face for their folly. However, there's no putting ould heads upon young shoulders, and I doubt, except the wakes are stopped altogether, that it'll be the ould case still.”

“I never remember being at a cuntry wake,” said Andy Morrow. “How is everything laid out in the house?”

“Sure it's to you I'm telling the whole story, Mr. Morrow: these thieves about me here know all about it as well as I do. The house, eh? Why, you see,

the corpse was stretched, washed, and laid out. There were long deal boards, with their ends upon two stools, laid over the body; the boards were covered with a white sheet got at the big house, so the corpse wasn't to be seen. On these, again, were placed large mould candles, plates of cut tobacco, pipes, and snuff, and so on. Sometimes corpses are waked in a bed, with their faces visible: when that is the case, white sheets and crosses are pinned up about the bed, except in the front; but when they're under board, a set of ould women sit smoking and rocking themselves from side to side, quite sorrowful—these are *keeners*—friends or relations; and when everyone connected with the dead comes in, they raise the *keen*, like a *song* of sorrow, wailing and clapping their hands.

"The furniture is mostly removed, and sates made round the walls, where the neighbours sit smoking, chatting, and goshtering. The best of aiting and dhrinking that they can afford is provided; and, indeed, there is generally open house, for it's

unknown how people injure themselves by their kindness and waste at christ'nings, weddings, and wakes.

"In regard to poor Larry's wake we had all this, and more at it; for, as I observed awhile ago, the man had made himself no friends when he was living, and the neighbours gave a loose to all kinds of divilment when he was dead. Although there's no man would be guilty of any disrespect where the dead are; yet, when a person has led a good life, and conducted themselves dacently and honestly, the young people of the neighbourhood show their respect by going through their little plays and divar-sions quieter and with less noise, lest they may give any offence; but, as I said, whenever the person didn't live as they ought to do, there's no stop to their noise and rollokin.

"When it drew near morning, everyone of us took his sweetheart, and after convoying her home, went to our own houses, to get a little sleep. So that was the end of poor Larry McFarland."

## THE MONKS OF THE SCREW.

(FROM "JACK HINTON."\*)

BY CHARLES LEVER.

"THANK you, my lord, thank you," said O'Grady, as he turned away. "I'll be answerable for my friend. Now, Hinton," whispered he, as he leaned his hand upon my shoulder and leant over me, "we're in luck to-night, at all events, for I have just got permission to bring you with me where I am to spend the evening—it's no small favour, if you knew but all; so finish your wine, for my friends there are moving already."

All my endeavours to ascertain where we were going, or to whose house, were in vain; the only thing I could learn was, that my admission was a prodigious favour—while, to satisfy my scruples about dress, he informed me that no change of costume was necessary.

"I perceive," said O'Grady, as he drew the curtain and looked out into the street, "the night is fine and starlight, so what say you if we walk? I must tell you, however, our place of rendezvous is somewhat distant."

Agreeing to the proposition with pleasure, I took his arm, and we sallied forth together. Our way led at first through a most crowded and frequented part of the capital. We traversed Dame-street, passed

by the Castle, and ascended a steep street beyond it; after this we took a turning to the left, and entered a part of the city, to me, at least, utterly unknown; for about half an hour we continued to wander on, now to the right, now to the left, the streets becoming gradually narrower, less frequented, and less lighted; the shops were all closed, and few persons stirred in the remote thoroughfares.

"I fear I must have made a mistake," said O'Grady, "endeavouring to take a short cut;—but here comes a watchman.—I say, is this Kevin-street?"

"No, sir; the second turning to your right brings you into it."

"Kevin-street!" said I, repeating the name half aloud to myself.

"Yes, Jack, so it is called; but all your ingenuity will prove too little in discovering whither you are going; so, come along—leave time to tell you, what guessing never will."

By this time we arrived at the street in question, when very soon after O'Grady called out:

"All right—here we are!"

With these words, he knocked three times in a peculiar manner at the door of a large and gloomy-looking

\* By permission of the Publishers.

house. An ill-trimmed lamp threw a faint and flickering light upon the old and ruined building, and I could trace here and there, through all the wreck of time, some remnants of a better day. The windows now, however, were broken in several places, those on the lower story being defended on the outside by a strong iron railing. Not a gleam of light shone through any one of them; but a darkness unrelieved, save by the yellow gleam of the street lamp, enveloped the entire building. O'Grady's summons was twice repeated ere there seemed any chance of its being replied to, when at last the step of a heavy foot descending the stairs announced the approach of someone. While I continued my survey of the house O'Grady never spoke, and, perceiving that he made a mystery of our visit, I resolved to ask no further questions, but patiently await the result; my impression, however, was that the place was the resort either of thieves or of some illegal association, of which more than one, at that time, were known to have their meetings in the capital. While I was thus occupied in my conjectures, and wondering within myself how O'Grady had become acquainted with his friends, the door opened, and a diminutive, mean-looking old man, shading the candle with his hand, stood at the entrance.

"Good evening, Mickey," cried O'Grady, as he brushed by him into the hall. "Are they come?"

"Yes, captain," said the little man, as, snuffing the long wick with his fingers, he held the light up to O'Grady's face. "Yes, captain, about fifteen."

"This gentleman's with me;—come along, Jack;—he is my friend, Mickey.

"Oh, I can't do it by no means, Mister Phil," said the dwarf, opposing himself as a barrier to my entrance; "you know what they said the last night;" here he strained himself on his toes, and as O'Grady stooped down, whispered some words I couldn't catch, while he continued aloud: "and you know after that, captain, I daren't do it."

"I tell you, you old fool, I've arranged it all; so get along there, and, show us the light up these confounded stairs. I suppose they never mended the hole on the lobby?"

"Throth, they didn't," growled the dwarf; "and it would be chaper for them nor breaking their shins every night."

I followed O'Grady up the stairs, which creaked and bent beneath us at every step; the handrail, broken in many places, swung to and fro with every motion of the stair, and the walls, covered with green and damp mould, looked the very picture of misery and decay. Still grumbling at the breach of order incurred by my admission, the old man shuffled along, wheezing, coughing, and cursing between times, till at length we reached the landing-place, where the hole of which I heard them speak permitted a view of the hall beneath. Stepping across this, we entered a large room lighted by a lamp upon the chimney-piece; around the walls were hung a variety of what appeared to be cloaks of a lightish drab colour, while over each hung a small skull-cap of yellow-leather.

"Don't you hear the knocking below, Mickey? There's some one at the door," said O'Grady.

The little man left the room, and as we were now alone, I expected some explanation from my friend as to the place we were in, and the people who frequented it. Not so, however; Phil merely detached one of the cloaks from its peg, and proceeded to invest himself in its folds; he placed the skull-cap on his head, after which, covering the whole with a hood, he fastened the garment around his waist with a girdle of rope, and stood before me, the perfect picture of a monk of St. Benedict, as we see them represented in old pictures; the only irregularity of costume being, that instead of a rosary, the string from his girdle supported a corkscrew and a horn spoon of most portentous proportions.

"Come, my son," said he, reverently, "indue thy garment;" so saying, he proceeded to clothe me in a similar manner, after which he took a patient survey of me for a few seconds. "You'll do very well; wear the hood well forward; and mark me, Jack, I've one direction to give you—never speak a word, not a syllable, so long as you remain in the house; if spoken to, cross your arms thus upon your breast and bow your head in this manner. Try that—perfectly—you have your lesson; now, don't forget it."

O'Grady now, with his arms crossed upon his bosom, and his head bent slightly forward, walked slowly forth, with a solemn gravity well befitting his costume. Imitating him as well as I was able, I followed him up the stairs. On reaching the second landing, he tapped twice with his knuckles at a low door, whose pointed arch and iron grating were made to represent the postern of a convent.

"*Benedicite*," said Phil, in a low tone.

"*Et tu quoque, frater*," responded someone from within, and the door was opened. Saluting a venerable-looking figure, who, with a long gray beard, bowed devoutly as we passed, we entered an apartment where, so sudden was the change from what I had hitherto seen, I could scarcely trust my eyes. A comfortable, well-carpeted room, with curtained windows, cushioned chairs, and, not least inviting of all, a blazing fire of wood upon the hearth, were objects I was little prepared for; but I had little time to note them, my attention being directed with more curiosity to the living occupants of this strange dwelling. Some fifteen or sixteen persons, costumed like ourselves, either walked up and down engaged in conversation, or sat in little groups around the fire. Card-tables there were in different parts of the room, but only one was occupied. At this a party of reverend fathers were busily occupied at whist.

In the corner next the fire, seated in a large chair of carved oak, was a figure, whose air and bearing bespoke authority; the only difference in his costume from the others being a large embroidered corkscrew, which he wore on his left shoulder.

"Holy Prior, your blessing," said Phil, bowing obsequiously before him.

"You have it, my son; much good may it do you," responded the Superior, in a voice which, somehow or other, seemed not perfectly new to me.



While O'Grady engaged in a whispered conversation with the prior, I turned my eyes towards a large framed paper which hung above the chimney. It ran thus: "Rules and Regulations to be observed in the Monastery of the venerable and pious brothers, the Monks of the Screw." Conceiving it scarcely delicate in a stranger to read over the regulations of a society of which he was not a member, I was turning away, when O'Grady, seizing me by the arm, whispered, "Remember your lesson;" then added aloud, "Holy father, this is the lay brother of whom I spoke. The prior bowed formally, and extended his hands towards me with a gesture of benediction.

"*Accipe benedictionem*—"

"Supper, by the Lord Harry!" cried a jolly voice behind me, and at the same moment a general movement was made by the whole party.

The prior now didn't wait to conclude his oration; but, tucking up his garments, put himself at the head of the procession, which had formed two-and-two in order of march. At the same moment two fiddles from the supper-room, after a slight prelude, struck up the anthem of the Order, which was the popular melody of "The night before Larry was stretched!"

Marching in measured tread we entered the supper-room, when, once having made the circuit of the table, at a flourish of the fiddles we assumed our places, the superior seating himself at the head in a chair of state, slightly elevated above the rest. A short Latin grace, which I was unfortunate enough not to catch, being said, the work of eating began; and certainly whatever might have been the feats of the friars of old when the bell summoned them to the refectory, their humble followers, the Monks of the Screw, did them no discredit. A profusion of dishes covered the table; and although the entire service was of wood, and the whole "equipage" of the most plain and simple description, yet the cookery was admirable, and the wines perfection itself. While the supper proceeded, scarcely a word was spoken. By the skilful exercise of signs, with which they all seemed familiar, roast ducks, lobsters, veal pies, and jellies flew from hand to hand; the decanters also paraded up and down the table with an alacrity and despatch I had seldom seen equalled. Still the pious brethren maintained a taciturn demeanour that would have done credit to La Trappe itself. As for me, my astonishment and curiosity increased every moment. What could they be? What could they mean? There was something too farcical about it all to suppose that any political society or any dangerous association could be concealed under such a garb; and if mere conviviality and good-fellowship were meant, their unbroken silence and grave demeanour struck me as a most singular mode of promoting either.

Supper at length concluded, the dishes were removed by two humble brethren of the Order, dressed in a species of gray serge; after which, marching to a solemn tune, another monk appeared, bearing a huge earthenware bowl brimful of steaming punch; at least, so the odour and the floating lemons bespoke it. Each brother was now provided with a

small, quaint-looking pipkin; after which the domestics withdrew, leaving us in silence as before. For about a second or two this continued, when suddenly the fiddles gave a loud twang, and each monk, springing to his legs, threw back his cowl, and, bowing to the superior, reseated himself. So sudden was the action, so unexpected the effect, for a moment or two I believed it a dream. What was my surprise, what my amazement, that this den of thieves, this hoard of burglars, this secret council of rebels, was nothing more nor less than an assemblage of nearly all the first men of the day in Ireland! And as my eye ran rapidly over the party, here I could see the Chief Baron, with a venerable dignity of St. Patrick's on his right; there was the Attorney-General; there the Provost of Trinity College; lower down, with his skull-cap set jauntily on one side, was Wellesley Pole, the Secretary of State, Yelverton, Day, Plunket, Parsons, Toler; in a word, all those whose names were a guarantee for everything that was brilliant, witty and amusing, were there; while, conspicuous among the rest, the prior himself was no other than John Philpot Curran! Scarcely was my rapid survey of the party completed, when the superior, filling his pipkin from the ample bowl before him, rose to give the health of the Order. Alas me! that time should have so sapped my memory: I can but give my impression of what I heard.

The speech, which lasted about ten minutes, was a kind of burlesque on speeches from the throne, describing in formal phrase the prosperous state of their institution, its amicable foreign relations, the flourishing condition of its finances—brother Yelverton having paid in the two-and-sixpence he owed for above two years; concluding all with the hope that, by a rigid economy—part of which consisted in limiting John Toler to ten pipkins—they would soon be enabled to carry into effect the proposed works on the frontier, and expend the sum of four shillings and ninepence in the repair of the lobby; winding up all with a glowing eulogium on monastic institutions in general, he concluded with recommending to their special devotion and unanimous cheers "The Monks of the Screw." Never, certainly, did men compensate for their previous silence better than the worthy brethren in question. Cheering with an energy I never heard the like of, each man finished his pipkin with just voice enough left to call for the song of the Order.

Motioning with his hand to the fiddlers to begin, the prior cleared his throat, and, to the simple but touching melody they had marched in to supper, sang the following chant:

#### GOOD LUCK TO THE FRIARS OF OLD.

"Of all trades that flourished of old,  
Before men knew reading and writing,  
The friars' was best, I am told,  
If one wasn't much given to fighting;  
For, rent free, you lived at your ease—  
You had neither to work nor to labour—  
You might eat of whatever you please,  
For the prog was supplied by your neighbour.  
Oh, good luck to the friars of old!

"Your dress was convenient and cheap—  
A loose robe like this I am wearing;  
It was pleasant to eat in or sleep,  
And never much given to tearing.  
Not tightened nor squeezed in the least—  
How of modern days you might shame us!  
With a small bit of cord round your waist—  
With what vigour you'd chant the *Oremus*!  
Oh, good luck to the friars of old!"

"What miracles then, too, you made,  
The fame to this hour is lasting;  
But the strangest of all, it is said,  
You grew mighty fat upon fasting!  
And though strictly forbid to touch wine,  
How the fact all your glory enhances!  
You well knew the taste of the vine—  
Some miraculous gift of St. Francis!  
Oh, good luck to the friars of old!"

"To trace an example so meek,  
And repress all our carnal desires,  
We mount two pair stairs every week,  
And put on the garment of friars;  
And our Order itself is as old—  
The oldest between me and you, sir;  
For King David, they say, was enrolled,  
And a capital Monk of the Screw, sir!  
So, good luck to the friars of old!"

The song over, and another cheer given to the Brethren of the Screw, the pipkins were replenished, and the conversation, so long pent up, burst forth in all its plenitude. Nothing but fun, nothing but wit, nothing but merriment was heard on either side. Here were not only all the bright spirits of the day, but they were met by appointment; they came prepared for the combat, armed for the fight; and certainly never was such a joust of wit and brilliancy. Good stories rained around; jests, repartees, and epigrams flew like lightning; and one had but time to catch some sparkling gem as it glittered, ere another and another succeeded.

But even already I grow impatient with myself while I speak of these things. How poor, how vapid, and how meagre is the effort to recall the wit that set the table in a roar! Not only is the memory wanting, but how can one convey the incessant roll of fun, the hailstorm of pleasantry, that rattled about our ears; each good thing that was uttered ever suggesting something still better; the brightest fancy and the most glowing imagination stimulated to their utmost exercise; while powers of voice, of look, and of mimicry unequalled, lent all their aid to the scene.

While I sat entranced and delighted with all I saw and all I heard, I had not remarked that O'Grady had been addressing the chair for some time previous.

"Reverend brother," replied the prior, "the prayer of thy petition is inadmissible. The fourth rule of our faith says, *de confessione*. No subject, mirthful, witty, or jocosely known to, or by, any member of the Order, shall be withheld from the brotherhood, under a penalty of the heaviest kind. And it goes on to say, that whether the jest involves your father or your mother, your wife, your sister, or the aunt from whom you expect a legacy, no ex-

ception can be made. What you then look for is clearly impossible; make a clean breast of it, and begin."

This being a question of order, a silence was soon established, when, what was my horror to find that Phil O'Grady began the whole narrative of my mother's letter on the subject of the Rooneys!—not limiting himself, however, to the meagre document in question, but colouring the story with all the force of his imagination, he displayed to the brethren the ludicrous extremes of character personated by the London fine lady and the Dublin attorney's wife! Shocked as I was at first, he had not proceeded far, when I was forced to join the laughter; the whole table pounced upon the story; the Rooneys were well known to them all; and the idea of poor Paul, who dispensed his hospitalities with a princely hand, having his mansion degraded to the character of a chop-house, almost convulsed them with laughter.

"I am going over to London next week," said Parsons, "with old Lambert; and if I thought I should meet this Lady Charlotte Hinton, I'd certainly contrive to have him presented to her as Mr. Paul Rooney."

This observation created a diversion in favour of my lady-mother, to which I had the satisfaction of listening, without the power to check.

"She has," said Dawson, "most admirable and original views about Ireland; and were it only for the fact of calling on the Rooneys for their bill, deserves our gratitude. I humbly move, therefore, that we drink to the health of our worthy sister, Lady Charlotte Hinton."

The next moment found me hip, hiping, in derision, to my mother's health, the only consolation being that I was escaping unnoticed and unknown.

"Well, Barrington, the duke was delighted with your corps; nothing could be more soldier-like than their appearance as they marched past."

"Ah, the attorneys', isn't it?—the Devil's Own, as Curran calls them."

"Yes, and remarkably well they looked. I say, Parsons, you heard what poor Rooney said, when Sir Charles Asgill read aloud the general order, complimenting them. 'May I beg, Sir Charles,' said he, 'to ask if the document in your hand be an attested copy?'"

"Capital, faith! By-the-by, what's the reason, can anyone tell me, Paul has never invited me to dine for the last two years?"

"Indeed!" said Curran; "then your chance is a bad one, for the statute of limitations is clearly against you."

"Ah, Kellar, the Rooneys have cut all their low acquaintances, and your prospects look very gloomy. You know what took place between Paul and Lord Manners?"

"No, Barrington; let's hear it, by all means."

"Paul had met him at Kinnegad, where both had stopped to change horses. 'A glass of sherry, my lord?' quoth Paul, with a most insinuating look.

"'No, sir, thank you,' was the distant reply.

"'A bowl of gravy, then, my lord,' rejoined he.

“ ‘Pray excuse me,’ more coldly than before.

“ ‘Maybe a chop and a crisped potato would tempt your lordship.’

“ ‘Neither, sir, I assure you.’

“ ‘Nor a glass of egg-flip?’ repeated Paul, in an accent bordering on despair.

“ ‘Nor even the egg-flip,’ rejoined his lordship, in the most pompous manner.

“ ‘Then, my lord,’ said Paul, drawing himself up to his full height, and looking him firmly in the face, ‘I’ve only to say, the “onus” is now on you.’ With which he stalked out of the room, leaving the chancellor to his own reflections.”

“ ‘Brethren, the saint!’ cried out the prior, as he rose from the chair.

“ ‘The saint! the saint!’ re-echoed from lip to lip; and at the same moment the door opened, and a monk appeared, bearing a silver image of St. Patrick, about a foot and a half high, which he deposited in the middle of the table, with the utmost reverence. All the monks rose, filling their pipkins, while the junior of the Order, a fat little monk, with spectacles, began the following ditty, in which all the rest joined, with every energy of voice and manner :

“ ‘When St. Patrick our Order created,  
And called us the Monks of the Screw,  
Good rules he revealed to our abbot  
To guide us in what we should do.

“ ‘But first he replenished his fountain  
With liquor the best in the sky,  
And he swore by the word of his saintship  
That fountain should never run dry.

“ ‘My children, be chaste, till you’re tempted,  
While sober, be wise and discreet;  
And humble your bodies with fasting  
Whene’er you’ve nothing to eat.

“ ‘Then be not a glass in the convent,  
Except on a festival found;  
And this rule to enforce, I ordain it  
A festival all the year round.”

A hip, hip, hurrah! that made the very saint totter on his legs, shook the room; and once more the reverend fathers reseated themselves to resume their labours.

Again the conversation flowed on in its broader channel, and scarcely was the laughter caused by one anecdote at an end when another succeeded; the strangest feature of all this being, that he who related the story was, in almost every instance, less the source of amusement to the party than they who, listening to the recital, threw a hundred varied lights upon it, making even the tamest imaginable adventure the origin of innumerable ludicrous situations and absurd fancies. Besides all this, there were characteristic differences in the powers of the party, which deprived the display of any trace or appearance of sameness: the epigrammatic terseness and nicety of Curran, the jovial good humour and mellow raucousness of Lawrence Parsons, the happy facility of converting all before him into a pun or a repartee so eminently possessed by Toler, and, perhaps, more striking than all, the caustic irony and

piercing sarcasm of Yelverton’s wit, relieved and displayed each other; each man’s talent having only so much of rivalry as to excite opposition and give interest to the combat, yet never by any accident originating a particle of animosity, or even eliciting a shade of passing irritation.

With what pleasure could I continue to recount the stories, the songs, the sayings I listened to. With what satisfaction do I yet look back upon the brilliant scene, nearly all the actors in which have since risen to high rank and eminence in the country. How often, too, in their bright career, when I have heard the warm praise of the world bestowed upon their triumphs and their successes, has my memory carried me back to that glorious night when, with hearts untrammelled by care, high in hope, and higher in ambition, these bright spirits sported in all the wanton exuberance of their genius, scattering with profusion the rich ore of their talent, careless of the depths to which the mine should be shafted hereafter. Yes, it is true there were giants in those days! However much one may be disposed to look upon the eulogist of the past as one whose fancy is more ardent than his memory is tenacious, yet, with respect to this, there is no denial of the fact, that great convivial gifts, great conversational power, no longer exist as they did some thirty or forty years ago. I speak more particularly of the country where I passed my youth—of Ireland; and who that remembers those names I have mentioned—who that can recall the fascination and charm which almost every dinner-party of the day could boast—who that can bring to mind the brilliancy of Curran, the impetuous power of Plunket, or the elegance of manner and classical perfection of wit that made Burke the Cicero of his nation—who, I say, with all these things before his memory, can venture to compare the society of that period with the present? No, no; the gray hairs that mingle with our brown may convict us of being a prejudiced witness, but we would call into court everyone whose testimony is available, and confidently await the verdict.

“ ‘And so they ran away,’ said the prior, turning towards a tall, gaunt-looking monk, who, with a hollow voice and solemn manner, was recording the singular disappearance of the militia regiment he commanded, on the morning they were to embark for England. “ ‘The story we heard,’ resumed the prior, “ ‘was, that when drawn up in the Fifteen Acres, one of the light company caught sight of a hare, and flung his musket at it. The grenadiers followed the example, and that then the whole battalion broke loose, with a loud yell, and set off in pursuit—”

“ ‘No, sir,’ said the gaunt man, waving his hand to suppress the laughter around him. “ ‘They were assembled on the lighthouse wall, as it might be here, and we told them off by tallies as they marched on board, not perceiving, however, that as fast as they entered the packet on one side they left it on the opposite, there being two jolly-boats in waiting to receive them, and, as it was dusk at the time, the scheme was undetected until the corporal of a flank

company shouted out for them to wait for him, that being his boat. At this time we had fifty men of our four hundred and eighty."

"Ay, ay, holy father," cried the prior, as he helped himself to a devilled bone, "your fellows were like the grilled bone before me: when they were mustered, they would not wait to be peppered."

This sally produced a roar of laughter, not the less hearty that the grim-visaged hero it was addressed to never relaxed a muscle of his face. It was now late, and what between the noise, the wine, and the laughter, my faculties were none of the clearest. Without having drunk much, I felt all the intoxication of liquor, and a whirlwind of confusion in my ideas that almost resembled madness. To this state one part of their proceedings in a great measure contributed; for every now and then, on some signal

from the prior, the whole party would take hands and dance round the table to the measure of an Irish jig, wilder and even more eccentric than their own orgies. Indeed, I think this religious exercise finished me; for, after the third time of its performance, the whole scene became a confused and disturbed mass, and, amid the crash of voices, the ringing of laughter, the tramping of feet, I sank into something which, if not sleep, was at least unconsciousness; and thus is a wet sponge drawn over the immediately succeeding portion of my history.

Some faint recollection I have of terrifying old Corny by my costume; but what the circumstances, or how they happened, I cannot remember. I can only call to mind one act in vindication of my wisdom—I went to bed.

## LITTLE FAIRLY.

BY SAMUEL LOVER.

You see, owld Fairly was a mighty dacent man that lived, as the story goes, out over the back o' the hills beyant there, and was a thrivin' man ever after he married little Shan Ruadh's (Red John's) daughter, and she was little, like her father before her, a daunshee craythur, but mighty cute, and industered a power always, and a fine wife she was to a sthrivin' man, up early and down late, and, shure, if she was doin' nothin' else, the bit iv a stocking was never out iv her hand, and the knittin' needles goin' like mad. Well, sure they thruv like a flag or a bulrush, and the snugest cabin in the country's side was owld Fairly's. And, in due coorse, she brought him a son (throth she lost no time about it either, for she was never given to lotherin') and he was the picthur o' the mother, the little ottomy that he was, as slim as a ferret and as red as a fox, but a hardy craythur. Well, owld Fairly didn't like the thoughts of havin' sitch a bit iv a brat for a son, and, besides, he thought he got on so well and prospered in the world with one wife, that, begor, he detarmined to improve his luck and get another. So with that, he ups and goes to one Doody, who had a big daughter—a wopper, by my sowl; throth, she was the full of a door, and was called by the neighbours *garran more* (big horse), for, in throth, she was a garran; the dirty dhrop was in her—a nasty stag that never done a good turn for anyone but herself, the long-sided jack that she was; but her father had a power o' money, and above a hundher head o' cattle, and divil a chick nor child he had but herself; so that she was a great catch for whoever could get her, as far as the fortin' went; but, throth, the boys did not like the looks iv her, and let herself and her fortin' alone. Well, as I was sayin', owld

Fairly ups and goes to Doody, and puts his *comether* an the girl, and, faix, she was glad to be ax'd, and so matthers were soon settled, and the ind of it was they wor married.

Now, maybe, it's axin' you'd be how he could marry two wives at wanst; but I towld you before it was long ago, in the good owld ancient times, when a man could have plinty of everything. So home he brought the dirty garran, and sorra long was she in the place when she began to breed (arrab, lave off and don't be laughin', now; I don't mane that at all), whin she began to breed *ructions* in the fam'ly and to kick up *antagions* from mornin' till night, and *put betune* owld Fairly and his first wife. Well, she had a son of her own soon, and he was a big boss iv a divil, like his mother—a great, fat lob, that had no life in him at all; and while the little daunshee craythur would laugh in your face and play wid you if you chirrup'd to him, or would amuse himself, the craythur, crawlin' about the flure and playin' wid the sdraws, and atein' the gravel, the jewel—the other bosthoon was roarin' from mornin' till night, barrin' he was crammed wid stir-about and drowned a'moet wid milk. Well, up they grew, and the big chap turned out a *gommoek*, and the little chap was as knowin' as a jailor; and though the big mother was always puttin' up her lob to malthrate and abuse little Fairly, the *dickens* a one but the little chap used to sarcumviut him, and gev him no pace, and led him the life iv a dog wid the cunnin' thricks he played an him. Now, while all the neighbours a'moet loved the ground that litle Fairly throd on, they cudn't abide the garran *more's* foal, good, bad, or indifferent, and many's

the sly *malacoguein*' he got behind a hedge, from one or another, when his father or mother wasn't near to purtect him, for owld Fairly was as great a fool about him as the mother, and would give him his eyes a'most to play marbles, while he didn't care three *'hraneens* for the darlint little chap. And 'twas the one thing as long as he lived; and at last he fell sick, and sure many thought it was a judgment an him for his unnathrel doin's to his own flesh and blood, and the sayin' through the parish was from one and all, "There's owld Fairly is obleeged to take to his bed with the weight of his sins." And, sure enough, off o' that same bed he never riz, but grew weaker and weaker every day, and sint for the priest to make his sowl, the wicked owld sinner, God forgive me for sayin' the word, and, sure, the priest done whatever he could for him; but afther the priest wint away he called his two wives beside his bed, and the two sons, and says he, "I'm goin' to lave yiz now," says he, "and sorry I am," says he, "for I'd rather stay in owld Ireland than go anywhere else," says he, "for a rayson I have—heigh! heigh! heigh!—Oh, murthier, this cough is smotherin' me, so it is. Oh, wurra! wurra! but it's sick and sore I am. Well, come here, yiz both," says he to the women; "you wor good wives both o' ye; I've nothin' to say agin it—(Molly, don't forget the whate is to be winny'd the first fine day)—and ready you wor to make and to mend;—(Judy, there's a hole in the foot of my left stockin')—and——"

"Don't be thinkin' of your footin' here," said little Judy, the knowledgeable craythur, as she was, "but endayvour to make your footin' in heaven," says she, "*mavourneen*."

"Don't put in your prate till you're ax'd," says the owld savage, no ways obleeged that his trusty little owld woman was wantin' to give him a helpin' hand tow'rds puttin' his poor sinful sowl in the way o' glory.

"Lord look down an you!" says she.

"Tuck the blanket round my feet," says he, "for I'm gettin' very cowl'd."

So the big owld hag of a wife tucked the blankets round him.

"Ah, you were always a comfort to me," says owld Fairly.

"Well, remember my son for that same," says she, "for it's time, I think, you'd be dividin' what you have bechuxt us," says she.

"Well, I suppose I must do it at last," says the owld chap, "though—heigh! heigh! heigh! Oh, this thiev'in' cough—it's hard to be obleeged to lave one's hard airins and comforts this a-way," says he, the unfort'nate owld thief, thinkin' o' this world instead of his own poor sinful sowl.

"Come here, big Fairly," says he, "my own bully boy, that's not a starved poor ferret, but worth while lookin' at. I lave you this house," says he.

"Ha!" says the big owld sthrap, makin' a face over the bed at the poor little woman that was cryin', the craythur, although the owld villain was usin' her so bad.

"And I lave you all my farms," says he.

"Ha!" says the big owld sthree again.

"And my farmin' *ingraydients*," says he.

"Ha!" says she again, takin' a pinch o' snuff.

"And all my cattle," says he.

"Did you hear that, ma'am?" says the garran more, stickin' her arms a kimbo, and lookin' as if she was goin' to bate the woman.

"All my cattle," says the owld fellow, "every head," says he, "barrin' one, and that one is for that poor scaldcrow there," says he, "little Fairly."

"And is it only one you lave my poor boy?" says the poor little woman.

"If you say much," says the owld dyin' vagabone, "the divil resave the taste of anything I'll lave him or you," says he.

"Don't say divil, darlin'."

"Howld your prate, I tell you, and listen to me. I say you, little Fairly——"

"Well, daddy?" says the little chap.

"Go over to that corner cupboard," says he, "and in the top shelf," says he, "in the bottom of a crack'd taypot, you'll find a piece of an owld rag, and bring it here to me."

With that little Fairly went to do as he was bid, but he could not reach up so high as the corner cupboard, and he ran into the next room for a stool to stand upon to come at the cracked taypot, and he got the owld piece iv a rag and brought it to his father.

"Open it," says the father.

"I have it open now," says little Fairly.

"What's in it?" says the owld boy.

"Six shillin's in silver and three farthin's," says little Fairly.

"That was your mother's fortune," says the father, "and I'm going to behave like the hoigth of a gentleman, as I am," says he; "and I hope you won't squandher it," says he, "the way that every blackguard now thinks he has a right to squandher any dacent man's money he is heir to," says he, "but be careful of it," says he, "as I was, for I never touched a rap iv it, but let it lay gotherin' in that taypot, ever since the day I got it from Shan Ruadh, the day we sthruck the bargain about Judy, over beyant at the 'Cat and Bagpipes,' comin' from the fair; and I lave you that six shillings, and five stone o' mouldy oats, that's no use to me, and four broken plates, and that three-legged stool you stood upon to get at the cupboard, you poor *nharrough* that you are, an' the two spoons without handles, an' the one cow that's gone back of her milk."

"What use is the cow, daddy," says little Fairly, "widout land to feed her an'?"

"Maybe it's land you want, you pinkeen," says the big brother.

"Right, my bully boy," says the mother, "stand up for your own."

"Well, well," says the owld chap, "I'll tell you what, big Fairly," says he, "you may as well do a dacent turn for the little chap, and give him gras for his cow. I lave you all the land," says he, "but you'll never miss the grass for one cow," says he, "and you'll have the satisfaction of bein' hountiful

to your little brother, bad cess to him for a starved hound as he is."

But to make a long story short, the owld chap soon had the puff out iv him; and when the wake was over, and that they put him out to grass—laid him asleep, snug, with a *daisy quilt over him*—throth, that minit the poor little woman and her *little offspring* was turned out body and bones, and forced to seek shelter any way they could.

Well, little Fairly was a cute chap, and so he made a little snug place out of the back iv a ditch, and wid moss, and rishes, and laves, and brambles, made his owld mother snug enough, until he got a little mud cabin built for her, and the cow gev them milk, and the craythurs got on purty well, until the big dirty vagabone of a brother began to grudge the cow the bit o' grass, and he ups and says to little Fairly one day, "What's the rayson," says he, "your cow does be threspassin' an my fields?" says he.

"Sure, and wasn't it the last dyin' words o' my father to you," says little Fairly, "that you would let me have grass for my cow?"

"I don't remember it," says big Fairly—the dirty naygur, who was put up to all by the garran more, his mother.

"Yiv a short memory," says little Fairly.

"Yis, but I've a long stick," says the big chap, shakin' it at him at the same time, "and I'd rekim-mind you to ke a civil tongue in your head," says he.

"You're mighty ready to bate your little brother; but would you fight your match?" said little Fairly.

"Match or no match," says big Fairly, "I'll brake your bones if you give me more o' your prate," says he; "and I tell you again, don't let your cow be threspassin' an my land, or I warn you that you'll be sorry," and off he went.

Well, little Fairly kept never mindin' him, and brought his cow to graze every day on big Fairly's land: and the big fellow used to come and *hish* her off the land; but the cow was as little and cute as her masher—she was a Kerry cow, and there's a power o' cuteness comes out o' Kerry. Well, as I was sayin', the cow used to go off as *quiet* as a lamb; but the minit the big b'athoon used to turn his back, *whoo!* my jewel, she uad to leap the ditch as clever as a hunter, and back wid her again to graze, and, faix, good use she made of her time, for she got brave and hearty, and gev a power o' milk, though she was goin' back of it shortly before; but there was a blessin' over Fairly, and all belongin' to him, and all that he put his hand to thruv with him. Well, now, I must tell you what big Fairly done—and the dirty turn it was; but the dirt was in him, ever and always, and kind mother it was for him. Well, what did he do but he dug big pits all through the field where little Fairly's cow used to graze, and he covers them up with branches o' threes and sods, makin' it look fair and even, and all as one as the rest of the field, and with that he goes to little Fairly, and says he, "I tould you befora," says he, "not to be sendin' your little blackguard cow to threspas an my fields," says he, "and mind I tell you now, that it won't be

good for her health to let her go there again, for I tell you she'll come to harm, and it's dead she'll be before long."

"Well, she may as well die one way as another," says little Fairly, "for sure if she doesn't get grass she must die, and I tell you again, divil an off your land I'll take my cow."

"Can't you let your dirty cow graze along the road-side?" says big Fairly.

"Why, then, do you think," says little Fairly answering him mighty sharp, "do you think I have so little respect for my father's cow as to turn her out a beggar an the road to get her dinner off the common highway?—throth, I'll do no such thing."

"Well, you'll soon see the end iv it," says big Fairly, and off he wint in great delight, thinkin' how poor little Fairly's cow would be killed. And now wasn't he the dirty, threacherous, black-hearted villain, to take advantage of a poor cow, and lay a thrap for the dumb baste?—but when the dirty dhroy is in, it must come out. Well, poor Fairly sent his cow to graze next mornin', but the poor little darlin' craythur fell into one o' the pits and was kilt; and when little Fairly kem for her in the evenin' there she was cowl and stiff, and all he had to do now was to sing *drimmin dhu dheelish* over her, dhrag her home as well as he could, wid the help of some neighbours that pitied the craythur, and cursed the big bosthoon that done such a treacherous turn.

Well, little Fairly was the fellow to put the best face upon everything; and so, instead of givin' in to fret, and makin' lamentations that would do him no good, bedad he began to think how he could make the best of what happened, and the little craythur sharpened a knife immediately and began to skin the cow, and "anyhow," says he, "the cow is good mate, and my owld mother and me 'll have beef for the winther."

"Thrus for you, little Fairly," said one of the neighbours, who was helpin' him; "and besides, the hide 'll be good to make soles for your brogues for many a long day."

"Oh, I'll do betther with the hide nor that," says little Fairly.

"Why, what betther can you do nor that wid it?" says the neighbour,

"Oh, I know myself," says little Fairly, for he was as cute as a fox, as I said before, and wouldn't tell his saycrets to a stone wall, let alone a companion. And what do you think he done with the hide? Guess, now—throth, I'd let you guess from this to Christmas, and you'd never come inside it. Faix, it was the completest thing ever you heerd. What would you think but he tuk the hide and cut six little holes in partic'lar places he knew av himself, and thin he goes and gets his mother's fortin', the six shillin's I towld you about, and he hides the six shillin's in the six holes, and away he wint to a fair was convenient, about three days afther, where there was a great sight o' people, and a power o' sellin' and buyin', and dhrinkin' and fightin', by coorse, and why not?"

Well, Fairly ups and he goes right into the very



LITTLE FAIRLY AT THE FAIR (SEE PAGE 179)

heart o' the fair, an' he spread out his hide to the greatest advantage, and he began to cry out (and by the same token, though he was little, he had a mighty sharp voice, and could be heard farther nor a bigger man); well, he began to cry out, "Who wants to buy a hide?—the *rals* hide—the owld original goolden cull's hide that kem from furrin parts;—who wants to make their fortin' now?"

"What do you ax for your hide?" says a man to him.

"Oh, I only want a thrifle for it," says Fairly, "seein' I'm distressed for money, at this present writin'," says he; "and by fair or foul manes I must rise the money," says he, "at wanst, for if I could wait, it's not the thrifle I'm axin' now I'd take for the hide."

"Begor, you talk," says the man, "as if the hide was worth the king's ransom; and I'm thinkin' you must have a great want of a few shillin's," says he, "whin the hide is all you have to the fore to dipind an."

"Oh, that's all *you* know about it," says Fairly; "shillin's indeed! begor it's handfuls o' money the hide is worth. Who'll buy a hide?—the rale goolden bull's hide!!!"

"What do you ax for your hide?" says another man.

"Only a hundher guineas," says little Fairly.

"A hundher what?" says the man.

"A hundher guineas," says Fairly.

"Is it takin' lave of your siven small sinses you are?" says the man.

"Why, thin, indeed, I b'lieve I am takin' lave o' my sinses, sure enough," says Fairly, "to sell my hide so chape."

"Chape," says the man; "arrah, thin, listen to the little mad vagabone," says he to the crowd that was gother about by this time, "listen to him askin' a hundher guineas for a hide."

"Ay," says Fairly, "and the well laid out money it'll be to whoever has the luck to buy it. This is none o' your common hides—it's the goolden bull's hide,—the Pope's goolden bull's hide, that kem from furrin parts, and it's a fortune to whoever'll have patience to bate his money out iv it."

"How do you mane?" says a snug owld chap, that was always poachin' about for bargains. "I never heerd of batin' money out of a hide," says he.

"Well, then, I'll show you," says Fairly; "and only I'm distressed for a hundher guineas, that I must have before Monday next," says he, "I wouldn't part wid this hide; for every day in the week you may thrash a fistful o' shillin's out iv it, if you take pains, as you may see." And wid that, my jew'l, he ups wid a cudgel he had in his hand, and he began leatherin' away at the hide; and he hits it *in the place he knew himself*, and out jumped one o' the shillin's he hid there. "Hurroo!" says little Fairly; "darlint you wor, you never desaiwed me yet!" and away he thrashed agin, and out jumped another shillin'. "That's your sort!" says Fairly; "the devil a satch wages any o' yiz ever got for thrashin' as this;"

—and then another whack, and away wid another shillin'.

"Stop, stop!" says the owld cravin' chap, "I'll give you the money for the hide," says he, "if you'll let me see can I bate money out iv it." And wid that he began to thrash the hide, and, by coorse, another shillin' jumped out.

"Oh! it's yourself has the rale twist in your elbow for it," says Fairly; "and I see by that same that you're above the common, and desarvin' o' my favour."

Well, my dear, at the word "*desarvin' o' my favour*," the people that was gother round (for by this time all the fair a'most was there), began to look into the rights o' the thing, and, one and all, they agreed that little Fairly was one o' the "*good people*;" for if he wasn't a fairy, how could he do the like?—and, besides, he was sitch a *dawnshee* craythur they thought what else could he be?—and, says they to themselves, "That owld divil, Mulligan, it's the likes iv him id have the luck iv it; and let alone all his gains in *this* world, and his scrapin' and screwin', and it's the fairies themselves must come to help him, as if he wasn't rich enough before." Well, the owld chap paid down a hundher guineas in hard goold to little Fairly, and off he went wid his bargain.

"The divil do you good wid it," says one, grudgin' it to him.

"What business has he wid a hide?" says another, jealous of the owld fellow's luck.

"Why nat?" says another; "sure he'd shkin a flint any day, and why wouldn't he shkin a cow."

Well, the owld coddger wint home as plased as Punch wid his bargain: and indeed little Fairly had no rayson not to be satisfied, for, in throth, he got a good price for the hide, considherin' the markets wasn't so high then as they are now, by rayson of the staymers, that *makes gentlemin iv the 2<sup>d</sup> s*, sendin' them an their thravels to furrin parts, so that a rasher o' bacon in poor Ireland is gettin' scarce even on a Aisther Sunday.

You may be sure the poor owld mother of little Fairly was proud enough when she seen him tumble out the hard goold an the table forinist her, and "My darlint you wor," says she, "an' how did you come by that sight o' goold?"

"I'll tell you another time," says little Fairly; "but you must set off to my brother's now, and ax him to lind me the loan iv his scales."

"Why, what do you want wid a scales, honey?" says the owld mother.

"Oh! I'll tell you *that* another time, too," says little Fairly; "but be aff now, and don't let the grass grow undher your feet."

Well, off wint the owld woman, and maybe you'd want to know yourself what it was Fairly wanted wid the scales. Why, thin, he only wanted them just for to make big Fairly curious about the matther, that he might play him a thrick, as you'll see by and-by.

Well, the little owld woman wasn't long in bringin' back the scales, and whin she gave them to little Fairly, "There, now," says he, "sit down beside the



fire, and there's a new pipe for you and a quarthen o' tobaccy, that I brought home for you from the fair, and do you make yourself comfortable," says he, "till I come back;" and out he wint and sat down behind a ditch, to watch if big Fairly was comin' to the house, for he thought the curiosity o' the big gommoch and the garra more would make them come down to spy about the place, and see what he wanted wid the scales; and, sure enough, he wasn't there long when he seen them both crassin' a stile hard by, and in he jumped into the gripe o' the ditch, and ran along under the shelter o' the back av it, and whipped into the house, and spread all his goold out an the table, and began to weigh it in the scales.

But he wasn't well in, whin the cord o' the latch was dhrawn, and in marched big Fairly, and the garran more his mother, without "by your lave," or "God save you," for they had no breedin' at all. Well, my jewel, the minit they clapped their eyes an the goold, you'd think the sight id lave their eyes: and, indeed, not only their eyes, let alone, but their tongues in their heads was no use to thim, for the divil a word either o' them could spake for beyant a good five minutes. So, all that time little Fairly kept never mindin' them, but wint an a-weighin' the goold, as busy as a nailor, and at last, when the big brute kem to his speech, "Why, thin," says he, "what's that I see you doin'?" says he.

"Oh, it's only divartin' myself I am," says little Fairly, "thryin' what weight o' goold I got for my goods at the fair," says he.

"Your goods, indeed," says the big chap; "I suppose you robbed some honest man an the road, you little vagabone," says he.

"Oh, I'm too little to rob anyone," says little Fairly, "I'm not a fine big able fellow, *like you, to do that same.*" "Then how did you come by the goold?" says the big savage. "I towld you before, by sellin' my goods," says the little fellow. "Why, what goods have you, you poor, unsigned little brat?" says big Fairly; "you never had anything but your poor beggarly cow, and she's dead."

"Throth, then, she is dead; and, more by token, 'twas yourself done for her complate, anyhow; and I'm behoulden to you that same the longest day I have to live, for it was the makin' o' me. You wor ever and always *the good brother to me*; and never more than whin you killed my cow, for it's the makin' o' me. The divil a rap you see here I'd have had if my cow was alive, for I went to the fair to sell her hide, brakin' my heart to think that it was only a poor hide I had to sell, and wishin' it was a cow was to the fore; but, my dear, when I got there, there was no ind to the demand for hides, and the divil a one, good, bad, or indifferent, was there but my own, and there was any money for hides, and so I got a hundher guineas for it, and there they are."

"Why, then, do you tell me so?" says the big chap.

"Divil a lie in it," says little Fairly, "I got a hundher guineas for the hide. Oh, I wish I had another cow for you to kill for me, throth would I."

"Come home, mother," says big Fairly, without sayin' another word, and away he wint home, and what do you think he done, but he killed every indiydal cow he had, and, "Begor," says he, "it's the rich man I'll be when I get a hundher guineas apiece for all their hides," and accordingly off he wint to the next fair hard by, and he brought a car load o' hides, and began to call out in the fair, "Who wants the hides?—here's the chape hides—only a hundher guineas apiece!"

"Oh, do you hear that vagabone, that has the assurance to come chatin' the country again?" says some people that was convaynient, and that heard o' the doin's at the other fair, and how the man was chated by a *sleeveon* vagabone—"and think of him to have the impudence to come *here*, so nigh the place, to take in us now! But we'll be even wid him," says they; and so they went up to him, and says they to the thievin' rogue, "Honest man," says they, "what's that you have to sell?"

"Hides," says he.

"What do you ax for them?" says they.

"A hundher and ten guineas apiece," says he—for he was a greedy craythur, and thought he never could have enough.

"Why, you riz the price on them since the last time," says they.

"Oh, these are better," says big Fairly; "but I don't mind if I sell them for a hundher apiece, if you give me the money down," says he.

"*You shall be ped on the spot,*" says they, and with that they fell on him and thrashed him like a *shafe*, till they didn't lave a *spark* o' sinse in him, and then they left him sayin', "*Are you ped now, my boy?*—faix, you'll be a warnin' to all rogues for the futhur, how they come to fairs, chatin' honest min out o' their money, wid cock-and-bull stories about their hides; but, in throth, I think your own hide isn't much the better of the tannin' it got to-day; faix, and it was the *rake oak bark* was put to it, and that's the finest tan stuff in the world, and I think it'll sarve you for the rest of your life." And with that they left him for dead.

But you may remark it's harder to kill a dirty noxious craythur than anything good, and so by big Fairly. He contrived to get home, and his vagabone mother sawdhered him up afther a manner, and the minit he was come to his strength at all, he detarmint to be revenged on little Fairly for what he had done, and so off he set to catch him while he'd be at brequest, and he boulted into the cabin wid a murtherin' shillelah in his fist, and "Oh," says he, "you little mischievous miscrayant," says he, "what made you ruienate me by making me kill my cows?" says he.

"Sure, I didn't bid you kill your cows," says little Fairly;—and that was all thrue, for you see *there* was the cuteness o' the little chap, for he didn't bid him kill them, sure enough, but he *let as* in that manner, that deludhered the big fool, and sure divil mend him.

"Yea, you did bid me," says big Fairly, "or all as one as bid me, and I haven't a cow left, and my bones is

bruck all along o' your little jackeen *maneyovers*, you onlooky sprat that you are; but, by this and that, I'll have my revenge o' you now;" and with that he fell an him and was goin' to further poor little Fairly, only he run undher a stool, and kept tigg'in' about from one place to th' other, that the big botch couldn't get a right offer at him, at all at all; and at last the little owld mother got up to put a stop to the ruction; but if she did, my jew'l, it was the onlooky minit for her, for bedad she kem in for a chance tap o' the cudgel that big Fairly was weltin' away with; and, you know, there's an owld sayin', "a chance shot may kill the divil," and why not an owld woman?

Well, that put an end to the *skrimmage*, for the phillilew that little Fairly set up whin he seen his owld mother kilt would ha' waked the dead, and the big chap got frekened himself, and says little Fairly, "Bogor, if there's law to be had," says he, "and I think *I have a chance o' justice, now that I have money to spare*, and if there's law in the land, I'll have you in the body o' the jail afore to-morrow," says he; and wid that the big chap got cowed, and wint off like a dog without his tail, and so poor little Fairly escaped bein' murdered that offer, and was left to cry over his mother: an', indeed, the craythur was sorry enough, and he brought in the neighbours, and gev the owld woman a dacent wake; and there was few pleasanther evenin's that night in the county than the same wake; for Fairly was mighty fond of his mother, and, faix, he done the thing ginteely by her: and good rayson he had, for she was the good mother to him while she was alive, and, bedad, by his own cuteness, he contrived she should be the useful mother to him afther she was dead, too. For what do you think he done? Oh! by the Piper o' Blessintown, you'd never guess, if you wor guessin' from this to Saint Tib's Eve, and that falls neither before nor afther Christmas, we all know. Well, there's no use guessin', so I must tell you. You see the owld mother was a nurse to the squire, that lived hard by, and so, by coorse, she had a footin' in the house any day in the week she pleased, and used often to go over and see the squire's childhre, for she was as fond o' them a'most as if she nursed *them* too; and so what does Fairly do but he carried over the owld mother, stiff as she was, and dhressed in her best, and he stole in, *unknownst*, into the squire's garden, and he propped up the dead owld woman stan'in hard by a well was in the gardin, wid her face forninst the gate, and her back to the well, and wid that he wint into the house, and made out the childhre, and says he, "God save you, Masther Tommy," says he, "God save you, Masther Jimmy, Miss Mutty, an' Miss Molshee," says he, "an' I'm glad to see you well; and sure there's the owld mammy nurse come to see yiz, childhre," says he, "and she's down by the well in the garden, and she has gingerbread for yiz," says he, "and whoever of yiz runs to her first 'ill get the most gingerbread; and I rekimmind yiz to lose no time, but run a race and sthrieve who'll win the gingerbread." Well, my dear, to be sure, off set the young imps, runnin' and screechin', "Hore I am, mammy nurse, here I am;" and they wor brak'in' their necks a'most to see who'd

be there first; and wid that they run with sitch *voylence*, that the first o' thim run whack up agin the poor owld woman's corpse, and thrown it over plump into the middle o' the well. To be sure the childhre was frekened, as well they might, and back agin they ran as fast as they kem, roarin' murther, and they riz the house in no time, and little Fairly was among the first to go see what was the matther (by the way), and he set up a *hullagone*, my jewel, that ud split the heart of a stone; and out kem the squire and his wife, and, "What's the matther?" says they.

"Is it what's the matther?" says Fairly, "don't yiz see my lovely owld mother is dhrowned by these devil's imps o' childhre?" says he. "Oh, Masther Jemmy, is that the way you thrated the poor owld mammy nurse to go dhrownd her like a *rot* afther that manner?"

"Oh, the childhre didn't intind it," said the squire. "I'm sorry for your mother, Fairly, but——"

"But what?" says little Fairly; "sorry!—in throth, and I'll make you sorry; for I'll rise the counthry, or I'll get justice for such an unnath'ral murther; and whoever done it must go to jail, if it was even Miss Molshee herself."

Well the squire did not like the matther to go to that; and so says he, "Oh, I'll make it worth your while to say nothing about it, Fairly; and here's twenty goolden guineas for you," says he.

"Why, thin, do you think me such a poor-blooded craythur as to sell my darlin' owld mother's life for twenty guineas. No, in troth; tho' if you wor to make it fifty I might be talkin' to you."

Well, the squire thought it was a dear morning's work, and that he had very little for his money in a dead owld woman; but sooner than have the childhre get into throuble, and have the matter made a *blowin' horn* of, he gev him the fifty guineas, and the owld mother was dhried and waked over again; so that she had greather respect ped to her than a lord or a lady. So you see what cleverness and a *janius* for cuteness does.

Well, away he wint home afther the owld woman was buried, wid his fifty guineas snug in his pocket; and so he wint to big Fairly's to ax for the loan of the scales once more, and the brother axed him for what? "Oh, it's only a small thrife more o' goold I have," says the little chap, "that I want to weigh."

"Is it *more* goold?" says big Fairly; "why it's a folly to talk; but you must be either a robber or a coiner to come by money so fast."

"Oh, this is only a thrife I kem by at the death o' my mother," says little Fairly.

"Why, bad luck to the rap *she* had to leave you, anyway," says the big chap.

"I didn't say she left me a fortin'," says little Fairly.

"You said you kem by the money by your mother's death," says the big brother.

"Well, an' that's thrue," says the little fellow; "an' I'll tell you how it was. You see afther you killed her, I thought I might as well make the most I could of her; and says I to myself faix, and I had great good luck wid the cow he killed for me, and why wouldn't I get more for my mother nor a cow?

and so away I wint to the town and I offered her to the docthor there, and he was greatly taken wid her; and, bedad, he wouldn't let me lave the house wit'out sellin' her to him; and, faix, he gev me fifty guineas for her."

"Is it fifty guineas for a corpse?"

"It's thruth I'm tellin' you, and was much obleeged into the bargain; and the rayson is, you see, that there's no sitch thing to be had for love or money, as a dead owld woman—there's no killin' them, at all at all; so that a dead owld woman is quite a curiosity."

"Well, there's the scales for you," says big Fairly; and away the little chap wint to weigh his goold (as he let on) as he did before. But what would you think, my dear?—throth, you'll hardly b'lieve me when I tell you. Little Fairly hadn't well turned his back whin the big savage wint into the house where his owld mother was, and tuck up a rapin' hook, and kilt her on the spot, divil a lie in it. Oh, no wondher you look cruked at the thoughts of it; but it's morially thrue; faix, he cut the life out ov her, and he detarmined to turn in his harvist for that same, as soon as he could, and so away he wint to the docthor in the town hard by, where little Fairly towld him he sowld his mother, and he knocked at the door, and walked into the hall with a sack on his shouldher, and settin' down the sack, he said he wanted to spake to the docthor. Well, when the docthor kem, and heard the vagabone talkin' o' fifty guineas for an owld woman, he began to laugh at him; but whin he opened the sack and seen how the poor owld craythur was murdered, he set up a shout, "Oh, you vagabone," says he, "you sack-im-up villain," says he, "you've Burked the woman," says he, "and now you come to rape the fruits o' your murder." Well, the minit big Fairly heerd the word *murder*, and rapin' the reward, he thought the doctor was up to the way of it, and he got frekened; and with that the docthor opened the hall-door and called the watch; but Fairly bruk loose from him, and ran away home; and when once he was gone, *the docthor thought there would be no use in rising a ruction* about it, and so he shut the door and never minded the police. Big Fairly, to be sure, was so frekened, he never cried stop until he got clean outside the town, and with that the first place he wint to was little Fairly's house, and burstin' in the door, he said, in a tarin' passion, "What work is this you have been at now, you onlooky miscrayant?" says he.

"I haven't been at any work," says little Fairly. "See yourself," says he, "*my sleeves is new*," says he, howldin' out the cuffs av his coat to him at the same time to show him.

"Don't think to put me aff that-a-way with your little kimmeens, and your divartin' capers," says the big chap, "for I tell you I'm in ainess, and it's no jokin' matter it 'ill be to you; for, by this an' that, I'll have the life o' you, you little *epidhogus* of an abortion as you are; you made me kill my cows. Don't say a word, for you know it's thrue."

"I never made you kill your cows," says little

Fairly, no ways daunted by the fierce looks o' the big boosthoon.

"Whist, you vagabone!" says the big chap. "You didn't bid me do it out o' the face, in plain words, but you made me insensible."

"Fair, an' that was doin' a wondher," says little Fairly, who couldn't help having the laugh at him, though he was sore afeard.

"Bad luck to you, you little sneerin' vagabone," says the big chap again; "I know what you mane, you long-headed schkamer, that you are; but, by my sowl, your capers 'ill soon be cut short, as you'll see to your cost. But before I kill you I'll show you to your face the villain that you are, and it is no use your endayvourin' to consale your bad manners to me; for if you had a veil as thick as the shield of A—jax, which was made o' siv'n bull hides, it would not sarve for to cover the half o' your inni—quitties."

"Whoo! that's the owld schoolmaster's speech you're puttin' an us now," says little Fairly; "and faith, it's the only thing you iver larned, I b'lieve, from him."

"Yis, I larned how fine a thing it is to bate a little chap less than myself, and you'll see with a blessin' how good a scholar I am at that same; and you desearve it, for I towld you just now before you intherrupted me how you made me kill all my cows (and that was the sore loss), and aafter that, whin you could do no more, you made me kill my mother, and divil a good it done me, but nigh hand got me into the watch-house; so now I'm detarmin't you won't play me any more thricks, for I'll hide you snug in the deepest bog-hole in the Bog of Allen, and if you throuble me aafter that, faix, I think it'll be the wondher;" and with that he made a grab at the little chap, and while you'd be sayin' "thrap stick," he cotch him, and put him body and bones into a sack, and he threwn the sack over the back of a horse was at the door, and away he wint in a tairin' rage, straight for the Bog of Allen. Well, to be sure, he couldn't help stoppin' at a public-house by the roadside, *for he was dhry wid rage*; and he tuk the sack where little Fairly was tied up, and he lifted it aff o' the horse, an' put it standin' up beside the door goin' into the public-house; an' he wasn't well gone in, whin a farmer was comin' by, too, an' he was as dhry wid the dust as ever big Fairly was wid the rage (an' indeed it's wonderfull how aisy it is to make a man dhry); "and so, as he was goin' by, he sthruke agin the sack that little Fairly was in, and little Fairly gev a groan that you'd think kem from the grave; and says he (from inside o' the sack) "God forgive you," says he.

"Who's there?" says the farmer, startin', and no wondher.

"It's me," says little Fairly; "and may the Lord forgive you," says he "for you have disturbed me and I *half-way to heaven*."

"Why, who are you, at all?" says the farmer. "Are you a man?" says he.

"I am a man, now," says little Fairly; "though if you didn't disturb me I'd have been an angel of glory in less than no time," says he.

"How do you make that out, honest man?" says the farmer.

"I can't explain it to you," says little Fairly, "for it's a mystery; but what I tell you is truth," says he, "and I tell you that whoever is in this sack at this present," says he, "is as good as half way to heav'n; and, indeed, I thought I was there a'most, only you sthruck agin me, an' disturbed me."

"An' do you mane for to say," says the farmer, "that whoever is in that sack will go to heaven?"

"Faix, they are on their road there, at all events," says little Fairly; "and if they lose their way it's their own fault."

"Oh, thin," says the farmer, "maybe you'd let me get into the sack along wid you, for to go to heaven too?"

"Oh, the horse that's to bring us *doesn't carry double*," says little Fairly.

"Well, will you let me get into the sack instead of you?" says the farmer.

"Why, thin, do you think I'd let anyone take sitch a dirty advantage o' me as to go to heaven afore me?" says little Fairly.

"Oh, I'll make it worth your while," says the farmer.

"Why, thin, will you ontie the sack," says little Fairly, "and jist let me see who it is that has the impidence to ax me to do the like?" And with that the farmer ontied the sack, and little Fairly popped out his head. "Why, thin, do you think," says he, "that a hangin'-bone-lookin' thief *like you*, has a right to go to heaven afore me?"

"Oh," says the farmer, "I've been a wicked sinner in my time, and I haven't much longer to live; and to tell you the truth, I'd be glad to get to heaven in that sack, if it's thrue what you tell me."

"Why," says little Fairly, "don't you know it is by *sackcloth and ashes* that the faithful see the light o' glory?"

"Thru for you, indeed," says the farmer. "Oh murder, let me get in there, and I'll make it worth your while."

"How do you make that out?" says little Fairly.

"Why, I'll give you five hundher guineas," says the farmer, "and I think that's a power o' money."

"But what's a power o' money compared to heaven?" says little Fairly; "and do you think I'd sell my sowl for five hundher guineas?"

"Well, there's five hundher more in an owld stockin' in the oak box, in the cabin by the crass-roads, at Dhrumenookie, for I am owld Tims o' Dhrumenookie, and you'll inherit all I have, if you consint."

"But what's a thousand guineas compared to heaven?" says little Fairly.

"Well, do you see all them heads o' cattle there?" says the farmer. "I have just dhruv them here from Ballinasloe," says he, "and every head o' cattle you see here shall be yours also, if you let me into that sack that I may go to heaven instead o' you."

"Oh, think o' my poor little sowl!" says Fairly.

"Tut, man," says the farmer, "I've twice as big a sowl as you; and besides I'm owld, and you're young, and I have no time to spare, and you may get absolute aisy, and make your pace in good time."

"Well," says little Fairly, "I feel for you," says he, "an' I'm half inclined to let you overpersuade me to have your will o' me."

"That's a jewel," says the farmer.

"But make haste," says little Fairly, "for I don't know how soon you might get a refusal."

"Let me in at wanst," says the farmer. So, my dear, Fairly got out, and the farmer got in, and the little chap tied him up; and says he to the farmer, "There will be great *norations* made agin you, all the way you're goin' along; and you'll hear o' your sins over and over again, and you'll hear o' things you never done at all," says little Fairly; "but never say a word, or you won't go where I was goin'. Oh! why did I let you persuade me?"

"Lord reward you!" says the poor farmer.

"And your conscience will be sthrekin' you all the time," says little Fairly; "and you'll think a'most it's a stick is sthrekin' you; but you mustn't let an, nor say a word, but pray *inwardly* in the sack."

"I'll not forget," says the farmer.

"Oh! you'll be reminded of it," says Fairly, "for you've a bad conscience, I know; and the seven deadly sins will be goin' your road, and keepin' you company, and every now and then they'll be *puttin their comether* an you, and callin' you 'brother;' but don't let an to know them at all, for they'll be misladin' you, and just do you keep quite (quiet) and *you'll see the end iv it*." Well, just at that minit little Fairly heerd big Fairly comin', and away he run and hid inside iv a churn was dhryin' at the ind o' the house; and big Fairly lifted the sack was standin' at the door, and feelin' it more weighty nor it was before, he said, "Throth, I think you're growin' heavy with grief; but here goes, anyhow," an' with that he hoist it up on the horse's back, an' away he wint to the bog iv Allen.

Now, you see, big Fairly, like every blackguard that has the bad blood in him, the minit he had the sup o' dhrink in, the dirty turn kem out: and so, as he wint along he began to wollop the poor baste, and the sack where his little brother was (as he thought, the big fool), and to gibe and jeer him for his divarshin. But the poor farmer did as little Fairly towld him, an' never a word he said at all, though he could not help roaring out every now and thin, when he felt the soft ind of big Fairly's shillelah across his backbone: and sure the poor fool thought it was his bad conscience and the seven deadly sins was tazin' him; but he wouldn't answer a word for all that, though the big savage was *aggravatin'* him every fut o' the road antil they kem to the bog; and when he had him there, faix, he wasn't long in choosin' a boghole for him—and, my jew'l, in he popped the poor farmer, neck and heels, sack and all; and as the soft stuff and muddy wather closed over him, "I wish you a safe journey to the bottom, young man," says the big brute, grinnin' like a cat

at a cheese; "and as clever a chap as you are, I don't think you'll come back out o' that in a hurry; and it's troubled I was with you long enough, you little go-the-ground schkamer, but I'll have a quiet life for the futhur." And wid that he got up an his horse, and away he wint home; but he had not gone over a mile, or there-away, whin who should he see but little Fairly mounted on the farmer's horse, dhruvin' the biggest dhrove o' black cattle you ever seen; and, bedad, big Fairly grewn as white as a sheet when he clapt his eyes an him; for he thought it was not himself at all was on it, but his ghost; and he was goin' to turn and gallop off, whin little Fairly called out to him to stay, for that he wanted to speak to him. So when he seed it was himself, he wondhered, to be sure, and small blame to him, and says he, "Well, as cute as I know you wor, begor, this last turn o' your's bates Bannagher—and how the divil are you here at all, whin I thought you wor cuttin' turf wid your sharp little nose in the bog of Allen? for I'll take my affidowndavy I put you into the deepest hole in it, head foremost, not half an hour agon."

"Throth, you did, sure enough," says little Fairly, "and you wor ever and always the good brother to me, as I often said before, but bedad you never done rightly for me antil to-day; but you made me up now in airnest."

"How do you mane?" says big Fairly.

"Why, do you see all these cattle here I'm dhruvin'?" says little Fairly.

"Yes, I do; and whose cattle are they?"

"They're all my own, every head o' them."

"An' how did you come by them?"

"Why, you see, when you threwn me into the bog-hole, I felt it mighty cowld at first, and it was mortal dark, and I felt myself goin' down and down, that I thought I'd never stop sinking, and wondhered if there was any bottom to it at all; and at last I began to feel it growin' warm, and pleasant, and light, and whin I kem to the bottom there was the loveliest green field you ever clapped your eyes on, and thousands upon thousands o' cattle feedin', and the grass so heavy that they wor up to their ears in it—it's thruth I'm tellin' you;—oh, divil sitch meadows I ever seen; and when I kem to myself—for indeed I was rather surprised, and I thought it was dhramin' I was—whin I kem to myself, I was welkim'd by a very ginteel-spoken little man, the dawnshiest craythur you ever seen—bedad I'd have made six iv him myself, and says he, 'You're welkim to the undher story o' the Bog iv Allen, Fairly.' 'Thank you kindly, sir,' says I. 'And how is all wid you?' says he. 'Hearty, indeed,' says I. 'And what brought you here?' says he. 'My big brother,' says I. 'That was very good iv him,' says he. 'Thrus for you, sir,' says I. 'He is always doin' me a good turn,' says I. 'Oh, then, he never done you half so good a turn as this,' says he; 'for you'll be the richest man in Ireland soon.' 'Thank you, sir,' says I; 'but I don't see how.' 'Do you see all them cattle grazin' there?' says he. 'To be

sure I do,' says I. 'Well,' says he, 'take as many o' them as your heart desires, and bring them home wid you.' 'Why, sure,' says I, 'how could I get back myself, up out of the boghole, let alone dhraggin' bullocks afther me?' 'Oh,' says he, 'the way is aisy enough, for you have nothin' to do but dhrove them out the back way over there,' says he, pointin' to a gate. And sure enough, my darlint, I got all the bastes you see here, and dhruv them out, and here I'm goin' home wid 'em, and maybe I won't be the rich man;—av coorse I gev the best o' thanks to the little owld man, and gev him the hoighth o' good language for his behavior. And with that says he, 'You may come back again, and take the rest o' them,' says he;—and, faix, sure enough, I'll go back the minit I get these bastes home, and have another turn out o' the boghole."

"Faix, and I'll be beforehand wid you," says big Fairly.

"Oh, but you shan't," says little Fairly; "it was I discovered the place, and why shouldn't I have the benefit of it?"

"You greedy little hound," says the big fellow, "I'll have my share o' them as well as you." And with that he turned about his horse, and away he galloped to the boghole, and the little fellow galloped afther him, purtendin' to be in a desperat fright afeard the other would get there first, and he cried "Stop the robber" afther him; and when he came to the soft place in the bog they both lit, and little Fairly got before the big fellow, and purtended to be makin' for the boghole in a powerful burry, crying out as he passed him, "I'll win the day! I'll win the day!" and the big fellow pulled fut afther him as hard as he could, and hardly a puff left in him, he ran to that degree, and he was afeard that little Fairly would bate him and get all the cattle, and he was wishin' for a gun that he might shoot him, when the cute little divil, just as he kem close to the edge of the boghole, *let an* that his fut slipped and he fell down, cryin' out, "Fair play! fair play!—wait till I rise!" but the words wasn't well out of his mouth when the big fellow kem up. "Oh, the divil a wait," says he, and he made one desperat dart at the boghole, and jumped into the middle of it. "Hurroo!" says little Fairly, gettin' an his legs agin and runnin' over to the edge o' the boghole, and just as he seen the great splaw feet o' the big savage sinkin' into the sludge, he called afther him, and says he, "I say, big Fairly, don't take all the cattle, but lave a thrifle for me. *I'll wait, however, till you come back,*" says the little rogue; laughin' at his own cute conthrivance; "and I think now I'll lade a quiet life," says he; and with that he wint home, and from that day out he grewn richer and richer every day, and was the greatest man in the whole country side; and all the neighbours gev in to him that he was the most knowledgeable man in thim parts; but they all thought it was quare that his name should be *Fairly*, for it was agreed, one and all, *that he was the biggest rogue out, barrin' Balfe the robber.*

## THE CAPTAIN'S STORY.

BY W. H. MAXWELL.

AN! God be with you, old Trinity. Green is your memory, and fondly do I recall the merry days and jovial nights I passed within your honoured precincts. You were then a seat of learning fit for a prince, and, take you all in all, a pattern for colleges at large. In many a stiff hurling-match and heavy drink have I shared with as true Corinthians as ever slept upon the guard-bed of a watch-house, or tossed a bailiff in a blanket. Companions of my youth—where are they now? Stretched beneath the sword of some half-forgotten field, or gone to their account by the certain, though less sudden, maladies, to which the flesh is heir.

My father was a true Milesian. He had a long pedigree and a light purse, for hounds and horses were "the spoil" of him. He lived as a gentleman should live, and died after a grand-jury dinner, drinking Baron Botherem to a stand-still, although the worthy justice could carry off his fourth bottle, and sentence a malefactor next morning as steadily as a Christian judge should do.

Two sons blest my father's bed, of whom the younger was my unworthy self. We were both destined for professions, and Father Prendergast was our preceptor. Tom, as my brother was named, progressed marvellously in learning, while I, alas! was but a sorry disciple, although the honest churchman followed Solomon's directions to the letter; and whatever timber might be wanting at Killbrannagher, upon my conscience, there was no scarcity of birch. Notwithstanding unfavourable reports, my father fancied I had talents, and it was his pleasure to destine me for the bar. The bar, Michael Prendergast opined, I would in good time reach, and that, too, by a less expensive road than the one proposed by my sire, concluding his observations with, "Never mind; push him, the devil, into college, anyhow. Bigger boobies have cut a figure there before now."

Well, the point was carried; Tom and I entered the university, and we were consigned to the care of Doctor Blundell, as dry a professor as ever produced a thesis. Our Gamaliel was a short, stout, bullet-headed dwarf, his face so fat, and cheeks so flaccid, that, *en profils*, no nose was visible; and it was necessary for him to give, at least, "a quarter front," before the organ of smell could be discovered. His figure was in good keeping; the body resembled a porter-butt on a reduced scale, and was mounted on two thick props, whose extreme curvature obtained for the professor the *sobriquet* of "parenthesis." Such was the learned Theban to whom the hopes of the O'Briens were intrusted.

Tom, from the very start, promised to be a genius of the first order; while my career, I lament to say, was rather bustling than brilliant. Indeed, Doctor

Blundell declared we were, in every respect, opposite as the antipodes. I never could comprehend the beauty of a "sorites"—mathematics were altogether beyond my reach—astronomy, in my opinion, only fitted for a fortune-teller—while as to mechanic powers, the only one I ever meddled with was the screw, or an occasional exercise of the lever on the person of a dun or watchman.

Indeed, the honest professor's estimate of character was correct, for no brothers were ever more dissimilar: Tom would lose his rest to prove that crab-apples did not grow upon a cherry-tree, and fret himself into a fever to discover the parallax of a star. No wonder he was a first-class premium-man, and bore college "honours thick upon him." Yet there were people in the world who considered him little better than a fool, forgetting that to be a philosopher a man must be dirty and eccentric. Certainly Tom had been frequently encountered in the streets with a consequential garment missing; and he puzzled a country postmaster by requiring letters after forgetting his own name. As to his meals, they were at times totally forgotten; and in his annual migrations to and from the university he was usually consigned to the custody of a fellow-traveller, or handed with a half-crown to the guard, and a request that he should be delivered as addressed.

It was fortunate that Tom's virtues and acquirements acted as a set-off against my delinquency. Yet my career was not unnoticed, and I contrived to obtain the marked attention of my superiors. More than once I was admitted to a conference with the board; and on account, I suppose, of the insalubrity of the city, was recommended by those worthy personages country air for a term of six months; and that, too, so pressingly, that no demurrer on my part would be listened to.

Three years passed over, when one evening, returning from a tavern dinner, a row was kicked up at the gate, and a desperate assault and battery ensued. A stupid citizen knocked his head against a blackthorn stick, and the accident was so awkward as to occasion a fracture of the occiput, and give the coroner the trouble of empanelling a jury to inquire into the cause of the same. The affair occasioned a sensation, and a score of us unfortunates were summoned before the board. As the defunct was unhappily a common-councilman, the authorities were loud in their denunciations. The newspapers called us Mohawks and murderers: some said we should be hanged, while others more mercifully declared that the punishment should be mitigated to transportation. In this dilemma, Doctor Blundell, when transmitting the quarter note, apprised my father of the occurrence, "assured him that all hope of my ever

doing good was desperate; and, to evade the gallows, which he proved to a demonstration must be my end, he recommended that I should be permitted to follow my own bent, and enter the cut-throat profession, for which it was a *sequitur* that nature had intended me." Next post a letter from my father was received. He "concurred with the learned professor; affectionately informed me that I was at liberty to go to the devil as I pleased; sent me some money, and intimated that he had applied for a commission in the militia." This was as it should be. His application was successful; and in a few days I was one of the fraternity of the sword, and duly gazetted to the — regiment.

The corps I was attached to was at that time encamped at Leighlinstown, four or five miles from the capital; and, as in duty bound, I set out next morning to visit my commanding officer in proper form.

My father had an old acquaintance in the corps, to whose protection I was, by letter, regularly committed. Of course it was to him that I applied for an introduction to Colonel Mahony. I was graciously received by my patron, presented in due form to the commander, and until I could obtain accommodations, hospitably invited *pro tem.* to take up my quarters in a corner of the hovel which Peter Fogarty, as my patron was called, had constructed for his abiding-place while remaining in the field.

Peter was a singular personage—a strange, shrewd sort of oddity, and in his own way an excellent fellow. He had been bred an apothecary, married a woman who ran away, failed in business, found favour in the colonel's sight, and through his interest, when the militia was embodied, obtained the surgeoncy of the regiment to which I had been just gazetted.

Peter Fogarty's outward man was not remarkably attractive. He was short and corpulent, with a bull-neck and square shoulders, a small and twinkling gray eye, and a nose snubbed and efflorescent as the nose of a man delighting in whiskey punch should be. Peter was fond of a race or cock-fight, would go twenty miles to be present at a duel, loved a rubber of whist dearly; but cribbage was his delight, cribbage was the road to his affections, and I soon discovered it.

I mentioned that my regiment was under canvass when I joined, and formed a part of some six or seven thousand men, who, pending the explosion of "ninety-eight," were encamped in the vicinity of the metropolis. The officers were generally provided with tents, but some of them had erected temporary habitations, and among the number were Colonel Mahony and his medical adviser. Indeed it was absolutely necessary that Peter's domicile should be congenious to the commander's. From conjugal regard the lady had accompanied the colonel to the field, although her health was indifferent; and the extreme delicacy of her constitution rendered the frequent attendance of Doctor Fogarty indispensable.

Peter's habitation was a wooden hut; one end, screened from vulgar gaze by an old blanket, formed his dormitory, while the other corner was curtained off for me. The centre was used for all the purposes

of the body politic. There our *déjeuné* was laid; there, if a sick officer applied, the prescription was written; there, when dinner ended, and we left the mess-tent, on a small deal table the cribbage board was found—and, better still, an abundant supply of the *matériel* for fabricating that pleasant beverage, which Peter averred to be both safe and wholesome, to wit—whiskey punch—was duly paraded for our refreshment.

As the world went, Peter Fogarty should have been a happy man. His means were equal to his expenditure, his wife had run away, and his professional cares were trifling. "The villains," as he termed his "charge of foot," were healthy; their principal infirmity being corns—a disease to which they were subject, from a majority of the corps, prior to their enlistment, having considered shoes a superfluity. Yet Peter had his own troubles; for below, as schoolmen declare, there is no happiness without alloy. Woman, that source of evil, was his bane; and, as in the fulness of his heart he would acknowledge after his sixth tumbler—"but for Mrs. Mahony, he would be as happy as the day was long."

Mrs. Mahony had been for many years a wife, but, unhappily, as yet had never been made a mother. The colonel was anxious for an heir. Hopes were frequently excited, and they were as often deferred, until the heart was sick. Yet why should Mrs. Mahony despond! her grandmother had a son at fifty-two; she was but forty-seven, and why should she despair?

All this, however, was ruinous to the peace of Doctor Fogarty. The least alarm in the day, the slightest movement after night, agitated his interesting patient. Ether had often failed; and even a teaspoonful of brandy at times would hardly prove a sedative. These unfortunate attacks generally took place at an advanced period of the evening, and, of course, Peter was required. Then the ill-starred practitioner was invariably at whist or cribbage;—the colonel's bat-man, a foster-brother of the lady, would be despatched to our wooden habitation, and with nine scored, and the odd trick actually in his hand, the unhappy doctor has been obliged to abandon his own fortunes for the desperate chance of endeavouring to continue the ancient lineage of the Mahonys.

Had success crowned his efforts, Peter was not the man to repine. In the triumph of his art, his toils and labours would have found their reward. But, alas! matters daily became more unpromising; and, like the wolf-cry, Mrs. Mahony's ceased to interest or alarm. Peter Fogarty, though a good Catholic, was nearly driven to desperation; and before he cut his first honour, he usually prayed from the bottom of his soul for Mrs. Mahony's repose temporal and eternal, and the sooner her beatitude was completed, he as a Christian man opined would be all the better.

It was for the season a dark and blustering night. More than one tent-pole had given way—pegs and cords were tried and found wanting; and in the joy of his heart, my host congratulated himself and me on the stability of our wooden dwelling. The last

batch of whiskey was inimitable; and so said the doctor, after submitting the liquor to a fair test of six tumblers. The cards were decidedly in his favour—fortune smiled upon him every cut—and since the night his wife had bolted he never had been so happy. It was just ten;—the deal was mine;—but Peter's cards were beautiful. Suddenly a hurried foot approached the door. Peter remarked it. "It's the lobsters, after all;—I knew the devil would not fail me." Knock—knock.—"Come in." It was not the lobsters, but Murty Currihan, the colonel's bat-man. The doctor looked dark as Erebus, the bat-man as if he had been running for his life. The former coughed to conceal vexation. "Ha, ha;—hum;—anything wrong?"

"Wrong? You may say that;—the mistress is dying," responded Murty.

"Dying! What the devil would make her die?" said the doctor.

"Sorra one o' me knows," returned the bat-man. Now, Murty Currihan being deaf, save when Peter Fogarty elevated his voice to an extraordinary pitch, his remarks touching the diagnostics of his mistress's disease were lost upon the bothered bat-man.

"What's the matter with her now?"

"It's a kind of pain about her heart."

"Pish!" said the doctor, testily; "that's a Con-naughtsymptom for a sprained ankle. Anything else?"

"Her head's dizzy, and she's at times astray," replied the lady's foster-brother.

"Humph! so should mine be after a pint of brandy."

"She's as wake as a cat," quoth the envoy. "She can't move without help."

"Seldom people can when they're regularly smothered," said the leech.

"She has a sort of a twisting in her stomach," added the fosterer.

The doctor's patience gave way. "Arrah, silence, ye ommadawn! Would you give her as many ailments as would kill a priest? Off with ye, Murty. Tell hem to keep her quiet, and come back in half an hour, and tell me how she is." The bat-man vanished. "She'll be fast asleep then, and we'll not be troubled with her capers. Come—I lead. Fifteen two—fifteen four—a pair make six—and a pair make eight;" and on he went with the jargon of the game.

Now, though the honest doctor counted with some confidence on sleep, that "sweet mediciner," abating the complicated diseases with which Mrs. Mahony was afflicted, still he had sore misgivings to disturb him, and these could occasionally be detected from his confused allusions to the patient and the game.

"Stop, Pat;—let me cut. I couldn't have made more of that hand, unless we played the double flush. Your father and I always flushed. Jasus! I wonder what's come over the woman! Every night smothered; and then me tattered out, wet or dry. Asy, Pat you're pegging too fast;—let me see what I have got. Lord! if it was once or twice a week; but every night nothing but 'Run for Doctor Fogarty!' I wish she was safe in heaven, or in the county Clare, for my heart's fairly broke. Shuffle them, man;—I cut. Give me the bottle;—devil a drop of spirits I put in

my tumbler, that woman, bad luck to her, bothered me so."

All this time I observed that no preparatory steps were taken for the composition of the healing draught, for which the fosterer had been directed to return; and I hinted, that as the hospital tent was at some distance, the sooner Peter started for his "galenicals" the better. My remark appeared to astonish the worthy man; for he laid down his cards, and looked at me with a broad stare.

"The hospital tent! Is it to go a long half-mile, and a storm raging that would blow the buttons off my jacket? Arrah, what a fool ye take me for, Pat! And yet, blessed Virgin! if Murty comes again, what am I to do with him? Was there ever a dacent practitioner so teased by an ould besom as myself, Peter Fogarty? If I had but some simple for her. Oh, murder! not a squig of physaic in the house, unless you have it."

I shook my head.

"Death an ouns! have ye nothing—salts, senna, cinnamon, rhubarb, scamony, magnesia?"

I nodded a negative.

"Have you no neglected draught—nothing in the shape of powder?"

"Nothing," I replied, "but tooth-powder."

"Phew!" and Peter whistled. "Beautiful! and, by the best of luck, I have a bottle."

Up he rose, bolted for a moment behind the blanket, and speedily reappeared with a small phial. In it he deposited a spoonful of my dentifrice, filled it from the kettle, and shook it, as he said, "*Secundum artem*." The infusion produced a liquid of bright pink, with an aromatic odour; and Peter, having submitted the mixture to the double test of taste and smell, was loud in his admiration.

"Beautiful!" he exclaimed; "I have spent a winter's morning over the mortar, and not produced a more palatable anodyne. Don't cut yet; I'll just label the bottle, and then for the flats." Accordingly, he inscribed upon a slip of paper the following directions for the use of his new-invented julep, and affixed them carefully to the potion: "*A teaspoonful of the mixture to be taken every half-hour until the patient is relieved—shaking the bottle.—For Mrs. Mahony.*"

It was fortunate for Peter that his nostrum was in readiness. Before he had dealt a second hand, a loud tap at the door announced the return of the fosterer; and bad as Murty's first report was, his second bulletin was infinitely more alarming.

"Well, is she better?"

"Better?" repeated the fosterer, with a wild stare.

"Ay—better!" returned the physician in a tone of voice that mimicked Murty's like an echo.

"Arrah! she never was bad till now," said the fosterer. "Ye can't tell a word she says, good or bad, and she wouldn't know her own maid from the black drummer."

"Ah! regularly sewed up. Here," and he handed him the bottle, "mind the directions; can ye read?"

"If I can't, sure, Biddy Toole can."

"Away with ye, then; every moment ye lose may



be fatal;—bathe her feet and shake the bottle, and be sure ye tell me how she is, early in the morning.”

“Anything else, doctor?”

“Nothing;—only don't let her get cold, if ye can help it, and now run, ye devil!”

Murty made his salaam and vanished; and soon after Peter and I retired to our respective cribs.

Betimes next morning the bothered bat-man reported that his lady was convalescent; and, after breakfast, the doctor departed to his hospital, and I to attend a garrison parade.

On my return, as captain of the day, it was necessary for me to call upon my commanding officer, and accordingly I repaired to the wooden erection, in which Colonel Mahony had deposited his household gods. After being paraded through a sort of ante-room, I found the commander inditing an epistle upon a three-legged table, before a port-hole which it was his pleasure to call a window, while divers cloths and coverlets were suspended from a line stretched across the apartment, and excluded from the gaze of vulgar eyes “the lady of his love.” The commander, having duly apologised for detaining me a few minutes while he concluded his letter, pointed to a camp-stool, and I seated myself and took up the *Evening Post*. But the newspaper was unheeded—voices behind the curtain told that there were others in the chamber of state—and in the speakers I easily recognised Peter and his patient, Mrs. Mahony, while a feeble piano in a flat key thus continued:—

“Yes, doctor, I will ever acknowledge that, under Providence, I owe my life to you. The first spoonful gave relief, and the second acted like a charm.”

“Indeed! Ha!—hem!—hem! Allow me: pulse full—a *little* feverish—must keep very quiet.”

“But, dear Mr. Fogarty, I must, you say, be very careful to avoid cold. No doubt the medicine I took last night with such happy effect was very powerful?”

“Most powerful, madam,” replied the leech, with unblushing effrontery. “The arcana of pharmaceuticals could not afford a more effective combination.”

“God bless me!” ejaculated the lady—“but for it, I should have been dead —”

“As Julius Cæsar, madam,” responded the doctor, with a solemn cough.

“I have been reflecting on your advice, doctor. These constant alarms are too much for my nervous sensibility. Would you believe it, ether and a dessert-spoonful of brandy had no effect upon me last night?”

“Indeed!—Hem!—hem!”

“Ay, doctor, you may well shake your head. I would not fret the poor dear colonel; but —”

“I know your feelings, and they do honour to your heart, madam.”

“Well, as I was saying, doctor, to leave Colonel Mahony —”

“Madam,” returned the false physician, “I can appreciate the strength of your attachment; but there are other and important considerations”—and Peter dropped his voice to a half-whisper, that prevented me from hearing anything beyond detached words. “Delicate situation—hopes of an honourable house—colonel's partiality for children—native air—happy result—bark and sea-bathing.” And before the commander had finished his despatch the villain Peter, under false hopes, had persuaded the colonel's helpmate to bundle off to Clare, “by easy stages.” Whether she carried a bottle of the pink tincture in the carriage, I forget; but, I presume, that she would hardly, when there was balm in Gilead, depart without an extensive supply.

Time passed; and four years after I had left the militia, and volunteered to the line; I had occasion to run up to London, and there encountered my old commander in the Strand. He was a friendly little fellow, and expressed great pleasure at our meeting. I remarked that he was habited in deep mourning; and when I inquired for Mrs. Mahony, he sighed heavily, shook his head, and informed me that he had buried her a month before in Cheltenham.

“Ah! my dear O'Brien; it was a black day when I was persuaded to leave home. Fogarty was the only man that understood poor dear Mrs. Mahony's constitution. You may remember, when we lay in Leighlinstown camp, the desperate attack she had. You and Peter were huddled together at the time.” I nodded an affirmative. “Just such another fit carried her off at Cheltenham. Had Peter Fogarty been near us I should not now be a disconsolate widower as I am, for Biddy Mahony would have been alive.”

We dined together at the Blue Posts in Cork-street. “Sorrow is dry,” and the commander was in trouble. At twelve I conveyed him to his lodgings in a hackney-coach; and on our way home, as well as I could understand him—for there was “a ripple” in his delivery—he did nothing but lament, in poor dear Mrs. Mahony's last attack, the absence of Peter and his “pink tincture.”

## RICHES IN SPITE OF ILL-LUCK.

(ABRIDGED FROM “BARNEY BRANAGAN.”)

BY WILLIAM CABLETON.

BARNEY BRANAGAN, one of the luckiest men that ever was persecuted by misfortune, was the son of a wealthy farmer, who, to his agricultural pursuits, added the mellow business of a butter merchant. The latter had been baptized Barney, also, for which reason his son was generally addressed and spoken of as Barney Beg, or little Barney—a mode of distinction rendered necessary in Ireland, where so many persons of the same clan or family receive the same name. His father was consequently known as

Barney More, or big Barney, a term of discrimination in this instance ludicrously erroneous, and peculiarly Irish in the inferences to be drawn from it; the fact being, that Barney Beg, or little Barney, was above six feet high, and the most powerful man in the barony, whilst his father, big Barney, was a low, slender man, than whom there were not three smaller in the parish.

Barney, when a boy, thought his father the greatest man (taking him merely as an individual) in the parish; but as a butter merchant, he was certainly of opinion that a person of more importance could not exist. Be this, however, as it may, Barney early resolved to tread in the footsteps of his father, and, like him, one day to shine in all the plenitude of importance which he imagined to sit on the consequential brow of a butter merchant. Indeed, this was a part for which he left nothing undone to qualify himself. His first great ambition was to trot beside his father to and from fairs and markets, bearing the butter-auger as proudly as conqueror would a trophy. At home he paid attention to nothing so much as the manner in which his mother managed the concerns of the dairy, for everything connected with which he evinced an aptitude truly astonishing. Before he was ten years of age he knew almost all that could be known upon the subject. Even the very legendary lore connected with it was familiar to him.

So much for Barney's knowledge of everything connected with the prose and poetry of butter-making. On this subject he stuck to his father as closely, every whit, as he did to his mother. From carrying the auger, which was only an honorary office, he was soon promoted to that of carrying the hammer, and knocking the lids off the firkins. This was all delightful to his heart; but there was yet a greater day for Ireland to come, and that was the never-to-be-forgotten one on which he first became butter-taster to his father.

And now we must disclose to our readers an untoward destiny that followed Barney, and occasioned him to be termed what is called in the country "unlucky," or, we should rather say, to be remarkable, even from his boyhood up, for a species of luck very difficult to be defined. Scarcely anything he ever put his hand to prospered with that healthy description of good fortune which so frequently occurs to other men. Yet, somehow, it still happened that he was able always to wind up the matter with some happy and unexpected hit that more than compensated him for all he lost or suffered. Still the unfavourable character had gone abroad upon him, and the idea of blunder, and misfortune, and Barney Branagan, were inseparable.

To give the reader a notion of the kind of fortune which attended him, we will merely say, that at cards, for instance, he was always the object of ridicule, in consequence of the proverbial ill-luck with which he was attended, until near the conclusion of the play, when fortune, literally through his own blunders, enabled him to carry off a greater share of the winnings than any man present.

Barney's family and friends became in time so

well satisfied of the successful calamities which befell him, that he was sometimes requested to undertake the transaction of their business and the sale of their property and effects. This confidence, however, was but short-lived, for they soon found that however the good luck and the bad might be blended in his case, it uniformly turned out that whilst the latter only fell to their share, fortune always enabled Barney somehow to retain the benefits of the former to himself. The history of a transaction which he undertook to manage for an uncle of his, at the good man's earnest solicitation, will enable our readers to comprehend more clearly the nature of the antithetical fortune to which we allude.

"Barney, avick," said his uncle, "I want you to go away into the market of Kilscladdaun, and sell me thim two loads of whate. I know you're an unlucky boy, so you are, to trust anything to, but somehow or other you get out of a thing, Barney, dacently enough, if not a little bether, avick, than wiser an' luckier people. So, you see, hit or miss, I'll try you this bout."

"Why, uncle, is it beside yourself you are, to go to trust your whate wid sich a misfortunate brineoge as I am? Sure, my sowl to happiness, don't you know that nothing goes right wid me."

He here screwed his mouth, which, taken in conjunction with his nose, somewhat resembled the bill of a parrot, and gave a peculiarly significant glance at his uncle.

"Don't be foolish, uncle, but get someone that's not unlucky to do what you want. Arrah! get yourself, man; who's fither to do it? Sorra the grain o' your whate myself 'ill be accountable for."

"Divil a mather, Barney, I'll try you, anyhow."

"But, I tell you, I won't be accountable; and it's as purty a piece o' nonsense as ever I see, to ax me."

"I don't want you to be accountable;—sell the whate, if you can, and, good luck or bad luck, I'll take the upshot, without any blame to you—sure, that's fair."

Barney scratched under his hat for a moment, his face exhibiting the combined expression of a grin and a puzzle.

"Well, well," he replied, "since I must, I must, an' sorra to the one if myself doesn't think that there's *pishtrogues* (an evil spell) over you, or how the puck it could come into your head to send me, the onluckiest gorsoon in the barony, to sell your whate, I don't know—either that, or you're takin' lave o' your senses altogether. Now, mind, I do this at your own risk, not at mine."

"I know that, avick; so come early in the mornin', and I'll have the two carts in readiness for you—an' you needn't ait your breakfast till you do come. We'll give you a stretch at the new male."

Barney, in pursuance of this arrangement, was at an early hour on his way to the town of Kilscladdaun, his carts creaking under two heavy loads of his uncle's wheat.

Now, it happened that the said Kilscladdaun, in consequence of its distance, which was that of a day's journey, was not the town to which the farmers of the neighbourhood were in the habit of resorting

for the disposal of their property. It was, however, a considerable seaport, where agricultural produce could be sold to much greater advantage than in the small inland towns near them.

The day was fine for the season, and Barney jogged on at his ease. The evening now began to set in, and on inquiry he learned that Kilsaddaun was not distant more than a couple of miles, so that he would arrive a little before the close of night.

The truth is, that this was the first attempt at a bargain he had ever made on any other business than butter buying, and he felt considerable anxiety that no blunder or oversight on his part should happen, especially as he knew that the property he had in charge was not his own. Nor can we omit hinting that he was seized by a certain degree of caution, not to say timidity, lest one or more of those swindlers with which such towns as Kilsaddaun usually abound, should think proper to avail themselves of his inexperience, and play off some villainous prank upon him for that very reason.

The individual from whom he inquired his distance from the town was, as far as he could judge, a person in whom he might place such a slight degree of confidence as amounted to merely mentioning the object of his journey. The man was a stout, unshaved, honest-looking small-farmer, dressed in a gray frieze coat and breeches, the knees of the latter open. As their dialogue upon the occasion of the meeting was brief, we may as well detail it to our readers:—

“God save you, neighbour!—you’re for the market, I suppose?” inquired Barney.

“Thro’ am I. God save you kindly,” replied the stranger. “So are you, I think?”

“Thru’ for you. Isn’t this blessed weather, glory be to God?”

“A darlin’ course o’ weather as ever was seen, the Lord be praised!”

During this brief and very harmless conversation, it might have been observed that each threw from time to time a glance at the other so absolutely marked by an appearance of downright simplicity, that the imposition, if such they intended it, was perfectly successful.

“I think we must be near Kilsaddaun by this,” observed the wheat-merchant.

“I haven’t been often in the same town myself,” replied the stranger, “but as near as I can guess, about two bare miles. And now, neighbour, I’m goin’ to ax a favour of you;—God forgive you, if you’re not what you look, but I’ll trust your face, for I think it’s an honest one. You see the truth is this: I have a trifle of money about me—four pound ten in notes—and I’m puzzled where to find an honest house that a poor man would be safe in.”

“There’s no danger wid this customer,” thought Barney. “Be me sowl, that’s more than I’d tell a black stranger on the king’s highway, no matter what he was.”

“Faith, neighbour,” he replied, “we might run in a chaise together on that point. The divil o’ one o’ myself but knows as little of the town as you do—an’ that’s why I’m so onaisy to get in while we have

daylight, that I may be able to look about me, and put up in a decent house.”

“I know,” said his fellow-traveller, “that there’s a carman’s inn somewhere, called the ‘Fox-and-Geese,’ where a brother-in-law of mine always stops. I forget the name of the street, but I suppose we can make it out. Not that my mind’s made up to go there myself, bekase I’m towld by him it’s purty sharp in the charges, but then it’s the safest, he says, in the town.”

“That’s our ground,” said Barney; “take my advice, and go to where you’ll be safe, even although it may be a thrifle dearer.”

“Divil may care, then,” replied his companion; “sure enough you’re right, the safe place is the chaisest, and the one of us will give the other courage, you see, bein’ both of us together.”

It was accordingly arranged between them to put up at the ‘Fox-and-Geese,’ which they soon discovered by a very significant representation of a fox, looking behind him from the sign-board with a singularly knavish leer, whilst he bore upon his back a large fat-looking goose, the very emblem of unsophisticated simplicity.

Both being sharp set, they resolved to lose little time in trying the fare of the ‘Fox-and-Geese,’ which they did in the shape of two smoking plates of beef-steaks flanked by potatoes and porter. Now, of Barney it must be said, that as a trencher-man he was celebrated in his native parish; judge, then, how he stared, on finding his powers of mastication surpassed by those of his companion beyond anything like even moderate comparison.

“Begad,” thought Barney, “if he’s as handy at the drink he’ll do. I’ll thry him, anyway.”

And, indeed, if the stranger were a match for him in strength of head, as well as in that of appetite, he might challenge a host; for, in truth, Barney had seldom been seen decidedly tipsy, although his potations were both frequent and copious. Whether the other felt himself unequal to a contest of the kind or not, is more than he allowed to appear at the time; all we know is, that he declined it at once.

“I’m very good at the atin’,” said the stranger, in reply to the invitation so cordially given; “but the truth is, I’ve a poor head for dhrink, not but I’ll take maybe a couple o’ pints o’ porther while you’re stickin’ to the whiskey; but, of coorse, I dhrink slow, an’ indeed it’s more to keep you in countenance than anything else.”

For the remainder of the evening, Barney, who drank pretty freely, thought he could observe an occasional change of manner in the countryman, for which he knew not exactly how to account. On one occasion he heard him call the waiter Tom, as he addressed him on the stairs, and it appeared also that the tones of their voices argued a previous familiarity that was incompatible with the man’s assertion of having never been in that inn before.

“I thought, neighbour, you had never been here before?” he observed, when the other returned into the room.

“Who, me?” he replied, staring with astonishment.

"Ay," said Barney; "and for all that, you know the waiter's name, and called him Tom."

"Well," replied the other, "I thought I was a simple fellow myself, but I believe you flog me out. Why, haven't I ears? Didn't I hear the landlady callin' him as I came into the house."

This was, indeed, such a natural and obvious solution to his doubts, that Barney felt somewhat ashamed of having entertained them.

"Well, afther all," said the other, "it's but natrath for one to be timersome and suspicious when they're among black strangers; so I don't blame you for bein' on your guard."

The next morning the stranger and he breakfasted together, and if any doubt of the man's honesty or fair purposes remained, the open homeliness of his manners and his evident dependence upon the superior sense and judgment of Barney utterly removed it. Having finished their meals, each separated, Barney to the corn-market, and the stranger to buy, as he said, two slips of pigs.

Many offers had Barney for his wheat, and long did he hold out for the highest price, to which, indeed, it was entitled. The day was now nearly half spent, and his patience began considerably to relax, when a decent-looking Englishman came up to him, and, after some higgling, became the purchaser. Having procured the weighmaster's ticket, and adjourned to the "Sheaf of Wheat" Tavern, a noted house, in which payments connected with grain were mostly made, it is unnecessary to say that Barney's eyes glistened when they rested upon the bank notes with which he was about to be paid. He now felt himself in high spirits, and the more so as the Englishman made him swallow no less than three glasses of brandy and water to conclude the transaction.

"Well," thought he to himself, as he wended his way to the "Fox-and-Geese," "begad, for wanst I've done the thing nate; and no blunder, and the sooner I get home now the better."

With spirits thus elevated, as well by the advantageous sale of his wheat, as by the brandy and water, he was pushing boldly along when he felt his shoulder tapped, and on turning round he saw an old friend, Jack Cassidy.

"Why, thin, blood and agers, Jack Cassidy, is it yourself that's in it? How is every tether length of you, Jack? I'm glad to see you!"

"Thank you;—and how are you, Barney? Eh?—as unfortunate as ever?"

"Divil a far you're from the truth, Jack; but, faith, I made a good haul this day, and no mistake—sowld two cartloads o' whate for my uncle, Ned, and got a fine long price, too."

"Are you sure there's no mistake, Barney?"

"Oh, divil the mistake, man dear; I've the notes clean an' crisp in my pocket."

"Step in here," said Jack, turning into a merchant's warehouse, opposite where he stood. "Show your notes," he added, pointing to a gentlemanly man, who was apparently a cashier, "show your money to this gentleman, and ask *him* if there's no mistake."

There was something in Jack's air and manner that

made our friend feel exceedingly dispirited—sensations which were fearfully corroborated when the man, after glancing at them, told Barney they were just worth so much waste paper—they were flash notes.

"Bad notes!—do you mane to say that thim are bad notes?" he inquired, with his right eyebrow raised nearly to the hair of his forehead. The man on looking at him was so much struck with the dismal, yet laughable cast of his face, that he could not prevent himself from laughing outright.

"They are not worth a farthing," he replied; "he who gave them to you was a swindler."

"Faith, sir," said Barney, dropping one eyebrow, and immediately raising the other, "if the thing happened yourself, it's on the wrong side o' your mouth you'd laugh. But maybe it's taking a rise out o' me you are. As you're a gentleman, sir—an', faith, you look the thing, anyhow—tell me the truth;—are the notes good or bad?"

"Seriously, my good friend, the notes are bad; and if you take my advice you will lose no time in finding the swindler out, although, I suspect, that he will be too active for you. Are you a friend of his?" he added, looking at Cassidy.

"Throth I am that, sir," replied the other, in a voice which made Barney start. It was in truth the voice of his fellow-traveller in the inn; and on looking at him, he could scarcely believe the evidence of his senses that so quick a metamorphosis was possible. The face and voice were altogether changed; and were it not for the absence of the beard, and the difference of dress, he could have sworn that the appearance in every other respect was perfectly identical. Cassidy pressed Barney's arm to be silent.

"I'm thankful to you, sir," said Barney; "but I'd like to see yourself laughin' if you wor in my shoes. Your advice is good, however, an' I'll take—oh, thin, holy Moses, but it's I that's the unfortunate being. To be done out o' the price o' my uncle's fine two carts o' whate by an English swindlin' blaggard. Bad luck to him, I might a *knewn* he had no good in view when he tumbled the three glasses o' brandy and wather into me—a thing that these English villains never do except when they want to take us at an average. Will this hard fortune that sticks to me never lave me?"

"This talk won't catch the swindler," said the clerk; "off with you to the police, and describe him."

"What name's on the notes, sir?" inquired Barney.

The man smiled again, and replied, "Not the name he was christened by, at all events. Show me one of the notes again;—here is written, Jack Straw to *unfortunate* Barney Branagan."

"Oh!" exclaimed Barney, "what's this for? May the divil fly away wid him!—an' is it possible he *knewn* me, too—a man that I never seen since I was foalea."

"Come," said Cassidy, "there is no use in talk. Let us go to the *polis*, an' tell them what happened—they may *nab* him for you. We've lost too much time as it is."

They had no sooner left the counting-house than Cassidy said, "Now, Barney, keep yourself quiet

about these notes, and follow me. I thought I had secured you, but these villains can't be depended on. It'll go hard, but I'll see you righted, and make them suffer for their treachery besides."

"How is this, Jack?" asked Barney, with surprise. "Surely it's not possible that there's anything betune you an'—"

"Ask no questions at present," replied the other. "Only keep quiet, and walk after me. I must have a few words with you—for your own benefit, too."

He then led him to a quiet-looking house of entertainment. On reaching this, they entered, and Cassidy having conducted his friend to a private room, ordered in refreshments.

A kind act, or the very intention of performing it, is very seldom lost upon an Irishman. Barney, notwithstanding his own misfortune, felt a degree of sorrow for the infamous condition in which he found his former friend, which even the serious loss he had just sustained could not remove.

"Jack," said he, absolutely forgetting what had just befallen himself, "as heaven's above us, my heart is sore to see you sunk to what you are. After all, your behaviour when I *knew* you had more of wildness than of wickedness in it. Jack, Jack, my heart, God sees, is sore for you."

"I'm fallen low, indeed," said the young man; "lower than you think, Barney. I'm a decoy duck for a set of English blacklegs that are robbing every-one they can fleece."

"An' what is your duty as a decoy duck, Jack?"

"I dress as a respectable farmer, and come into a tent, where they keep what's called a roulette-table, look on for awhile, and by degrees venture half-a-crown; after a little while, again a crown or ten shillings, or a couple of pounds, and win. Then I get unlucky, and lose nearly all I won. Again I try it, for the last time, by the way—I win—then play on, and after due time, I walk off with a sheaf of notes, which I show to all about me, especially to some warm-looking bodagh, like myself. He takes the bait, thinks he'll have the luck, and plays on, till he's fleeced. This is what's called being a decoy duck."

Barney groaned, "Ay, it is that, an' agin' your own counthrymen, too, an' all for a knot of English vagabones. Throth, it is low days wid you, sure enough, for your father's son and your mother's son—God make her bed in heaven, this day, anyhow, and give the same Englishers a warm nook below. But, Jack, *achora*, go on."

"You remimber," he proceeded, "how I used to make game of anyone that had an odd face—how I used to twist my mouth like *Beal cam* (crooked mouth) Heuston, and squint with one eye, like Tully-Eye M'Neil."

"Throth, I do, well; and many a good laugh you tuck out o' me wid the same anticks."

"Well, these fellows find that I'm the man they want; for I can put myself into shapes—"

"God presarve us, Jack; an' it was you—but sure, I needn't ax. Didn't you change yourself in that merchant's office, awhile ago, that your brother wouldn't know you!"

Barney and his friend, having left the little inn, proceeded along a remote street towards, as the latter informed him, that part of the town where stood the tent of the roulette men.

"Now, Barney," said Cassidy, as they went along, "here are five pounds, and if you simply follow my instructions, I will undertake that you will soon recover the amount of your wheat, or, as the matter turns out, your uncle's. These villains broke faith with me in your case; for although I assumed the manner and character of a stranger, yet I bargained with them, that as I had brought you within the reach of their villainy, you should not suffer by them. Indeed, the truth was, that though I joined you first by accident, yet, in order to protect you, I determined to lodge you in the same house as myself and some other of those fellows; for I need scarcely say, had you escaped their clutches, I had no intention whatever of letting myself be known to you."

"Well, but, Jack, *achora*, how am I to get back the money?"

"Why, I'll tell you that: in the first place"—he had time, however, to proceed no further; for much to his amazement and mortification, one of the roulette men sprang past him at full speed, eagerly and closely pursued by a brace of constables, who hung closely upon his flank.

"Fly," said he, on passing Cassidy, "the beaks are upon us, and have seized the tables; the trick's discovered."

He sprang onward with redoubled speed; the two constables stretching out with lengthened strides in pursuit of him. The race, indeed, was a close one, inasmuch as the constables had somehow ascertained that the man they followed had a large quantity of bad notes on his person—a circumstance which was of the greatest importance towards his conviction.

Now, the fact was, that the fellow had two facsimile pocket-books; one of which contained a sum of money beyond four hundred pounds, being nearly the amount of the gambling bank, whilst the other was filled with the very flash notes which the officers had been instructed, and correctly so, that he carried about him. The similarity of the pocket-books was a *ruse*, to enable them to escape detection, by substituting the good for the bad, if reduced to any peculiar difficulty with strangers. In this instance, however especially with the officers of justice, such a trick was not only useless but full of danger. Be this as it may, the blackleg, who was rather gaining upon his pursuers, had now nearly reached the "Fox-and-Geese," into which, after two or three enormous strides, he at once bolted, and without stop or stay rushed up stairs. Now, it so happened, that our friend Barney's jock, having a large outside pocket under each arm, hung upon a peg on the lobby. Instantly a thought struck the blackleg: to get safely rid of the flash notes was his object, otherwise he was utterly ruined. Thrusting his hand, therefore, into the pocket, he dropped what he believed to be the onerous pocket-book into it, and had merely time to

reach his own bedroom door on the flight overhead, when the officers, coming up immediately, secured him.

In a short time the history of the transaction spread through the whole town, and Barney could scarcely hear anything else from the multitude—for it was fair day—than English blacklegs, swindlers, thieves, and flash notes.

"I think I'm long enough here," said he to himself; "an', faith, for fraid worse may happen, I'll pay my bill, yoke my horses, and go home safe, if I can."

It is here unnecessary to detail the scene which took place between himself and his uncle, touching the issue of his conduct as a corn merchant. Our readers are aware that the latter actually forced the undertaking upon him, and expressed himself willing to abide by the consequences, be they fortunate or otherwise. Instead of acting up, however, to this philosophic resolution, he assailed poor Barney with a virulence that was highly unreasonable; he, however, defended himself with an easy flow of scurrility which left his enraged and disappointed relative very little to boast of.

It might be about a fortnight after this, that one day he put his hand into the pocket of his jock, and to his utter surprise took out therefrom a pocket-book pregnant with bank notes. His amazement at this was inexpressible. How, in the name of heaven, could they have come there? To whom did they belong? And next—for since his last blunder he began to doubt everything in the shape of a bank note—were they good? That they might be the property of the blacklegs was a circumstance which could not possibly enter into his thoughts. It was therefore to no purpose he puzzled himself by attempting to solve the mystery. Having quietly, and without suspicion, ascertained the amount of the notes, by bringing them in small parcels to be examined by different people, he laid them by for awhile, judging that the person who lost them would of course use every possible effort for their recovery. Week after week, however, and month after month passed on; but whether any public inquiry had been set on foot was more than came to his ears.

In the meantime, he deemed it no harm to make it fructify a little by industriously turning a portion of the capital thus fortunately sent him to some account. He accordingly entered into the butter business extensively. He certainly went on blundering most successfully, adding pound to pound by his mischances, and increasing in wealth and a character for being unlucky, as he advanced in life. One thing we cannot help making the reader acquainted with: in the course of a couple of years, on reflecting that were it not for the trip he took to oblige his uncle, he would have come in for no such windfall as the pocket-book, he considered himself bound in honour to make full compensation for the loss of his wheat—an act of generosity which raised him very much the good opinion of that worthy man.

Having thus shown how misfortune stood his friend and raised him to independence and an unlucky name, we will pass over a considerable portion

of his life, and wind up by an account of his first trip to Dublin, and his last adventure as a butter-merchant.

It was on a fine breezy morning in the delightful month of August, that our friend Barney set out with two loads of butter, each cart covered, in good carman-like fashion, with a strong tarpaulin. His son, Brine Oge, who felt extremely anxious to be his companion in this his first trip to Dublin, went with him as far as the main road—a distance of about a couple of miles—when, after shaking hands and wishing him a good journey and safe home again, he added: "An' now, father, be an your sharps, for, bad as Kilsaddaun is, I'm tould that Dublin is young hell, in comparison wid it; so take care of yourself, an' God bless you, an' sind you safe back to us!"

The father gave him a significant look, and replied, "If you get through the world as well, Brine, as I did, for all so unlucky as I am, you needn't complain. Go home, achora, an' think of what I said to you;—of course I'll be on my edge." So saying, they parted.

Nothing extraordinary occurred to Barney, at least nothing worthy of a place here, until late on the evening of the fourth day, when he reached the little village of Finglas. Here he found that his horses, owing to the badness of the roads, as well as to the killing hills and hollows over which the wisdom of our forefathers directed them, were so thoroughly jaded, that it would be positive cruelty to urge them farther that night. He accordingly put up at the St. Patrick public house, to which his heart warmed the moment he saw the right hand of the worthy saint most hospitably extended towards him, with all the expression in his jolly face of a most cordial and friendly welcome.

Barney, having disposed of a substantial dinner, was seated in the tap-room, taking a warm glass of punch apart from three persons who were also drinking, but who, so far as he could observe, took no more notice of him than if he had never existed. They appeared to be exceedingly pleasant fellows: drank ale, smoked tobacco, sang songs, and told stories in such a careless, good-humoured spirit, that Barney, for an hour or two, thought the time never passed more agreeably in his life.

"Begorra," thought he to himself, "but thim in the corner beyant are honest fellows, not but I think I could take the shine out o' any o' them at a song. Faix, I'll discoorse them awhile, anyhow, if they've no objection—"

"Hem! gintlemen, may I ax is the ale good?"

In reply to this the whole party gave him a broad stare, and were silent a few moments; at length one of them answered—

"Yes, you may, my friend, why not?—a cat may look on a king."

"Wid great respect to you," rejoined Barney, "I think a king may look on a cat, though."

"No," said the other, "he may not; he would deserve to lose his crown if he did."

"Well, sir," observed Barney, "if he mayn't look on a cat, I hope he may on a puppy."

"Loss of his crown, my friend, no less."

"Instead of losin' his crown, neighbour," retorted Barney, "he would show more spunk if he broke the puppy's."

"Bravo, countryman," shouted the rest with loud laughter; "that's a facer; Dick, you're floored."

"May I beg to ask where you grew, my friend?"

"Yes, you may," replied Barney, "an' I may refuse to tell you."

"Good again, countryman; pitch into him."

"But," said Barney, encouraged by getting the laugh against his opponent, "if I can't tell *where* you wor bred, I can tell *when*."

"How is that, countryman?—out with it."

"Sure, everybody," proceeded Barney, with a grin, "remembers the year that the crop o' good breedin' failed, an' it was in the dearth that followed it you showed your purty face."

A chorus of mirth followed this at the expense of his antagonist.

"Come," said he, "you're a pleasant fellow; give us your hand; I was only trying you; come, now, and take a glass of ale with us."

"On one condition," replied Barney; "for, in throth, myself it is that likes a piece o' harmless fun as well as anyone, on condition you allow me to give as well as take."

"By Jove, he's a prime one. Certainly, countryman. You must have your way in it, why not?"

"Very well, gentlemen," returned Barney; "wid all the veins o' my heart, I'll take a glass and sing a song wid you into the bargain."

"What are you, Barney," inquired one of them—a huge high-shouldered tike of a Yorkshireman, with a coarse but roguish face and reddish whiskers—"that is, are you a tradesman, or a farmer, or wat?"

"I'm an Irishman," said Barney, "in the first place, an' next to that I dale a little in butther."

"Are you extensive in the butter trade, Barney?" asked the Yorkshireman, whose name was Parker.

"Why, middlin', sir; as far as three or four cart-loads, or so, I have wid me now—an' that's as much as I ever bring at a time."

"Well, Barney, you're an honest fellow," said the Yorkshireman; "come, take hoff your hale."

"Gintlemen, here's wishin' all your healths! Sure when I made the freedom to spake to yez, I didn't wish to spoil sport. Begorra, the gentleman that has turned his back to me there sings a good pleasant song of his own. Sir, would I be—it's only to jist ax—"

"Not at all, Barney; he must sing. Fulton, a song for Barney."

Fulton sang, but by no means with the same easy spirit and freedom as before. The fact was, that the liquor began to affect him, as was evident from the change in his speech; for his utterance soon became so thick and hiccupish, that Barney could scarcely understand him. In a few minutes after the conclusion of the song he was completely overcome. The other two and Barney drank on, sang, and amused each other until eleven o'clock. They gave him their address in town, and told him if anything

went wrong with him to let them know, and they would certainly do all that lay in their power to serve him. They strongly recommended him to put up his horses and carts at the White Horse in Stoney Batter, which he promised he would do.

Considerable experience had made our friend Barney a different man from what he was in the fair of Kilsaddaun. He had now no lack of confidence in himself, and was able to meet every man with an ungainly sense of freedom and an untoward attitude of independence. Although perfectly illiterate, he had become such an acute and thorough judge of paper money, that it was impossible for any man, whether by trick or chance, to put a bad note into his possession. He had also learned how to write his signature mechanically upon such notes as he passed, so that he was always able to recognise these notes if they were returned to him again. Notwithstanding all this, it was currently reported that he made many bad bargains, by which we mean such as though they prospered with him would prosper with no one else.

About seven o'clock the next morning Barney left Finglas in excellent spirits. Many a jocund crack of his whip echoed up the little vale of the Tolka, and his favourite song of the *Bouchaleen Dhun* might be heard rolling sweetly among the green glens of the Phoenix Park, through which his road into the city at that time lay. He had nearly reached the park-gate, when an old beggar, who sat rocking himself to and fro on the roadside, asked him for alms.

"The blessin' of God an' his holy Mother upon you, an' leave something to the poor ould man."

"Can you answer me a question?" said Barney, in reply to him; "bekase if you can, I'll be apt to give you something."

"What is it, avick?"

"I'm but a stranger in Dublin," he proceeded: "now maybe you can tell me where in town is the safest house to put up at."

"Did you come far, acushla?"

"Four score miles."

"What part, dear?"

"Why, from a place called Cornamuckla, in the parish of Tullyragan, widin three miles of the town of Ballywhack."

"I know the place, acushla; there was a family there of the Cassidys better than twenty years ago; did you know them?"

"Right well, and a dacent family they wor."

"As ever broke bread; ay, it is you that may say it. Well, an' you want to know a dacent house to put up at? Throth, avick, for the sake of ould Dan Cassidy, I wish I could do more than that for you; the best house in the town is the "White Horse" at Stoney Batter. You wouldn't be safer in your own thea you'll be in it; an' if you say it was ould Manus O'Callenan that sint you there, you'll be well thrated."

"God bless you, poor crature," said Barney; "there's a shillin' for you, an' that's maybe more than you got in one lob this while back. If it wouldn't be troublesome, I'd thank you to offer up a Patterna Avy towards gettin' me safe out of this same Dublin,

as it's the first time I have ever been in it, an' intends, please God, it'll be the last."

Barney was about to proceed on his way, when a man dressed in a fustian jacket approached, bearing upon his shoulders a large and apparently weighty trunk.

"Arra, God for ever bless you, neighbour, and maybe you'd be civil enough to give me a lift wid this weary trunk that I'm bringing to the White Horse at Stoney Batther?"

"He's jist goin' to it," said the mendicant; "an' as he's a stranger, do you show him the way, and no doubt he'll give your thrunk a lift. Sure we ought to be civil to one another, anyhow. Will you remember the ould man, avick?"

The porter looked at him and smiled, but the old fellow kept rocking as usual, and still pressed his solicitations with unabated eagerness; the other, as if recollecting himself, suddenly thrust his hand into his pocket, and threw him a penny, adding in a dry tone, "You're right, old Hackball, we ought to be civil to one another."

The trunk was now placed upon one of the carts, and both proceeded towards the far-famed Stoney Batter, having bade good-bye to the old mendicant. Barney could not avoid observing to his companion, that he thought him a curiosity in his way.

"And a quare ould chap, too," he added.

"Why," said the other, dryly, "he is that. From daybreak till afther the quality all pass to dinner he seldom budes from that spot. Then he disappears, and it's odd, but nobody can tell what becomes of him nor where he goes. They say he's very rich."

"He has the devil's 'knowin' look," said Barney, who, however, on thinking over his interview with him, could see no reason why an old man, separated from the world as he was, should out of mere wantonness of mischief direct him to an improper or an unsafe house to stop in. Still the look of the old fellow, sinister as it was, haunted his imagination in spite of himself. At length he resolved to ask his companion if he knew, or had ever heard, anything to the disadvantage of the inn in question; but on turning about to address him, he found that he had disappeared. By this time he had fairly entered the city, and it was, of course, a very easy thing for anyone to turn a corner and give him the slip; but why the man should run away and leave his trunk behind him was difficult to be accounted for. Impossible! He only met a friend and stopped to speak to him. In a few minutes there was no doubt but he would overtake him.

Such were his cogitations, when, to increase his surprise still further, he saw his horses seized by the head, and at the same moment found himself between two constables, who declared him their prisoner.

"What is this for?" he inquired, his blood rising;—"the king's prisoner!—for why am I the king's prisoner?"

"Walk away with us, and you'll soon know that."

"What! an' lave my horses and property in the street?—divil a morsel of that same, if there was half a dozen of yez. Tell me what I have done, I say?"

and with a powerful effort he shook the two men off him as he spoke.

The men again fastened on him, but his resistance was instantly checked by seeing two other constables raise the tarpaulin, under the corner of which he and the porter had fixed the trunk. The moment it was found, they exclaimed to the others, "Here it is; all's right and correct to a hair."

"You see how it is," said those who held him; "walk away with us, my goodfellow, and no palaver: if not, we'll clap that upon your wrist that will save your sleeve buttons."

Now all this occurred in less than a minute; yet so easy is it to collect a crowd in the streets of any great city, that the horses and carts, as well as the actors in this drama, were already surrounded with people.

"I have a right to know what I'm guilty of," said Barney; "an' I must know it afore I budge a step for any man; so I demand wanst more what charge you have against me?"

"It's a fair question," said the bystanders; "tell the man what you charge him with."

"He'll know it too soon," they replied. "Come, my buck, step out."

"You don't expect me, as I said, to lave my property in the street?" he replied again; "you know I can't do that, an' I won't, that's a sure thing."

"Ned, hand out them darbies. Your property! We will take charge of your property, my man. But you don't expect us to put your horses and carts in gaol with you, my fine fellow? Come, step along."

"Do you know that I'm sure this is a plot?" said Barney; "none of yez has showed me your authority, an' until you do, you may jist as well whistle jigs to a milestone, as bring me a foot, if there wor a dozen of yez."

A peace-officer's mace was immediately held to his nose. "There it is," said the fellow who carried it. "Will you move now, or must we get on the darbies?"

"I will," returned Barney, "but you must let my horses and carts come along wid me. I can't be detained any time; for as to the trunk, it's not twenty minutes in my possession. Bring the horses and carts along, an' I'll go."

"And you won't otherwise?"

"No, not while I can raise a hand."

"Damn you for a ruffian," exclaimed the other, dragging him forward, and at the same time giving him with his mace something between a punch and a blow about the neck. "Come along, I say, bloody end to you, come along, your horses and carts will be safe."

"Don't abuse the man," shouted the people: "don't strike him, you bloody thief snatcher! Is it going to kill the decent man they are?"

Barney, seeing that the crowd, at all events, were with him, felt his confidence get strong, and his resolution not to be separated from his property increase. The stroke of the mace, however, was that which principally determined him. With a powerful wrench he immediately disentangled himself, and by two successive blows, quickly and powerfully sent home,



he felled to the earth the two fellows who had held him. A short but curious contest took place, in which Barney had an opportunity of duly estimating the value which ought to be placed on the brawling support of a Dublin mob; for he was left unaided, unless by their idle and senseless clamour. As it was, the constables found it a formidable task to master him, one, indeed, in the execution of which they suffered heavy punishment. Nay, we question if the five men present could have succeeded in getting on the irons were it not that one of them shouted to the crowd, "He's a body-snatcher and has a corpse in the trunk!"

Lightning itself is not quicker than was the change which took place from their vain sympathies in his favour to a fearful feeling of vengeance against him. The scene which now occurred could hardly be described. The indignation of the people against Barney was boundless. All were in a state of frightful commotion, everyone rushing to the spot where the prisoner stood.

"A body-snatcher! a sack-'em-up! Down wid him. Tear him to pieces! Put him in his own sack! Into the Liffey wid him, the bloody thief! How many? Two cart-loads full! A body in every firkin! O Lord, O Lord! An' is he alive yet! Children, too, from ten to fourteen years!"

In the midst of all this din the constables, aided by the people, immediately put Barney in irons. The outrage of the crowd, however, was yet by no means at its height. The moment the man said that the trunk contained a corpse, a rush was made towards it; the cords that bound it were instantly cut or reft off, and in less than two minutes it was forced open, the dead body dragged out, and exposed to the gaze of the now maddened spectators.

Poor Barney, thus exposed, alone and without a friend, to the resentment of an excited rabble, who considered him as having outraged humanity by a crime of the blackest dye, was certainly an object of much pity. It was by the greatest efforts of the very men with whom he was but a few minutes before in violent conflict, aided by the calmest and most sensible persons in the crowd, that he escaped with his life, and that his property was rescued from the fury of the people. Indeed his distress, when about to be removed from it, was so very obvious, that a gentleman in the crowd made way to him, and said in tones of sympathy that went at once to the poor fellow's heart—

"I'm very much afraid, poor man, that there has been some trick played upon you, and indeed, if you be a stranger, it is not at all improbable. At all events, you have an honest look; and although I certainly do not know you, still I think it too bad that your property should be left without due protection. There's my card, which will direct you to find me. I will have your horses and carts brought to my own stores, where they shall be perfectly safe. So far as that is concerned, make your mind easy; I only hope you may get as readily out of the ugly fact that is against you."

The constables said he might entertain no fears

for his property, that they would put it up wherever he wished. Barney, however, said he would prefer leaving it with the kind gentleman.

"God Almighty bless you, sir," said he, "you have taken a heavy load off my heart."

"Keep that card in your pocket, and the moment you are at liberty—but, at all events, I shall see whether I can serve you in the other matter;—where are you bringing him now?" he inquired of the officers.

"To Harry-street, before Mr. Ooke, your honour."

"Well, then, go quietly with these men, and—let me see, I could not possibly attend the office to-day; but I'll tell you what—ask the magistrates to let your examination stand over till to-morrow. Is there anyone of respectability in town that you know?"

"Not a soul, sir," replied Barney; "I never had my fut in Dublin afore, an' if I was but safe at home; oh, but I'm the unlucky boy this day!"

"What, none! Well, then, you have the more need of someone to interfere for you," said the gentleman; "so get your business put off till to-morrow, if you can; and I will go to the office, and see how your case really stands;—go quietly with the officers."

"Maybe yez would wait for one minute," said a voice, which made Barney look with a start in the direction from which it issued; he could not be mistaken; it was that of the old mendicant from the park-road, who had wrought his way through the crowd, and stood beside the parties in question.

"Are yez takin' the man away from his horses and carts?" he asked, without addressing anyone in particular.

"Thanks be to God," exclaimed Barney, "here's a man can prove my innocence."

"That I can an' will," said O'Cullenan;—"but about your property, who is to take care of that?"

"This worthy gentleman," said Barney, "has promised to take my horses and carts home to his stores till I get out of this devil's business that I've got into."

The mendicant and Barney's new patron surveyed each other for nearly half a minute, as if each strove to read the very soul of the other. At length the old man, with a hard expression of scorn and self-will upon his face, simply but emphatically uttered the monosyllable, "No."

"Show me that card," said he to Barney, who still held it in his hand. One glance at it seemed completely to confirm his determination. "No," said he, "no. This man," he added, addressing the officers, "I know a little about—he is an honest man, and I can clear him from the charge against him. In the meantime he was bound for the White Horse, at Stoney Bather, an' there I'll bring his property, and one of you can come and see his horses and carts put up. The house is a well-known house; and his horses and everything else belonging to him will be safe, for the landlord is responsible for them."

"It is to you only that I will trust them," said Barney, "for I know they will be as safe wid you

as wid myself, thankin' the gentleman in the mane-time for his intinded kindness."

Matters having now assumed a somewhat brighter aspect for Barney, he accompanied the officers with an easier heart. The old man, true to his word, brought the carts to the redoubtable White Horse Inn, after which he went directly to Harry-street, in order to give the testimony which was essential to Barney's liberation.

The investigation which took place was more a matter of form, as the case turned out, than anything else. The evidence of Manus O'Cullenan placed Barney beyond all suspicion of having had anything to do with the disinterment of the body. Barney, when examined, very candidly and honestly detailed the nature of his interview with the three English fellows in Finglas on the preceding night; and when it came out in the course of the inquiry that they had sang two songs, the names only of which he could remember, namely, "Sir Billy has lost his queue," and "Old King Cole," the magistrates were satisfied, from circumstances which had come to their knowledge on former occasions, that poor Barney had fallen into the hands of the three most notorious sharpers of the day. These were fellows who, with the roulette tables, attended every race-course and great fair in the kingdom, where they fleeced every person who played, except their own accomplices, or some individual whom they allowed to escape, upon the principle of throwing a sprat to catch a salmon. Our worthy butter merchant was not only honourably set at large, but desired to be sharply on his guard, as it was not impossible that they might still, through other agents, attempt to swindle him out of his property.

Thus ended the charge against Barney, who, accompanied by his new friend, repaired to the White Horse, where he found his butter, horses, and carts safe and well taken care of. Having ordered in some liquor, the old fellow, with an appearance of much interest in the result of his future transactions, addressed him as follows:—

"You may thank me," said he, "or you would have been stripped naked,—ay, as naked as the palm of my hand; and you think it odd, too, that a poor beggar like me could prevent it; but I could, and did—ay, and I know more about you than you think. Did you ever sell wheat in the fair of Kilscaudaun?"

Barney groaned. "For God's sake," said he, "don't mention it; I was *done* purtily there."

"Don't be too sure but you'll be done as purtily here, I tell you that. If I hadn't prevented that fellow from taking care of your horses and carts—whew! where would they be now, do you think? In bank notes—and in good ones, too—before this?"

"Faith," said Barney, "you have proved yourself a true friend to me. Well, no matter, my good fellow, I'll give you the price of a better coat than that before we part."

"Will you, indeed?" said the other, with an incredulous sneer; "maybe not."

"Well, we'll see," said Barney: "but how do you know anything about the Kilscaudaun business?"

"Never mind. All I can say is, you're far from being safe yet, unless I take good care of you. I tell you you're *set*; and if we're not well on our sharps we'll have Kilscaudaun acted over again. For the present, however, I *must* leave you, but I will see you in the evening. In the meantime, let everything rest as it is—do nothing till to-morrow, and good-bye for the present."

Barney, having nothing else to do for the remainder of the day, inquired his way to the butter market, to see how the wind blew, touching the prices. Until he reached that busy and classical spot, the adventures of the day seemed to him like a dream. Not a man looked at him that he did not suspect to be a blackleg, robber, or cut-throat. It is not, indeed, surprising, if we consider what he had encountered since his arrival in Dublin—a space of only a few hours—that his apprehensions should have been excited until they were little short of actual terror.

The great Dublin butter market, which he was in a few minutes to see, gave a complete *supersedeas* to every such sensation. His whole soul was in a tumult of high-wrought expectation; but never did man suffer more from allowing his imagination to run riot when he saw the poor, shabby, contemptible exhibition that it was. He felt chopfallen, annoyed, grieved. "Here," said he, "have I travelled above four-score miles to see the great Dublin butter market, and may I never bite an augur, but I have seen more butter of a market-day in the town of Kilscaudaun than comes here at this rate for a month. Oh, but I am the unfortunate boy every way! Such a market! May God send me safe home wid my life and health!" For an hour or two he amused himself by sauntering about, piercing one cask, tasting another, guessing the weight of that cool, and examining with great vigilance and sagacity all the local tricks, strange usages, and technical phrases that prevailed.

It had been arranged during the evening between him and the mendicant that they should both go to the butter market together. Without this promise from his friend, Barney would not indeed have considered himself safe; but as it was, on reaching the market the next morning, he went through it with the air of a man confident in his own sagacity, and up to all the tricks and manœuvres of the place. In the course of a very short time he disposed of his butter, saw it tasted, weighed, marked, and, what was still better, received in good Bank of Ireland notes such a sum of money as, allowing for the contingency of his reaching home safely, caused him to feel quite satisfied that he had made the trip in question to the metropolis.

Nothing now prevented him from leaving Dublin but the purchase of several things for his wife and children, which he could get neither so good nor so cheap near home, and which he had promised them. The old mendicant, after giving him every necessary advice and caution against the tricks and traps that might be laid for him, said he could stay no longer; but now that the principal danger was over—his

butter well sold and the money for it in his fob—in good notes, too—he thought there could be no such very great danger, provided he looked well to his pockets, did not drink with anyone, and entered into no intercourse with strangers. “But you must not leave town to-day. The danger here is past, because I am with you; but go out of town by yourself, and the danger is before you and over you. I must now go, but I will see you in the evening.”

“Stop,” said Barney, “you have been a friend to me when I wanted one. I won’t ask questions; but here’s two pounds ten, get some better duds than this—for betune you and me your dress in open to objection.”

“Would you wish,” said the old fellow, after having slipped the notes into his pocket, “to ruin my trade? No, no; these clothes must do me for the rest of my life. But, thank you, and take care of yourself.”

They then separated, Barney to the White Horse, in order to get a youngster, acquainted with the town, to show him the streets and particular houses in which he wished to make his purchases; the old fellow adjourned to his usual seat upon the park-road.

Having made his purchases, Barney determined to lose no time in getting home to his wife and family. His new friend, the mendicant, had not called to the White Horse, or if he had, it must have been in his absence. Strong suspicions as to the honesty of that inn, and its safety as a place to put up at, came across his mind. He also entertained a terror of the sack-’em-ups, which, indeed, was at that period, when the city was but poorly policed, a kind of epidemic among such country folks as happened to come to Dublin for the first time, under apprehensions created by the exaggerating tongue of rumour, which gave awful accounts of men who were kidnapped, smothered, and sold to the surgeons for large sums of money.

As Barney had the proceeds of his butter about him,—a considerable sum—he made up his mind to start for home the next morning as early as travelling might be safe upon the road. He then went out for a walk, and was returning to his inn, and had reached the corner of North King-street, on his way, when he was met by O’Cullenan, who, after some preliminary chat, asked him where he had been, and why he was out so late, for it was a little after ten o’clock at night.

“Now,” proceeded O’Cullenan, “I have been looking for you, and I want you.”

“Well,” said Barney, “here I am.”

“Ay,” replied the other, “you are here now, but it’s hard to say where you may be by this time to-morrow. I have made a discovery about the White Horse that surprises me. It’s not a safe place, an’ all I can say is, that if you take my advice you won’t sleep in it to-night. In open daylight you can get your horses and carts, and leave it without danger; but take my advice and don’t sleep there to-night, nor leave your money in it.”

“Why,” asked Barney, with a palpitating heart, “do you know of any danger?”

“Do I know of any? No, I don’t know of any, but I suspect it strongly.”

“And where would I sleep, for the sorra place or house I know in the town, barrin’ the one I’m stoppin’ at?”

“For this one night it would be betther to sleep in some poor place, and I’ll tell you why, none but humble people, with little money, ever resort to such places. Of course, by going to some poor lodging, they’ll never suspect you to have much money about you. That is, in my opinion, the wisest thing you can do, and the safest. Tell me this—stand down here out of the thoroughfare, it’s hard to tell how you may be watched,—tell me this, did you meet three English fellows at Finglas?”

“Faith, I did, sure enough.”

“Well, then, these are three of the most dangerous villains in all Dublin. They have their hand in every wickedness that can be thought of. It’s said they carry on a trade in dead bodies from this to London, and that they take none but such as they rob first for their money, and murder afterwards. Now, whisper, I’m told they very often come privately to the White Horse. If you think yourself safe in it after knowing this, I have nothing more to say. Judge for yourself.”

“Divil the fut I’ll sleep in the same White Horse this night, if I should lie in the streets,” exclaimed Barney, the cold perspiration beginning to ooze out of his skin with sheer terror. “For God’s sake will you bring me to some poor, quiet place where the crathurs, as you say, won’t suspect me of havin’ money. Let me get safe out o’ this cursed hole, an’ I’ll double what I gave you. As I happen to have all my money about me, I won’t go back to put myself any more in their power this night. For heaven’s sake, thin, bring me to some house where you think I’ll be safe.”

This was agreed to, and after trying several dry lodging-houses, they at last fixed upon one in Grange-gorman-lane, which appeared to be quieter and decenter-looking than the others.

“Now,” said O’Cullenan, “the earlier you start the better. I’ll see you as you pass, for I’m there every mornin’ with the first light. Good-night!”

“No good-night yet awhile. Sit down; we must have a sup o’ dhrink afore we part.”

“The less you take the better,” said the other, dryly.

“I know that,” said Barney; “but I feel that one glass of something will sarve me: faith, I want it to keep up my—”

“Very well, very well,” said the mendicant. “A glass o’ porther, then; as for me a drop of spirits won’t crass my lips this night.”

“Could we get in a glass of porther, ma’am?” said Barney, applying himself to an old woman, who, with a young girl about sixteen, were the only inmates visible in the house. “I feel as dhry as a stick, an’ I ever an’ always had a distaste agin wather, unless whin there was something to tighten it!”

This was an effort at being careless and facetious

merely to conceal his terror. It was, however, a dead failure, the laugh stuck in his throat and would not come.

"Not unless you go for it yourselves," replied the old dame. "I'm not able to go, an' I have no notion of lettin' that young crature out at sich an hour o' the night as this is, an' in sich times, the Lord save us, when so many people is whipped off, nobody knows how or where."

"If I knew," said Barney, with a hesitating voice that betrayed the effect of the last observation upon him.

The old man shook his head: "No," said he, interrupting him, "the devil a foot you shall go; I must only try it myself. Give me the money; an' do you, ma'am, get me a vessel to bring it in."

"What can keep this ould man?" said Barney, after a while.

"There's ne'er a public-house near this," said the woman: "he had a good piece to go for it."

"He's a dacent ould poor crature," he continued, anxious to draw her into conversation.

"He may be that," she replied, "for all I know to the contrary; none here ever set an eye on the man before."

After a considerable time Cullenan at last returned.

"What on earth kept you?" said Barney; "I was beginnin' to think that something had happened you."

The man laid down two jugs of porter. "The vessel you gave me," said he to the woman, "would not hold half a gallon, so I had to borrow another in Brady's public-house below; but I promised you would send it home in the morning. I want a word with you," he said, addressing Barney; "come outside the door a minute."

"In the name o' God, what is it?" asked the other, in evident alarm.

"You had a narrow escape this night," said the mendicant; "an' if ever a man had a right to be thankful, you have. Indeed if it hadn't happened till to-morrow it would be better still."

"What has happened?" said Barney, breathless with anxiety.

"Why," said the old man, "as I was so near the White Horse, I slipped down to look about me. There's three executions in the house, one from the landlord, and two others, so that your horses and carts are gone without redemption. The house is closed, and I see clearly, had you slept there to-night" (here he shook his head and paused). "Well," he added, "at all events, you're not among them; a black business it would be—a black and a blue. Well, you're out of their clutches."

"To the devil wid horses and carts," he replied; "let me get safe away widout them, an' I'll be satisfied. Here's the same as I gave you afore;—or stay, couldn't you stop here to-night?"

"Thank you," he replied, pocketing the money, "but is it me staying? What could a poor, helpless old man like me do if anything happened? No; but I'll tell you what: I'll serve you better out than I could by staying. Let me alone; whatever I do for you I must do it my own way. Don't appear

uneasy; and now come in and take a drink, for you *do* want it to keep up your spirits."

Barney, after bidding the old fellow "Good-night," retired to bed, not for the purpose of sleeping, but rather of remaining awake until the return of daylight.

Hundreds may make resolutions, but few, very few, keep them when made. Barney most devoutly said his prayers, stripped himself of all but his small clothes, in one of the pockets of which he kept his bank-notes securely buttoned, and went to bed—but, as the fact turned out, not only to sleep, but to sleep deeply.

It was precisely as daylight was beginning to break that he awoke, much to his own surprise, seeing that he had resolved *not* to sleep at all. At that moment he was startled by the noise of smothered voices in the next room, which, was divided from his by only a thin partition. He started with terror, and on trying if his money were safe, felt as if the weight of death had fallen upon his heart, when he discovered that it had been taken, although the very pocket in which it lay was buttoned as before. What was he to do? He paused a moment to determine, and during that pause the following dialogue reached his ears, now sharpened as they were by terror and danger into an acuteness of hearing that made every word impinge itself upon his very brain:—

"Is the trunk ready?" said a voice. "Make haste, d—n your blood! we won't have time to stow him into it, and the ship sails at half-past twelve o'clock."

"It was all Jack's fault," said the other. "Did you prog *all* his money?"

"Every penny," said the first voice; "and I would have *snatched* him then, only the pitch-plaster wasn't ready. He'll make the best corpse we got this month."

The cold perspiration was now pouring from Barney in the bed. "May God have mercy on me," he prayed inwardly, "for I'm surely lost. But as it's to do or die wid me, I'll make a hard fight, at any rate; they can but take my life, but it'll go hard if I don't return the compliment to some of them."

"He'll bring us about thirty guineas in London," said a third voice. "Be Japers, it's well the beggarman, O'Cullenan, doesn't know of this, or he'd hang us every man, for he took a great fancy to this cove. At all events, between his butter money and the price of his body, it's the best thing we did this long time."

"Have you the daggers and pistols ready, in case of resistance?" enquired a fourth voice.

"To be sure," replied the first. "But what the d—l's keeping Dick? He's as long melting that pitch as I'd sack up half a dozen carcasses. I have the trunk beautifully water-tight, and the pickle ready. I made it stronger than usual, for the fellow's fat, and would stink like a badger unless well salted."

Here Barney heard the atrocious villains absolutely indulging in smothered laughter at the contemplation of their own hellish designs.

At this moment the front window of his sleeping-room caught his eye, and with the quickness, almost, of thought, he tried if it would open. Heavens above! it gave way with as little noise as if it had been oiled for the purpose; and Barney, with the stealthy pace of a cat, or one of the thieves themselves, peeped out to view the ground, and see if the coast was clear for a spring. All was right. In a moment's time he backed himself out, got his foot upon the upper ledge of the lower window, twisted himself round, so as to leap down with his face to the street, which he did without any serious injury. He immediately set off at full speed, having only his shirt and small clothes on; but as he was almost ignorant of the streets, and the directions in which they led, nearly an hour elapsed before he found himself on the way to the Park. He was questioned and about to be stopped by two or three watchmen; but on assuring them, in breathless haste, that he was going for a midwife, they had too much national gallantry to make further inquiries or retard his progress upon such an interesting message. He had not passed far through the Park-gate, when the first person—indeed the only one—he saw was the mendicant, who, hearing his quick tread and rapid breathing, turned round with his usual bitter sneer to see who it was.

"What?—what?—eh, how the devil is this? What's wrong? Are you attacked?"

Barney seized him like lightning with the gripe of a vice, and whipping out the iron skewer which pinned on his old great coat, dragged it off him before he had a moment's time for resistance or remonstrance.

"I gave you the price of a better coat," said he, "and in the meantime I'll borrow this. You can get another with my money. A fair exchange is no robbery. And now may my curse light down upon Dublin, and you, and every man, woman, and child that's in it."

The old man attempted to run after him, but he became for a short time paralysed, and could not get out a word. At length he uttered scream after scream so wild and sharp, that Barney, going at full speed as he was, could not avoid turning round to look at him. His gestures of menace were frantic, convulsive, spasmodic; his keen eyes glittered with the concentrated venom and lustre of fifty rattle-snakes; the foam was white upon his lips as he uttered one imprecation after another, each deepening in Satanic bitterness and malignity.

"Take it easy," shouted Barney over his shoulder; "my conscience doesn't trouble me. When I'm *colt* in Dublin again, you'll rob me among you, that's all, devil seize the whole of ye!"

That Barney was forced to throw himself upon the kindness and hospitality of his warm-hearted countrymen, it is scarcely necessary to state to our readers, who know the destitute condition in which he travelled. He got, however, an old hat from one farmer, and a pair of half-worn shoes from another, and would have got a better coat than that of the mendicant, but he declined to accept it.

"I'll not part wid it," said he, "in regard that

it's all I have to show for my butther, my horses, and my carts. An' God He knows it's an ugly witness to a bad bargain. Mavrone, this day, but I'm the nice unlucky boy, wid this upon my back!"

At length he reached home, and as he approached the house he knew by the hour of the day and the appearance of the place, that the family were at dinner, and that he should be forced to suffer the mortification of meeting them together, and bearing either their combined ridicule or anger. What on earth to do he knew not. For twenty minutes he kept lounging and skulking about, in the garb of some sturdy overgrown beggar blade, who might be manœuvring to steal something off the premises. This, however, was all in vain; for, after sliding up to the door, with as much apparent sheepishness as a country lad or wench going to dance in public for the first time, he was detected by his youngest son, in the act of stretching his neck to look into the window of his own bedroom, through which he intended, if possible, to enter unseen.

"There's a big beggarman," said the lad, "at the windy."

An older boy then looked out, and was about to withdraw, after having told him to wait, and he'd be helped; when he looked again, started, and exclaimed: "Chiernah, uncle!" Their uncle, by the way, had come over to enquire if he was returned, and dined with them, as it was near dinner hour.

"Chiernah, uncle.—Come here, boys.—Mother, upon my sowl, if you wouldn't think this is my father! It is, it is—no—eh?—By this an' by that.—Come here, can't yez!"

His disguise could be kept up no longer, nor his vexation concealed. The great butter merchant, the acute, sharp, experienced dealer, came home to them, like a shorn sheep.

"Why, Barney!" exclaimed his wife and brother simultaneously, "in the name o' goodness above, what's the reason of this?"

"Where's the horses an' carts, father," said the eldest boy, running in, after having gone out to see where they were; "an' where's your clo'es, father!" exclaimed his daughter.

"Chiernah, Barney," asked the wife again, "tell us at wanst, man, what happened you?"

"You'll hear it time enough;—in the meantime, there," he added, flinging down the old coat upon the floor, "is payment for my horses and carts, an' butther, an' clo'es;—devil resave the thing I've brought you home but *that*."

"Blood!" said his brother, "that's a bad business

"You were robbed, Barney?" said the wife.

"You may say that," he groaned.

"Well," said the affectionate woman, whilst the tears streamed from her eyes, "let it go. Sure, thanks be to God that you're safe yourself; we can afford to lose it, glory be to God!"—and as she spoke she put her arms about his neck, and kissed him heartily—a ceremony which was now gone through by every one of the family, from the good woman down to the youngest of the children.

"I brought that home to yez," said he, kicking it out of his way with a very rueful face, "to show yez

the value I got for my brave property. Mavrone, oh, but I'm the unlucky boy this day! Misfortune! I'd like to know where's the thing *now* to set this one right, or to make it turn out well? An' ould coat! Oh, murder! to say that purshuin to the thing I have, but one ould rag that no one would lift out o' the gutther!"

"Throw it in the fire;—burn it to ashes!" said his wife, transferring to the coat the indignation which she felt against the robbers; "don't be keepin' it here, to put us in mind of what we've lost;" and she was about to execute her own sentence to the letter.

"Aisy," said Barney; "aisy a bit. No; whatever happens, I'll keep this very coat in the family, jist to tache my childhre and grand-childhre what an unlucky boy their ould fool of a father was, when he should go all the ways to Dublin to sell his butther, instead of sellin' it nearer home."

The coat was accordingly hung up on a peg in Barney's sleeping-room, as a lesson to his children and their descendants, that the air of Dublin was not exactly the atmosphere in which they should attempt to thrive.

And now our readers may be inclined to ask if Barney was never, by any freak of fortune in his favour, compensated for the loss of his property in Dublin. This was a subject, indeed, on which Barney himself, for some short period after his loss, felt exceedingly sore. Sometimes, 'tis true, he would speak about it, and that with a scurrility against Dublin which could not be heard without laughter. The coat still hung upon the peg; but unless when Barney had a drop in, it was kept as secret from the glimpse of a strange eye as if it had been some sacred relic too holy to be profaned by the gaze of a sinner.

One evening, just three months after his luckless return from the metropolis, Barney was sitting at home taking a glass of punch with his brother, his uncle, and a neighbour or two, one of whom, by the way, was a butter merchant like himself, who had returned only about a week before from Dublin. This circumstance caused the conversation to turn on the far-famed city, and ultimately induced Barney to narrate the full particulars of his disastrous speculation and journey to it.

"The worst fortune ever I met with," said he, "always was sure to have a twist for the better towards the heel o' the hunt; but divil a thing's left for me here but an ould cothamore that you'd not dirty your feet upon the muddiest day in winther. Mavrone, oh, but it's I that was the unlucky boy in that whole business!"

"Arra! let us have a sight o' the price o' your butther, Barney," said the butter dealer; "begad, it must be a valuable coat to be worth so much—ha, ha, ha! Maybe if you'd set it up to auction you'd get the worth o' it—ha, ha, ha!"

This made the mirth very general and loud at his expense, especially with his rival, who took great pleasure in leading the joke on this occasion.

"Folly on," said Barney, "folly on; I own the laugh's fairly against me—divil a lie in it. How-

and-iver, the coat you shall see, sich as it is, the dirty thief."

He then went to the room where it hung, and immediately returned with a very long face, bearing the graceful object in his hand, amidst the loud laughter of all present: for even in Ireland a man can laugh at the misfortunes of his friend, provided they keep aloof from himself.

"There it is," said he, holding it up and shaking the dust off it; "there it is: an' the devil's weight's in it too; for it's as heavy as if it was lined with lead;—but—whisht! Tare an' age, what's this!"

On shaking the coat something fell upon the ground and jingled; but judge of his surprise when, on stooping to lift it, he found that it was a guinea. "Whisht!" he exclaimed;—"hould;—will ye whisht!"

At this moment they were every one silent as the grave but himself. In an instant he felt the coat closely, and poked the patches with his fingers, a broad grin upon his face, whilst, as usual, one eyebrow was up and the other down, alternately.

"Hurra for Dublin," he shouted; "why don't yez get me a pair of scissors? I have it all now;—I'm up to the ould fellow;—he wouldn't part wid it, indeed! Oh, not he! Hurra for Dublin!—hurra for the metropolis! That's the ground for a butther merchant! Whiz!"

"Gog's blakey! but I believe it's lined with guineas," said his uncle. "Be the elevens, he's in for the ould luck still!"

"Me sell butther!—oh, no;—hut, tut, no. I'm a fool, amn't I?—an' always made a bad bargain. Eh, Hugh Traynor, where's your laughin' face gone? Out wid a joke at me, can't you? Will I call an auction, eh? Hurra for Dublin! Hurra for the metropolis! Whiz—whirros!"

He immediately proceeded to rip the coat, and, sooth to say, such a disembowelling of hard guineas and bank-notes was never witnessed from a source so strange and unexpected. Nothing could resist the comic expression of Barney's face, as patch after patch gave forth their treasures. His laughter and grimaces now became infectious, and as hundred after hundred tumbled out, the fun still grew fast and furious; but that which brought it to the most convulsive climax of all was the fact of Barney's drawing out of a strong and well-concealed gusset the full amount of his own butter, snug and dry, precisely as it had been in the right-hand pocket of his breeches, the very night on which he had been drugged and robbed of it.

"The desateful ould villain," exclaimed Barney; "and so, afther all, it was *he* that *dene* me! But divil's cure to him!"

"Begad, Barney," said the brother, "this is the best misfortune ever you had. You'll be goin' to Dublin agin, I'm thinkin'?"

"No; divil a toe," replied Barney; "I'll let well enough alone. It's not good to tempt fortune too far. But come, blood alive, vanithee, won't you brew us a jug of punch?—for faix, sure enough, this wind-fall desearves a good throw, an' we must have it. Hurra for Dublin! Hurra for the great metropolis!"

of Ireland! That's the place for a butther merchant! Whiz!"

Honest Barney, however, *did* go to Dublin again, but it was for the purpose of finding out Manus O'Cullenan, in order to restore to him the contents of his coat, deducting simply the price of his own butter. He did not venture, however, on this journey alone, nor bring the money with him. He was accompanied by his son and brother, who were, of course, anxious to see the great city at least once in their lives. The honest purport of his journey proved fruitless: old O'Cullenan had been dead exactly three months upon the day that Barney discovered the contents of his coat; or, to speak more plainly, the fury of his vengeance against Barney for taking his cloak, and the paroxysm of the old villain's despair at losing his money caused a blood-vessel to burst, and he

was in less than a week a very interesting subject in the hands of the surgeons. Of his lineage or relatives Barney could get no clue whatsoever—a circumstance which rendered it probable that the wretch went under a false name.

Barney and his friends returned home, where he sat down to enjoy life in the repose of a happy old age, free from care, full of benevolence and charity, and ever willing and able to aid a friend in distress. It was often his custom to amuse his neighbours and beguile the long evenings with a history of the adventures we have so imperfectly narrated; and so generally did they become known in the course of time, that the last of his misfortunes grew into a proverb—so that “to be as full of money as O'Cullenan's coat” is a saying well known in a certain part of Ireland even to the present day.

## MR. O'LEARY'S TWO LOVES.

BY CHARLES LEVER.

### HIS FIRST LOVE.

“It was during the viceroyalty of the late Duke of Richmond that the incidents I am about to mention took place. That was many years ago, and I was rather younger, and a little more particular about my dress than at present.” Here the little man threw a calm glance of satisfaction upon his uncouth habiliments, that nearly made us forget our compact, and laugh outright. “Well, in those wild and headstrong days of youthful ardour, I fell in love—desperately in love—and as always is, I believe, the case with our early experiments in that unfortunate passion, the object of my affection was in every way unsuited to me. She was a tall, dark-haired, dark-eyed maiden, with a romantic imagination, and a kind of a half-crazed, poetic fervour, that often made me fear for her intellect. I'm a short, rather fat—I was always given this way”—here he patted a waistcoat that would fit Daniel Lambert—“happy-minded little fellow, that liked my supper of oysters at the Pigeon-house, and my other creature comforts, and hated everything that excited or put me out of my way, just as I would have hated a blister. Then, the devil would have it, for as certainly as marriages are made in heaven, flirtations have something to say to the other place, that I should fall most irretrievably in love with Lady Agnes Moreton. Bless my soul, it absolutely puts me in a perspiration this hot day, just to think over all I went through on her account; for, strange to say, the more I appeared to prosper in her good graces, the more did she exact on my part; the pursuit was like Jacob's ladder—if it did lead to heaven it was certainly an awfully

long journey, and very hard on one's legs. There was not an amusement she could think of, no matter how unsuited to my tastes or my abilities, that she did not immediately take a violent fancy to; and then there was no escaping, and I was at once obliged to go with the tide, and heaven knows if it would not have carried me to my grave if it were not for the fortunate (I now call it) accident that broke off the affair for ever! One time she took a fancy for yachting, and all the danglers about her, and she always had a cordon of them—young aides-de-camp of her father the general, and idle hussars, in clanking sabretaches and most absurd mustachios, all approved of the taste, and so kept filling her mind with anecdotes of corsairs and smugglers, that at last nothing would satisfy her till I—I, who always would rather have waited for low water, and waded the Liffey in all its black mud, than cross over in the ferry-boat, for fear of sickness—I was obliged to put an advertisement in the newspaper for a pleasure-boat, and, before three weeks saw myself owner of a clinker-built schooner, of forty-eight tons, that by some mockery of fortune was called ‘The Delight.’ I wish you saw me, as you might have done every morning for about a month, as I stood on the Custom-house quay, giving orders for the outfit of the little craft. At first, as she bobbed and pitched with the flood-tide, I used to be a little giddy and rather qualmish, but at last I learned to look on without my head reeling. I began to fancy myself very much of a sailor—a delusion considerably encouraged by a huge blue jacket and a sou'-wester, both of which, though it was in

the dog-days, Agnes insisted upon my wearing, saying I looked more like Dirk Hatteraick, who, I understood, was one of her favourite heroes in Walter Scott. In fact, after she suggested this, she and all her friends called me nothing but 'Dirk.'

"Well, at last, after heaven knows how many excuses on my part, and entreaties for delay, a day was appointed for our first excursion. I shall never forget that day; the entire night before it I did not close my eyes; the skipper had told me, in his confounded sea-jargon, that if the wind was in one quarter we should have a short tossing sea; and if in another, a long rolling swell; and if in a third, a happy union of both—in fact, he made it out that it could not possibly blow right—an opinion I most heartily coincided in, and most devoutly did I pray for a calm, that would not permit of our stirring from our moorings, and thus mar our projected party of pleasure. My prayer was unheard, but my hopes rose on the other hand, for it blew tremendously during the entire night, and although there was a lull towards morning, the sea, even in the river, was considerable.

"I had just come to the conclusion that I was safe for this time, when the mate poked his head into the room, and said:

"Mr. Brail wishes to know, sir, if he'll bend the new mainsail to-day, as it's blowing rather fresh, and he thinks the spars light?"

"Why, the devil take him, he would not have us go out in a hurricane;—surely, Pipes, we could not take out ladies to-day?"

"Oh, bless your heart, yes, sir; it blows a bit, to be sure, but she's a good sea-boat, and we can run for Arklow or the Hook, if it comes fresher."

"Oh, nonsense; there's no pleasure in that: besides, I'm sure they won't like it—the ladies won't venture;—you'll see."

"Ay, sir, but they're all on board a'ready: there's eight ladies in the cabin, and six on deck, and as many hampers of victuals, and as much crockery as if we were a-goin' to Madeira. Captain Grantham, sir, the soldier officer, with the big beard, is a-mixing punch in the grog-tub."

"From the consequences of this day I proclaim myself innocent," said I, with a solemn voice, as I drew on my duck trousers, and prepared to set out.

"And the mainsail, sir," said the mate, not understanding what I said.

"I care not which," said I, doggedly; "act or part in this wilful proceeding I'll not take."

"Ay, ay, sir," said the stupid wretch; "then I'll say you're a-coming, and he may stretch the large canvas; for the skipper says he likes a wet jacket when he has gentlemen out."

"Never did a victim put on a flame-coloured garment, the emblem of fate, and set out on the march of death, with a heavier heart than did I put on my pilot-coat that morning to join my friends.

"My last hope deserted me as I saw the little vessel lying beside the quay; for I continued to trust that in getting out from the dock some accident or mishance might occur to spoil our sport. But

no; there she lay, rolling and pitching in such a way that, even at anchor, they could not stand on the deck without holding. Amid the torrent of compliments for the perfection of all my arrangements, and innumerable sweet things on my taste in the decoration and fitting up of my cabin, I scarcely felt myself afloat for some minutes, and we got under weigh amid a noise and uproar that absolutely prevented the possibility of reflection.

"Hitherto our destination had not been mentioned, and as all the party appealed to Lady Agnes, I could not be less gallant, and joined them in their request.

"Well, then, what do you think of Lambay?" said she, looking at the same moment towards the skipper.

"We can make it, my lady," said the man; "but we'll have a roughish sea of it, for there's a strong point of westward in the wind."

"Then don't think of it," said I: "We have come out for pleasure, not to make our friends sick, or terrify them. It does very well for us men."

"There you are, Dirk, with your insolent sneers about woman's nerves and female cowardice. Now, nothing but Lambay will content me;—what say you, ladies?"

"A general reply of approval met this speech, and was carried by acclamation.

"Lambay, then, be it," said I, with the voice of a man who, entreating to be shot, is informed that he cannot be afforded that pleasure, as his sentence is to be hanged. But I must hasten over these painful recollections. We dropped down the river, and soon left the lighthouse and its long pier behind us, the mast bending like a whip, and the sea boiling like barm over the lee gunwale. Still the spirit of our party only rose the lighter, and nothing but eulogies upon the trim and sailing of the craft resounded on all sides; the din and buzz of the conversation went on only more loudly and less restrictedly than if the party had been on shore, and all, even myself, seemed happy: for up to this moment I had not been sea-sick, yet certain treacherous sensations, that alternately evinced themselves in my stomach and my head, warned me of what was in store for me. The word was now given to tack; I was in the act of essaying a soft speech to Lady Agnes, when the confounded cry of 'Ready about, starboard there; let go sheets and tacks; stand by; haul.' The vessel plunged head foremost into the boiling sea, which hissed on either bow; the heavy boom swung over, carrying my hat along it, and almost my head too. The rest of the party, possibly better informed than myself, speedily changed their places to the opposite side of the boat, while I remained holding on, fast, by the gunwale, till the sea, rushing over what was now become the lee side, carried me head over heels into the shingle ballast in the waist. Lord, how they did laugh! Agnes, too, who never before could get beyond a very faint smile, grew almost hysterical at my performance. As for me, I only wanted this to complete my long-threatened misfortune: sea-sickness, in all its most miserable forms, set in upon me, and ere half-an-hour I lay upon that heap of small stones, as indifferent to all around and about



me as though I were dead. Oh, the long, dreary hours of that melancholy day; it seemed like a year. They tacked and tacked, they wore, beat, and tacked again, the sea washing over me, and the ruffianly sailors trampling upon me without the slightest remorse, whenever they had any occasion to pass back or forward. From my long trance of suffering I was partly roused by the steward shaking my shoulder, saying:

“The gentlemen wish to know, sir, if you'd like sum'at to eat, as they're a-goin' to have a morsel; we are getting into slack water now.”

“Where are we?” I replied, in a sepulchral voice.

“Off the Hook, sir; we have had a most splendid run; but I fear we'll catch it soon; there's some dirty weather to the westward.”

“God grant it!” said I, piously, and in a low tone.

“Did you say you'd have a bit to eat, sir?”

“No!—eat!—am I a cannibal?—eat—go away;—mark me, my good fellow, I'll pay you your wages, if ever we get ashore;—you'll never set another foot aboard with me.”

The man looked perfectly astounded as he moved away, and my thoughts were soon engrossed by the proceedings near me. The rattle of knives, and the jingling of plates and glasses, went on very briskly for some time, accompanied by various pleasant observations of my guests—for such I judged them, from the mirth which ever followed them. At last I thought I heard my name, or at least what they pleased to use as its substitute, mentioned; I strained my ears to listen, and learned that they were pretending to plan a run to Cowes, and see the regatta. This they discussed then, for about twenty minutes, in a very loud voice, purposely to see its effects upon me; but, as I was now aware of the trick, I gave no sign of any intelligence.

“Poor Dirk,” said Grantham; “I believe by this time he cares very little which way her head lies;—but here comes something better than all our discussions. Lady Agnes, sit here;—Miss Pelham, here's a dry cushion for you;—did you say a wing, Lady Mary?”

Now began the crash and clatter of dinner; champagne corks popping, glasses ringing, and all that peculiar admixture of fracas and fun which accompanies a scrambled meal. How they did laugh, and eat, ay, and drink too! G.'s punch seemed to have it's success; for, sick as I was, I could perceive the voices of the men grow gradually louder, and discovered that two gentlemen who had been remarkably timid in the morning, and scarcely opened their lips, were now rather uproariously given, and one even proposed to sing.

“If any man,” thought I, “were to look for an instant at the little scene now enacting here, what a moral might he reap from it;—talk of the base ingratitude of the world;—you cannot say too much of it. Who would suppose that it was my boat these people were assembled in; that it was my champagne these people were drinking; that my venison and my pheasants were feeding those lips, which rarely spoke, except to raise a jest at my expense? My chagrin increased my sickness, and my sickness redoubled my chagrin.”

“Mr. Brail,” said I, in a low whisper, “Mr. Brail.”

“Did you speak, sir?” said he, with about as much surprise in his manner as though he had been addressed by a corpse.

“Mr. Brail,” said I, “is there any danger here?”

“Lord love you, no, sir; she's walking Spanish, and the sea going down; we shall have lovely weather, and they're all enjoying it, sir—the ladies.”

“So I perceive,” said I, with a groan, “so I perceive;—but, Mr. Brail, could you do nothing—just to—to—startle them a little—I mean for fun only? Just ship a heavy sea or two; I don't care for a little damage, Mr. Brail, and if it were to wash over the dinner service, and all the wine, I should not like it worse.”

“Why, sir, you are getting quite funny; the sickness is going.”

“No, Mr. Brail, worse than ever; my head is in two pieces, and my stomach in the back of my mouth; but I should like you to do this;—so just manage it, will you; and there's twenty pounds in my pocket-book, you can have it;—there now;—won't you oblige me? And hark ye, Mr. Brail, if Captain Grantham were to be washed over by mere accident it cannot be helped—accidents are always occurring in boating parties. Go, now;—you know what I mean.”

“But, sir,” began he.

“Well, then, Mr. Brail, you won't—very well. Now, all I have to say is this: that the moment I can find strength to do it, I'll stave out a plank; I'll scuttle the vessel, that's all; I have made up my mind, and look to yourselves now.”

Saying these words, I again threw myself upon the ballast, and, as the gay chorus of a drinking-song was wafted across me, prayed devoutly that we might all go down to the bottom. The song over, I heard a harsh, gruff voice mixing with the more civilised tones of the party, and soon perceived that Mr. Brail was recounting my proposal amid the most uproarious shouts of laughter I ever listened to. Then followed a number of pleasant suggestions for my future management: one proposing to have me tried for mutiny, and sentenced to a ducking over the side; another, that I should be tarred on my back—to which latter most humane notion the fair Agnes subscribed, averring that she was resolved upon my deserving my sobriquet of Dirk Hatteraick. My wrath was now the master even of deadly sickness. I got upon my knees, and having in vain tried to reach my legs, I struggled aft. In this posture did I reach the quarter-deck. What my intention precisely was in this excursion I have no notion of now; but I have some very vague idea, that I meant to re-act the curse of Kehama upon the whole party. At last I mustered strength to rise; but, alas! I had scarcely reached the standing position, when a tremendous heel of the boat to one side threw me in the gunwale, and before I was able to recover my balance, a second lurch pitched me headlong into the sea. I have, thank God, no further recollection of my misfortunes. When I again became conscious, I found myself wrapped up in a pilot-coat, while my clothes were

drying. The vessel was at anchor in Wexford, my attached friends had started for town with post-horses, leaving me no less cured of love than aquatics.

"The Delight" passed over in a few days to some more favoured son of Neptune, and I hid my shame and my misfortunes by a year's tour on the Continent."

#### HIS SECOND LOVE.

"You may easily suppose," said Mr. O'Leary, "that the unhappy termination of my first passion served as a shield to me for a long time against my unfortunate tendencies towards the fair; and such was really the case. I never spoke to a young lady for three years after, without a reeling in my head, so associated in my mind was love and sea-sickness. However, at last, what will not time do? It was about four years from the date of this adventure, when I became so oblivious of my former failure as again to tempt my fortune! My present choice, in every way unlike the last, was a gay, lively girl, of great animal spirits, and a considerable turn for railery, that spared no one; the members of her own family were not even sacred in her eyes; and her father, a reverend dean, as frequently figured among the ludicrous as his neighbours.

"The Evershams had been very old friends of a rich aunt of mine, who never, by-the-by, had condescended to notice me till I made their acquaintance; but no sooner had I done so, than she sent for me, and gave me to understand that, in the event of my succeeding to the hand of Fanny Eversham, I should be her heir, and the possessor of about sixty thousand pounds. She did not stop here; but by canvassing the dean in my favour, speedily put the matter on a most favourable footing, and in less than two months I was received as the accepted suitor of the fair Fanny, then one of the reigning belles of Dublin.

"They lived at this time about three miles from town, in a very pretty country, where I used to pass all my mornings, and many of my evenings, too, in a state of happiness that I should have considered perfect, if it were not for two unhappy blots—one, the taste of my betrothed for laughing at her friends; another, the diabolical propensity to talk politics of my intended father-in-law. To the former I could submit; but with the latter, submission only made bad worse; for he invariably drew up as I receded, drily observing that with men who had no avowed opinions it was ill-agreeing; or that, with persons who kept their politics, as a schoolboy does his pocket-money, never to spend, and always ready to change, it was unpleasant to dispute. Such taunts as these I submitted to as well as I might, secretly resolving that, as I never knew the meaning of Whig and Tory, I'd contrive to spend my life, after marriage, out of the worthy dean's diocese.

"Time wore on, and at length, to my most pressing solicitations, it was conceded that a day for our marriage should be appointed. Not even the unlucky termination of this my second love affair can deprive me of the happy souvenir of the few weeks which were to intervene before our destined union.

"The mornings were passed in ransacking all the shops where wedding finery could be procured—laces, blondes, velvets, and satins, littered every corner of the deanery—and there was scarcely a carriage in a coachmaker's yard in the city that I had not sat and jumped in, to try the springs, by the special directions of Mrs. Eversham, who never ceased to impress me with the awful responsibility I was about to take upon me in marrying so great a prize as her daughter—a feeling I found very general among many of my friends at the Kildare-street Club.

"Among the many indispensable purchases which I was to make, and about which Fanny expressed herself more than commonly anxious, was a saddle-horse for me. She was a great horsewoman, and hated riding with only a servant, and had given me to understand as much about half a dozen times each day for the last five weeks. How shall I acknowledge it?—equestrianism was never my forte. I had all my life considerable respect for the horse as an animal, pretty much as I regarded a lion or a tiger; but as to any intention of mounting upon the back of one, and taking a ride, I should as soon have dreamed of taking an airing upon a giraffe; and as to the thought of buying, feeding, and maintaining such a beast at my own proper cost, I should just as soon have determined to purchase a pillory or a ducking-stool, by way of amusing my leisure hours.

"However, Fanny was obstinate—whether she suspected anything or not I cannot say;—but nothing seemed to turn her from her purpose; and although I pleaded a thousand things in delay, yet she each day grew more impatient, and at last I saw that there was nothing for it but to submit.

"When I arrived at this last and bold resolve I could not help feeling that to possess a horse and not be able to mount him was only deferring the ridicule; and as I had so often expressed the difficulty I felt in suiting myself as a cause of my delay, I could not possibly come forward with anything very objectionable, or I should be only the more laughed at. There was then but one course to take: a fortnight still intervened before the day which was to make me happy, and I resolved to take lessons in riding during the interval, and by every endeavour in my power become, if possible, able to pass muster on the saddle before my bride.

"Poor old Lalouette understood but little of the urgency of the case when I requested his leave to take my lessons each morning at six o'clock: for I dared not absent myself during the day without exciting suspicion; and never, I will venture to assert, did knight-errant of old strive harder for the hand of his lady-love than did I during that weary fortnight. If a hippogriff had been the animal I bestrode, instead of being, as it was, an old wall-eyed gray, I could not have felt more misgivings at my temerity, or more proud of my achievement. In the first three days, the unaccustomed exercise proved so severe, that when I reached the deanery I could hardly move, and crossed the floor pretty much as a pair of compasses might be supposed to do if performing that exploit. Nothing, however, could equal the kindness of my poor dear mother-in-law in embryo, and even the dean too. Fanny

indeed, said nothing; but I rather think she was disposed to giggle a little; but my rheumatism, as it was called, was daily inquired after, and I was compelled to take some infernal stuff in my port wine at dinner that nearly made me sick at table.

"I am sure you walk too much," said Fanny, with one of her knowing looks. "Papa, don't you think he ought to ride? It would be much better for him."

"I do, my dear," said the dean. "But then, you see, he is so hard to be pleased in a horse. Your old hunting-days have spoiled you; but you must forget Melton and Grantham, and condescend to keep a hack."

"I must have looked confoundedly foolish here, for Fanny never took her eyes off me, and continued to laugh in her own wicked way.

"It was now about the ninth or tenth day of my purgatorial performances; and certainly if there be any merit in fleshly mortifications, these religious exercises of mine should stand my part hereafter. A review had been announced in the Phoenix Park, which Fanny had expressed herself most desirous to witness; and as the dean would not permit her to go without a chaperon, I had no means of escape, and promised to escort her. No sooner had I made this rash pledge, than I hastened to my confidential friend, Lalouette, and having imparted to him my entire secret, asked him in a solemn and imposing manner, 'Can I do it?' The old man shook his head dubiously, looked grave, and muttered at length, 'Mosch depend on de horse!' 'I know it—I know it—I feel it,' said I, eagerly; 'then, where are we to find an animal that will carry me peaceably through this awful day—I care not for its price?'

"Vot're affaire ne sera pas trop chère," said he.

"Why, how do you mean?" said I.

"He then proceeded to inform me that, by a singularly fortunate chance, there took place that day an auction of 'cast horses,' as they are termed, which had been used in the horse police force; and that, from long riding, and training to stand fire, nothing could be more suitable than one of these: being both easy to ride, and not giving to start at noise.

"I could have almost hugged the old fellow for his happy suggestion, and waited with impatience for three o'clock to come, when we repaired together to Essex-bridge, at that time the place selected for these sales.

"I was at first a little shocked at the look of the animals drawn up; they were most miserably thin, most of them swelled in the legs, few without sore backs, and not one eye, on an average, in every three; but still they were all high steppers, and carried a great tail. 'There's your "affaire,"' said the old Frenchman, as a long-legged, fiddle-headed beast was led out; turning out his fore-legs so as to endanger the man who walked beside him.

"Yea, there's blood for you," said Charley Dycer, seeing my eye fixed on the wretched beast 'equal to fifteen stone with any foxhounds; safe in all his paces, and warranted sound; except,' added he, in a whisper, 'a slight spavin in both hind-legs, ring bone, and a little touched in the wind.' Here the

animal gave an improving cough. 'Will any gentleman say fifty pounds to begin?' But no gentleman did. A hackney coachman, however, said five, and the sale opened; the beast trotting up and down nearly over the bidders at every moment, and plunging on so that it was impossible to know what was doing.

"Fiveten—fifteen—six pounds—thank you, sir—guineas.' 'Seven pounds,' said I, bidding against myself, not perceiving that I had spoken last. 'Thank you, Mr. Moriarty,' said Dycer, turning towards an invisible purchaser supposed to be in the crowd—'thank you, sir, you'll not let a good one go in that way.' Everyone here turned to find out the very knowing gentleman; but he could nowhere be seen.

"Dycer resumed, 'Seven ten for Mr. Moriarty. Going for seven ten—a cruel sacrifice—there's action for you—playful beast.' Here the devil had stumbled and nearly killed a basket-woman with two children.

"Eight," said I, with a loud voice.

"Eight pounds;—quite absurd," said Dycer, almost rudely; 'a charger like that for eight pounds—going for eight pounds—going—nothing above eight pounds—no reserve, gentlemen, you are aware of that. They are all, as it were, his Majesty's stud—no reserve whatever—last time, eight pounds—gone.'

"Amid a very hearty cheer from the mob—God knows why—but a Dublin mob always cheer—I returned, accompanied by a ragged fellow, leading my new purchase after me with a hay halter. 'What is the meaning of these letters?' said I, pointing to a very conspicuous G.R., with sundry other enigmatical signs, burned upon the animal's hind quarter.

"That's to show he was a po-lis," said the fellow, with a grin; 'and whin ye ride with ladies, ye must turn the decoy side.'

"The auspicious morning at last arrived; and, strange to say, the first waking thought was of the unlucky day that ushered in my yachting excursion four years before. Why this was so, I cannot pretend to guess; there was but little analogy in the circumstances, at least so far as anything had then gone. 'How is Marius?' said I to my servant, as he opened my shutters. Here let me mention that a friend of the Kildare-street Club had suggested this name from the remarkably classic character of my steed's countenance: his nose, he assured me, was perfectly Roman.

"Marrus is doing finely, sir, barring his cough, and the thrifle that ails his hind-legs.

"He'll carry me quietly, Simon, eh?"

"Quietly! I'll warrant he'll carry you quietly, if that's all."

"Here was comfort; for Simon had lived forty years as pantry boy with my mother, and knew a great deal about horses. I dressed myself, therefore, in high spirits; and if my pilot jacket and oil-skin cap in former days had half persuaded me that I was born for marine achievements, certainly, my cords and tops that morning went far to convince me that I must have once been a very keen sportsman somewhere, without knowing it. It was a delightful July day that I set

out to join my friends, who having recruited a large party, were to rendezvous at the corner of Stephen's-green; thither I proceeded in a certain ambling trot, which I have often observed is a very favourite pace with timid horsemen and gentlemen of the medical profession. I was hailed with a most hearty welcome by a large party as I turned out of Grafton-street, among whom I perceived several friends of Miss Eversham, and some young dragoon officers, not of my acquaintance, but who appeared to know Fanny intimately, and were laughing heartily with her as I rode up.

"I don't know if other men have experienced what I am about to mention or not; but certainly to me there is no more painful sensation than to find yourself among a number of well-mounted, well-equipped people, while the animal you yourself bestride seems only fit for the kennel. Every look that is cast at your unlucky steed—every whispered observation about you are so many thorns in your flesh, till at last you begin to feel that your appearance is for very little else than the amusement and mirth of the assembly; and every time you rise in your stirrups you excite a laugh.

"Where, for mercy's sake, did you find that creature?" said Fanny, surveying Marius through a glass.

"Oh, him, eh? Why, he is a handsome horse, if in condition—a charger, you know—that's his style."

"Indeed," lisped a young lancer; "I should be devilish sorry to charge or be charged with him." And here they all chuckled at this puppy's silly joke, and I drew up to repress further liberties.

"Is he anything of a fencer?" said a young country gentleman.

"To judge from his near eye, I should say much more of a boxer," said another.

"Here commenced a running fire of pleasantry at the expense of my poor steed; which, not content with attacking his physical, extended to his moral qualities. An old gentleman near me observing, 'that I ought not to have mounted him at all, seeing he was so deuced groggy!' to which I replied, by insinuating, that if others present were as free from the influence of ardent spirits, society would not be a sufferer: an observation that I flatter myself turned the mirth against the old fellow, for they all laughed for a quarter of an hour after.

"Well, at last we set out in a brisk trot, and, placed near Fanny, I speedily forgot all my annoyances in the prospect of figuring to advantage before her. When we reached College-green the leaders of the party suddenly drew up, and we soon found that the entire street opposite the Bank was filled with a dense mob of people, who appeared to be swayed hither and thither, like some mighty beast, as the individuals composing it were engaged in close conflict. It was nothing more nor less than one of those almost weekly rows, which then took place between the students of the University and the townspeople, and which rarely ended without serious consequences. The numbers of people pressing on to the scene of action soon blocked up our retreat, and we found

ourselves most unwilling spectators of the conflict. Political watchwords were loudly shouted by each party; and at last the students, who appeared to be yielding to superior numbers, called out for the intervention of the police. The aid was nearer than they expected; for at the same instant a body of mounted policemen, whose high helmets rendered them sufficiently conspicuous, were seen trotting at a sharp pace down Dame-street. On they came with drawn sabres, led by a well-looking, gentleman-like personage in plain clothes, who dashed at once into the midst of the fray, issuing his orders, and pointing out to his followers to secure the ringleaders. Up to this moment I had been a most patient and rather amused spectator, of what was doing. Now, however, my part was to commence, for at the word 'charge,' given in a harsh, deep voice by the sergeant of the party, Marius, remembering his ancient instinct, pricked up his ears, cocked his tail, flung up both his hind legs till they nearly broke the provost's windows, and plunged into the thickest of the fray like a devil incarnate.

"Self-preservation must be a strong instinct, for I well remember how little pain it cost me to see the people tumbling and rolling before and beneath me, while I continued to keep my seat. It was only the moment before and that immense mass were in man to man encounter; now, all the indignation of both parties seemed turned upon me; brick-bats were loudly implored, and paving-stones begged to throw at my devoted head; the wild huntsman of the German romance never created half the terror, nor one-tenth of the mischief that I did in less than fifteen minutes, for the ill-starred beast continued twining and twisting like a serpent, plunging and kicking the entire time, and occasionally biting, too: all which accomplishments I afterwards learned, however little in request in civil life, are highly prized in the horse police.

"Every new order of the sergeant was followed in his own fashion by Marius; who very soon contrived to concentrate in my unhappy person all the interest of about fifteen hundred people.

"Secure that scoundrel," said the magistrate, pointing with his finger towards me, as I rode over a respectable-looking old lady, with a gray muff. "Secure him! Cut him down!"

"Ah, devil's luck to him, if he do," said a news-monger with a broken shin.

"On I went, however; and now, as the Fates would have it, instead of bearing me out of further danger, the confounded brute dashed onwards to where the magistrate was standing, surrounded by policemen. I thought I saw him change colour as I came on. I suppose my own looks were none of the pleasantest, for the worthy man evidently liked them not. Into the midst of them we plunged, upsetting a corporal, horse and all, and appearing as if bent upon reaching the alderman.

"Cut him down, for heaven's sake. Will nobody shoot him?" said he, with a voice trembling with fear and anger.

"At these words a wretch lifted up his sabre, and

made a cut at my head. I stooped suddenly, and throwing myself from the saddle, seized the poor alderman round the neck, and we both came rolling to the ground together. So completely was he possessed with the notion that I meant to assassinate him, that while I was endeavouring to extricate myself from his grasp, he continued to beg his life in the most heart-rending manner.

"My story is now soon told. So effectually did they rescue the alderman from his danger, that they left me insensible; and I only came to myself some days after by finding myself in the dock in Green-street, charged with an indictment of nineteen counts; the only word of truth of which lay in the preamble, for the 'devil inciting' me only, would ever have made me the owner of that infernal beast, the cause of all my misfortunes. I was so stupefied from my beating, that I know little of the course of the proceedings. My friends told me afterwards that I had a narrow escape from transportation; but for the greatest influence exerted in my behalf, I should certainly have passed the autumn in the agreeable recreation of pounding oyster shells or carding wool; and it certainly must have gone hard with me; for stupefied as I was, I remember the sensation in court, when the alderman made his appearance with a patch over his eye. The affecting admonition of the little judge, who, when passing sentence upon me, adverted to the former respectability of

my life, and the rank of my relatives, actually made the galleries weep.

"Four months in Newgate, and a fine to the king, then rewarded my taste for horse-exercise; and it's no wonder if I prefer going on foot.

"As to Miss Eversham, the following short note from the dean concluded my hopes in that quarter.

"Deanery, Wednesday morning.

"SIR,—After the very distressing publicity to which your late conduct has exposed you—the so open avowal of political opinions, at variance with those (I will say) of every gentleman, and the recorded sentence of a judge on the verdict of twelve of your countrymen—I should hope that you will not feel my present admonition necessary to inform you that your visits at my house shall cease.

"The presents you made my daughter, when under our unfortunate ignorance of your real character, have been addressed to your hotel, and I am your most obedient, humble servant,

"OLIVER EVERSHAM."

"Here ended my second affair '*par amour*' and I freely confess to you that if I can only obtain a wife in a sea voyage, or a steeple-chase, I am likely to fulfil one great condition in modern advertising—'as having no incumbrance nor any objection to travel.'"

## HOW I ESCAPED MATRIMONY.

BY W. H. MAXWELL.

I was garrisoned in Dublin, and was drilling regularly in the Park, a well-conditioned subaltern as need be, when, alas! a letter from an old crony of my mother's brought me into fresh trouble.

I need not tell you exactly what my Lady Featherstone said: but the gist of her letter was to request that I would, without delay, as I valued future fortune, repair to Bath, and trust my fate to her.

Great men are seldom their own directors; and for my part, I was in all weighty concerns aided, counselled, and assisted, by my foster-brother and servant, Ulick Flynn. Of course my Lady Featherstone's epistle was read to him, and he decided at once that we should try our luck; for, as he said, "Luck's everything!" Accordingly, leave was obtained—the paymaster made an advance, and Ulick and I landed safe in Bath, determined to "take fortune at the hop."

My lady was delighted at my despatch, when next morning I presented myself at her breakfast-table. I shall never forget her. She was full five-foot-eight,

and stiff as a drill sergeant. Thin she was, for Ulick affirmed, upon his conscience, "there was not flesh enough upon her bones to bait a rat-trap." Her maid was sent away, the door was carefully secured, and with a grave and important clearing of the voice, she thus broke the ice and entered on particulars:—

"Terence," says she, "it's fifteen years since I laid an eye upon you—you were then but a *gambler*, but as I told your poor dear mother, if the Lord spared you, you might grow up like your uncle Mick: and Mick was the handsomest lad in Loughrea, when I married my lamented husband, Sir Daniel. I had a steady regard for your mother; she held good cards, played a safe game, and was an excellent woman—though she died fifteen guineas in my debt, and your father never had the decency to answer my letter when I sent in my claim. Had it been a tradesman's bill, of course no gentleman should or would have attended to it; but, it was the night before she died, ten guineas points, and five on the odd



## HOW I ESCAPED MATRIMONY

BY W. H. MAXWELL.

I was possessed, I think, by a mad and delirious regard for my freedom, and I was determined, as well as I could, to escape from the hands of my mother's friends, who were determined to force me into matrimony.

I need not tell you exactly what I did, but I will say that I was successful in my attempt, and that I am now, as you see, a free and happy man. I am not a fortune-hunter, and I am not a gambler.

Great men are often to be seen in the streets, and for my part I was not at all surprised when I saw one of them, and assisted by his master, to be seized and carried off to his home. I am not a gambler, and I am not a fortune-hunter, and I am not a gambler. I am not a gambler, and I am not a fortune-hunter, and I am not a gambler.

My mother was a great admirer of me, and she was determined to make me a fortune-hunter, and I am not a gambler, and I am not a fortune-hunter, and I am not a gambler.

and still as a dead weight. I think I should have been able to get it in enough, and I am not a gambler, and I am not a fortune-hunter, and I am not a gambler.

Her maid was with me, and she was determined to force me into matrimony, and I am not a gambler, and I am not a fortune-hunter, and I am not a gambler.

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rubber. Well, your father should have paid it. He's gone to his account; and God send he hasn't suffered for his neglect of me in the other world!"

"But, my dear madam, I have nothing to do with old play-debts of my mother; nor can I be answerable for my father's omissions in answering letters."

"God forbid you should, my dear boy! No, no. I have sent for you,"—and she made a pause.

"For what purpose, madam?"

"To make your fortune," was the reply. "Ay, your fortune, Terence. All money in the funds, and six hundred a year secured upon the best estate in Northamptonshire."

"Then with the fortune, I presume, there is a lady saddled?"

"And what objection is there to one, may I ask, when she can pay for her keeping handsomely, Terence, dear?" quoth my Lady Featherstone.

"Oh, none in the world," I responded.

"Well, then," she continued, "you have no objection to a wife with ten thousand pounds ready, and six hundred a year?"

"The Lord forbid I should be so sinful," I replied, "as to repine at the will of Providence, if such an accident in the way of matrimony befell me."

"Now, Terence, remember I was your poor mother's bosom friend, and I am sure I may speak freely to her son."

I nodded a full affirmative, and my Lady Featherstone looked knowing as a gaoler.

"Terence, is it honour bright between us?"

I assured her, as Ollapod says in the play, that "I was full of honour as a corps of cavalry."

"It's all right," rejoined my lady, "and now for business. You must know, Terence, jewel, that I have had the worst of luck the last winter; and every year villainous tradesmen are becoming more intolerable. My rent is due—my last carriage is unpaid—my servants are clamorous for wages, and daily growing more insolent—and, to own the truth, I am afraid to look into my card account, for a mint of money would not clear it off. I must borrow two thousand pounds, or quit Bath in disgrace."

"Bad enough, madam," said I.

"Now, Terence, you must lend me the money."

"I! my lady. Where could I obtain it? I know of no way possible but by stopping the Bristol mail."

"No, no, Terence," quoth the dowager, "we need not resort to such desperate expedients. We do not require taking to the road, when we have only to go to the altar."

"Ah! I understand your ladyship; but we talk as if success were certain. I may not like the lady, and the lady may not like me."

"Pshaw! leave the lady to my management, I will answer for her accepting you."

"Ay, madam; but I cannot answer for myself. She may be old—ugly—disagreeable."

"She is none of these," said Lady Featherstone.

"How old is she?"

"Thirty."

"I am scarcely twenty-two," said I.

"And what signifies eight years?" demanded the dowager. "Is there not a clean thousand as a set-off against each of them, man?"

"Is she good-looking?"

"Very pleasing, both in appearance and manner," replied my lady.

"Her family?—you know we are particular about that in Ireland."

"She is sister to a baronet, and of one of the oldest families in Northamptonshire. Come, I am sure I have satisfied every doubt, and you shall meet her here this evening."

"Why, yes,—but there is another question I must trouble you with."

"And what may that be, my dear Terence?" replied the lady, with a most gracious style.

"In a word, Lady Featherstone, she has never had a blast, I hope?"

"A blast! what does the man mean?"

"Oh, I beg your ladyship's pardon. I forgot you were not from Connaught, and the phrase may be strange to you. In short, my lady, no flaw in her reputation—no kick in her gallop."

"Blast—flaw—kick in her gallop!" repeated the dowager. "No wonder I can scarcely comprehend you. If you mean to ask if my friend be a person of unblemished character, I beg to assure you, sir, that I associate with none other! And now having given you all the information you demanded, will you oblige me with the loan of two thousand pounds, for which I will pass you a *post-obit* on my personal property?"

"Certainly, my dear lady; and I shall be too happy to find myself in a condition to be serviceable to you."

"Thank you, Terence; and now I will call upon Miss Woodhouse, and ask her to tea. She has one little peculiarity—she never goes out without her maid; and you must make yourself agreeable to the *fillo-de-chambre*, for she is an immense favourite with her mistress."

"Well, madam, and which of the ladies am I to make love to first? Shall I open with mademoiselle, or commence with the spider-brusher?"

"An excellent plan to lose both," returned the dowager. "No, Terence, urge your suit briskly with the mistress, and open your purse-strings freely for the maid. That is the sure game."

"Egad—a thought strikes me. Pray, as the *soubrette* appears to be rather an important personage, might I request you to favour me with a hasty report upon her age, looks, and inclinations?"

"'Pon my honour," exclaimed the dowager, "I hardly see the necessity; but I may briefly acquaint you that she is neither a chicken nor a beauty;—she is curious and cunning—fancies, notwithstanding there is a looking-glass in the lodgings, that men admire her still—and is ten times more solicitous to procure a husband for herself than for her mistress."

"Then I'll settle the maid in double quick!"

"Good God, sir, what do you mean?"

"Why, nothing, my lady, but I'll run my valet, Ulick Flynn, at her."

"Ah, I understand you. Is he a person on whom we may rely?"

"He is my foster-brother, and true as steel."

"Smart—good-looking?" pursued the dowager.

"Not a handsomer light-bob in the company."

"And he will make love to a woman if you desire him?"

"That he will, madam—or if I do not. May I order him to bring my cloak here early?"

"Certainly, and I will take care that Lucy sees him."

We separated, my lady to invite the bride elect to tea, and I to acquaint my foster-brother with our plan of operations, in which it had been determined that he should take an important share.

Ulick was overjoyed at the intelligence, and quite ready to enter the field, and carry Miss Florence, as the maid was designated, by sap or storm.

At the proper hour the fosterer and I moved to the scene of action. Fortunately, a few drops of rain rendered a cloak-bearer necessary; and when we arrived at Lady Featherstone's, and I was ushered to the drawing-room, Ulick Flynn was most politely invited to the lower regions by the dowager's abigail.

I found "the making" of Mrs. O'Shaughnessy already come, and was presented by the hostess as a valued and a valuable gentleman. Lady Featherstone had described my inamorata fairly enough. She was not above the age she had assigned her, and was really good-looking, with a mild expression of countenance almost approaching to melancholy. Her manners were affable and polished; and after being half an hour in her company, I came to a conclusion, that there was no cause or impediment to prevent her becoming niece to my honoured relative, Mrs. O'Finn.

Indeed matters seemed to progress well, and things "looked like housekeeping." I was very graciously received. The hostess was "mine trusty ally," and my aide-de-camp, Ulick, had safely established himself in the body of the place. The evening passed agreeably; and when the hour to break up had come, Lady Featherstone proposed that as the night was fine and Miss Woodhouse resided in the next street, we should dispense with a coach, and walk home. No objection was made by the lady—the servants were summoned—we bade good-night to the dowager and departed.

There's nothing, my boys, like seeing a woman home, when you want to make love to her. There you have the contact of the arm, and at parting a tender squeeze of the hand. I had certainly the best of fair play during the march. No one pressed my rear; for when I threw my eye slyly back to see if the abigail was within earshot, Ulick had her close to his side as the gizzard of a turkey, and they were in deep conversation at the distance of half a street. As I walked off, I overheard her say in a soft tone of entreaty: "Now, Mr. Flynn, you'll be sure to

come?" to which, in a tender and insinuating voice, was responded: "Arrah! Miss Lucy, will a duck swim?" and a salutation, loud as the report of a pocket-pistol, was succeeded by an "O fy—how rude you are!" and the hall-door was slammed to.

When safely housed in our inn, I enquired from my fosterer how he had succeeded. The reply was quite satisfactory. He was to drink tea with Miss Lucy next evening; and to use his own words, he would put his *comether* on her. Every syllable touching fortune was correct, and my Lady Featherstone was true as an oracle.

Three days passed. Lady Featherstone played a deep game, Ulick covered himself with glory, and on the following day, as a matter of course, I was to propose and be accepted. The dowager had ascertained from the lady that my suit would be received; and Ulick had so far progressed with the ancient spider-brusher that she admitted having saved four hundred pounds, acknowledged he was irresistible, and only stipulated that he should quit the army.

"And what will you do, Ulick?" I enquired. "Will you marry Miss Florence?"

"Why, then, upon my soul, I won't. Of course your honour and the lady will be married first; and when you're clane off, I'll bolt by a side door and give Miss Lucy the slip. Arrah! master, sure ye wouldn't have me tie myself to an ould catabaw of her sort. Lord! she's fifty if she's an hour.

I could not remonstrate, and we retired for the night.

The day "big with the fate" of Terence O'Shaughnessy came. My worthy confederate, the dowager, made the opportunity, and I sighed and was accepted. A fortnight was, after the usual display of maiden coyness, named as the duration of my misery; and on the expiration of that painful period of celibacy and suffering, Miss Woodhouse would become Mrs. O'Shaughnessy.

Lady Featherstone was in raptures with our success, assumed a tone towards her servants and tradesmen that for months they had been unaccustomed to, and led the unhappy people to imagine there was yet a chance that they might ultimately be paid. At a card party the next night fortune once more smiled upon her. Twice she held four honours in her hand: and whenever she cut in the rubber was her own. As my leave of absence was limited to a month, I found it impossible to commit matrimony and arrange my wife's assets in that short period, and determined to apply to my commanding officer for an extension, and candidly apprise him of the reason of my non-appearance. I did so; and a very kind letter in reply, acceded to my request, and carried his congratulations.

Four days passed, and ten more would make me Benedict the married man. On both sides preparations for the grand event were making vigorously. Miss Woodhouse had summoned divers dressmakers to her abiding-place; and I had ordered a wedding garment for the occasion, and not omitted "new liveries" for my man. The Lady Featherstone was



the busiest of the whole. Accounts that would have lain *perdu* to the day of judgment were examined; a card party invited for the next week; and even without permission from the coachman, she ordered her carriage for a drive, as if his wages were paid already. Everything went on swimmingly. Matrimony, after all, was the only safe path to preferment for a younger brother.

The following morning I called on my bride elect; but the lady of the bedchamber excused her mistress in not receiving me, on the plea of indisposition. I ascribed it to cold, while Ulick affirmed "the creature was naturally bothered at becoming Mrs. O'Shaughnessy." My Lady Featherstone made light of the affair. Her dear Amelia was both sensitive and delicate; she feared the unusual flurry of her spirits might render some quiet necessary.

But the dowager was not aware that I had now with Amelia a more powerful ally than myself—to wit, the waiting-woman. Miss Florence had become deeply enamoured of Mr. Flynn; and a woman of forty-five, when she loves, loves desperately. With Ulick's shrewdness, every occurrence in the lady's mansion must speedily reach me; and the admission of my man to the domicile of Miss Woodhouse was as imprudent as permitting a hostile force to establish itself in the citadel of a fortress.

The moon was at the full, and a lovelier night never fell upon the old cathedral than when I passed it in the way to "mine inn," after losing three guineas at piquet to my Lady Featherstone. Her darling Amelia's cold was better. The truth was, she had been a little feverish; but to prevent unnecessary alarm, she had confined herself to her own room. In a day or two she would be in the drawing-room, and at the appointed time I would be blest with her hand, and, of course, made too happy.

This was indeed gratifying news. I sauntered homeward, communing with my own thoughts touching the disposition of a part of the eight thousand. At the corner of a street a fraction of a boy addressed me, to say that he had left my wedding clothes at home. I gave the urchin half-a-crown; and the young tailor betook himself to an alehouse, and I to dream of approaching happiness.

With some difficulty I was admitted to my own room. Ulick closed the door carefully; and on a hasty inspection I perceived our traps were being packed, and all in preparation for an immediate move.

"Why, Ulick, what the devil's in the wind? Surely you are taking time by the forelock, in packing for our march."

With that provoking *sang froid*, which an Irishman, even in desperate cases, delights to indulge in, Ulick proceeded leisurely in folding and depositing the coat in my portmanteau, as he coolly replied:

"Surely, it's time to get the kit together when the route comes!"

"Why, what do you mean? I'm not to be married these four days."

"No," responded the fosterer, "nor for four after that, unless you marry Lady Featherstone. May

bad fortune attend her, the dirty ould canister, night and day!"

"Speak out, man. What has happened—has Miss Woodhouse changed her mind?"

"Not that I know of," replied Mr. Flynn.

"Is there a natural bankruptcy?—for her money is in the funds."

"If there is I didn't hear it."

"Is she dead?"

"Maybe she died within this half-hour."

"D——n it, Ulick, you'll drive me mad;—what is the matter?"

"She's mad!"

"Mad!"

"Mad as a hatter!"

"Mad as a hatter? Go on, man!"

"Well, I must stop the packing, and tell you the story," replied Mr. Flynn.

"I was taking tea as usual with Miss Lucy, and, tender as she has been always, she was never half so tender as to-night. 'Ulick,' says she—for as I intended to bolt, I was, you know, civiler than ever,—'I never thought I would have loved mortal man as I do you.' 'Ah! then, Lucy,' says I, 'I think it's grammary ye have thrown over me; for if the world was sarched from Killarney to Giberalter, I'll take my book-oath the woman couldn't be found to plase melike yourself.' 'Ulick,' says she, 'you sodgers aren't loaded with money; and I don't see why you and I should not be nate and dacent at our weddin', like the captain and my mistress. There's a few trifles in the way of a present, and sure you'll not like them the worse for coming from me;'—and Mr. Flynn pointed to a huge bundle of miscellaneous garments, the gift of the enamoured *fille-de-chambres*.

"Well," continued the fosterer, "to be sure I thanked her like a gentleman. 'Agh, Ulick,' says she, 'will you ever desave me?' 'Desave you, astore!' said I. 'Arrah, who could look at that beautiful countenance of your own, and not be true as a clock, and constant as a turtle?' 'Ogh,' says she, 'I'll niver know pace till you're mine, Ulick! I wish my poor mistress may be well enough! but I'm sorely afraid we'll have to put back the weddin' for a week.' 'Oh, blur-a-nouns!' says I, 'take my life at once, but don't kill me by inches. Do you tell me I must be ten days more without my charmer, and that's yourself?' 'Ah, Ulick, if you only knew the cause; but I'll tell ye everything when we're married,' says she. By Saint Patrick, I smelled a rat! 'There's a secret,' says I to myself, 'as sure as the devil's in Bannagher; and if blarney will get it out of ye, my ould girl, I'll have it before we separate.' Well, there's no use in tellin' ye what I said, forby what I done, but I fairly smothered her with civility. 'Ogh,' says she, 'my darlin,' and she put her arm round my neck:—her fist is as big as my own, and as yellow as a kite's claw;—'my poor lady takes quare notions in her head.' 'Does she?' says I. 'Maybe,' says Miss Flounce, 'matrimony may cure them.' 'Faith, and maybe it may. But, Lucy, dear, what kind of notions do you mane?' 'Agh, that would be tellin',' says she. 'So you,

wouldn't trust me, Lucy? Well, see the difference between us. I couldn't keep anything from you even if it was the killin' of a man"—and I gave her a look of reproachful tenderness that a hathen couldn't stand. 'Jewel,' says she, as she smothered me with kisses, 'I can refuse ye nothing. Well, then, but it's a dead sacret,—my mistress is at times a little eccentric.' 'Eccentric!' says I; 'what's that?' 'Why,' says she, 'she labours under quare delusions.' 'Phew!' says I; 'she has, what we call in Connaught, rats in her garret!' 'I don't understand you,' says she; 'but the fact is, for a few days in every month her intellects are unsettled.' 'Is it a pleasant sort of madness, Lucy? Does your mistress amuse herself with the poker—break windows—throw bottles?' 'Oh, no. Poor soul, she is quite harmless; and all she requires is a little humouring and no contradiction. One time she fancies she is dead, and then we let her lie in state, and make preparations for her funeral. At another she imagines that she has an engagement at the opera; then we hire a fiddler, and allow her to dance off the fit. Last month she believed herself a teapot; and this one she thinks she is a canary. I suppose her approaching marriage has put the fancy in her head; for she sent for a cabinet-maker on Monday, and bespoke a breeding-cage.' 'A taypot!' said I, as I made the sign of the cross. 'Pshaw,' says she, 'it's very harmless, after all. The captain won't mind it, when he's accustomed to it.' 'Feaks! and I have doubts about that; for men don't marry to make tay, Lucy. 'But,' says she, 'Ulick, don't let mortal know that I've told you anything, and particularly your master. He'll find it out time enough!'—and the old harridan laughed heartily. 'He little thinks, poor fellow, he is to occupy the corner of a breeding-cage.' 'Ye may say that with your own purty mouth,' says I. 'Come, Ulick, dear, I must go to the mistress and lave ye. Keep up your spirits, a week will soon pass over,

and then maybe I won't be your own lawful wife.' The devil a truer word ever she said. 'Go, darlin'—and giving me this watch and a brace of kisses, I lifted my bundle, and she let me out by the back door.'

I was thunderstruck. What a deep plot that of the infernal Jezebel, the dowager's was! To obtain two thousand pounds, she would have sacrificed me to a maniac. What a pleasant time I should have had—every month, at the full of the moon, to have to send for a fiddler or a coffin-maker, after receiving the pipe of a tea-pot at the hymeneal altar! What was to be done? Nothing, but what Ulick had already provided for, a retreat without sound of trumpet!

The packing was accordingly continued, and it was now no sinecure. My bridal outfit, which, luckily, I had money enough to pay for, made an important addition to my wardrobe; while Mr. Flynn, whose personal effects had arrived in Bath very conveniently packed in a hatbox, was obliged to purchase a couple of trunks to transport "the trifles," as he termed them, which had been presented him by the love-sick spider-brusher.

To quit Bath and not convey my acknowledgments to Lady Featherstone would have been uncivil, and I favoured her with a few lines. I declined the honour she intended in uniting me to a tea-pot; and as confinement to a cage might not agree with me, I authorised her to provide another mate for the fair canary. I delegated to her the task of delivering my parting compliments to Miss Woodhouse; and at the request of Mr. Flynn, entreated, that "when her hand was in," she would bid a tender farewell to Miss Flounce, and acquaint her that he would return and claim her hand on "Tib's eve"—an Irish festival, which is stated to occur "neither before nor after Christmas." A short postscript desired her not to trouble herself in preparing the *post-obit* until she heard from me again.

## SAINT SINAN'S WARNING.

### A LEGEND OF THE LOWER SHANNON.

PLEASANT it is, on a summer eve, to wander, "fancy free" through the far-famed island of Scattery, with its lightning-rent round tower, and its ruins of seven churches. Scattery, where, in the "holy times of old," abode St. Sinan. We have stood by his "bed," and, like Falstaff's extremities when dying, "it is cold as any stone." That Senanus who, sings Tom Moore, hath sworn—

"The sainted sod  
Shall ne'er by woman's foot be trod."

Pleasant it is to sit ensconced on the ivy-mantled wall of the "blessed man's" sanctum,—picturesque

above all the other mouldering edifices, in its exterior: while entrance to its sacred precincts is tabooed to every "gentle ladie,"—the legend holding she shall be childless who passeth the mystic portal. And yet we have seen right merry damsels laughing and flitting round the venerable alder-tree, still standing in the interior; nay, pic-nicking in that place of skulls: and the local journals have since, from time to time informed us, that sundry of those thoughtless tradition-defiers have multiplied—

"Small images of sin."

notwithstanding their giddy violation of the popular superstition.

Looking eastward from the ruin, the pleased eye dwelleth lingeringly on the now placid waters of "the stately Shannon, spreading like a sea," its mirror-like surface dotted with white-sailed craft, sitting, swanlike, on its tides;—the opposing shores of Clare and Kerry now undulating in fantastic outline, or presenting reedy corcass or pebbly strands to the murmuring ripple; while the lighthouse of Tarbert, in its livery of dazzling white, sharply defined against the gray hills in the distance, stands like a goodly beacon above the waters, not always in such tranquil mood.

Turn we now on our leafy couch, and—

"Follow far the disappearing sun."

The misty hill of Rehy is tinged with his declining beams, and the broad bosom of the noble river is quickly donning its cold livery of gray. Here and there over its expanse a western canoe is propelled homeward, with flashing paddles. The sandy beach of Bayle, and the cliffs beyond are lit up with the day's dying glory, and—but the dews of evening are sad dispellers of the vein yclept poetical.

We have raved and written of scenes and summer days gone by. It is not our wont to wander there now, for some of the "old familiar faces" are gone. Jack Moran, the honest ferryman, ever eager to oblige, hath found a grave too characteristic of his calling, and his good boat, "The Evening Star," sank with him. Micky Noonan, the "innocent" (by one of those "whirligigs of time, which," says the clown in the play, "brings about so many changes," and from which no spot of earth is exempt), hath left the sacred isle. We miss his lachrymose eye, ungainly, shambling gait, and unmown chin, streaked with straggling lines of tobacco-juice.

Who could now point out to us the spot where the tutelary saint prayed, or where the angel-guided but rejected lady (St. Carnerra) visited him? Where be the guide, glib of tongue and quick of eye, to lead us, rapt in shadowy fantasies, where battled the Dalgæ and the stalwart Dane? Alas! he that oft did both is mute and sightless now. Even the cunning alchemy of a silver piece, jingled on his tombstone, would not recall (much as he liked the "price o' the snuff") Tom Crotty, our *cicerone* of the isle, to life. Well, in the words, literally transcribed, of the rude memorial above thee, Tom.—**REQUIES-CAT IN PACE.**

Poor fellow! We might with the Lord Hamlet say, we "knew him well." A quaint, though unlettered, day-dreamer in his way, we have seen him leaning abstractedly on his spade for an hour by the dial; and, with long, white, unkempt hair, trailing over shoulders bowed by time and toil, delivering himself up to "thick coming fancies," till, roused by a tender of our snuff-mull (not that we have aught of the *blackguard* about us), he delved sturdily for a brief space, and talked of "the fine ould times, an' the people that were there long ago."

We were sitting, one fine evening, near our favourite haunt, looking now o'er the rustling page, and

anon o'er the moaning river, and Tom Crotty was, not inappropriately, engaged in basket-making, close by. He had been that day to town, and his small, keen eye, indicative of humour and shrewdness, peered out with the added brilliancy of supplemental potatoes. The tongue, too, albeit somewhat thickened, went faster than was its wont; and the nose (like Venice, Master Crotty's countenance had "a bridge of size") loomed large and crimson; for the feature itself was a responsible one, contrasting strongly with an otherwise meagre physiognomy; as though privations had made occasional inroads on the other outworks of the face, but were utterly discomfited in their approach to the citadel—the proboscis.

"'Tis what I'm thinkin', sir," said Tom, and he ceased in the act of severing a rather stubborn sally rod, "that there's a grate change comin' over the world, one way or another: people are growin' closer, an' more knowin' every other day, in thimselves, an' there's none o' the hearty diversions there used to be. Sure—sure, I—I—(hiccup)—remember myself to see the full up ov tin, no,—what, tin?—no; but thirteen boats o' people comin' in here to give their rounds ov an Easter Monday. Oh! murdher, thim wor the sportin' times, grate diversion ov all sorts. Well, dickens! resave the sowl comes next or near id now, no more than if it was only Spy Winsday."

We ventured to observe that perhaps it was as well the custom had been prohibited, or discontinued, as fights and accidents were often the result of the observance of such "pious pastimes."

The stickler for old habits made a gesture of impatience.

"Erra, blud alive, what else can people expect, that come hearty to the blessed work?—(Here he emitted another parenthetical hiccup.)—Choke it for damp grass; 'tis cowl'd, I'm in dhread, 'tis givin' me. I never hear of an accident here but one, an' that was the day young O'Reilly was drowned; but, the Lord bless the hearers, he was on a spree at the time, an' as dhruunk as *banna-lanna*. Sure, the not a round he gev the same day, only cloddin' an' sthrivin' to beat people at hop-leap-an'-jump. Signs on, he tumbled out o' the boat goin' home ov him, an' the d—! a tale or tidin's was ever got ov the same youth since. Well, well! thim O'Reillys wor dhroll people; I lived wid his father, whin he done bizness in Newmarket, an' an imperous, cute, upsettin' little man he was; an', moreover, as timid as a lady."

"Were you with him, Tom," we inquired, "the day he fought Mr. M'Nulty?"

"Fought him!" returned the old fellow, eyeing us inquisitively from under the pent-house of an over-large "sou'-wester;" "why, Mither—, I tell you, the same man wouldn't face a tomtit, if 'twas a thing it could hold a pistol. No; but I'll tell you how it kem about: M'Nulty dined wid me mather ov an evenin', an' sure, as God would have it, somebody, I forgot who it was now, sint us a present ov potheen, an' signs on, the pair o' bukkos washed down their vittals like fun. O'Reilly was a dhroll man in himself, always usin' big words, an' as bithter a little brat as you'd meet in a day's march; well, I

dunno how id kem about, but whin the dhrop was in, begor, M'Nulty an' himself grew skurrilus upon one another, on the head ov an argimint, an' bi-ginnin' to rip up ould sores, an' to pedigree one another, though they were indeed mighty slow, an' awkward in their speech, thro' the manes of hekuppin'. Meself had grate work, to be sure, sthrivin' to separate 'em in dhread they'd destroy each other, be flingin' deccanthurs, or usin' the fire-irons, or the like, so I got M'Nulty, at long last, out o' the house, an' put me mather, clothes an' all, to bed. Well, glory be to goodness, nothin' id answer the other man but to sind O'Reilly a challenge to fight him on the pistols, an' be this book, if he did, the other accepted id as bould as brass. It was Captain Stack, the heavens be his bed (for tho' bein' a Prodestan' he knew how to use a poor man), that backed M'Nulty, an' says Mr. O'Reilly to him, says he, 'I'll go to the sod, an' welcome: but you must be cognisant of the indubitable fact—(I was listenin', wid respects to you, at the keyhole, an' heard the great language), ov the indubitable fact,' says he, 'that I'm a man ov grate bizness, an' mighty important ingagemints, an' obleeged, moreover, to discharge an' attind to complicated transaxions in the multitudinous departmints ov mercantile consarns.'

"Well, come, come," says the captain—an' be my word, a fine, bould, audacious-lookin' man he was—"what are you dhrovin' at now?" says he.

"I require a day to adjust my pecuniary claims an' calls," answers O'Reilly.

"Never say id twice," says Captain Stack, an' he looked at his beautiful goold repeatin' watch; "I'll expect to hear from you at eight o'clock on Wensday mornin'," says he, "so good-day to you, now."

"A good-day to you, Captain Stack," says the other, an' so they parted.

"Oh, murder alive! though 'tis to the full forty years ago, since that time, I of'n an' of'n laugh a grate spell, so I do, to think ov all the work the little cock-sparrow ov a man med about the jewel, an' he havin' no more notion ov fightin' than he had ov sthrivin' to bite off his own air. What would you think, but he ordered meself to chalk a pecther ov a man's dimensions on the stable door; an' thin he turned to, an' med a riddle ov id, for practice, I given the word,—'reddy, presint, fire'—like an officer ov sodgers. Well, to be sure, Captain Stack kem, I'll be bound, at the appointed time, an' he found me mather as busy as a nailer, postin' his books, an' burnin' some letthers, an' writin' more in place ov 'em; lettin' on all the time to be mighty eager entirely for the firin' match. To make a long story short, he axed another day, an' another day, an' one day more, till M'Nulty's second's heart was broke callin' an' sthrivin' to keep him to his word. At last 'twas agreed betune 'em, he should get one day more to make his sowl, an' so, on the fifth mornin', Captain Stack kem in: 'Come, sir,' says he, 'there can be no further procrastenashin' (or some such expression) 'ov this bizness,' says he. 'My friend is quite ready, an' his sinse ov wounded honour will not permit him to defer id any longer.'

"Oh, blud alive! be raysonable," says the other to him, back again; 'didn't I sthrive,' says he, 'to make you acquainted wid all me responsibilities?'

"None o' yer d—d humbug,—'tis all Ballysimon," roared out the captain; 'Mr. M'Nulty is resolute, and says you *must* meet him.'

"Did he say I *must*?" says O'Reilly.

"He did most sartinly," answers Captain Stack.

"Eh, then, the d—I mend him, now," says the other, takin' up a big account-book, an' givin' id a smack wid his lips you'd hear in the kitchen: 'Ay, mend him,' says he, 'for be this book, I wash me hands o' ye both, an' the never a meet I'll meet him, for usin' that very word!'

"An' throe for him, he kep to his promise; I'll engage the not a jewel or anything o' the kind ever tuk place on the head ov id, from that very identikal hour. To be sure the dacent little man shown his sinse; there was no fear he'd be forgot: be the same token, I b'lieve he was quinched in a natural way before the year was out."

After one of those pauses, or "breaths," by which Tom Crotty's outpourings were generally characterised, he looked up, with a peculiar twinkle, savouring strongly of latent waggery lurking, in what the historian who describes Sir Walter Raleigh calls his "small piggy eye."

"Are you any b'liever in signs or tokens that portind death, sir?" he said, at length. "This is a solemn sort ov a place in itself, an' id of'n sets me ruminatin', so it does, an' considherin' wid meself; because, you see, fakes the ould age is comin' on, slow an' sure, as they say; an' 'tisn't very far at all I can be from the long journey, an' the jacket ov Norway fustian. Indeed, I don't pretend to say—why should the likes ov an obscure indivydial o' my sort pretend to it?—that we're ansiant enough to have a vanathee (benshee) tandin' our family: but the not a mother's sowl ov 'em ever dhrew the breath yet (God bless the hearers!) but what they had id foreshown 'em be some sign or warnin', or another. There was a cousin-jarman o' mine, one Mrs. Nelligan, she that kep the cheney-ware shop, in Chapel-lane. Oh, to be sure, she was the real devotee ov all you ever see! Ketch that woman missin' an Easter Monday here! *Allileu!*—no, but givin' the rounds, atself, wouldn't satisfy her, but she'd bring home the full up o' your hat o' blessed stones wid her. Well, well! see for all that, what contrairy sinners poor mortials is: still an' for all, she couldn't keep from the grog, an' so she tumbled off ov a pillion, and she comin' home from a weddin' behind ould M'Allister an' cracked her collar-bone; an' I'll engage it wasn't very long till she had to be present at her own funeral." Here Tom pulled in to "breathe himself," and after working away, as if bent on making up for lost time, indulged in a knowing oscillation of his *caput*, a hearty guffaw, and then reverted to his defunct relative. "Aftther she was gone, we found out that she was in the habit ov takin' a horn o' malt over in the fort; an' that explained to meself the mighty onstudy pace she'd go, on her way back to the boat. She was a bulky, responsible

lookin' woman, in herself, an' at the time, I used to suppose that the stumble she'd give, now an' again, id be caused be her attention to mintal devotion, or the like. Well, sir, that same woman had no less than half a dozen forebodin' notices ov what was in for her. First an' foremost, she med smithe-reens, through accidins, ov a lookin'-glass she ped four-an'-eightpence for, at Johnny Burke's; besides smashin' a power o' things in her own little shop: an' she seen sperrets—oh, you needn't laugh, 'tisn't what you mane at all. Bells used to be for ever ringin' in her airs, an' one ov her front teeth fell out idout a cause. To crown it all, the night before she died a dog took to yowlin' on dher her windy, an' the minit she heard him, 'I'm a gone woman,' says she: an' thrue for her, the succond next day saw her, as the song says:—

"With the tip of her nose, an' the tops ov her toes,  
Turn'd up to the roots o' the daisies."

"Well, glory be to goodness! that was the truth of a remarkable thing: wasn't it, though? Oh! indeed 'twas nothin' else; but, God help your head, 'twas only child's play—ay, indeed, nothin' else, only child's play. Think what I'm tellin' you to what happened me poor father, the heavens be his bed this day! He's dead an' gone now, an' so is his reverence; but priest Considine o' en said the same man was a pathern to the whole island. Eh, then, it is amazin' what some people goes through beyant others. Three months before me father's death—sure I heard the story out ov his own lips as o' en as I have fingers and toes—he got what we may call his notice to quit, and in a manner that there was no mistakin'.

"Some people has dhrames an' visions, more people hears dhrroll noises an' sounds; but, begor, the ould man's warnin' kem sthraight from head-quarthers; an', indeed, I suppose if you wor at id 'till Candlemas day, you'd never guess who gev id."

We at once acknowledged the probability of Tom's supposition.

"'Tisn't to every one I'd like to mintion id," he continued, with a mysterious air; and dipping his horny digits into our *smashoon*—"but you're one o' the ould stock be the gran'mother, at any rate; an' as Puck Lee says, 'May your big jib always dhrav.' But talkin' ov me father, 'twas no less a person than" (here he crossed himself reverently) "SAINT SINAN himself that discoorsed him."

"What! Senanus of blessed memory, whose grave you first showed us, and the spot where he knelt at his devotions?"

"Oh! confusion to the other; an' if it's a thing you're not tired o' me chattin' to you, I'll tell you all about id, as I hear it a hondred times, word for word, from the ould man that owned me himself. Well, thanky sir;—there, put this ould coat undher you, an' sit a little higher up on the bank, the way you won't be oneasy. It was one o' the heavenliest summer evenin's that ever kem out o' the sky; and some o' the artillery min that wor here in thim times wor playin' ball over in the big church. Me father an' a few ould naybors wor seated on the wall

quite convaniently, an' they watchin' the divarsion an' cheerin' the players, be callin' out, perhaps, 'Well tossed, be Cripis;' or 'A good boy, fakes;' or, 'A fine overhand stroke,' as the case might be; an' me father was appointed scorer, an' another man as judge—and they havin' a dhrup of comfot to enable 'em to ondherstand the intrhicacies o' the game, an' show fair play, if there was any disputed aces—because people had a fashion ov wranglin' in the ould times, whin their blood got hot: moreover, sodgers are always well fed, an' have fine times ov id durin' pace.

"Aftther the games, an' the noise, an' the hilla-baloo bein' over, an' the people gone away, ould Crotty remained stretched on his back, at his dead ease, amongst the ivy. He was a little tired, to be sure, from crying the scores, an' one thing or another, besides bein' dhravin' a net on the point o' Maoule early the same mornin'. Well, there he lay, lookin' up at the stars, winkin' an' shinin' for themselves so agreeably, an' a slight little breath ov an air off the river just stirrin' the ivy leaves about him, makin' 'em rustle all's one, as if fairies (the Virgin guard us!) wor whisperin' wid one another.

"Me father, not havin' any thing else to do, fell to plottin' an' considerin' about his own affairs—to besure, as he o' en said himself, considerin' the place he was in, the tombs all about, an' the skulls an' bones lyin' in hapes in the windy recesses, 'twould have been more becomin' ov him if he gev his mind to a spell of devotion; but instead o' that (God help us!), he only beganned to argue wid himself whether he'd continue me brother Thady an' meself at Hays's school for another quarter or not, or how he'd manage to get paid for the acre of mock he set to Paddy Brennan, or conthrive to settle with ould Griffy, the ship-carpenter, that processed him for caulkin' his boat, before he'd run him to cost.

"That was the way me ould bucko was houldin' a consultation wid his own ruminashins, 'till, begor, at last he thought 'twas time to go home, if he didn't intind lodgin' out that night. So, aftther givin' a couple o' yawns, an' puttin' the bottle the others left aftther 'em to his mouth, just out ov curocity to see if anything was left in id (indeed, he said himself the taste in id wasn't worth mintionin'), he ruz on his elbow, and prepared to be off.

"'Oh, begor, there's no use in talkin',' says me father, 'but it's one o' the beautifullest nights imaginable, so it is;' an, with that he beganned to admire all the millions ov sparkling dhew dhrops that wor shinin' like dimon's on every indidual blade o' grass, and to listen to the corn-crake, that was plazin' itsel' be squeeekin' in the young oats.

"'Be me conscience,' says he, 'if they've any luck at all at their side, the fishin'-boats that's in Clonderlaw Bay are makin' their harvest this way, I'm thinkin', while I'm here as lonesome as a crane at a lake.'

"'Thru for you, Dan Crotty,' says a voice just at his elbow, an' he hear that sort ov crash in the thick ivy behind him, that a hare makes whin it's boultin' out o' the bush.

"'Thru for you, 'tis the real summer's weather,

Dan, repeated the voice agin, quite convenient to me ould man. (He was called Dan afther me gran-father, that the Aiglins kilt at the fair ov Mulloch, the d—l's look to 'em for bein' guilty o' the same act—for, be all accounts, he got no fair play at all, only stoned to death from a short distance off, because the thieves o' the world knew right well the metal was in him, his mother bein' a Dogherty, wid as red a tint o' blood in her as runned in the veins ov e'er a lady in the land.) Well, to be sure, Crusty Crotty, as the naybors used to call him sometimes, whin he'd be ill-humoured an' contrary in himself, was a'most frightened clever and clane out ov his sines: and no blame to the man, for whin he looked round—an' a troublesome job he had mustherin' courage enough to slew the head about, an' the teeth in id rattlin' like cockle-shells that a gorsoon id be collectin' in his cap—he seen a dawny little white-headed man, standin' just at his hip, on the corner o' the wall where the angle o' the gable joined the place he was sittin' on. Though bein' mighty low in the hoight way, me father noticed that the chap was bulky enough in his body, an' had a good heavy jowl of his own, as if it wasn't entirely what he'd gether on the strand he was thrustin' to for a male's mate. He was dhressed in some sort ov a robe, ov the colour ov grass-green, an' he had a staff in his hand, and a high red cap, wid a purty long tassel swingin' from the top ov id, on his head.

"You're wantin' below, Dan Crotty," says he, wid a little ould-fashioned squeekin' voice; and he pointed to a sort of thrap-door that opened in the breadth of the wall, while he kep the ivy from chokin' id up with his wattle.

"I—I—I'm in the dhre—dhread, sir," answered me futher, 'that 'tis late, wid respects to you, an'—an' 'ti—time for all hon—honest people to be in their beds.'

"Oh, dear me! how bi—dy partikler you are," says the little ould chap, wid a pronunshashin as sharp as a razhur. 'Come, come, you'd better jog whin I bid you,' says he, an' wid that he whistled. 'Sea, sea, here, here!' says he, and, my dear life, at the word up jumps two tearin' stag-hounds, or wolf-dogs, as large as a couple ov asses, an' ov a black and tan colour. 'Be alive, Punch and Boxer,' says red-cap, pointin' to poor Dan, an' quick enough his ordhers wor obeyed, I'll engage. The pair o' boners only kem behind him at wanst, an' puttin' their fore-paws (savin' yer presence) agin his sate, they shoved him smart enough down into the passage—their mather stoppin' behind to close the thrap-door, and sayin' to me father as he did id, wid a sort of a dhry cacklin' laugh,—'Maybe you would *see*, Misther Crotty.'

"You may be sure the amazed ould man didn't lave off bleasin' himself for a second, an' repeatin' all the prayers he could remimber—axin' pardon, ov course, all the time for prayvious transgression, and vowin' all sorts ov rounds, an' pinances, an' journeys to blessed wells, if 'twas a thing he was ever restored to the light of day agin.

"Well, down they wint, a long, long windin' passage—the small chap in the green cloak, or what-

somer sort ov a garment it was, bringin' up the rare; an' the two blood-houns (indeed I think myself they wor nothin' else) keepin' as close to Crotty's skirts as a poor woman that id be bringin' home a dhrunken husband from the market. At long last they kem to a low-arched door, at which the small fellow batthered for about a minit wid his clahalpeen, speakin' all the time in some foronious languidge, maybe givin' the password, or the like, till 'twas opened be some one inside, and my poor daddy was bundled head foremost into a mighty spacious apartment. The poor dear man, I remimber he used always to stop at this part ov his story, an' consider to himself for a spell, an' thin he'd begin agin be sayin' he only wondered the heart didn't jump clane and clever out ov his buzzum at the sights, an' the dhroll-lookin' people, an' the quare place, an' strange doins' altogether.

"Whin he shuk himself a little, an' looked about, fakes, 'twould be an admiration if he didn't gape a thrife. There he was, within arm's length ov a fine portly elderly gintleman, wid a three-cornered hat on him, an' a big, bushy, flaxen-coloured wig on dher that same. His coat, a comfortable frieze—half jock, half surtoo—had, to the full, a score of buttons in id, as big as half-crowns, an' as bright as silver. It had large pockets, thrimmed round the edges wid lace—red plush breeches an' top-boots med his exthremities all right—and he was smokin' one o' the darlinest pipes you ever see, all ornamented, and havin' a head on id in imitation ov the face ov a monkey.

"There was four pipers, an' every one ov 'em blind ov an eye, seated in the four corners o' the room, an' my hand to you, thim boys didn't let the chanthers grow rusty. Sich rowlin' an' creanin' me father said he never before heard; and nothin' kem amise to them: jigs, reels, hornpipes, ould Irish airs—'twas all the same, they gev it in great style; and sure small praise to them, for they had little di'mond-shaped tables before 'em out, an' drinkin' vessels on 'em, in ordher to moisten the music occasionally.

"Well, the minit the ould cock looked at Crusty Crotty, he gev a sort ov a smile, an' dhrovin' out a fine puff o' smoke, that had a scint wid id, that me father declared was never equalled for agreeableness to the nose in a docther's shop. 'Your welcome;—what kep you, Dan?' says he. Fakes, this staggered the dad for a minit; but he plucked up a little sperrit, whin he seen they worn't beginnin' to ill use him, so he up an' answered, 'Be the light that—'

"Oh! eazy, eazy, Misther Crotty," says the other, interruptin' him at once; 'no swearin', you un-sanctified son ov a sthroller o' the Shannon; d'ye mind?—go on,' says he. 'I humbly ax your excellency's—reverence,' pardin,' says me father, determined, an' sure no blame to him, to be as civil as a village publican to a supervisor of excise—'I ax pardin, indeed; but ov I knew there was sich agreeable society in these parts, 'tisen't room for me company you'd of en see remainin'.'

"Begor, this seemed to please the chap wid the

three-cornered hat. 'Wet your whistle, Dan Crotty,' says he, handin' me father a grate big silver goblet full up o' lickor; 'an' if you'd like a squeeze of a lemon in id, say so. I must have some chat wid you,' says he, 'so knock the cobwebs out o' your throat in no time.'

"'Oh! be the tare o' war,' says Dan to himself—you may be sure he didn't say it out loud, afther the check he got—'be the tare o' war, this takes the coal off o' my pipe,' says he; 'but here goes;' an' wid that he tuk a hearty hoise out o' the vessel. I'd like to see the man that, afther that night, id preshume to praise any partikler sort o' dhrink in me father's presence: be japers! if 'twas a thing they did, he'd give 'em a look o' the most shupreme contimpt. He of'n tould meself, that the refreshment he swalleyed then flogged all for stringh an' flavour he ever tasted; and he of'n got his chances aboard Ingee vessels, an' the like. 'It was as clear as chrystal,' he used to say, 'an' a rich coaxing taste like the primest o' wine; an' still an' for all, only I was in sich a holy place, I'd imagine it had no small relish ov the best potheen.'

"'As sure as you live, Dan,' Sergeant O'Dwyer, from the battery, used to cry, whin he'd want to rise me father—'as sure as you live, Dan, it was cobbler's punch.'

"'What sort is that?' id be the questhin then ov course. 'Oh! 'tis the real delight, Misther Crotty,' O'Dwyer id make answer, 'tis a pint o' porther stirred wid a red-hot poker, an' then a glass o' whiskey hev into it head foremost.'

"The minit that was said, the sergeant id have to cut gutther, me father used to get into sich a tearin' rage: 'pon me word, I believe meself if 'twas a thing he stopped, they'd sthrike each other on the head ov it, for the ould man always said that the fellow that could spake in sich a manner ov that blessed lickor wouldn't scruple to kill a priest or invaigle his niece.

"Well, sir, to go back to me story. Afther Crusty Crotty tuk a few more go-downs, begor he beganned to feel quite a' his ease. What between the music and the hates—for there was a fire on that id roast an ox—an' the dthrop o' dhrink an' the agreeability o' the man o' the house.

"Come, Dan,' says the ould chap, 'I'm a grate admirer ov our national pastimes—there's nothin' like a little recreation sometimes, whin 'tis kept within due bounds. Come, we'll have a touch at a jig.'

"Ov coorse me father wished to excuse himself, that he wasn't fit company for sich doin's, and had, moreover, nails in his shoes. Erra, he might as well be thryin' to soften a process sarver or a tax-gatherer.

"'No gammon, Dan, but up on the table wid you,' says the bucko.

"Och, me dear life, excuse me your worship,' answered me father, 'I'd rather not.'

"'SAINT SINAN commands you, an' I'm that indy-dial,' says the other, lookin' as serious as a docthor at a rich man's bedside; 'and a word in your air, Misther Crotty—you're mighty well off if that's all

I require o' you,' says he; an' wid that he tuk off his hat, and swep every whole pin's worth off o' the table, an' up they both hopped on id.

"'Perhaps you have a favourite teune,' says St. Sinan. 'You can't puzzle me performers.'

"'Och, my lord, your holiness, plaze yourself, for goodness' sake,' says me father: so wid that the other med a sign to the pipers, be rubbin' the fore-finger agin the paulm o' the other hand; and I'll engage they understood him at wanst, though bein' dark ov an eye apiece, and sthruok up the 'Razhur Sthrap!'

"The people o' the island used to count Dan Crotty a remarkable good fut on the fure; but he of'n acknowledged himself, that he couldn't hould a candle to the saint: 'twas imazin' how his feet used to go, though bein' in top boots—an' if he showed off one step, he did five hundhred. Whin they wor at id till the dhrops o' pespirashin, wid respects to you, wer coorsin' one another down me father's face, they got down o' the table an' tuk another dthrop to rest 'em afther the exercise—indeed they wanted it. 'Not to flather your holiness,' says me father, 'your dancin'-mather may be proud o' you.'

"'Yes, I think I can tatter id, as St. Patrick said whin he was wallopin' the frogs,' says St. Sinan. 'Eh, ould fellow, fill yours an' give us a song.'

"Well, to be sure, the same work wint on agin, just as at the biginnin' o' the jig. The Crusty Crotty, wantin' to be excused, an' sthivin' to make the other sensible that he had no more voice than a bonniveen;—'twas no use, St. Sinan declared that he should respond to the call. 'Come, Dan, take heart o' grace,' says he, 'an' be agreeable, if you wish me to forget some thrifin' thransgressions o' yours, such as—comin' among the churches with heretical amateurs, diggin' for coins. Let me never hear agin ov the like,' says he, 'an' let this impress the warnin' on you,' wid that he tuk me father's nose betune his thumb an' forefinger, an' gev it a smart shake: indeed the same nose had a purply tinge in id ever afther 'till the day ov his death, an' 'twas a mercy he didn't soil the holy man's fingers.'

"Whin he seen the turn matthers wor takin' me father dhropped on his two knees and was as pini-tial as the seven psalms.

"'Very well, all's right,' says St. Sinan, 'contrition should always ensure a thransgressor's pace; an' to prove to you that you're not excluded from such an indulgence, top off your lickor, an' then give us the stave—by-the-by, Dan,' says he, 'how do you like that lush?'

"'Oh! be all that's palatable, your holiness,' says ould Crotty, 'if the wather I use at home tasted li'e this, 'twould be hard to remove me from the wall.'

"'The song, the song,' cried St. Sinan.

"'To be sure, sir, an' welcome, answered the other; 'twas composed be one O'Kelly, a school-mather, in praise o' this place;' and up me father lited:—

"'Don't talk of Bermudy or Juan Ferandez,  
The Isle of Man, Jersey, or Trincomallee;  
For sure on the face o' the say no sich land is,  
As the spot so attractive, you stand on, dy'e see!

“Och! mavrone, its aspect's inchantin':  
Air, airth, and wather combinin' so rarely—  
The soight ov id, sure, sets beholders' hearts pantin';  
An' if they're pathetic, just bothers them fairly.

“‘Twas on this blest spot—

(Here me father med his best bow, an' that same  
was no great shakes, to St. Sinan)

“—that a saint quite celestial  
Tuk up his abode in the ould times of yore;  
An' sint back a faymale wid notions terrestrial,  
That kem to himself, while at pray'rs on the shore.

“Allilue! the same man was a model o' varthue,  
Let historians heretical write what they will:  
Come, be off, ma'am, says he, for I'd only desart you,  
Whin better thoughts happen'd my noddle to fill.

“‘Bravo! bravo! Dan Crotty,’ says his holiness,  
'such were my sintiments at the time: 'pon my  
conscience, the song's capithal—go on, go on.'

“Erra isn't id a place for divine meditations,  
See the churches thimselves how they stand all convay-  
nient;

'Twas in thim holy min gev prophetic orashins,  
An' pinance enforced, that was never too laynient.

“There's the tower, wid a hole in its side,—larned people  
Disputes to this day in newspapers about it;  
Why the ignorant heathens don't they see 'tis a steeple  
Built up in one night—who the dickens can doubt it?

“By all that's venerable, that's the ticket, Dan,'  
says the blessed man. 'Come, wipe your eye, my  
nightingale o' the island,' says he, 'an' carry on;  
so me father reshumed—the saint timin' the theune  
by knockin' the bowl ov his pipe agin the table:

“Och, had I the pin ov Will Downes the facetious,  
I'd dilate 'till day dawn on this jim o' the Shannon,  
On its turpentine walka, an' its batt'ery, my gracious!  
Fortified round about wid intrinchements an' cannon.

“There are rabbits an' hares coorain' smart through the bushes;  
An' snipes in the marsh where no frogs can be found:  
For, St. Patrick said,—nothing but blackbirds, an' thrushes,  
An' game should in such a fair landscape abound.

“Tis here you'd see ladies arrayed in white garmints,  
With their rural admirers, sittin' down on the grass;  
Discoursin' perhaps on the last Sunday's sarmints,  
Or other transactions that had come to pass.

“I give you permission to sarch the Atlantic,  
The Bosphorus, Euxine, an' Ohio likewise;  
An' if you can show me a spot more romantic,  
Antique, or divine—'twill O' Kelly surprise.

“There it is, your holiness,' says me father, when  
he finished the chant, 'an' I declare I'm only sorry  
'twasn't more agreeable, harmonious, an' enther-  
tainin'.'

“Well, St. Sinan was so playzed wid him, that  
he degrees he biginned to make freerer, an' shuk  
hands wid Dan, an' hummed a couple o' verses ov a  
song himself—the other couldn't remember the words  
if he was to be shot for id, but if he was to be  
b'lieved, 'twas to a mighty frolickin' air, an' there was  
allusions med to the girls an' one bottle more in id.

“Aft'her that, they biginned to tell one another

dhroll stories, an' me father declared he was in  
dhred St. Sinan 'ud split laughin' whin he heard  
what sportin' Counsellor Normyle did at Flannery's  
hotel. Dear me, is id possible you never hear tell o'  
that joke yourself? 'Pon me word, then, tho' 'tis  
short an' sweet, I don't think you'll call it bad.

“The counsellor, you see, was a jolly, pleasant  
fellow, that liked a good dinner as well as e'er a  
bishop from the Giant's Causeway to Cape Clear.  
He had a fine cup-pacious stomach ov his own, so  
that, faikes, he could accommodate a thrifle o' roast  
beef, or a couple o' cuts ov salmon, or a plate o' turbit:  
oh, he'd give his eyes for turbit—indeed 'tis mighty  
delicate eatin', to be sure, moreover if you happen  
to have the convaniency of lobsther-sauce. Indeed,  
be all accounts, 'twas no hard mather to get your  
legs undher his mahogany, where ye might ate o'  
the best, an' dhriuk o' the strongest, an' welcome,  
till the buttons 'ud be torn out o' yer coat, from the  
good usage, you'd be stuffed to that degree, an'  
listenin' to stories that id dhraw a laugh from a  
disappointed legatee.

“Well, sir, it happened that Mither Normyle—  
he was one of uz, you underthand me, the right  
sort in the creed line—kem late one Friday evening  
to Flannery's, 'twas just aft'her quarter sessions'-  
week, an' the house was as impty, in the provision  
line, as the head ov a poor-law commissioner. The  
dhrove from Ennis, be the ould Lochnamina road,  
id give a whet to a young widdy at a weddin'; sign  
by, 'twasn't long 'till he had James Cassidy, the  
waither, before him.

“James,' says the counsellor, 'what can I get  
to ate? I'm as hungry as an attorney: any fish in  
the house?'

“Oh! sorrow a thimble-full, counsellor,' says  
Cassidy. 'We had to sind all the way to Farihny,  
yesterday, to get id for the sessions' people, an' they  
didn't leave as much as 'ud soil a fork.'

“Blud alive,' remarks the other, 'what's to be  
done—have you any eatables at all?' says he.

“Why, there is, sir,' says Cassidy, goin' over an'  
lookin' down the stairs, in dhread some bad mumber  
'ud be list'nin'; 'there is, counsellor, the remains ov  
a splindid turkey: I could knock a divil out ov 'em  
for you in no time.'

“That's just the thing,' says Mither Normyle.  
'Now, Jim, don't be while a cat id be lickin' his air.'  
And wid that he threw him a tinpenny-bit to smarten  
him, an' biginned to read the newspaper for com-  
pany 'till the vittals wor ready.

“To be sure, 'twasn't long 'till the waither laid the  
dish before the gentleman—and my hand to you,  
that was the boy that walked into the contints like  
*Ruddher-dhoun*. Well, as look would have id, just at  
that minit a tundherin' double rap kem to the hall-  
door, an' Jim Cassidy ran in from the lobby, where  
he went to make out who it was.

“Oh! bless me sowl, counsellor,' says he, 'what's  
to be done? Father Shanahan wants to see you, an'  
he's now wipin' his feet at the bottom o' the stairs.'

“So Normyle paused for a minit, an' cleanin' his  
mouth wid great exactness—



"Take away the divil, Jim,' says he, 'an' sind up the priest.'

"His biddin' was done in two twos. His ryerince kem in, an' they shuk hands, an' there was the counsellor lettin' on to be dinin' on a crust o' home-made bread an' a glass o' porter, wid as much relish as if 'twas vinison an' sherry wine he was usin'.

"Well, afther they chattin' for a while on the state o' the nation, an' law business, an' the Pope's opinion of things in giniral, an' the prospects of obtainin' Catholic emancipashun in partikler, the clargyman got up to go, an' so whin Mither Normyle seen the hall-door closed afther him, he bawled out for Jim.

"Now, Cassidy,' says he, 'the priest is gone—sind up the divil.'

"Wid many stories ov a simylar kind Saint Sinan an' me father spun out the night 'till the small hours kem on; an' the Lord pardon me for sayin' the like, but I b'lieve the truth is best to be tould, they both got mighty capersome in their lickor, an' med futballs o' the blessed man's hat an' wig an' ould Dan's sow-weshter. At last the little cantankerous ould chap that brought in me father kem an' whispered in his air:—

"Take my advice, an' be joggin', before his holiness grows throublesome, an' gives you some job to do that 'ill put you to the pin o' your collar.'

"Thru for the cute crathur; the word wasn't out ov his mouth, whin Saint Sinan hekuppud out:—

"Da-Da-Dan Crot-ty,' says he, 'I-I'm-I am a be-bee-lever in the tran-rana-mig-rashin' ov sowls,' says he, 'an', Da-Da-Dan Crot-ty, I want you to get me one o' the ravens out o' the top o' the round tower.'

"Don't ax me, an' I'll be behouldin' to you,' says me father; 'for I never was anything of a climber; moreover, I always get a swimmin' in the sight,' says he, 'whin I sit up long, an' 'tis late an' dark now; change the subject, sir,' says he.

"Well, begor, this med his holiness turn a little rusty.

"Why d—n your blood, you skulkin' ould toper,' says he,—an' 'twas remarkable, for a blessed man, how kindly he tuk to blasphemy, whin the dhrop o' dhrink put him off his guard,—'I curse an' command you, on the three pains o' death, to do me biddin', or I'll thtransform you into an ould coldoy, an' leave you three feet undher ground.'

"An' wid that he med a sign to the spirsawn in the green cloak an' red-cap, an' the chap called Punch and Boxer wid him, an' they guarded me father out o' the place off to the foot o' the round tower; the thievin' dogs shovin' me poor ould fellow along whenever he'd lag at all or look round for help.

"Up wid you now, me lad o' wax,' says the little sinthry, 'or 'twill be worse for you. Saint Sinan is a mighty pleasant fellow whin he's in humour,' says he, 'but if you're wise you'll not cross him.'

"Instead of doin' his biddin', Dan Crotty only sat down at the butt o' the steeple, an' biginned to pillilew as if all belongin' to him wor dead. Begor, he ruz sich a lamentashin that id soon brought out the saint himself to see' what on airth was the matter.

"He won't budge an inch for me, your holiness,' says red-cap.

"He won't! won't he?' answered the other. 'D'ye hear, you unfortunate ould conglomerashin of the seven deadly sins,' says he, 'didn't I caution you before? I see I must repate "SAINT SINAN'S WARNING."

\* \* \* \* \*

"The Lord guide an' guard us, 'tis dangerous to be rovin' afther nightfall at all in blessed places. If 'twasn't a thing that my mother happened to light on her husband that night, an' he dreamin' away an' talkin' an' singin' thro' his sleep, undher the canopy ov heaven, myself thinks 'tisn't be wringin' his red nose 'till he roared, she'd bring him to stir himself, an' go home to his vartuous bed.

## CORN Y KEHO'S BIRTH AND CHRISTENING.

BY WILLIAM CARLETON.

The village of Ballycomaisy was as pleasant a little place as one might wish to see of a summer's day. To be sure, like all other Irish villages, it was remarkable for a superfluity of "pigs, praties, and childhre," which being the stock-in-trade of an Irish cabin, it is to be presumed that very few villages either in Ireland or elsewhere could go on properly without them. It consisted principally of one long street, which you entered from the north-west side by one of those old-fashioned bridges, the arches of which were much more akin to the Gothic than the Roman. Most of the houses were of mud, a few of stone, one or two of which had the honour of being slated on the front side of the roof, and rustically thatched on the back, where ostentation was not necessary. There were two or three shops, a liberal sprinkling of public-

houses, a chapel a little out of the town, and an old dilapidated market-house near the centre. A few little bye-streets projected in a lateral direction from the main one, which was terminated on the side opposite to the north-west by a pound, through which, as usual, ran a shallow stream, that was gathered into a little gutter as it crossed the road. A crazy, antiquated mill, all covered and cobwebbed with gray mealy dust, stood about a couple of hundred yards out of the town, to which two straggling rows of houses, that looked like an abortive street, led you. This mill was surrounded by a green common, which was again hemmed in by a fine river, that ran round in a curving line from under the hunchbacked arch of the bridge we mentioned at the beginning. Now, a little behind, or rather above this mill, on the skirt of the aforesaid common, stood a rather neat-looking whitish cabin, with about half a rood of garden behind it. It was but small, and consisted merely of a sleeping-room and kitchen. In this cabin lived Rose Moan, the Midwife.

Rose was what might be called a *flahoolagh*, or portly woman, with a good-humoured set of Milesian features: that is to say, a pair of red, broad cheeks, a well-set nose, allowing for the disposition to turn up, and two black twinkling eyes, with a mellow expression that betokened good-nature, and a peculiar description of knowing *professional* humour that is never to be met with in any but a midwife. Rose was dressed in a red flannel petticoat, a warm cotton sack or wrapper, which pinned easily over a large bust, and a comfortable woollen shawl. She always wore a long-bordered morning-cap, over which, while travelling, she pinned a second shawl, of Scotch plaid; and to protect her from the cold night air, she enfolded her precious person in a deep blue cloak of the true indigo tint. On her head, over cloak and shawl and morning-cap, was fixed a black "splush hat," with the leaf strapped down by her ears on each side, so that in point of fact she cared little how it blew.

Having thus given a brief sketch of her local habitation and personal appearance, we shall transfer our readers to the house of a young new-married farmer named Keho, who lived in a distant part of the parish. Keho was a comfortable fellow, full of good-nature and credulity; but his wife happened to be one of the sharpest, meanest, most suspicious, and miserable devils that ever was raised in good-humoured Ireland. Her voice was as sharp, and her heart as cold as an icicle; and as for her tongue, it was incessant and interminable. Were it not that her husband, who, though good-natured, was fiery and resolute when provoked, exercised a firm and salutary control over her, she would have starved both him and her servants into perfect skeletons. And what was still worse, with a temper that was vindictive and tyrannical, she affected to be religious, and upon those who did not know her, actually attempted to pass herself off as a saint.

One night, about ten or twelve months after his marriage, honest Corny Keho came out to the barn, where slept his two farm servants, named Phil Hannigan and Barny Casey. He had been sitting by himself, composing his mind for a calm night's sleep

or probably for a curtain lecture, by taking a contemplative whiff of the pipe, when the servant wench, with a certain air of hurry, importance, and authority, entered the kitchen, and informed him that Rose Moan must immediately be sent for.

"The mistress isn't well, maaster, an' the sooner she's sint for, the better. So mind my words, sir, if you please an' pack aff either Phil or Barny for Rose Moan, an' I hope I won't have to ax it again—hem!"

Dandy Keho—for so Corny was called, as being remarkable for his slovenliness—started up hastily, and having taken the pipe out of his mouth, was about to place it on the hob; but reflecting that the whiff could not much retard him in the delivery of his orders, he sallied out to the barn and knocked.

"Who's there? Lave that, wid you, unless you wish to be shot." This was followed by a loud laugh from within.

"Boys, get up wid all haste; it's the mistress. Phil, saddle Hollowback and fly—(puff)—fly in a jiffy for Rose Moan; an' do you, Barny, clap a back-sugaun—(puff)—an Sobersides an' aff for the mistress's mother—(puff)."

Both were dressing themselves before he had concluded, and in a very few minutes were off in different directions, each according to the orders he had received. With Barny we have nothing to do, unless to say that he lost little time in bringing Mrs Keho's mother to her aid; but as Phil is gone for a much more important character, we beg our readers to return with us to the cabin of Rose Moan, who is now fast asleep; for it is twelve o'clock of a beautiful moonlight night, in the pleasant month of August. Tap-tap. "Is Mrs. Moan at home?" In about half a minute her warm, good-looking face, enveloped in flannel, is protruded from the window.

"Who's that, *is God's name?*" The words in italics were added, lest the message might be one from the fairies.

"I'm Dandy Keho's servant—one of them, at any rate—an' my mistress has got a stitch in her side—ha! ha! ha!"

"Aisy, avick—so, she's *down*, thin—aisy—I'll be wid you like a bow out of an arrow. Put your horse over to 'the stone,' an' have him ready. The Lord bring her over her difficulties, anyway, amin!"

She then pulled in her head, and in about three or four minutes sallied out, dressed as we have described her; and having placed herself on the crupper coolly put her right arm round Phil's body, and desired him to ride on with all possible haste.

"Push an, *avouchal*, push an—time's precious at all times, but on business like this every minute is worth a life. But there's always one comfort, that God is merciful. Push forrid, avick."

"Never fear, Mrs Moan. If it's in Hollowback, bedad I'm the babe that 'ill take it out of him. Come, ould Hackball, trot out—you dop't know the message you're an, nor who you're carryin'"

"Isn't your mistress—manin' the Dandy's wife—a daughter of ould Fitzy Finnegan's the schrow of Glendhu?"

"Faith, you may say that, Rose, as we all know to

our cost. Be me song she does have us sometimes that you might see through us; an' only for the mather—but, dang it, no matter—she's down now, poor woman, an' it's not just the time to be rakin' up her failins."

"It is not, an' God mark you to grace for sayin' so. At a time like this we must forget everything, only to do the best we can for our fellow-creatures. What are you lookin' at, avick?"

Now, this question naturally arose from the fact that honest Phil had been, during their short conversation, peering keenly on each side of him, as if he expected an apparition to rise from every furze-bush on the common. The truth is, he was almost proverbial for his terror of ghosts and fairies, and all supernatural visitants whatever; but upon this occasion his fears arose to a painful height, in consequence of the popular belief that, when a midwife is sent for, the "good people" throw every possible obstruction in her way, either by laming the horse, if she rides, or by disqualifying the guide from performing his duty as such. Phil, however, felt ashamed to avow his fears on these points, but still could not help unconsciously turning the conversation to the very topic he ought to have avoided.

"What war you looking at, avick?"

"Why, bedad, there appeared something there beyant, like a man, only it was darker. But, be this and be that—hem, ahem!—if I could get my hands on him, whatsomever he——"

"Hushth, boy, hould your tongue; you don't know but it's the very word you war goin' to say might do us harm."

"—Whatsomever he is, that I'd give him a lift on Hollowback if he happened to be any poor fellow that stood in need of it. Oh! the sorra word I was goin' to say against anything or anybody."

"You're right, dear. If you knew as much as I could tell you—push an—you'd have a dhrop o' sweat at the ind of every hair on your head."

"Be my song, I'm tould you know a power o' quare things, Mrs. Moan; an' if all that's said is throe, you sartinly do."

Now, had Mrs. Moan and her heroic guide passed through the village of Ballycomaisy, the latter would not have felt his fears so strong upon him. The road, however, along which they were now going was a grass-grown *bohrson*, that led them from behind her cabin through a waste and lonely part of the country; and as it was a saving of better than two miles in point of distance, Mrs. Moan would not hear of their proceeding by any other direction. The tenor of her conversation, however, was fast bringing Phil to the state she so graphically and pithily described.

"What's your name?" she asked.

"Phil Hannigan, a son of fat Phil's of Balnasaggart, an' a cousin to Paddy who lost a finger in the Gansy (Guernsey) wars."

"I know. Well, Phil, in throth, the hairs 'ud stand like stalks o' barley upon your head, if you heard all I could mintion."

Phil instinctively put his hand up and pressed down his hat, as if it had been disposed to fly from off his head.

"Hem! ahem! Why, I'm tould it's wonderful. But is it throe, Mrs. Moan, that you have been brought *on business* to some o' the"—here Phil looked about him cautiously, and lowered his voice to a whisper—"to some o' the fairy women?"

"Hushth, man alive; what the sorra timpted you to call them anything but the Good People? 'This day's Thursday—God stand betune us an' harm. No, Phil, I name nobody. But there was a woman, a midwife—mind, avick, that I don't say *who* she was—maybe I know why, too, an' maybe it would be as much as my life is worth——"

"Aisy, Mrs. Moan! God presarve us! what is that tall thing there to the right?"—and he commenced the Lord's Prayer in Irish as fast as he could get out the words.

"Why, don't you see, boy, it's a fir-tree; but sorra movin' it's movin'."

"Ay, faix, an' so it is; bedad I thought it was gettin' taller an' taller. Ay!—hut! it *is* only a tree."

"Well, dear, there was a woman, an' she was called away one night by a little gentleman dressed in green. I'll tell you the story some time—only this, that havin' done her *duty*, an' tuck no payment, she was called out the same night to a neighbour's wife, an' a purtier boy you couldn't see than she leit behind her. But it seems she happened to touch one of his eyes wid a hand that had a taste of *their* panado an' it; an' as the child grew up, everyone woudered to hear him speak of the multitudes o' thim that he seen in all directions. Well, my dear, he kept never sayin' anything to them until one day when he was in the fair of Ballycomaisy, that he saw them whippin' away meal, and cotton, and butther, an' everything that they thought serviceable to them; so you see he could hould in no longer, an' says he to a little fellow that was very active an' thievish among them 'Why duv you take what doesn't belong to you?' says he. The little fellow looked up at him——"

"God be about us, Rose, what is that white thing goin' along the ditch to the left of us?"

"It's a sheep, don't you see? Faix, I believe you're cowardly at night."

"Ay, faix, an' so it is, but it looked very quare somehow."

"—An' says he, 'How do you know that?' 'Bekase I see you all,' says the other. 'An' which eye do you see us all wid?' says he again. 'Why, wid the left,' says the boy.' Wid that he gave a short whiff of a blast up into the eye, an' from that day not a stime the poor boy was never able to see wid it. No, Phil, I didn't say it was *myself*—I named *nobody*."

"An', Mrs. Moan, is it throe that you can put the dughlaughs upon them that trate their wives badly?"

"Whieht, Phil. When you marry, keep your timper—that's all. You knew long Ned Donnelly?"

"Ay, bedad, sure enough; there was quare things said about——"

"Push an, avick, push an; for who knows how some of us is wanted? You have a good mather, I believe, Phil? It's poison the same Ned would give me if he could. Push an, dear."

Phil felt that he had got his answer. The abrupt mystery of her manner and her curt allusions left him little, indeed, to guess at. In this way did the conversation continue, Phil feloniously filching, as he thought, from her own lips, a corroboration of the various knowledge and extraordinary powers which she was believed to possess, and she ingeniously feeding his credulity, merely by enigmatical hints and masked allusions; for although she took care to affirm nothing directly or personally of herself, yet did she contrive to answer him in such a manner as to confirm every report that had gone abroad of the strange purposes she could effect.

"Phil, wasn't there an uncle o' yours up in the Mountain Bar that didn't live happily for some time wid his wife?"

"I believe so, Rose; but it was before my time, or any way when I was only a young shaver."

"An' did you ever hear how the reconcilment come betune them?"

"No, bedad," replied Phil, "I never did; an' that's no wondher, for it was a thing they never liked to spake of."

"Throth, it's thrue for you, boy. Well, I brought about—Push an, dear, push an. They're as happy a couple now as breaks bread, any way, and that's all they wanted."

"I'd wager a thirteen it was you did, that, Rose."

"Hut, gorsoon, hould your tongue. Sure they're happy now, I say, whosomever did it. I named nobody, nor I take no pride to myself, Phil, out o' such things. Some people's gifted above others, an' that's all. But, Phil?"

"Well, ma'am?"

"How does the Dandy an' his scald of a wife agree? for, throth, I'm told she's nothing else."

"Faix, but middlin' itself. As I tould you, she often has us as empty as a paper lantern, wid divil a thing but the light of a good conscience inside of us. If we *pray* ourselves, begorra, she'll take care we'll have the *fastin'* at first cost; so that you see, ma'am, we hould a devout situation undher her."

"An' so that's the way wid you."

"Ay, the downright throth, an' no mistake. Why, the stirabout she makes would run nine miles along a deal board, an' scald a man at the far end of it."

"Throth, Phil, I never like to go next or near sich women or sich places; but for the sake o' the innocent we must forget the guilty. So push an, avick, push an. Who knows but it's life an' death wid us? Have you ne'er a spur on?"

"The divil a spur I tuck time to wait for."

"Well, afther all, it's not right to let a messenger come for a woman like me, widout what is called the Midwife's Spur—a spur in the head—for it has long been said that one in the head is worth two in the heel, an' so indeed it is—on business like this, anyway."

"Mrs. Moan, do you know the Moriartys of Ballachmore, ma'am?"

"Which o' them, honey?"

"Mick o' the Esker Beg."

"To be sure I do. A well-favoured, dacent family they are, an' full o' the world, too, the Lord spare it to them."

"Bedad, they are ma'am, a good-lookin' family. Well, ma'am, isn't it odd, but som' how there's neither man, woman, nor child in the parish but gives you the good word above all the women in it; but as for a midwife, why, I heard my aunt say that if ever mother an' child owended their lives to another, she did her's and the babby's to you."

The reader may here perceive that Phil's flattery must have had some peculiar design in it, in connection with the Moriartys, and such indeed was the fact. But we had better allow him to explain matters himself.

"Well, honey, sure that was but my duty; but God be praised for all, for everything depinds on the Man above. She should call in one o' those new-fangled women who take out their Dispatches from the Lying-in College in Dublin below; for you see, Phil, there is sich a place there,—an' it stands to raison that there should be a Foundlin' Hospital beside it, which there is, too, they say; but, honey, what are these poor ignorant cratures but *new lights*, every one o' them, that a dacent woman's life isn't safe wid?"

"To be sure, Mrs. Moan; an' every one knows they're not to be put in comparishment wid a woman like you, that knows sich a power. But how does it happen, ma'am, that the Moriartys does be spakin' but middlin' of you?"

"Of me, avick?"

"Ay, faix; I'm tould they spread the mouth at you sometimes, espishily when the people does be talkin' about all the quare things you can do."

"Well, well, dear, let them have their laugh—they may laugh that win, you know. Still one doesn't like to be provoked—no, indeed."

"Faix, an' Mick Moriarty has a purty daughter, Mrs. Moan, an' a purty penny he can give her, by all accounts. The nerra one o' myself but would be glad to put my comedher on her, if I knew how. I hope you find yourself aisy on your sate, ma'am?"

"I do, honey. Let them talk, Phil, let them talk; it may come their turn yet—only I didn't expect it from them. You, hut, avick, what chance would you have with Mick Moriarty's daughter?"

"Ay, every chance an' sartinty too, if some one that I know, and that every one that knows her, respects, would only give me a lift. There's no use in comin' about the bush, Mrs. Moan—bedad it's yourself I mane. You could do it. An' whisper, betune you and me it would be only sarvin' them right, in regard of the way they spake of you—sayin', indeed, an' galivantin' to the world that you know no more than another woman, an' that ould Pol Doolin of Ballymagowan knows oceans more than you do."

This was perhaps as artful a plot as could be laid for engaging the assistance of Mrs. Moan in Phil's design upon Moriarty's daughter. He knew perfectly well that she would not, unless strongly

influenced, lend herself to anything of the kind between two persons whose circumstances in life differed so widely as those of a respectable farmer's daughter with a good portion, and a penniless labouring boy. With great adroitness, therefore, he contrived to excite her prejudices against them by the most successful arguments he could possibly use, namely, a contempt for her imputed knowledge, and praise of her rival. Still she was in the habit of acting coolly, and less from impulse than from a shrewd knowledge of the best way to sustain her own reputation, without undertaking too much.

"Well, honey, an' so you wish me to assist you? Maybe I could do it, and maybe—But push an, dear, move him an; we'll think of it, an' spake more about it some other time. I must think of what's afore me now—so move, move, acushla; push an."

Much conversation of the same nature took place between them, in which each bore a somewhat characteristic part; for to say truth, Phil was as knowing a "boy" as you might wish to become acquainted with. In Rose, however, he had a woman of no ordinary shrewdness to encounter; and the consequence was, that each after a little more chat began to understand the other a little too well to render the topic of the Moriartys, to which Phil again reverted, so interesting as it had been. Rose soon saw that Phil was only a *plasthey*, or sweetener, and only "soothered" her for his own purposes; and Phil perceived that Rose understood his tactics too well to render any further tampering with her vanity either safe or successful.

At length they arrived at Dandy Keho's house, and in a moment the Dandy himself took her in his arms, and, placing her gently on the ground, shook hands with and cordially welcomed her. It is very singular, but no less true, that the moment a midwife enters the house of her patient, she always uses the plural number, whether speaking in her own person or in that of the former.

"You're welcome, Rose, an' I'm prond an' happy to see you here, an' it'll make poor Bridget strong, an' give her courage, to know you're near her."

"How are we, Dandy?—how are we, avick?"

"Oh, bedad, middlin', wishin' very much for you, of coorse, as I hear—"

"Well, honey, go away now. I have some words to say afore I go in that'll sarve us, maybe—a charm it is that has great vartue in it."

The Dandy then withdrew to the barn, where the male portion of the family were staying until the *ultimatum* should be known. A good bottle of poteen, however, was circulating among them; for everyone knows that occasions of this nature usually generate a festive and hospitable spirit.

Rose now went round the house in the direction from east to west, stopping for a short time at each of the windows, which she marked with the sign of the cross, five times, that is to say, once at each corner and once in the middle. At each corner also of the house she signed the cross, and repeated the following words or charm:—

"The four Evangels and the four Divines,  
God bless the moon an' us when it shines.  
New moon,\* true moon, God bless me,  
God bless this house an' this family.  
Matthew, Mark, Luke, an' John,  
God bless the bed that she lies on.  
God bless the manger where Christ was born,  
An' lave joy an' comfort here in the morn.  
St. Bridget an' St. Patrick, an' the holy spouse.  
Keep the fairies for ever far from this house. Amon.  
Glora yea, Glora yea, Glora yea yeelish,  
Glora n'ahir, Glora n'vac, Glora n'spirid neev. Amen.

These are the veritable words of the charm, which she uttered in the manner and with the forms aforesaid. Having concluded them, she then entered into the house, where we leave her for a time with our best wishes.

In the barn the company were very merry, Dandy himself being as pleasant as any of them, unless when his brow became shaded by the very natural anxiety for the welfare of his wife and child, which from time to time returned upon him. Stories were told; songs sung, and jokes passed, all full of good-nature and not a little fun, some of it at the expense of the Dandy himself, who laughed at and took it all in good part. An occasional *bulletin* came out through a servant maid, that matters were just the same way—a piece of intelligence which damped Keho's mirth considerably. At length he himself was sent for by the midwife, who wished to speak with him at the door.

"I hope there's nothing like danger, Rose?"

"Not at all, honey, but the truth is, we want a seventh son who isn't left-handed."

"A seventh son! Why, what do you want him for?"

"Why, dear, just to give her three shakes in his arms;—it never fails."

"Bedad, an' that's fortunate; for there's Mickey M'Sorley of the Broad Bog's a seventh son, an' he's not two gunshots from this."

"Well, aroon, hurry off one or two o' the boys for him, and tell Phil, if he makes haste, that I'll have a word to say to him afore I go."

This intimation to Phil put feathers to his heels; for, from the moment that he and Barny started, he did not once cease to go at the top of his speed. It followed, as a matter of course, that honest Mickey M'Sorley dressed himself, and was back at Keho's house before the family believed it possible the parties could have been there. This ceremony of getting a seventh son to shake the sick woman, in cases where difficulty or danger may be apprehended, is one which frequently occurs in remote parts of the country. To be sure, it is only a form, the man merely taking her in his arms, and moving her gently three times. The writer of this, when young, saw it performed with his own eyes, as the saying is; but in his case the man was not a seventh son, for no such person could be procured. When this difficulty arises, any man who has the character of being lucky, provided he is not married to a red-haired wife, may be called in to

\* If it did not happen to be new moon, the words were "good moon," &c.

give the three shakes. In other and more dangerous cases Rose would send out persons to gather half a dozen heads of blasted barley; and having stripped them of the black fine powder with which they were covered, she would administer it in a little new milk, and this was always attended by the best effects. It is somewhat surprising that the whole Faculty should have adopted this singular medicine in cases of similar difficulty; for in truth, it is that which is now administered under the more scientific name of *Ergot of rye*.

In the case before us, the seventh son sustained his reputation for good-luck. In about three quarters of an hour Dandy was called in "to kiss a strange young gentleman that wanted to see him." This was an agreeable ceremony to Dandy, as it always is, to catch the first glimpse of one's own first-born. On entering, he found Rose sitting beside the bed in all the pomp of authority and pride of success, bearing the infant in her arms, and dandling it up and down, more from habit than any necessity that then existed for doing so.

"Well," said she, "here we are all safe and sound, God willin'; an' if you're not the father of as purty a young man as ever I laid eyes on, I'm not here. Corny Keho, come an' kiss your son, I say."

Corny advanced, somewhat puzzled whether to laugh or cry, and taking the child up with a smile, he kissed it five times—for that is the mystic number—and as he placed it once more in Rose's arms, there was a solitary tear on its cheek.

"Arra, go an' kiss your wife, man alive, an' tell her to have a good heart, an' to be as kind to all her fellow-creatures as God has been to her this night. It isn't upon this world the heart ought to be fixed, for we see how small a thing an' how short a time can take us out of it."

"Oh, bedad," said Dandy, who had now recovered the touch of feeling excited by the child, "it would be too bad if I'd grudge her a smack." (He accordingly stooped, and kissed her; but, truth to confess, he did it with a very cool and business-like air.) "I know," he proceeded, "that she'll have a heart like a jyant, now that the son is come."

"To be sure she will, an' she must; or if not, I'll play the sorra, an' break things. Well, well, let her get strength a bit first, an' rest an' quiet; an' in the meantime get the groanin'-malt ready, until everyone in the house drinks the health of the stranger. My sowl to happiness, but he's a born beauty. The nerra Keho of you all ever was the aiquails of what he'll be yet, please God. Throth, Corny, he has daddy's nose upon him, anyhow. Aye, you may laugh; but, faix, it's thrue. You may take with him, you may own to him, anywhere. Arra, look at that! My sowl to happiness, if one egg's liker another! Eh, my posey! Where was it, alanna? Aye, you're there, my duck o' diamonds! Throth, you'll be the flower o' the flock, so you will. An' now, Mrs. Keho, honey, we'll lave you to yourself awhile, till we thrate these poor cratures of sarvints: the likes o' them oughtn't to be over-looked; an', indeed, they did feel a great dale itself,

poor things, about you; an', moreover, they'll be longin', of coorse, to see the darlin' here."

Mrs. Keho's mother and Rose superintended the birth-treat between them. It is unnecessary to say that the young men and girls had their own sly fun upon the occasion; and now that Dandy's apprehension of danger was over, he joined in their mirth with as much glee as any of them. This being over, they all retired to rest; and honest Mickey M'Sorley went home very *heartly*, in consequence of Dandy's grateful sense of the aid he had rendered his wife. The next morning Rose, after dressing the infant and performing all the usual duties that one expected from her, took her leave in these words:—

"Now, Mrs. Keho, God bless you an' yours, an' take care of yourself. I'll see you agin on Sunday next, when it's to be christened. Until then, throw out no dirty wather before sunrise or afther sunset; an' when Father Molloy is goin' to christen it, let Corny tell him not to forget to christen it *against the fairies*, an' thin it'll be safe. Good-bye, ma'am; an' look you to her, Mrs. Finnegan," said she, addressing her patient's mother, "an' *banaght lath* till I see all agin."

The following Sunday morning, Rose paid an early visit to her patient; for, as it was the day of young Dandy's christening, her presence was considered indispensable. The moment she was seen approaching the house, every one in it felt an immediate elevation of spirits, with the exception of Mrs. Keho herself, who knew that wherever Rose had the arrangement of the bill of fare there was sure to be what the Irish call "full an' plinty"—"lashins an' lavins"—a fact which made her groan in spirit at the bare contemplation of such waste and extravagance. She was, indeed, a woman of a very un-Irish heart—so sharp in her temper and so penurious in soul, that one would imagine her veins were filled with vinegar instead of blood.

"*Banaght Dheah in shoh*" (the blessing of God be here), Rose exclaimed, on entering.

"*Banaght Dheah agus Murra ghuid*" (the blessing of God and the Virgin on you), replied Corny; "an' you're welcome, Rose, *ahagur*."

"I know that, Corny. Well, how are we?—how is my son?"

"Begarra, thrivin' like a pair o' throopers."

"Thank God for it! Haven't we a good right to be grateful to Him, anyway? An' is my little man to be christened to-day?"

"Indeed he is—the gossips will be here presently, an' so will *her* mother. But, Rose, dear, will you take the ordherin of the aitin' an' dhrinkin' part of it?—you're better up to these things than we are—an' so you ought, of coorse. Let there be no want of anything; an' if there's an overplush, sorra may care; there'll be poor mouths enough about the door for whatever's left. So, you see, keep never mindin' any hint *she* may give you;—you know she's a little o' the closest; but no matter. Let there, as I said, be enough an' to spare."

"Throth, there spoke your father's son, Corný : all the ould dacency's not dead yet, anyhow. Well, I'll do my best. But she's not fit to be up, you know, an' of coorse can't disturb us." The expression of her eye could not be misunderstood as she uttered this.

"I see," said Corný, "devil a bether, if you manage that, all's right."

"An' now I must go in, till I see how she an' my son's gettin' an : that's always my first start; bekase you know, Corný honey, that *their* health goes afore everything."

Having thus undertaken the task required of her, she passed into the bedroom of Mrs. Kehó, whom she found determined to be up, in order, as she said, to be at the head of her own table.

"Well, alanna, if you must, you must; but in the name of goodness, I wash my hands out of the business teetotally. Dshk, dshk, dshk! Oh, wurra! to think of a woman in your state risin' to sit at her own table! That I may never, if I'll see it, or be about the place at all. If you take your life by your own wilfulness, why, God forgive you; but it mustn't be while I'm here. But since you're bent on it, why, give me the child, an' afore I go, anyhow, I may as well dress it, poor thing! The heavens pity it—my little man—eh?—where was it?—cheep—that's it, a ducky; stretch away. Aye, stretchin' an' thrivin' an, my son! Oh, thin, wurra! Mrs. Kehó, but it's you that ought to ax God's pardon for goin' to do what might lave that darlin' o' the world an orphan, maybe. Arrah, be the vestments, if I can have patience wid you. May God pity you, my child. If anything happened your mother, what 'ud become of you, and what 'ud become of your poor father this day? Dshk, dshk, dshk!" These latter sounds, exclamations of surprise and regret, were produced by striking the tongue against that part of the inward gum which covers the roots of the teeth.

"Indeed, Rose," replied her patient, in her sharp, shrill, quick voice, "I'm able enough to get up; if I don't we'll be harrished. Corný's a fool, an' it'll be only rap an' rive wid every one in the place."

"Wait, ma'am, if you please. Where's his little barrow? Ay, I have it. Wait, ma'am, if you please, till I get the child dressed, an' I'll soon take myself out o' this. Heaven presarve us! I have seen the like o' this afore—aye, havo I—where it was as clear as crystal *that there was something over them*—aye, over them that took their own way as you're doin'."

"But if I don't get up—"

"Oh, by all manes, ma'am—by all manes. I suppose you have a laise o' your life, that's all. It's what I wish I could get."

"An' must I stay here in bed all day, an' me able to rise, an' sich wilful waste as will go an, too?"

"Remember you're warned. This is your first baby, God bless it, an' spare you both. But Mrs. Kehó, does it stand to raison that you're as good a judge of these things as a woman like me, that it's my business? I ax you that, ma'am."

This poser, in fact, settled the question, not only by the reasonable force of the conclusion to be derived

from it, but by the cool, authoritative manner in which it was put.

"Well," said the other, "in that case, I suppose, I must give in. You ought to know best."

"Thank you kindly, ma'am; have you found it out at last? No, but you ought to put your two hands undher my feet for previntin' you from doin' what you intinded. That I may never sup sorrow, but it was as much as your life was worth. Compose yourself; I'll see that there's no waste, and that's enough. Here, hould my son;—why, thin, isn't he the beauty o' the world, now that he has got his little dress upon him?—till I pin up this apron across the windy: the light's too strong for you. There now; that light's apt to give one a headache when it comes in full bint upon the eyes that way. Come, alanna, come an, now, till I show you to your father an' them all. Wurra, thin, Mrs. Kehó, darlin'," (this was said in a low, confidential whisper, and in a playful, wheedling tone which baffles all description), "wurra, thin, Mrs. Kehó, darlin', but it's he that's the proud man, the proud Corný, this day. Rise your head a little—aisy—there now, that'll do—one kiss to my son, now, before he laives his mammy, he says, for a weeny while, till he pays his little respects to his daddy an' to all his friends, he says, an' thin he'll come back to mammy agin—to his own little bottle, he says."

Young Corný, soon went the rounds of the whole family, from his father down to the little herd-boy who followed and took care of the cattle. Many were the jokes which passed between the youngsters on this occasion—jokes which have been registered by such personages as Rose, almost in every family in the kingdom, for centuries, and with which most of the Irish people are too intimately and thoroughly acquainted to render it necessary for us to report them here.

Rose now addressed herself to the task of preparing breakfast, which, in honour of the happy event, was nothing less than "tay, white-bread, and Boxtý," with a glass of poteen to sharpen the appetite. As Boxtý, however, is a description of bread not generally known to our readers, we shall give them a sketch of the manner in which this Irish luxury is made. A basket of the best potatoes is got, which are washed and peeled raw; then is procured a tin grater, on which they are grated; the water is then shired off them, and the macerated mass is put into a clean sheet, or table-cloth, or bolster-cover. This is caught at each end by two strong men, who twist it in opposite directions until the contortions drive up the substance into the middle of the sheet, &c.; this, of course, expels the water also; but lest the twisting should be insufficient for that purpose, it is placed, like a cheese-cake, under a heavy weight, until it is properly dried. They then knead it into cakes, and bake it on a pan or griddle; and when eaten with butter, we can assure our readers that it is quite delicious.

The hour was now about nine o'clock, and the company asked to the christening began to assemble. The gossips or sponsors were four in number: two of them wealthy friends of the family that had never been married, and the two others a simple country pair, who

were anxious to follow in the matrimonial steps of Corny and his wife. The rest were, as usual, neighbours, relatives, and *cleavens*, to the amount of sixteen or eighteen persons, men, women, and children, all dressed in their best apparel, and disposed to mirth and friendship. Along with the rest was Bob M'Cann, the fool, who, by the way, could smell out a good dinner with as keen a nostril as the wisest man in the parish could boast of, and who on such occasions carried turf and water in quantities that indicated the supernatural strength of a Scotch brownie rather than that of a human being. Bob's qualities, however, were well-proportioned to each other, for, truth to say, his appetite, was equal to his strength, and his cunning to either.

Corny and Mrs. Moan were in great spirits, and indeed we might predicate as much of all who were present. Not a soul entered the house who was not brought up by Corny to an out-shot room, as a private mark of his friendship, and treated to an underhand glass of as good poteen "as ever went down the red lane," to use a phrase common among the people. Nothing upon an occasion naturally pleasant gives conversation a more cheerful impulse than this; and the consequence was, that in a short time the scene was animated and mirthful to an unusual degree.

Breakfast at length commenced in due form. Two noddles of whiskey were placed upon the table, and the first thing done was to administer a glass to each guest.

"Come, neighbours," said Corny, "we must dhrink the good woman's health before we ate, especially as it's the first time, anyhow."

"To be sure they will, achora, an' why not? An' if it's the first time, Corny, it won't be the—Musha! you're welcome, Mrs—! an' jist in time, too!"—this she said, addressing his mother-in-law, who then entered. "Look at this swaddy, Mrs—; my sowl to happiness, but he's fit to be the son of a lord. Eh, a pet? Where was my darlin'? Corny, let me dip my finger in the whiskey till I rub his gums wid it. That's my bully! Oh, the heavens love it, see how it puts the little mouth about lookin' for it agin. Throth you'll have the spunk in you yet, acushla, an' it's a credit to the Kehos you'll be, if you're spared, as you will, please the heavens?"

"Well, Corny," said one of the gossips, "here's a speedy uprise an' a sudden recovery to the good woman, an' the little stranger's health, an' God bless the baker that gives thirteen to the dozen, anyhow!"

"Ay, ay, Paddy Rafferty, you'll have your joke, anyway; an', throth, you're welcome to it, Paddy; if you weren't it isn't standin' for young Corny you'd be to-day."

"Thru enough," said Rose; "an', by the dickens, Paddy isn't the boy to be long under an obligation to anyone. Eh, Paddy, did I help you there, avick? Aisy, childre; you'll smother my son if you crush about him that way." (This was addressed to some of the youngsters, who were pressing round to look at and touch the infant.)

"It won't be my fault if I do, Rose," said Paddy, slyly eyeing Peggy Betagh, then betrothed to him, who sat opposite, her dark eyes flashing with re-

pressed humour and affection. Deafness, however, is sometimes a very convenient malady to young ladies; for Peggy immediately commenced a series of playful attentions to the unconscious infant, which were just sufficient to excuse her from noticing this allusion to their marriage. Rose looked at her, then nodded comically to Paddy, shutting both her eyes by way of a wink, adding aloud: "Throth you'll be the happy boy, Paddy; an' woe betide you if you aren't the sweetest end of a honeycomb to her. Take care an' don't bring me upon you. Well, Peggy, never mind, alanna; who has a better right to his joke than the dacent boy that's—aisy, childre: saints above! but ye'll smother the child, so you will—where did I get him, Dinney? sure I brought him as a present to Mrs. Keho; I never come but I bring a purty little babby along wid me—than the dacent boy, dear, that's soon to be your lovin' husband? Arrah, take your glass, acushla, the sorra harm it'll do you."

"Bedad, I'm afeard, Mrs. Moan. What if it 'ud get into my head, an' me's to stand for my little godson? No, bad scran to me if I could—faix, a glass 'ud be too much for me."

"It's not more than half-filled, dear; but there's sense in what the girl says, Dandy, so don't press it an her."

In the brief space allotted to us we could not possibly give anything like a full and correct picture of the happiness and hilarity which prevailed at the breakfast in question. When it was over, they all prepared to go to the parish chapel, which was distant at least a couple of miles, the midwife staying at home to see that all necessary preparations were made for dinner. As they were departing, Rose took the Dandy aside, and addressed him thus:

"Now, Dandy, when you see the priest, tell him that it is your wish, above all things, 'that he should christen it against the fairies.' If you say that, it's enough. And, Peggy, achora, come here. You're not carryin' that child right, alanna; but you'll know better yet, please goodness. No, avillish, don't keep it's little head so closely covered wid your cloak; the day's a burnin' day, glory be to God, an' the Lord guard my child;—sure the least thing in the world, where there's too much hait, 'ud smother my darlin'. Keep it's head out farther, an' jist shade its little face that way from the sun. Och, will I ever forget the Sunday when poor Molly M'Guigan went to take Pat Feasthalagh's child from undher her cloak to be christened, the poor infant was a corpse; an' only that the Lord put it into my head to have it privately christened, the father an' mother's hearts would break. Glory be to God! Mrs. Duggan, if the child gets cross, dear, or misses anything, act the mother by him, the little man. Eh, alanna! where was it? Where was my duck o' diamonds—my little Con Roe? My own sweet little ace o' hearts—eh, alanna! Well, God keep it, till I see it again, the jewel!"

Well, the child was baptised by the name of his father, and the persons assembled, after their return from chapel, lounged about Corny's house, or took little strolls in the neighbourhood, until the hour for dinner. This of course was much more convivial, and ten



times more vociferous, than the breakfast, cheerful as that meal was.

After dinner the whiskey began to go round: for in those days punch was a luxury almost unknown to the class we are writing of. In fact, nobody there knew how to make it but the midwife, who wisely kept the secret to herself, aware that if the whiskey were presented to them in such a palatable shape they would not know when to stop, and she herself might fall short of the snug bottle that is usually kept as a treat for those visits which she continues to pay during the convalescence of her patients.

"Come, Rose," said Corny, who was beginning to soften fast, "it's your turn now to thry a glass of what never seen wather."

"I'll take the glass, Dandy—'deed will I—but the thruth is, I never dhrink it *hard*. No, but I'll jist take a dhrop o' hot wather an' a grain o' sugar, an' scald it, that an' as much carraway seeds as will lie upon a six-pence does me good; for, God help me, the stomach isn't at all sthrong wid me, in regard of hein' up so much at night, an' deprived of my natural rest. I must make a dhrop o' gruel for the mistress, poor thing; an', Corny, I'll jist throuble you for about a thimbleful o' spirits to take the smell o' the wather off it. The poor creature, she's a little weak still, an' indeed it's wondherful how she stood it out; but, my dear, God's good to his own, an' fits the back to the burden, praise be to his name!"

She then proceeded to scald the drop of spirits

for herself, or, in other words, to mix a good tumbler of ladies' punch, making it, as the phrase goes, hot, strong, and sweet—not forgetting the carraways, to give it a flavour. This being accomplished, she made the gruel for Mrs. Keho, still throwing in a word now and then to sustain her part in the conversation, which was now rising fast into mirth, laughter, and clamour.

The company now began to grow musical; several songs were sung; and when the evening got farther advanced a neighbouring fiddler was sent for, and the little party had a dance in the barn, to which they adjourned lest the noise might disturb Mrs. Keho, had they held it in the dwelling-house. Before this occurred, however, the "midwife's glass" went the round of the gossips, each of whom drank her health, and dropped some silver, at the same time, into the bottom of it. It was then returned to her, and with a smiling face she gave the following toast:—"Health to the parent stock! So long as it thrives there will always be branches! Corny Keho, long life an' good health to you an' yours! May your son live to see himself as happy as his father! Youngsters, here's that you may follow a good example? The company's, health in general I wish; an', Paddy Rafferty, that you may never have a blind child but you'll have a lame one to lead it!—ha! ha! ha! What's the world without a joke? I must see the good woman an' my little son afore I go; but as I won't follow yez to the barn, I'll bid yez good-night, neighbours, an' the blessin' of Rose Moan be among yez!"

## PADDY FLYNN.

In the beautiful city of Cork there lived, about eighty years ago, a very respectable retailer of snuff and tobacco, Pat Flynn by name, but, for shortness' sake, called Paddy Flynn, who had but recently turned to that occupation, having descended too far into the vale of years to follow his former trade or "profession" as he himself always and most studiously designated it, of "taylor of dancing, good manners, and all other kinds of music," in which he had gained a goodly celebrity. Paddy was a plain, homely man of the good old school, portly in his person, and eccentric in his dress, and so wedded to old times and old manners, that it was impossible to get him to "look like a Christian," as poor Mrs. Flynn—the heavens be her bed and the clouds her blankets!—used to say, when she would tease him to lay aside his bushed wig, and his ruffles, and three-cornered hat, all of which contributed in a great degree to the grotesqueness of his appearance. But these little oddities had pleasing associations for Mr. Flynn's recollections. He put them on reli-

giously every day; and seating himself after breakfast on the pipe-chest opposite the shop-door, he commenced humming "*Nora Creina*," in a self-pleasing, drone-like, under-growl, while he kept anything but time with his heels swinging against the side of the chest as they hung down, but reached not the flags of the shop floor.

Mrs. Flynn, good soul, minded the shop, scolded the kitchen-wench, abused the cow-boy, mended the stockings, kept the day-book, saved the dripping and the candle-ends, in short, did everything to render her dear spouse comfortable and good-humoured, who scarcely minded anything but his corns and his customers, when any such dropped in.

One forenoon, as Paddy was seated on his well-beloved elevation, and Mrs. Flynn was washing up the breakfast-tackle in a little "glory-hole" off the shop, a tall, distinguished-looking personage entered, and asked to see Mr. Flynn.

"Well, sir," says Paddy, stopping short his "*Nora Creina*," with a sudden grunt, as he turned his head

sideways, and cocked his near eye at the customer, "and so you *do* want to see Mr. Flynn, sir?" "Yes, sir," was the reply. "It's likely you don't know him, thin, sir," said Paddy. "I have not that pleasure yet," answered the stranger. "Pleasure! Oh, aisy, now! Pleasure, avich, did you say? Sure, and isn't it myself that's spaying to you all the time." "Oh, indeed! Then are you really the Mr. Flynn whom I am seeking?" "I don't know, faiks, whether you're seeking me or not; for you know your own business best, sir; but my name is Pat Flynn, an' nobody else, barring that they changed me at nurse." "Then, Mr. Flynn, you *ars* the man I have been seeking. I am happy to see you, and to make your acquaintance. My name is Beamish.\* I live on the Parade."

PADDY.—"I am mighty proud of it, sir, and it's often I heard tell of your great family and your porther; but may I be so bowld as to ax you, sir, just for information, what business you have wid your humble sarvint?"

MR. BEAMISH.—"Business?—oh, nothing of what is called business whatever. You mistake me, Mr. Flynn; I am merely come to pay my respects to you."

PADDY.—"Oh, indeed! Why, then, that's very odd—isn't it, though?"

MR. BEAMISH.—"Oh, dear, no. The fact is, I am under a deep and lasting obligation to a son of yours, whom I had the happiness—I should say the extreme good fortune—of meeting in Paris."

PADDY.—"Ah-ha! Is it our Tom, sir, in Paris? Aisy, aisy—that's imposable. Sure it's in France he is, my darling."

MR. BEAMISH.—"Well, well, my dear sir, it's all the same."

PADDY.—"How the devil, sir, saving your presence, could it be the same? Paris and France the same thing! If it is, it's mighty odd entirely. But here's Tom's jo-graphy in the drawer under the counter next the till. Ou-wow! as the fox said to the hen-roost, maybe I haven't travelled all the way from Bristol to Waterford without knowing something about latitude and longitude."

MR. BEAMISH.—"Well, well, we shall not fall out about geography. The point in question is, have you not a son?"

PADDY.—"Mrs. Flynn says I have, sir."

MR. BEAMISH.—"And his name Thomas?"

PADDY.—"The priest christened him Thomas, but we always called him Tom for convayniene; and his mother's brother—the Lord rest his soul in glory!—was called Tom for shortness."

MR. BEAMISH.—"Then I have had the pleasure of meeting him abroad, where he saved my life, and was so kind and attentive to me, that he has bound me in gratitude to him for ever. It is my wish to return the compliment to him and to you by every means in my power."

Mr. Beamish, the father of a former M. P. of Cork. This is necessary to state for the sake of historical justice, as well as to assure the reader that the story from beginning to end is a true one.

PADDY.—"He! he! he! ha! ha! ha! hi! hi! hi! The heavens above be praised and blessed for all their bounties and blessings! And so you saw poor Tom abroad, sir? (Aside.) Arrah, Betty, jewel, throw a-one-side those kimmeens of crockery, and come and spake to the jintleman: sure he seen Tom abroad. (To Mr. Beamish.) Is Tom as fat an' as healthy as when he left ould Ireland, sir?"

MR. BEAMISH.—"I really cannot say, as I did not see him when he quitted his native country; but I am happy to assure you that he looked very well when I took my leave of him a short time back."

PADDY.—"Well, the Lord be praised! I'll be bound he was axing you about the beautiful crap of praties he sowed in the field by the brook afore he wint away, sir?"

MR. BEAMISH.—"No, I rather think he *did not* mention *that* circumstance. It was as my physician he attended me."

PADDY.—"Oh, I daar say, sir. Tom's a clever chap, and a great physicianer. He'd pick up anything, sir, from tare and trett to trigonometry; and as for Latin and Greek, he'd bother the bishop at them before I was bigger than a huxter's pint. Betty, darling, dust the ould chair there for the jintleman. Oh, she'll never come. Sit down, sir, if you playse;—and so Tom is grown clever and lusty?"

MR. BEAMISH.—"Why, he really looks the picture of rude health."

PADDY.—"Rude!—rude, did you say, sir? He was reared clane and daycent, and——"

MR. BEAMISH.—"Oh, really, Mr. Flynn, you mistake my meaning. I merely wished to say that he was in excellent health."

PADDY.—"Aye, aye, it's quite sartin that he'll fall into flesh; he takes ather his mother, sir. (Aside.) Arrah, blur-an-ouns, Betty, come out of that glory-hole: your ould face is clane enough. One would think that you'd never have done scrubbing it. (To Mr. Beamish.) Sit down, sir, sit down, if you playse."

MR. BEAMISH.—"Excuse me; I had rather not at present; for I have some calls to make, and my time is somewhat limited. I shall be delighted to tell you some pleasing news about your son, if you will do me the favour of dining with me to-day."

PADDY.—"Oh, Mr. Baymish, is it in airnest you are, or making fun of me?"

MR. BEAMISH.—"By no means, my dear sir; I shall be delighted if you dine with me, and I shall have the pleasure of introducing you to Mrs. Beamish."

PADDY.—"In throth, sir, to be plain wid you, I'd rather dine at home."

MR. BEAMISH.—"Oh, come, come, Mr. Flynn, you must make yourself at home with me. Upon my honour you shall—indeed you must dine with me to-day."

PADDY.—"And what time *do* you dine, sir?"

MR. BEAMISH.—"At six o'clock."

PADDY.—"Oh, murder! I'd never be able to howld out till six. I couldn't go, sir. I never get my dinner later than two o'clock. Sure, sir, a man

ought to have a couple of tumblers of punch and his tay under his waistcoat at six. Does Tom keep such bad hours?—though I daar say he does. When he was at home he was just as outlandish; for he wouldn't be done his breakfast till he'd be near going to bed, though he used to begin it when he'd get up, and he made but the one male in the day, but it lasted from morning till night."

MR. BEAMISH.—"But about dinner to-day, Mr. Flynn? I really will take no excuse. You must dine with us at six."

PADDY.—"Arrah, Betty, jewel, d'ye hear all this?"

BETTY.—"You can't refuse the jintleman's politeness, Pat;" (aside, in a whisper), "go, Paddy, mavourneen; it will sarve Tom."

PADDY.—"Faith, and maybe so. Well, sir, as you won't be put off, I'll go dine with you at six."

MR. BEAMISH.—"Agreed, then, Mr. Flynn. At six, remember, we shall expect you. Good-bye!"

And here Mr. Beamish made his bow and withdrew. As the subsequent part, however, of my narration cannot be well given in the third person, I must leave it to Mr. Flynn himself to describe the memorable events of the evening. His own account of the dining-out part of the affair was after the following fashion:

"Whin Mister Baymish left the shop, begor, I wint and brushed up my duds, and polished my pumps, and brightened my buckles, and thin, whin at last I put them on, didn't I look clane and dacent. 'You're looking young again, Paddy, dear,' says Betty, wid a tear in her eye as big as a gooseberry. But when two o'clock came, I felt something inside of me crying 'cupboard.' At three, I felt morthal hungry. At four, I couldn't stand it out much longer; but at five, I thought the bowels would fall out of me. Howsomdever, says I to myself, 'Paddy Flynn, avich, you must bear it all, for the sake of your son Tom and his mother; so I passed over the mighty inconvaynience as well as I could, although I thought it was a week long, till Betty tould me that it was a quarter to six. Thin I jumped off the chest, and says I to myself, 'Paddy Flynn, it's time for you to be off, for you have a good mile of ground to walk to the Parade.' Well, then, I took my cane in my fist, and rowled up my bran new pair of gloves in the other for fear of dirtying them, and I sauntered along quite leisurely, that I mightn't get into a sweat, until I came to the Parade. 'Now, Paddy,' says I, 'you're just going to make your first step into high life; the Lord send you safe over the throuble,' says I, looking about for Mr. Baymish's doore. I had the number of the house reckoned on my fingers, so I couldn't be mistaken. At last I made it out, and the divil a finer house I ever laid my two morthal eyes upon than that same, wid beautiful clane steps that you could take your tay off, iligant hall-doore, bigenough for an archbishop, and the full of your fist of a brass wrapper upon it, not to say nothing at all of a purty little plate that was on it, with a beautiful printed B. and an E. and an A. agus an M., says I, 'and that makes BEAM, all the world over;'

and thin an I, and an s, agus an H—'right,' says I. 'agus a BEAM, agus an ish, BEAMISH, to be sure. Whack wint the wrapper in a minute, wid a single pelt that would astonish a twintypenny nail, if it only got it fair on the head. The doore flew open before you could bless yourself. 'D'ye mayne to knock down the house, Mистер Impudence?' said a mighty fine-looking jintleman, wid a green coat and red breeches, popping out his powdered pate, and putting up his fat chops up to my face. 'No, sir, I don't,' says I, quite politely. 'I wouldn't hurt a hair of its head, honey, nor a dog belonging to it.' 'Thin what do you want?' says he to myself, quite snappishly intirely. 'I want Mr. Baymish,' says I, just as independantly. 'You can't see him,' says *Saucepap*, slapping the doore in my face. 'Blur an' turf!' says I, 'and maybe so. Isn't this purty tratment I'm suffering for you, Tom, avich?' Well, I scratched my head, and waited a bit, and wrapped again for Tom's sake. The same nice man opened in a jiffey. 'You're a smart chap, I don't think,' says I, winking at him good-humour'dly; and in spite of his angry looks, I made bowld just to step past him into the hall. 'I believe this is the house,' says I, 'and this is the right side of the doore.' 'D'ye think so?' says he. 'You'd betther get out again, thin, as quick as you came in,' says he. 'Not immaydiately,' says I; and then I ris my voice like a counsellor's, and says I, 'I'm come to dine wid Mr. and Mrs. Baymish at six, and, begging your pardon, sir, I think this is a mighty quare welcome.' 'What's your name?' says he. 'Pat Flynn,' says I. 'Beg your pardon, sir,' says he. 'No offence,' says I, as I thought he looked frightened. 'Walk this way,' says he, bowing and scraping towards the stairs like a Frenchman at a fiddle. 'Will you show me your hat, sir?' says he. 'And welcome, sir,' says I: 'it was made by my own cousin jarmin, Pat Beaghan, of Patrick-street, and cost but twelve-and-sixpence: rale bayver, your soul, and as honest a man as ever you dealt with—indeed he is a mighty dacent man.' 'Oh, sir, I beg your honour's pardon,' says he, tittering wid the laughing; 'you mistake me, sir, intirely,' says he: 'playse to give me your hat.' 'For what? Would you have me go home in the night air to Betty without a hat?' says I. 'Oh, no, sir, you don't understand me,' says he; 'I merely want to put by your hat for you till you are going home.' 'The divil trust your rogue's face!' says I; 'how mighty polite you are. Can't I take care of it myself?' 'Oh, sir,' says he, thrusting his hand out for it, 'every jintleman that dines here layves his hat wid me. 'Then if I must, I must,' says I; 'there it's for you, and my blessing wid it; but by the holy poker, if you don't put it in a clane place, I'll give you the lingsh and breadth of this,' says I, shaking my cane, which was whipt out of my hand by another powdered jintleman; and before I could say *trapsttick*, it was in safe keeping. 'Take care of it for you, sir,' says he, grinning at me. 'Thank'ee, sir,' says I, grinning back at him. 'Your gloves, sir,' says the black footboy. 'O

Lord!' says I, 'has your mother many more of you, Snowball? Can't I put my own gloves in my own pocket, you baste?' says I. 'Oh, no, sir,' says the naygur, 'dat's not de way in dis house, massa.' Well, I gave him my gloves, and the fir: chap, he that opened the doore, and looked like a drum-major, beckoned me after him, up the stairs, wid a shamrogue carpet on them as green as Nature's own petticoat of a May-day morning, and as soft as the daisies, and so delicate and iligant that you wouldn't hear a robin's foot if he hopped on it, much less the sound of your own. Up thin I climbed for high life and for Tom's sake, and whin I got to the top step, I pulled up the waistband of my breeches to give myself ayse, for I was desperately out of breath. The dirty blackguard in the red breeches afore me never minded me at all, but flung open a shining mahogany doore, and shouted out as loud as a tinker at a fair, 'Mr. Flynn!' says he. 'Here I am, sir,' says I, quite angry; 'and what the devil do you want wid me in such a hurry?' But he never minded me a pin's point, only stepped into the room another step or two, and roared out as if there was an evil sperrit in his stomach. 'Mr. Flynn!' 'Och, thin, sweet bad luck to your assurance,' says I; 'is it for this that yez made me lave my cane below stairs, for fear I'd make you know your distance, you set of spaircens?' says I, looking about me to try was there any more of them at my heels. But the fellow was only laughing at me in his cheek, when out walked Mr. Baymish himself. 'Mr. Flynn, you're welcome, sir,' says he. 'Thank'ee, sir,' says I. 'I hope there's nothing the matter with you, sir?' says he. 'Nothing particlular, sir,' says I, 'barring the liberty that gentleman in the red breeches is taking wid my name.' 'Pooh, pooh, Mr. Flynn,' says he, 'we must only laugh at those trifles,' says he, taking me under the arm and gintly shoving me in before a whole lot of beautiful ladies, who sat tittering and laughing, and stuffing their little muslin aprons and redicules into their mouths the moment they put their eyes spon poor Paddy Flynn. 'Your sarvint, ginteels,' says I, in rale quality form, bowing down to the ground. 'My dear,' says Mr. Baymish to the mistress, who stood up—God bless her pretty face! to meet us, 'this is Mr. Thomas Flynn's worthy father, and my very particular friend: allow me to introduce him to you, and to all of you, ladies and gentlemen,' says he, taking me by the hand and bowing with me. Well, d'ye see, they all arose like a congregation to get the priest's blessing after Mass, and kept bowing at me till they nearly bothered me. So, says I, in return, 'God save all here, barring the cat,' not forgetting my manners. But the quality said nothing, but nodded at me, which I thought was anything but ginteel or decent. 'Well,' says I to myself, 'the poor craythurs may be rich and proud, but good manners is another thing; and I don't think they are so much to be blamed, seeing that they never took lessons from Pat Flynn, taycher of dancing, good manners, and all cther kinds of music.'

"Mr. Baymish at last made me sit down, and I thin began to admire at the beautiful pictures, and the mighty big looking-glasses, and the varnished tables, that you could see your phiz-mahogany in, and the foreign tay-pots full of flowers, and the carpets that you'd sink up to your hamstrings in, and, oh, the darlings—the ladies! But the sorra sign of dinner myself saw, although I thought all as one as if the Frinch and English were fighting in my bowels, wid the downright famishing hunger. 'Oh, Tom, Tom, *avich ma chree*,' says I, giving them a squeeze for every twist they gave myself, 'isn't this cruel tratement intirely? I'm suffering for your sake.' But there was no use in complaining; so I turned up my phiz-mahogany to look at the beautiful window-curtains, and there were two beautiful golden sarpints over them peeping out at us, and ready to pounce down on us, when all of a sudden in pops my gentleman in the red breeches, and roars out, to my great joy, 'Dinner's on the table.' Thin it was that they took a start out of Paddy Flynn, for on looking about the devil a sign of a wall was there but what was whipt away by enchantmint, and there stood the dinner on the bran new table-cloth, as white and as beautiful as a corpse at a wake. All the ladies and gentlemen stood up, and, of coorse, so did myself. 'Mr. Flynn,' says Mr. Baymish. 'Sir?' says I. 'Will you take Mrs. Baymish's hand?' says he. 'For what, sir?' says I; 'what call have I to Mrs. Baymish's hand? It's yourself, that's her husband, has the best right to it, sir,' says I. 'Oh, do; Mr. Flynn; be good enough to take Mrs. Baymish's hand; we are only going to dinner, and it is merely to lead her to her chair,' says he. 'Indeed, faith, sir,' says I, 'if it wasn't to oblige your honour it would be contrary to my religion to do the likes wid any man's wife, while Betty's alive and kicking.' But they all fell a-laughing at me, while I took Mrs. Baymish's hand and led her to her sate. When everybody had taken their places, Mr. Baymish said to me, 'Mr. Flynn, will you sit next me?' says he. 'Thank'ee, sir,' says I, quite glad to be axed; for I was afeard of my life to sit among the young divils in the petticoats, that were all tittering and bursting their sides at me. 'Let me give you some soup,' says he. 'Broth, if you playse,' says I, winking at him. 'Well, no matther, Mr. Flynn,' says he, smiling at myself; and he helped me to two big spoonfuls of the turreen that was afore him. The first sup I took scalded my mouth, until I thought my two eyes would leap out of my head; so I blew into the remainder, and thin made it leave that. Whin Mr. Baymish saw that my hollow plate was empty, 'Mrs. Baymish is looking at you, Mr. Flynn,' says he. 'For what, sir?' says I. 'She's looking at you,' says he, laying his hand on a decanter. 'She's welcome, sir,' says I; 'but, blur an' ouns, I hope I'm all right,' looking at myself all over to see if my buttons were fast. 'Oh, she only wants you to pledge her. Tim,' says he, 'help the wife.' 'Thank you and her a thousand times, sir,' says I; but the stingy fellow in the red breeches only helped us each to a thimble-full. 'Blur-an-'

ouns,' says I to myself, 'the mather, I suppose, orders her to be helped, *as he likes her.*' So I was determined to watch my opportunity; and when I thought no one was looking, I nodded to the mistress, and pointed to a decanter that stood near her, and lifted my glass at the same time, which she understood, *for the women always understand you,* and she smiled and nodded to me in return. But she was so much afraid of him, that the divil a toothful she put into it, in spite of all my nods and winks, and shrugging my shoulders, and pointing to my full glass, that I could throw at her. 'Tundher and turf,' says I to myself, 'hasn't he her under great contrawl?'—and I thought of *somebody* who used to clap her wings and crow at home. 'What fish do you choose, Mr. Flynn,' says his honour. 'I never take none but on Fridays, and then bekaise I can't help it, sir,' says I. 'You will find that turbot delicious, sir,' says Mrs. Baymish. 'I prefer mate, ma'am,' says I. 'Well, look round the table, Mr. Flynn, and say what you will have,' says Mr. Baymish. 'Some of that pork, sir, forment that gintleman in the specs,' says I. 'It's ham, sir,' says ould Goggles, quite snappish. 'Ham's pork, Mr. *Fore-sight,*' says I; and the whole company roared out laughing; and as I didn't like them to have all the laugh to themselves, I laughed louder and longer than any of them. 'You're quite right,' says he, making the best of what he didn't bargain for, and sending me a plateful well bowlstered on cabbage; and, faith, I stuck into it like a hungry hawk. 'Mr. Flynn,' says his honour. 'Sir,' says I, laying down my knife and fork quite gintoely on my plate, and looking him full in the face. 'I hope you are helped to your liking,' says he. 'Mighty well, I thank you;' but the divil a plate I had, for the thief in the red breeches had whipt it away while I was talking to his mather. 'Oh, murther, murther,' says I to myself, 'isn't this purty thratement I am suffering, and all for your sake, Tom avich!' But before I could say another word, the ugly black-faced fellow popped down afore me a dish of chopped nettles; so seeing I could do no better, I began bowlting them, when he runs back and whipt it again from afore me, and said, 'The missus wants some spinich,' says he. 'Oh, Tom, Tom,' says I again, 'isn't this too bad?' Well, they gave me something else, which was so hot with red pepper that I couldn't eat three bits of it, and afther that a bit of sweet starch, so that I was as hungry as whin I sat down. It would vex a saint out of heaven all the while to see the fellows in the red breeches whipping and snapping everything while my guts were pinching me with hunger and vexation. 'Oh, ye blackguards!' says I, in my teeth, 'you murdering villains, if I had ye at home under my tobacky press wouldn't I make you remember Paddy Flynn!' But there was no use in talking, for up they came as impudent as ever,

and put before every lady and gintleman, including myself, a glass bowl of cowl'd water. Not knowing what the divil to do with such cowl'd comfort, I was looking about for the first move, when Mr. Baymish said to me, 'Mr. Flynn,' says he, 'make use of that water; we'll have the claret immediately.' 'Yes, sir,' says I, thinking of Tom; so I took up the bowl betwane my two hands, and threw myself back in the chair with my mouth wide open, and gulped the water down in one big swallow, till I thought there was two feet of it in my stomach, and I felt myself as full as the tick of a bed, although there was not the bigness of an egg in my body afore. But, oh! och, mavourneen! the cowl'd wather began to give me such an—oh!—oh!—och!—it almost gives me the collick now to think of it—such a rumbling, an' grumbling, an' tumbling, an' shivering, an' quaking, an' shaking, that heartily as Mr. Baymish an' the ladies laughed at me, the divil a wrinkle was on my face or my stomach in two minutes. '*Nahana-man-dhoul,*' says I to the mather, in a pig's whisper. 'I'm fairly flummoxed and done over,' 'Oh, I hope you're not unwell, Mr. Flynn,' says Mrs. Baymish, with the soft, sweet voice of an angel. 'Oh, no, avourneen machree,' says I, 'but something mighty quare's the matter wid me. Mr. Baymish, jewel, I'm in a morthal hurry intirely; you must excuse me, for I can't stay. Oh, Tom, Tom,' says I, 'what cruel usage I'm suffering for your sake!' 'Mr. Flynn,' says his honour, whispering something behind his hand to me. 'Oh, no, avourneen,' says I, slinking out of the room, and squeezing my stomach as if I hadn't a moment to live. I don't know how I got down the stairs, but when I did, a fellow at the foot says to me, 'Your hat, sir,' giving it a nate touch wid his sleeve. 'Thank you for my own,' says I, taking it from him. 'Hope you won't forget me, sir; always get a shilling or two,' says the spalpeen. 'Oh, murther,' says I, drawing forth a shilling like a tooth from my breeches-pocket, what I suffer for your sake, Tom honey!' 'Your gloves, sir,' says another gintleman, 'nicely aired; hope you won't forget me, sir.' 'Oh, Tom, Tom!' says I, pulling out another shilling. 'Your cane, sir,' says *Snowball*, who robbed me of the dish of spinich; 'took great care of it; hope you won't forget me, sir.' 'Indeed and I won't,' says I, laying it across his showlders an' his shins, until I astonished his wake intellect so much that he screeched with the pain; 'forget ye, indeed, faith! I'll never forget ye, ye set of thieving, whipping, snapping villains! Let me out!' says I, roaring out like a lion—for I felt my stick in my fist;—so they bowed and scraped, and kept their distance till I got into the street. So as soon as I heard them shut the door, I said to myself, 'The divil burn you, Paddy Flynn,' says I, 'if ever you give two shillings again for a mouthful of chopped nettles an' a bellyful of cowl'd wather.'

## ST. BRIDGET'S SHAWL.

## A LEGEND.

AMONGST the many extraordinary characters with which this country abounded, such as fools, madmen, onshochs, omadhauns, hair-brains, crack-brains, and naturals, there was one whose character was rather singular. He begged about the county of Kildare; he would accept of anything offered him, except money—that he scornfully refused. Many is the evening I have seen this poor crazy creature plod along the road. There was another stamp of singularity on his character: his name was Pat Mowlds, but who dared attempt to call him Pat? It must be Mr. Mowlds. In general he was of a downcast, melancholy, disposition, boasted of being very learned, was much delighted when anyone gave him a ballad or old newspaper. Sometimes he got into a very good humour, and would relate many anecdotes in a droll style.

Many years ago, as I happened to be sauntering along the border of the Curragh, I overtook this solitary being.

"A fine morning, Mr. Mowlds," was my address.

"Yes, sur, thank God, a very fine morning; shure iv we don't have fine weather in July, when will we have it?"

"What a great space of ground this is to lie waste—what a quantity of provisions it would produce—what a number of people it would employ and feed!" said I.

"Oh, that's very thrue, sur; but was it all sown in pittaties, what would become ov the poor sheep? Shure we want mutton as well as pittaties—beside's, all the devarshin we have every year. Why, thin, maybe ye have e'er an ould newspaper or ballit about ye?"

I said I had not, but a couple of Penny Journals should be at his service which I had in my pocket.

"Och, anything at all that will keep a body amused, though I have got a great many of them; but among them all I don't see any picther or any account of the round tower furninst ye; nor any account ov the fire Saint Bridget kept in night an' day for six hundred years; nor anything about the raison why it was put out; nor anything about how Saint Bridget came by this piece ov ground; nor anything about the ould Earl of Kildare, who rides round the Curragh every seventh year with silver spurs and silver reins to his horse—God bless ye, sur, have ye e'er a bit of tobacco?—there's not a word about this poor country at all."

My senses were now driven to anxiety; I gave him some tobacco. He then resumed:—

"Och, an', faix, it's myself that can tell all about those things. Shure my grandfather was brother to one of the ould anshint bards who left him all

his books, and he left them to my mother, who left them to me."

"Well, Mr. Mowlds," I said, "you must have a perfect knowledge of those things;—let us hear something of their contents."

"Why, thin, shure, sir, I can't do less. Now, you see, sur, its my fashion like the priests and ministers goin' to praich: they must give a bit ov a text out ov some larned book, and that's the way with me. So here goes—mind the words:

"The seventeenth ov March, on King Dermot's great table,  
Where ninety-nine beeves were all roast at a time,  
We dhrank to the memory, while we wor able,  
Ov Patrick, the saint ov our nation;  
And gaily wor dhrinkin', roarin', shoutin',  
Cead mille faltha, acushla macree.  
There was Cathleen so fair, an' Eileen so rare!  
With Patrick an' Nora,  
An' fauntin' Queen Dorah!  
On Patrick's Day in the mornin'.  
Whoo!!!  
County Kildare an' the sky over it!  
Short grass for ever!"

He thus ended with a kick up of his heel, which nearly touched the nape of his neck, and a flourish of his stick at the same time. Then turning to me, he said:

"I am not going to tell you one word about the fire—I am going to tell you how Saint Bridget got at this ground. Bad luck to *Black Noll* (a name given to Cromwell), with his crew ov dirty Sasanachs that tore down the church; and if they could have got on the tower, that would be down also. No matter, every dog will have his day. Sit down on this hill till we have a shaugh ov the dhudheen. In this hill lie buried all the bones ov the poor fellows that Gefferds killed the time ov the trouble, peace an' rest to their souls!"

"But to the story, Mr. Mowlds," I said, as I watched him with impatience while he readied his pipe with a large pin.

"Well, sur, here goes. Bad luck to this touch, it's damp: the rain blew into my pocket t'other night, an' wetted it;—ha, I have it. Now, sur, you persave by the words ov my text, that a great feast was kept up every year at the palace of Castledermot on Saint Patrick's Day. Nothing was to be seen for many days before but slaughtering ov bullocks, skiverin' ov pullets, rowlin' in ov barrels, an' invitin' all the quality about the country; nor did the roolocks and spalpeens lag behind—they never waited to be axt; all came to lind a frindly hand at the feast; nor war the kings ov those days above raisin' the axe to slay a bullock. King O'Dermot was one ov those slaughterin'

kings who wouldn't cringe at the blood ov any baste.

"'Twas on one ov those festival times that he sallied out with his axe in his hand to show his dexterity in the killin' way. The butchers brought him the cattle one afther another, an' he laid them down as fast as they could be dhrained ov their blood.

"Afther layin' down ninety-nine, the last ov a hundhred was brought to him. Just as he riz the axe to give it the clout, the ox with a sudden chuck drew the stake from the ground, and away with him over hill an' dale, with the swingin' block an' a hundhred spalpeens at his heels. At last he made into the river just below Kileullen, when a little gossoon thought to get on his back; but his tail bein' very long, gave a twitch an' hitched itself in a black knot round the chap's body, and so towed him across the river.

"Away with him then across the Curragh, ever till he came to where Saint Bridget lived. He roared at the gate as if for marcy. Saint Bridget was just at the door when she saw the ox with his horns thrust through the bars.

"'Arrah, what ails ye, poor baste?' sez she, not seein' the boy at his tail.

"'Och,' sez the boy, makin' answer for the ox, 'for marcy sake, let me in. I'm the last ov a hundhred that was goin' to be kilt by King O'Dermot for his great feast to-morrow; but he little knows who I am.'

"'Begor, when she heard the ox spake, she was startled; but rousin' herself, she said:

"'Why, thin, it 'ud be fitter for King O'Dermot to give me a few ov yees, than be feedin' Budhavore; it's well you come, itself.'

"'Ah, but, shure, you won't kill me, Biddy darlin,' sez the chap, takin' the hint, as it was nigh dark, and Biddy couldn't see him with her odd eye; for you must know, sur, that she was such a purty girl when she was young, that the boys used to be runnin' in dozens afther her. At last she prayed for somethin' to keep them from tormenting her. So you see, sur, she was seized with the smallpox at one side ov her face, which blinded up her eye, and left the whole side ov her face in furrows, while the other side remained as beautiful as ever.

"'In troth, you needn't fear me killin' ye,' sez she; 'but where can I keep ye?'

"'Och,' says the arch wag, 'shure when I grow up to be a bull I can guard yer ground.'

"'Ground, in yeagh,' sez the saint; 'shure, I haven't as much as would sow a ridge ov pittaties, barrin' the taste I have for the girls to walk on.'

"'And did you ax the king for none?' sed the supposed ox.

"'In troth, I did, but the ould budhoch refused me twice't.'

"'Well, Biddy honey,' sez the chap, 'the third offer's lucky. Go to-morrow, when he's at dinner, and you may come at the soft side ov him. But won't you give some refreshment to this poor boy that I picked up on the road? I fear he is dead or smothered hanging at my tail.'

"Well, to be shure, the chap hung his head (moryeah) when he sed this.

"Out Saint Bridget called a dozen ov nuns, who untied the knot, and afther wipin' the chap as clane as a new pin, brought him into the kitchen, and crammed him with the best of aitin' and drinkin'; but while they wor doing this, away legged the ox. Saint Bridget went out to ax him some questions consarnin' the king, but he was gone.

"'Pon my sowkins,' sed she, 'but that was a mighty odd thing entirely. Faix, an' it's myself that will be off to Castledermot to-morrow, hit or miss.'

"Well, sur, the next day she gother together about three dozen nuns.

"'Toss on yer mantles,' sez she, 'an' let us be off to Castledermot.'

"'With all our hearts,' sez they.

"'Come here, Norah,' sez she to the sarvint maid. 'Slack down the fire,' sez she, 'and be shure you have the kittle on. I couldn't go to bed without my tay, was it ever so late.'

"So, afther givin' her ordhers, off they started.

"Well, behould ye, sur, when she got within two miles ov the palace, word was brought to the king that Saint Bridget and above five hundhred nuns were on the road, comin' to dine with him.

"O tundheranounthers,' roared the king, 'what'll I do for their dinner? Why the dhoul didn't she come an hour sooner, or sent word yestherday? Such a time for visiters! Do ye hear me, Paudeen Roorke?' sez he, turnin' to his chief butler: 'run afther Rory Condaugh, an' ax him did he give away the two hind quarters that I said was a little rare.'

"'Och, yer honor,' sed Paudeen Roorke, 'shure he gev them to a parcel ov boccochs at the gate.'

"'The dhoul do them good with it! Oh, fire and faggots! what'll become ov me?—shure she will say I have no hospitality, an' lave me her curse. But, cooger, Paudeen: did the roolocks overtake the ox that ran away yestherday?'

"'Och, the dhoul a haugh ov him ever was got, yer honor.'

"'Well, it's no matther; that'll be a good excuse; do you go and meet her; I lave it all to you to get me out ov this hobble.'

"'Naboclish,' said Paudeen Roorke, cracking his fingers, an' out he started. Just as he got to the door he met her going to come in. Well become the king, but he shlipt behind the door to hear what 'ud be sed. 'Bedhahusth,' he roared to the guests that wor going to dhrink his health while his back was turned.'

"'God save yer reverence,' said Saint Bridget to the butler, takin' him for the king's chaplain, he had such a grummoch face on him; 'can I see the king?'

"'God save you kindly!' sed Paudeen, 'to be shure ye can. Who will I say wants him?' eyeing the black army at her heels.

"'Tell him Saint Bridget called with a few friends to take pot luck.'

“Oh, murder!” sed Paudeen, ‘why didn’t you come an hour sooner? I’m afraid the meat is all cowl’d, we waited so long for ye.’

“Och, don’t make any bones about it,” sed Saint Bridget: ‘it’s a cowl’d stummock can’t warm its own mait.’

“In troth, that’s true enough,” sed Paudeen; ‘but I fear there isn’t enough for so many.’

“Why, ye set of cormorals,” sed she, ‘have ye swallied the whole ninety-nine oxen that ye kilt yestherday?’

“Oh, blessed hour!” groaned the king to himself, ‘how did she know that? Och, I suppose she knows I’m here, too.’

“Oh, bad scran to me!” said Paudeen, ‘but we had the best and fattest keepin’ for you, but he ran away.’

“In troth, you needn’t tell me that,” sez she; ‘I know all about yer doings. If I’m sent away without my dinner itself, I must see the king.’

“Just as she sed this, a hiccough seized the king, so loud that it reached the great hall. The guests, who war all silent by the king’s ordher, thought he sed hip, hip!—so. Such a shout, my jewel, as nearly frightened the saint away.

“In troth,” sez she, ‘I’d be very sorry to venthur among such a set of riff-raff, anyway. But who’s this behind the door?’ sez she, cockin’ her eye. ‘Oh, I beg pardon!—I hope no intrusion—there ye are—ye’ll save me the throuble ov goin’ in.’

“Oh,” said the king (hie), ‘I tuck a little sick in my stummock, an’ came down to get fresh air. I beg pardon. Why didn’t you come in time to dinner?’

“I want no dinner,” said she; ‘I came to speak on affairs ov state.’

“Why, thin,” said the king, ‘before ye state them, ye must come in and take a bit in yer fingers, at any rate.’

“In troth,” sez she, ‘I was always used to full and plenty, and not any scrageen bits; and to think ov a king’s table not having a flaugooloch meal, is all nonsense: that’s like the taste ov ground I axt ye for some time ago.’

“Begor, sur, when she said that, she gave him such a start, that the hiccough left him.

“Ah, Biddy, honey,” sez he, ‘shure ye wor only passin’ a joke to cure me: say no more—it’s all gone.’

“Just as he sed this, he heard a great shout at a distance: out he pulled his specks, an’ put them on his nose; when to his joy he saw a whole crowd ov spalpeens dhrivin’ the ox before them. The king, forgettin’ who he was spaikin’ to, tuck off his caubeen, and began to wave it, as he ran off to meet them.’

“Oh! mahurpendhoul, but ye’re brave fellows,” sez he; ‘whoever it was that colck him shall have a commission in my lifeguarda. I never wanted a joint more. Galong, overy mother’s son ov yeas, and borry all the gridirons, and frying-pans ye can get. Hand me the axe, till I have some steaks tost up for a few friends.’

“So, my jewel, while ye’d say thrap-stick, the ox was down, an’ on the gridirons before the life was half out ov him.

“Well, to be shure, Saint Bridget got mighty hungry, as she had walked a long way. She then tould the king that the gentlemen should lave the room, as she could not sit with anyone not in ordhers, and they being a little out ov ordher. So, to make themselves agreeable to her ordhers, they quit the hall, and went out to play at hurdles.

“When the king recollected who he was goin’ to give dinner to, sez he to himself, ‘Shure, no king ought to be above sarvin’ a saint.’ So over he goes to his wife the queen.’

“Dorah,” sez he, ‘do you know who’s within?’ ‘Why, to be shure, I do,’ sez she; ‘ain’t it Bridheen na Keogue?’

“Ye’re right,” sez he; ‘and you know she’s a saint; an’ I think it will be for the good ov our sows that she kem here to-day. Come, peel off yer muslins, and help me up with the dinner.’

“In troth, I’ll not,” sez the queen; ‘shure, ye know I’m a black Prospitarian, an’ bleeve nun ov yer saints.’

“Arrah, nun ov yer quare ways,” sez he: ‘don’t ye wish my sowl happy, anyhow?—an’ if ye help me, ye will be only helpin’ my sowl to heaven.’

“Oh, in that case,” sez she, ‘here’s at ye, and the sooner the bettther. But one charge I’d give ye: take care how ye open yer claub about ground: ye know she thought to come round ye twice before.’

“So, in the twinklin’ ov an eye she went down to the kitchen, an’ put on a prashkeen, an’ was first dish at the table.’

“The king saw everyone lashin’ away at their dinner except Bridget.’

“Arrah, Biddy honey,” sez he, ‘why don’t ye help yerself?’

“Why, thin,” sez she, ‘the dhoul a bit, bite, or sup I’ll take undher yer roof until ye grant me one favour.’

“And what is that?” sez the king; ‘shure, ye know a king must stand to his word, was it half his kingdom, and how do I know but ye want to chouse me out ov it;—let me know first what ye want.’

“Well, thin, Mr. King O’Dermot,” sez she, ‘all I want is a taste ov ground to sow a few pays in.’

“Well, an’ how much do you want, yer reverence,” sez he, all over ov a thrimble, betune his wife’s dark looks, and the curse he expected from Bridget if he refused.’

“Not much,” sez she, ‘for the present. You don’t know how I’m situated. All the pilgrims going to Lough Dhearg are sent to me to put the pays in their brogues; an’ ye know I haven’t as much ground as would sow a pint; but if ye only give me about fifty acres, I’ll be contint.’

“Fifty acres!” roared the king, stretching his neck like a goose.

“Fifty acres!” roared the queen, knitting her brows; ‘shure that much ground would fill their sockets as well as their brogues.’



"'There ye're out ov it,' said the saint; 'why, it wouldn't be half enough if they got their dhue according to their sins;—but I'll lave it to yerself. How much will ye give?'"

"'Not an acre,' sed the queen.

"'Oh, Dorah,' sed the king, 'let me give the crathur some.'

"'Not an *inch*,' sed the queen, 'if I'm to be mistress here.'

"'Oh, I beg pardon,' sez the saint; 'so, Mr. King O'Dermot, you are undher petticoat government, I see; but maybe I won't match ye all for that. Now, take my word, you shall go on penance to Lough Dhearg before nine days is about; and instead of pays ye shall have pebble-stones and swan-shot in yer brogues. But it's well for you, Mrs. Queen, that ye're out ov my reach, or I'd send you there bare-footed, with nothing on but yer stockings.'

"'When the king heard this he fell all ov a thrimble. 'Oh, Dorah,' sez he, 'give the crathur a little taste ov ground to satisfy her.'

"'No, not as much as she could play ninepins on,' sez she, shakin' her fist and grindin' her teeth together; 'and I hope she may send you to Lough Dhearg, as she said she would.'

"'Why, thin, have ye no feeling for one ov yer own sex?' sez the saint. 'I'll go my way this minit, iv ye only give me as much as my shawl will cover.'

"'Oh, that's a horse ov another colour,' sez the queen; 'you may have that, with a heart and a half. But you know very well if I didn't watch that fool ov a man, he'd give the very nose off his face if a girl only axt him how he was.'

"'Well, sur, when the king heard this, he grew as merry as a cricket. 'Come, Biddy,' sez he, 'we mustn't have a dhry bargain, anyhow.'

"'Oh, ye'll excuse me, Mr. King O'Dermot,' sez she; 'I never dhrink sthronger than wather.'

"'Oh, son ov Fingal,' exclaimed the king, 'do ye hear this, and it Patrick's day!'"

"'Oh, I intirely forgot that,' sez she. 'Well, then, for fear ye'd say I was a bad fellow, I'll just taste. Shedhurh.'

"'Well, sur, afther the dhough-an-dheris she went home very well pleased that she was to get ever a taste ov ground at all, and she promised the king to make his pinance light, and that she would boil the pays for him, as she did with young men ov tendher consinshes; but as to ould hardened sinners, she'd keep the pays till they'd be as stale as a sailor's basket.

"'Well, to be shure when she got home, she set upwards ov a hundred nuns at work to make her shawl, during which time she was never heard of. At last, afther six months' hard labour, they got it finished.

"'Now,' sez she, 'it's time I should go see the king, that he may come and see that I take no more than my right. So, taking no *one* with her barrin' herself and *one* nun, off she set.

"'The king and queen were just sitting down to tay at the parlour window when she got there.

"'Who! talk of the dhoul and he'll appear,'

sez he. 'Why, thin, Biddy honey, it's an age since we saw ye. Sit down; we're just on the first cup. Dorah and myself were afther talkin' about ye, an' thought ye forgot us intirely. Well, did ye take that bit ov ground?'"

"'Indeed, I'd be very sorry to do the likes behind anyone's back. Ye must come to-morrow and see it measured.'

"'Not I,' pon my sowkins,' sed the king; 'do you think me so mane as to doubt yer word?'"

"'Pho! pho!' sed the queen, 'such a taste is not worth talkin' ov'; but just to honour ye, we shall attend in state to-morrow. Sit down.'

"'She took up her station betune the king an' queen: the purty side ov her face was next the king, an' the ugly side next the queen.

"'I can't be jealous ov you, at any rate,' sed the queen to herself, as she never saw her veil off before.

"'Oh, murther' sez the king, 'what a pity ye're a saint, and Dorah to be alive. Such a beauty!'"

"'Just as he was startin', the queen happened to look over at a looking-glass, in which she saw Biddy's pretty side.

"'Hem!' sez she, sippin' her cup. 'Dermot,' sez she, 'it's very much out ov manners to be stuck with ladies at their tay. Go take a shaugh ov the dhudheen, while we talk over some affairs ov state.'

"'Begor, sur, the king was glad ov the excuse to lave them together, in the hopes Saint Bridget would convart his wife.

"'Well, sur, whatever discoorse they had I disremember, but the queen came down in great humour to wish the saint good-night, an' promised to be on the road the next day to Kildare.

"'Faix,' sez the saint, 'I was nigh forgettin' my gentility to wish the king good-night. Where is he?'"

"'Augh, and shure myself doesn't know, barrin' he's in the kitchen.'

"'In the kitchen!' exclaimed the saint; 'oh, fie!'"

"'Ay, indeed, just cock yer eye,' sez the queen, 'to the keyhole: that dhudheen is his excuse. I can't keep a maid for him.'

"'Oh! is that the way with him?—never fear: I'll make his pinance purty sharp for that. At any rate, call him out an' let us part in friends.'

"'So, sur, afther all the compliments wor passed, the king sed he should go see her a bit ov the road, as it was late: so off he went. The moon had just got up, an' he walked alongside the saint at the ugly side; but when he looked round to praise her, an' pay her a little compliment, he got sich a fright that he'd take his oath it wasn't her at all, so he was glad to get back to the queen.

"'Well, sur, next morning the queen ordered the long car to be got ready, with plenty ov clean straw in it, as in those times they had no coaches; then regulated her lifeguards, twelve to ride before and twelve behind, the king at one side and the chief butler at the other—for without the butler she couldn't do at all, as every mile she had to stop the whole retinue till she'd get refreshment. In the meantime, Saint Bridget placed her nuns twenty-one

miles round the Curragh. At last the trumpet sounded, which gave notice that the king was coming. As soon as she halted, six men lifted the queen up on the throne, which they brought with them on the long car. The king of course got up by her side.

"Well, Dorah," sez he, in a whisper, "what a laugh we'll have at Biddy with her shawl!"

"I don't know that neither," sez the queen. "It looks as thick as Finmool's bolster, as it hangs over her shoulder."

"God save your highness," sed the saint, as she kem up to them. "Why, ye sted mighty long. I had a snack ready for ye at one o'clock."

"Och, it's no matter," sez the queen; "measure your bit of ground, and we can have it in comfort."

"So with that Saint Bridget throw down her shawl, which she had cunningly folded up.

"Now, sur, this shawl was made of fine-sewin' silk, all network, each mesh six feet square, and tuck thirty-six pounds of silk, and employed six hundred and sixty nuns for three months making it.

"Well, sur, as I sed afore, she threw it on the ground.

"Here, Judy Conway, run to Biddy Conroy with this corner, an' let her make aff in the direckshin ov Kildare, an' be shure she runs the corner into the *mon'stery*. Here, you, Nelly Murphy, make off to Kilcullen; an' you, Katty Farrel, away with you to Ballysax; an' you, Nelly Doyle, away to Arthgarvan; an' you, Rose Regan, in the direckshin ov Connell; an' you, Ellen Fogarty, away in the road to Maddenstown; an' you, Jenny Purcel, away to Airfield. Just hand it from one to t'other."

"So givin' three claps ov her hand, off they set like hounds, an' in a minnit ye'd think a haul ov nuns wor cotched in the net!

"Oh, millia murder!" sez the queen, "she's stretchin' it over my daughter's ground!"

"Oh, blud-an'-turf!" sez the king, "now she's stretchin' it over my son's ground. Galong, ye set ov *thaulabaons*," sed he to his lifeguards, "galong, I say, an' stop her, else she'll cover all my dominions."

"Oh, fie, yer honour," sez the chief butler; "if you break yer word, I'm not shure ov my wages."

"Well, behold ye, sur, in less than two hours Saint Bridget had the whole Curragh covered.

"Now see what a purty kittle of fish you've made ov it!" sez the queen.

"No, but it's you, Mrs. Queen O'Dermot, 'twas you agreed to this."

"Ger out, ye ould bosthoun," sez the queen, "ye deserve it all. Ye might aisy guess that she'd chouse ye. Shure iv ye had a grain ov sinse, ye might recollect how yer cousin King O'Toole was choused by Saint Kavin out ov all his ground, by the saint stuffin' a lump ov a crow into the belly ov the ould goose."

"Well, Dorah, never mind; if she makes a hole I have a peg for it. Now, Biddy," sez he, "though I gave ye the ground, I forgot to tell ye I gave it for a certain time. I now tell ye from this day forward you shall only have it while ye keep yer fire in."

Here I lost the remainder of his discourse by my ill-manners. I got so familiar with Mr. Mowld, and so interested with his story, that I forgot my politeness.

"And what about the fire, Pat?" said I, without consideration.

Before I could recollect the offence, he turned on me with the eyes of a maniac—

"The dhou! whisper nollege into your ear. Pat!—(hum)—Pat!—Pat!—this is freedom, with all my heart."

So saying, he strode away, muttering something between his teeth. However, I hope again to meet him, when I shall be a little more cautious in my address.

## AN IRISH ELECTION.

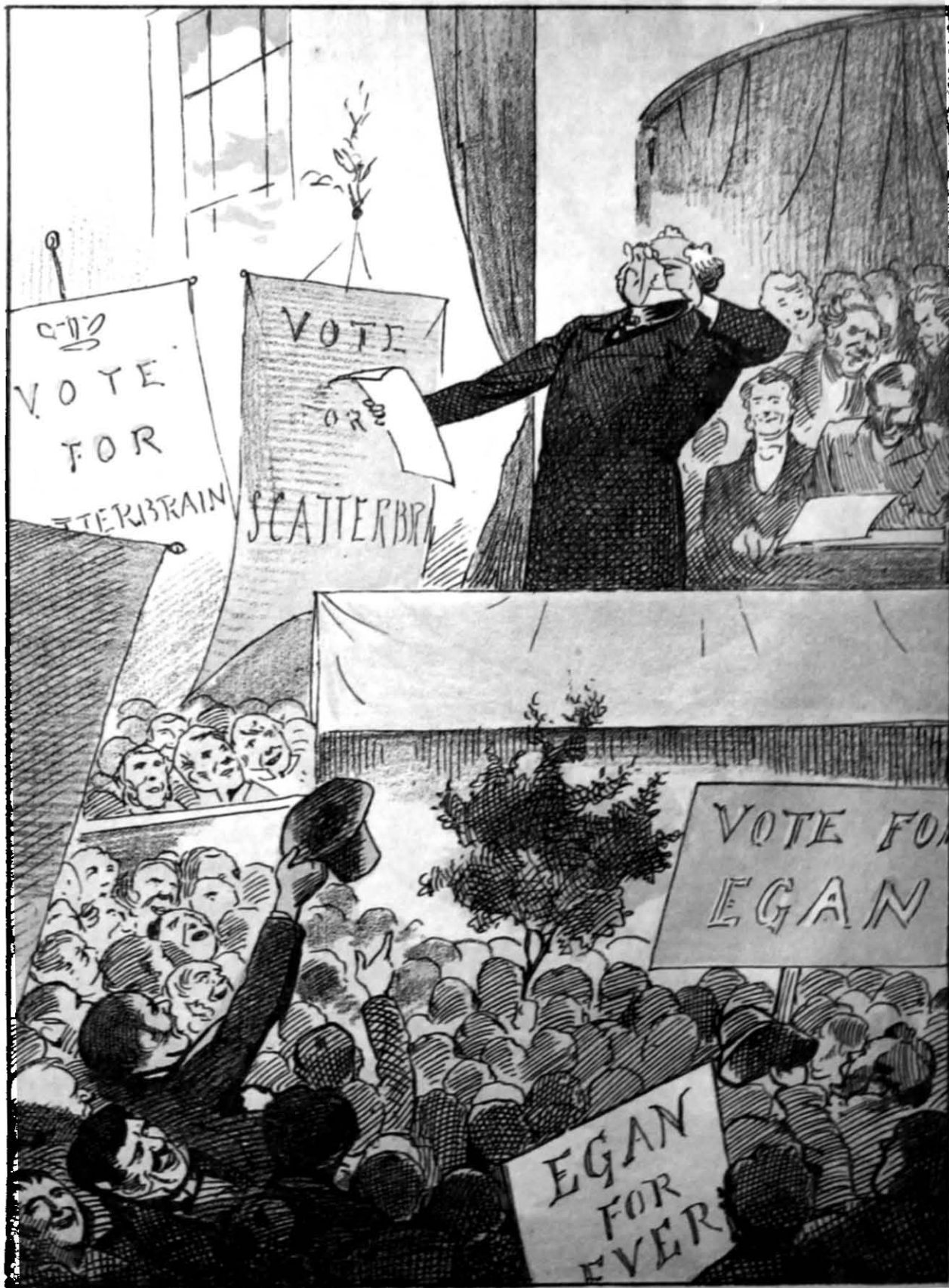
(FROM "HANDY ANDY.")

BY SAMUEL LOVER.

### THE NOMINATION.

THE business of the day was opened by the High Sheriff, and Major Dawson lost no time in rising to propose, that Edward Egan, Esquire, of Merryvale, was a fit and proper person to represent the county in parliament.

The proposition was received with cheers by "the boys" in the body of the court-house; the Major proceeded, full sail, in his speech—his course aided by being on the popular current, and the "sweet voices" of the multitude blowing in his favour. On concluding (as "the boys" thought) his address, which was straightforward and to the point, a voice



THE MAJOR IN DIFFICULTIES (SEE PAGE 237)

in the crowd proposed, "Three cheers for the owl Major." Three deafening peals followed the hint.

"And now," said the Major, "I will read a few extracts here from some documents, in support of what I have had the honour of addressing to you." And he pulled out a bundle of papers as he spoke, and laid them down before him.

The movement was not favoured by "the boys," as it indicated a tedious reference to facts by no means to their taste, and the same voice that suggested the three cheers now sung out:

"Never mind, Major—sure we'll take your word for it!"

Cries of "Order!" and "Silence!" ensued; and were followed by murmurs, coughs, and sneezes, in the crowd, with a considerable shuffling of hobnailed shoes on the pavement.

"Order!" cried a voice in authority.

"Order anything you please, sir!" said the voice in the crowd.

"Whiskey!" cried one.

"Porther!" cried another.

"Tabakky!" roared a third.

"I must insist on silence!" cried the sheriff, in a very husky voice. "Silence!—or I'll have the court-house cleared."

"Faith, if you clear your own throat it would be better," said the wag in the crowd.

A laugh followed. The sheriff felt the hit, and was silent.

The Major all this time had been adjusting his spectacles on his nose, unconscious, poor old gentleman, that Dick, according to promise, had abstracted the glasses from them that morning. He took up his documents to read, made sundry wry faces, turned the papers up to the light—now on this side, and now on that—but could make out nothing; while Dick gave a knowing wink at Murphy. The old gentleman took off his spectacles to wipe the glasses.

The voice in the crowd, "Thank you, Major."

The Major pulled out his handkerchief, and his fingers met where he expected to find a lens: he looked very angry, cast a suspicious glance at Dick, who met it with the composure of an anchorite, and quietly asked what was the matter.

"I shall not trouble you, gentlemen, with the extracts," said the Major.

"Hear, hear," responded the genteel part of the auditory.

"I told you we'd take your word, Major," cried the voice in the crowd.

Egan's seconder followed the Major, and the crowd shouted again. O'Grady now came forward to propose the Honourable Sackville Scatterbrain, as a fit and proper person to represent the county in parliament. He was received by his own set of vagabonds with uproarious cheers, and "O'Grady for ever!" made the walls ring. "Egan for ever!" and hurraas, were returned from the Merryvalians. O'Grady thus commenced his address:—

"In coming forward to support my honourable

friend, the Honourable Sackville Scatterbrain, it is from the conviction—the conviction——"

"Who got the conviction agen the poteen last sishin?" said the voice in the crowd.

Loud groans followed this allusion to the prosecution of a few little private stills, in which O'Grady had shown some unnecessary severity that made him unpopular. Cries of "Order!" and "Silence!" ensued.

"I say the conviction," repeated O'Grady, fiercely, looking towards the quarter whence the interruption took place,—“and if there is any blackguard here who dares to interrupt me, I'll order him to be taken out by the ears. I say, I propose my honourable friend, the Honourable Sackville Scatterbrain, from the conviction that there is a necessity in this county——"

"Faith, there is plenty of necessity," said the tormentor in the crowd.

"Take that man out," said the sheriff.

"Don't hurry yourself, sir," returned the delinquent, amidst the laughter of "the boys," in proportion to whose merriment rose O'Grady's ill-humour.

"I say there is a necessity for a vigorous member to represent this county in parliament, and support the laws, the constitution, the crown, and the—the—interests of the county!"

"Who made the new road?" was a question that now arose from the crowd; a laugh followed—and some groans at this allusion to a bit of jobbing on the part of O'Grady, who got a grand jury presentment to make a road which served nobody's interest but his own.

"The frequent interruptions I meet here from the lawless and disaffected show too plainly that we stand in need of men who will support the arm of the law in purging the country."

"Who killed the 'pothecary?" said a fellow, in a voice so deep as seemed fit only to issue from the jaws of death.

The question, and the extraordinary voice in which it was uttered, produced one of those roars of laughter which sometimes shake public meetings in Ireland; and O'Grady grew furious.

"If I knew who that gentleman was, I'd pay him!" said he.

"You'd better pay *them you know*," was the answer; and this allusion to O'Grady's notorious character of a bad payer, was relished by the crowd, and again raised the laugh against him.

"Sir," said O'Grady, addressing the sheriff, "I hold this ruffianism in contempt. I treat it, and the authors of it, those who no doubt have instructed them, with contempt." He looked over to where Egan and his friends stood, as he spoke of the crowd having had instruction to interrupt him.

"If you mean, sir," said Egan, "that I have given any such instructions, I deny, in the most unqualified terms, the truth of such an assertion."

"Keep yourself cool, Ned," said Dick Dawson, close to his ear.

"Never fear me," said Egan; "but I won't let him bully."

The two former friends now exchanged rather fierce looks at each other.

"Then why am I interrupted?" asked O'Grady.

"It is no business of mine to answer that," replied Egan; "but I repeat the unqualified denial of your assertion."

The crowd ceased its noise when the two squires were seen engaged in exchanging smart words, in the hopes of catching what they said.

"It is a disgraceful uproar," said the sheriff.

"Then it is your business, Mister Sheriff," returned Egan, "to suppress it—not mine; they are quiet enough now."

"Yes, but they'll make a wow again," said Furlong, "when Miste' O'Gwady begins."

"You seem to know all about it," said Dick; "maybe you have instructed them."

"No, sir, I didn't instruct them," said Furlong, very angry at being twitted by Dick.

Dick laughed in his face, and said, "Maybe that's some of your electioneering tactics—eh?"

Furlong got very angry, while Dick and Murphy shouted with laughter at him.—"No, sir," said Furlong, "I don't welish the pwactice of such d'ity twicks."

"Do you apply the word 'dirty' to me, sir," said Dick the Devil, ruffling up like a game-cock. "I'll tell you what, sir, if you make use of the word 'dirty' again, I'd think very little of kicking you—ay, or eight like you—I'll kick eight Furlongs one mile."

"Who's talking of kicking?" asked O'Grady.

"I am," said Dick, "do you want any?"

"Gentlemen! gentlemen!" cried the sheriff, "order! pray, order! do proceed with the business of the day."

"I'll talk to you after about this!" said O'Grady, in a threatening tone.

"Very well," said Dick; "we've time enough, the day's young yet."

O'Grady then proceeded to find fault with Egan, censuring his politics, and endeavouring to justify his defection from the same cause. He concluded thus: "Sir, I shall pursue my course of duty; I have chalked out my own line of conduct, sir, and I am convinced no other line is the right line. Our opponents are wrong, sir—totally wrong—all wrong; and, as I have said, I have chalked out my own line, sir, and I propose the Honourable Sackville Scatterbrain as a fit and proper person to sit in parliament for the representation of this county."

The O'Gradyites shouted as their chief concluded; and the Merryvalians returned some groans, and a cry of "Go home, turncoat!"

Egan now presented himself, and was received with deafening and long-continued cheers, for he was really beloved by the people at large; his frank and easy nature, the amiable character he bore in all his social relations, the merciful and conciliatory tendency of his decisions and conduct as a

magistrate, won him the solid respect as well as affection of the country.

"The first thing I have to ask of you, boys," said Egan, addressing the assembled throng, "is a fair hearing for the other candidate."

"Hear, hear," followed from the gentlemen in the gallery.

"And, as he's a stranger amongst us, let him have the privilege of first addressing you."

With these words he bowed courteously to Scatterbrain, who thanked him very much like a gentleman, and accepting his offer, advanced to address the electors. O'Grady waved his hand in signal to his bodyguard, and Scatterbrain had three cheers from the ragamuffins.

He was no great things of a speaker, but he was a good-humoured fellow, and this won on the Paddies; and although coming before them under the disadvantage of being proposed by O'Grady, they heard him with good temper; to this, however, Egan's good word considerably contributed.

He went very much over the ground his proposer had taken, so that, bating the bad temper, the pith of his speech was much the same, quite as much deprecating the political views of his opponent, and harping on O'Grady's worn-out catchword of "Having chalked out a line for himself," &c. &c. &c.

Egan now stood forward, and was greeted with fresh cheers. He began in a very Irish fashion; for, being an unaffected, frank, and free-hearted fellow himself, he knew how to touch the feelings of those who possess such qualities. He waited till the last echo of the uproarious greeting died away, and the first simple words he uttered were—

"Here I am, boys!"

Simple as these words were, they produced "Ole cheer more."

"Here I am, boys—the same I ever was."

Loud huzzas, and "Long life to you!" answered the last pithy words, which were sore ones to O'Grady, who, as a renegade, felt the hit.

"Fellow-countrymen, I come forward to represent you, and however I may be unequal to *that* task, at least I will never misrepresent you."

Another cheer followed.

"My past life is evidence enough on *that* point; God forbid I were of the mongrel breed of Irishmen who speak ill of their own country. I never did it, boys, and I never will! Some think they get on by it, and so they do, indeed;—they get on as sweepers and shoeblacks get on; they drive a dirty trade and find employment;—but are they respected?"

Shouts of "No!—no!"

"You're right!—No!—they are not respected—even by their very employers. Your political sweep and shoeblack is no more respected than he who cleans our chimneys or cleans our shoes. The honourable gentleman who has addressed you last confessed he is a stranger amongst you; and is *he*, a stranger, to be your representative? You may be civil to a stranger—it is a pleasing duty—but he is not the man to whom you would give your confidence. You might share a hearty glass with a stranger, but

you would not enter into a joint lease of a farm without knowing a little more of him; and if you would not trust a single farm with a stranger, will you give a whole county into his hands? When a stranger comes to these parts, I'm sure he'll get a civil answer from every man I see here; he will get a civil 'yes' or a civil 'no' to his questions; and if he seeks his way, you will show him his road. As to the honourable gentleman who has done you the favour to come and ask you civilly will you give him the county, you as civilly may answer 'No,' and show him his road home again." ("So we will.") "As for the gentleman who proposed him, he has chosen to make certain strictures upon my views, and opinions, and conduct. As for views—there was a certain heathen god the Romans worshipped, called Janus; he was a fellow with two heads—and by-the-by, boys, he would have been just the fellow to live amongst us; for when one of his heads was broken he would have had the other for use. Well, this Janus was called 'double-face,' and could see before and behind him. Now, I'm no double-face, boys; and as for seeing before and behind me, I can look back on the past and forward to the future, and, both the roads are *straight ones*." (Cheers.) "I wish everyone could say as much. As for my opinions, all I shall say is, I never changed mine; Mr. O'Grady can't say as much. Much has been said," continued Egan, "about gentlemen chalking out lines for themselves; now, the plain English of this determined chalking of *their own line is rubbing out every other man's line*." (Bravo.) "Some of these chalking gentlemen have lines chalked up against them, and might find it difficult to pay the score if they were called to account. To such, rubbing out other men's lines, and their own, too, may be convenient; but I don't like the practice. Boys, I have no more to say than this, *We know and can trust each other!*"

Egan's address was received with acclamation, and when silence was restored, the sheriff demanded a show of hands: and a very fine show of hands there was, and every hand had a stick in it.

The show of hands was declared to be in favour of Egan, whereupon a pole was demanded on the part of Scatterbrain, after which everyone began to move from the court-house.

O'Grady, in very ill-humour, was endeavouring to shove past a herculean fellow, rather ragged and very saucy, who did not seem inclined to give place to the savage elbowing of the squire.

"What brings such a ragged rascal as you here?" said O'Grady, brutally, "you're not an elector."

"Yis, I am!" replied the fellow, sturdily.

"Why, you can't have a lease, you beggar."

"No, but maybe I have an article."\*

"What is your article?"

"What is it?" retorted the fellow, with a fierce look at O'Grady. "Faith, it is a fine brass blunderbuss; and I'd like to see the man would dispute the title."

O'Grady had met his master, and could not reply; the crowd shouted for the ragamuffin, and all parties separated, to gird up their loins for the next day's poll.

### THE POLL.

The street of the town had its centre occupied at the broadest place with a long row of cars, a door or a shutter laid across underneath an awning, after the fashion of a counter, on which various articles were displayed for sale; for the occasion of the election was as good as a fair to the small dealers, and the public were therefore favoured with the usual opportunity of purchasing uneatable gingerbread, knives that would not cut, spectacles to increase blindness, and other articles of equal usefulness.

While the dealers here displayed their ware, and were vociferous in declaring its excellence, noisy groups passed up and down on either side of these ambulatory shops, discussing the merits of the candidates, predicting the result of the election, or giving an occasional cheer for their respective parties, with the twirl of a stick or the throwing up of a hat; while from the houses on both sides of the street the scraping of fiddles, and the lilting of pipes, increased the mingled din.

But the crowd was thickest and the uproar greatest in front of the inn where Scatterbrain's committee sat, and before the house of Murphy, who gave up all his establishment to the service of the election, and whose stable-yard made a capital place of mustering for the tallies of Egan's electors to assemble ere they marched to the poll. At last the hour for opening the poll struck, the inn poured forth the Scatterbrains, and Murphy's stable-yard the Eganites, the two bodies of electors uttering thundering shouts of defiance, as, with rival banners flying, they joined in one common stream, rushing to give their votes—for as for their *voices*, they were giving *them* most liberally and strenuously already. The dense crowd soon surrounded the hustings in front of the court-house, and the throes and heavings of this living mass resembled a turbulent sea lashed by a tempest—but what sea is more unruly than an excited crowd?—what tempest fiercer than the breath of political excitement?

Conspicuous amongst those on the hustings were both the candidates, and their aiders and abettors on either side—O'Grady and Furlong, Dick Dawson and Tom Durfy for work, and Growling to laugh at them all. Edward O'Connor was addressing the populace in a spirit-stirring appeal to their pride and affections, stimulating them to support their tried and trusty friend, and not yield the honour of their county either to fears or favours of a stranger, nor copy the bad example which some (who ought to blush) had set them, of betraying old friends and abandoning old principles. Edward's address was cheered by those who heard it;—but being heard is not essential to the applause attendant on political addresses, for those who do not hear cheer quite as much as those who do. O'Grady, on evincing a desire to address them, was not so successful—the moment he showed himself taunts were flung at him: but spite of this, attempting

\* A name given to a written engagement between landlord and tenant, promising to grant a lease, on which registration is allowed in Ireland.

to frown down their dissatisfaction, he began to speak; but he had not uttered six words when his voice was drowned in the discordant yells of a trumpeter. It was the trumpeter of the preceding day, whom O'Grady had kicked so unmercifully, and who, in indignation at his wrongs, had gone over to the enemy. "Wait," he cried, "till that savage of a baste of a squire dares for to go for to spake!—won't I smother him!" Then he would put his instrument of vengeance to his lips, and produce a yell that made his auditors put their hands to their ears. Thus armed, he waited near the platform for O'Grady's speech and put his threat effectually into execution. O'Grady saw whence the annoyance proceeded, and shook his fist at the delinquent, with protestations that the police should drag him from the crowd, if he dared to continue; but every threat was blighted in the bud by the withering blast of a trumpet, which was regularly followed by a peal of laughter from the crowd. O'Grady stamped and swore with rage, and calling Furlong, sent him to inform the sheriff how riotous the crowd were, and requested him to have the trumpeter seized.

Furlong hurried off on his mission, and after a long search for the potential functionary, saw him in a distant corner, engaged in what appeared to be an urgent discussion between him and Murtough Murphy, who was talking in the most jocular manner to the sheriff, who seemed anything but amused with his argumentative merriment. The fact was, Murphy, while pushing the interests of Egan with an energy unsurpassed, did it with all the utmost cheerfulness, and gave his opponents a laugh in exchange for the point gained against them, and while he defeated, amused them. Furlong, after shoving and elbowing his way through the crowd, suffering from heat and exertion, came *fussing* up to the sheriff, wiping his face with a scented cambric pocket-handkerchief. The sheriff and Murphy were standing close beside one of the polling-desks, and on Furlong's liping out "Miste' Shewiff," Murphy, recognising the voice and manner, turned suddenly round, and with the most provoking cordiality, addressed him thus, with a smile and a nod: "Ah! Mister Furlong, how d'ye do?—delighted to see you; here we are at it, sir, hammer and tongs—of course you are come to vote for Egan!"

Furlong, who intended to annihilate Murphy with an indignant repetition of the provoking question put to him, threw as much of defiance as he could in his namby-pamby manner, and exclaimed, "I vote for Egan!"

"Thank you, sir," said Murphy. "Record the vote," added he to the clerk.

There was loud laughter on one side, and anger as loud on the other, at the way in which Murphy had entrapped Furlong, and cheated him into voting against his own party. In vain the poor gull protested he never *meant* to vote for Egan.

"But you did it," cried Murphy.

"What the deuce have you done?" cried Scatterbrain's agent, in a rage.

"Of course, they know I wouldn't vote that way,"

said Furlong. "I *couldn't* vote that way—it's a mistake, and I pwotest against the twick."

"We've got the trick, and we'll keep it, however," said Murphy.

Scatterbrain's agent said 'twas unfair, and desired the polling-clerk not to record the vote.

"Didn't everyone hear him say, 'I vote for Egan?'" asked Murphy.

"But he didn't mean it, sir," said the agent.

"I don't care what he meant, but I know he said it," retorted Murphy; "and everyone round knows he said it; and as I mean what I say myself, I suppose every other gentleman does the same;—down with the vote, Mister Polling-clerk."

A regular wrangle now took place between the two agents, amidst the laughter of the bystanders, whose merriment was increased by Furlong's vehement assurances he did not mean to vote as Murphy wanted to make it appear he had; but the more he protested, the more the people laughed. This increased his energy in fighting out the point, until Scatterbrain's agent recommended him to desist, for that he was only interrupting their own voters from coming up.

"Never mind now, sir," said the agent, "I'll appeal to the assessor about that vote."

"Appeal as much as you like," said Murtough; "that vote is as dead as a herring to you."

Furlong, finding further remonstrance unavailing, as regarded his vote, delivered to the sheriff the message of O'Grady, who was boiling over with impatience, in the meantime, at the delay of his messenger, and anxiously expecting the arrival of sheriff and police to coerce the villainous trumpeter and chastise the applauding crowd, which became worse and worse every minute.

They exhibited a new source of provocation to O'Grady, by exposing a rat-trap hung at the end of a pole, with the caged vermin within, and vociferated "Rat, rat," in the pauses of the trumpet. Scatterbrain, remembering the hearing they gave him the previous day, hoped to silence them, and begged O'Grady to permit him to address them; but the whim of the mob was up, and could not be easily diverted, and Scatterbrain himself was hailed with the name of "Rat catcher."

"You cotch him—and I wish you joy of him?" cried one.

"How much did you give for him?" shouted another.

"What did you bait your thrap with?" roared a third.

"A bit o' *treasury bacon*," was the answer from a stentorian voice amidst the multitude, who shouted with laughter at the apt rejoinder, which they reiterated from one end of the crowd to the other, and the cry of "treasury bacon" rang far and wide.

Scatterbrain and O'Grady consulted together on the hustings what was to be done, while Dick Dawson was throwing jokes to the crowd, and inflaming their mischievous merriment, and Growling looking on with an expression of internal delight at the fun, uproar, and vexation around him. It was just a

dish to his taste, and he devoured it with silent satisfaction.

"What the deuce keeps that sneaking dandy?" cried O'Grady to Scatterbrain. "He should have returned long ago."

Oh! could he have only known at that moment that his sweet son-in-law elect was voting against them, what would have been the consequence?

Another exhibition, insulting to O'Grady, now appeared in the crowd—a chimney-pot and weathercock, after the fashion of his mother's, was stuck on a pole, and underneath was suspended an old coat, turned inside out; this double indication of his change, so peculiarly insulting, was elevated before the hustings, amidst the jeers and laughter of the people. O'Grady was nearly frantic;—he rushed to the front of the platform, he shook his fist at the mockery, poured every abusive epithet on its perpetrators, and swore he would head the police himself and clear the crowd. In reply, the crowd hooted, the rat-trap and weathercock were danced together after the fashion of Punch and Judy, to the music of the trumpet; and another pole made its appearance, with a piece of bacon on it, and a placard bearing the inscription of "Treasury bacon," all which Tom Durfy had run off to procure at a huckster's shop the moment he heard the waggish answer, which he thus turned to account.

"The military must be called out!" said O'Grady; and with these words he left the platform to seek the sheriff.

Edward O'Connor, the moment he heard O'Grady's threat, quitted the hustings also, in company with old Growling. "What a savage and dangerous temper that man has!" said Edward, "calling for the military when the people have committed no outrage to require such interference."

"They have poked up the bear with their poles, sir, and it is likely he'll give them a hug before he's done with them," answered the doctor.

"But what need of military?" indignantly exclaimed Edward. "The people are only going on with the noise and disturbance common to any election, and the chances are, that savage man may influence the sheriff to provoke the people, by the presence of soldiers, to some act which would not have taken place but for their interference; and thus they themselves originate the offence which they are forearmed with power to chastise. In England such extreme measures are never resorted to until necessity compels them. How I have envied Englishmen, when, on the occasion of assizes, every soldier is marched from the town while the judge is sitting; in Ireland the place of trial bristles with bayonets! How much more must a people respect and love the laws, whose own purity and justice are their best safeguard—whose inherent majesty is sufficient for their own protection! The sword of justice should never need the assistance of the sword of dragoons; and in the election of their representatives, as well as at judicial sittings, a people should be free from military despotism."

"My dear Master Ned," said the doctor, "you're

a patriot, and I'm sorry for you; with such sentiments you may make a very good Irish barrister, but you'll never be an Irish judge—and as for a silk gown, faith, you may leave the wearing of *that* to your wife, for stuff is all that will ever adorn your shoulders."

"Well, I would rather have stuff there than in my head," answered Edward, going away.

Edward had hardly left the hustings, when Murphy hurried on the platform and asked for him.

"He left a few minutes ago," said Tom Durfy.

"Well, I daresay he's doing good wherever he is," said Murtough; "I wanted to speak to him, but when he comes back send him to me. In the meantime, Tom, run down and bring up a batch of voters;—we're getting a little ahead, I think, with the bothering I'm giving them up there, and now I want to crush them with good strong tallies;—run down to the yard, like a good fellow, and march them up."

Off posted Tom Durfy on his mission, and Murphy returned to the court-house.

Tom, on reaching Murphy's house, found a strange posse of O'Grady's party hanging round the place, and one of the fellows had backed a car against the yard gate which opened on the street, and was the outlet for Egan's voters. By way of excuse for this, the car was piled with cabbages for sale, and a couple of very unruly pigs were tethered to the shafts, and the strapping fellow who owned all kept guard over them. Tom immediately told him he should leave that place, and an altercation commenced; but even an electioneering dispute could not but savour of fun and repartee, between Paddies.

"Be off!" said Tom.

"Sure, I can't be off till the market's over," was the answer.

"Well, you must take your car out o' this."

"Indeed, now, you'll let me stay, Mистер Durfy."

"Indeed I won't."

"Arrah! what harm?"

"You're stopping up the gate on purpose, and you must go."

"Sure, your honour wouldn't spile my stand!"

"Faith, I'll spoil more than your stand, if you don't leave that."

"Not finer cabbage in the world."

"Go out o' that now, 'while your shoes are good,'" said Tom, seeing that he had none; for, in speaking of shoes, Tom had no intention of alluding to the word *chour*, and thus making a French pun upon the *cabbage*—for Tom did not understand French, but rather despised it as a jack-a-dandy acquirement.

"Sure, you wouldn't ruin my market, Mистер Durfy."

"None of your humbugging, but be off at once," said Tom, whose tone indicated he was *very much* in earnest.

"Not a nicer slip of a pig in the market than the same pigs—I'm expectin' thirty shillin's apiece for them."

"Faith, you'll get more than thirty shillings," cried Tom, "in less than thirty seconds, if you don't



take your dirty cabbage and blackguard pigs out o' that!"

"Dirty cabbages!" cried the fellow, in a tone of surprise.

The order to depart was renewed.

"Blackguard pigs!" cried Paddy, in affected wonder. "Ah, Mather Tom, one would think it was afther dinner you wor."

"What do you mean, you rap? do you intend to say I'm drunk?"

"Oh, no, sir! But if it's not afther dinner wid you, I think you wouldn't turn up your nose at bacon and greens."

"Oh, with all your joking," said Tom, laughing, "you won't find me a chicken to pluck for your bacon and greens, my boy; so, start!—vanish!—disperse!—my bacon-merchant."

While this dialogue was going forward, several cars were gathered round the place, with a seeming view to hem in Egan's voters, and interrupt their progress to the poll; but the gate of the yard suddenly opened, and the fellows within soon upset the car which impeded their egress, gave freedom to the pigs, who used their liberty in eating the cabbages, while their owner was making cause with his party of O'Gradyites against the outbreak of Egan's men. The affair was not one of importance; the numbers were not sufficient to constitute a good row—it was but a hustling affair, after all, and a slight scrimmage enabled Tom Durfy to head his men in a rush to the poll.

The polling was now prosecuted vigorously on both sides, each party anxious to establish a majority on the first day; and, of course, the usual practices for facilitating their own, and retarding their opponents' progress were resorted to.

Scatterbrain's party, to counteract the energetic movement of the enemy's voters and Murphy's activity, got up a mode of interruption seldom made use of, but of which they availed themselves on the present occasion. It was determined to put the oath of allegiance to all the Roman Catholics, by which some loss of time to the Eganite party was effected.

This gave rise to odd scenes and answers, occasionally:—some of the fellows did not know what the oath of allegiance meant; some did not know whether there might not be a scruple of conscience against making it; others, indignant at what they felt to be an insulting mode of address, on the part of the person who said to them, in a tone savouring of supremacy—"You're a Roman Catholic?"—would not answer immediately, and gave dogged looks, and sometimes dogged answers; and it required address on the part of Egan's agents to make them overcome such feelings, and expedite the work of voting. At last the same herculean fellow who gave O'Grady the fierce answer about the *blunderbus tenure* he enjoyed, came up to vote, and fairly bothered the querist with his ready replies, which, purposely, were never to the purpose. The examination ran nearly thus:

"You're a Roman Catholic?"

"Am I?" said the fellow.

"Are you not?" demanded the agent.

"You say I am," was the answer.

"Come, sir, answer.—What's your religion?"

"The thrue religion."

"What religion is that?"

"My religion."

"And what's *your* religion?"

"My mother's religion."

"And what was your mother's religion?"

"*She tuk whiskey in her tay.*"

"Come, now, I'll find you out, as cunning as you are," said the agent, piqued into an encounter of wits with this fellow, whose baffling of every question pleased the crowd.

"You bless yourself, don't you?"

"When I'm done with, I think I ought."

"What place of worship do you go to?"

"The most convaynient."

"But of what persuasion are you?"

"My persuasion is that you won't find it out."

"What is your belief?"

"My belief is that *you're* puzzled."

"Do you confess?"

"Not to you."

"Come, now, I have you. Who would you send for if you were likely to die?"

"Doctor Growlin'."

"Not for the priest?"

"I must first get a messenger."

"Confound your quibbling!—tell me, then, what your opinions are—your conscientious opinions I mean?"

"They are the same as my landlord's."

"And what are your landlord's opinions?"

"Faix, his opinion is, that I won't pay him the last half-year's rint; and I'm of the same opinion myself."

A roar of laughter followed this answer, and dumfounded the agent for a time; but, angered at the successful quibbling of the sturdy and wily fellow before him, he at last declared, with much severity of manner, that he *must* have a direct reply. "I insist, sir, on your answering, at once, *are* you a Roman Catholic?"

"I am," said the fellow.

"And could not you say so at once?" repeated the officer.

"You never axed me," returned the other.

"I did," said the officer.

"Indeed, you didn't. You said I was a great many things, but you never *axed* me—you wor dhruvin' *crass* words and *crukes* questions at me, and I gev you answers to match them; for, sure, I thought it was manners to cut out my *behavior* on your patteredn."

"Take the oath, sir."

"Where am I take it to, sir?" inquired the provoking blackguard.

The clerk was desired to "swear him," without further notice being taken of his impertinent answer.

"I hope the oath is not *wighty*, sir, for my conscience is tindhber since the last *alibi* I swore."

The business of the interior was now suspended for a time by the sounds of fierce tumult which arose from without. Some rushed from the court-house to the platform outside, and beheld the crowd in a state of great excitement, beating back the police, who had

been engaged in endeavouring to seize the persons and things which had offended O'Grady; and the police falling back for support on a party of military which O'Grady had prevailed on the sheriff to call out. The sheriff was a weak, irresolute man, and was over-persuaded by such words as "mob" and "riot," and breaches of the peace being *about to be* committed, if the ruffians were not checked beforehand. The wisdom of *preventive measures* was preached, and the rest of the hackneyed phrases were paraded, which brazen-faced and iron-handed oppressors are only too familiar with.

The people were now roused, and thoroughly defeated the police, who were forced to fly to the lines of the military party for protection; having effected this object, the crowd retained their position, and did not attempt to assault the soldiers, though a very firm and lowering front was presented to them, and shouts of defiance against the "Peelers" rose loud and long.

"A round of ball cartridge would cool their courage," said O'Grady.

The English officer in command of the party, looking with wonder and reproach upon him, asked if he had the command of the party.

"No, sir;—the sheriff, of course;—but if I were in his place, I'd soon disperse the rascals."

"Did you ever witness the *effect* of a fusilade, sir?" inquired the officer.

"No, sir," said O'Grady, gruffly; "but I suppose I know pretty well what it is."

"For the sake of humanity, sir, I hope you do not, or I am willing to believe you would not talk so lightly of it;—but it is singular how much fonder civilians are of urging measures that end in blood than those whose profession is arms, and who know how disastrous is their use."

The police were ordered to advance again and seize the "ring-leaders." They obeyed unwillingly; but being saluted with some stones, their individual wrath was excited, and they advanced to chastise the mob, who again drove them back; and a nearer approach to the soldiers was made by the crowd in the scuffle which ensued.

"Now, will you fire?" said O'Grady to the sheriff.

The sheriff, who was a miserable coward, was filled with dread at the threatening aspect of the mob, and wished to have his precious person under shelter before hostilities commenced; so with pallid lips, and his teeth chattering with fear, he exclaimed:—

"No! no! no!—don't fire—don't fire—don't be precipitate: besides, I haven't read the Riot Act."

"There's no necessity for firing, I should say," said the captain.

"I thought not, captain—I hope not, captain," said the sheriff, who now assumed a humane tone. "Think of the effusion of blood, my dear sir," said he to O'Grady, who was grinning like a fiend all the time—"the sacrifice of human life;—I couldn't, sir—I can't, sir;—besides, the Riot Act—haven't it about me—must be read, you know, Mister O'Grady."

"Not always," said O'Grady, fiercely.

"But the inquiry is always very strict after; if it

is not, sir—I should not like the effusion of human blood, sir, unless the Riot Act was read, and the thing done regularly;—don't think I care for the d—d rascals a button, sir—only the regularity, you know;—and the effusion of human blood is serious, and the inquiry, too, without the Riot Act. Captain, would you oblige me to fall back a little closer round the court-house, and maintain the freedom of election? Besides, the Riot Act is up-stairs in my desk. The court-house must be protected, you know, and I just want to run up-stairs for the Riot Act—I'll be down again in a moment. Captain, do oblige me—draw your men a *leettle* closer round the court-house."

"I'm in a better position here, sir," said the captain.

"I thought you were under my command, sir," said the sheriff.

"Under your command to fire, sir; but the choice of position rests with me; and we are stronger where we are;—the court-house is completely covered, and while my men are under arms here you may rely on it the crowd is completely in check without firing a shot."

Off ran the sheriff to the court-house.

"You're saving of your gunpowder, I see, sir," said O'Grady to the captain with a sardonic grin.

"You seem to be equally sparing of your humanity, sir," returned the captain.

"God forbid I should be afraid of a pack of ruffians," said O'Grady.

"Or I of a single one," returned the captain, with a look of stern contempt.

There is no knowing what this bitter bandying of hard words might have led to, had it not been interrupted by the appearance of the sheriff at one of the windows of the court-house: there, with the Riot Act in his hand, he called out:—

"Now, I've read it—fire away, boys—fire away!" and all his compunction about the effusion of blood vanished the moment his own miserable carcass was safe from harm. Again he waved the Riot Act from the window, and vociferated: "Fire away, boys!" as loud as his frog-like voice permitted.

"Now, sir, you're ordered to fire," said O'Grady to the captain.

"I'll not obey that order, sir," said the captain; "the man is out of his senses with fear, and I'll not obey such a serious command from a madman."

"Do you dare disobey the orders of the sheriff, sir?" thundered O'Grady.

"I am responsible for my act, sir," said the captain—"seriously responsible;—but I will not slaughter unarmed people until I see further and fitter cause."

The sheriff had vanished—he was nowhere to be seen—and O'Grady, as a magistrate, had now the command. Seeing the cool and courageous man he had to deal with in the military chief, he determined to push matters to such an extremity that he should be forced, in self-defence, to fire. With this object in view he ordered a fresh advance of the police upon the people, and in this third affair matters assumed a more serious aspect:—sticks and stones were used

with more effect, and the two parties, being nearer to each other, the missiles meant only for the police overshot their mark and struck the soldiers, who bore their painful situation with admirable patience.

"Now will you fire, sir?" said O'Grady to the officer.

"If I fire now, sir, I am as likely to kill the police as the people;—withdraw your police first, sir, and then I will fire."

This was but reasonable—so reasonable, that even O'Grady, enraged almost to madness as he was, could not gainsay it; and he went forward himself to withdraw the police force. O'Grady's presence increased the rage of the mob, whose blood was now thoroughly up, and as the police fell back they were pressed by the infuriated people, who now began almost to disregard the presence of the military, and poured down in a resistless stream upon them.

O'Grady repeated his command to the captain, who, finding matters thus driven to extremity, saw no longer the possibility of avoiding bloodshed; and the first preparatory word of the fatal order was given, the second on his lips, and the long file of bright muskets flashed in the sun ere they should quench his light for ever to some, and carry darkness to many a hearth, when a young and handsome man, mounted on a noble horse, came plunging and ploughing his way through the crowd, and, rushing between the half-levelled muskets and those who in another instant would have fallen their victims, he shouted, in a voice whose noble tone carried to its hearers involuntary obedience, "Stop!—for God's sake, stop!" Then wheeling his horse suddenly round, he charged along the advancing front of the people, plunging his horse fiercely upon them, and waving them back with his hand, enforcing his commands with words as well as actions. The crowd fell back as he pressed upon them with fiery horsemanship, unsurpassable by an Arab; and as his dark, clustering hair streamed about his noble face, pale from excitement, and with flashing eyes, he was a model worthy of the best days of Grecian art—aye, and he had a soul worthy of the most glorious times of Grecian liberty!

It was Edward O'Connor.

"Fire!" cried O'Grady again.

The gallant soldier, touched by the heroism of O'Connor, and roused by the brutality of O'Grady

beyond his patience, in the excitement of the moment, was urged beyond the habitual parlance of a gentleman, and swore vehemently, "I'll be damned if I do! I wouldn't run the risk of shooting that noble fellow for all the magistrates in your county."

O'Connor had again turned round, and rode up to the military party, having heard the word "fire!" repeated.

"For mercy's sake, sir, don't fire, and I pledge you my soul the crowd shall disperse."

"Ay!" cried O'Grady, "they won't obey the laws nor the magistrates; but they'll listen fast enough to a d—d rebel like you."

"Liar and ruffian!" exclaimed Edward. "I'm a better and more loyal subject than you, who provoke resistance to the laws you should make honoured."

At the word "liar," O'Grady, now quite frenzied, attempted to seize a musket from a soldier beside him; and had he succeeded in obtaining possession of it, Edward O'Connor's days had been numbered; but the soldier would not give up his firelock, and O'Grady, intent on immediate vengeance, then rushed upon Edward, and seizing him by the leg, attempted to unhorse him; but Edward was too firm in his seat for this, and a struggle ensued.

The crowd, fearing Edward was about to fall a victim, raised a fierce shout, and were about to advance, when the captain, with admirable presence of mind, seized O'Grady, dragged him away from his hold, and gave freedom to Edward, who instantly used it again to charge the advancing line of the mob, and drive them back.

"Back, boys, back!" he cried, "don't give your enemies a triumph by being disorderly. Disperse—retire into houses,—let nothing tempt you to riot—collect round your tally-rooms, and come up quietly to the polling—and you will yet have a peaceful triumph."

The crowd, obeying, gave three cheers for Ned'-o'-tho-Hill," and the dense mass, which could not be awed, and dreaded not the engines of war, melted away before the breath of peace.

As they retired on one side, the soldiers were ordered to their quarters on the other, while their captain and Edward O'Connor stood in the midst; but ere they separated, these two, with charity in their souls, waved their hands towards each other in token of amity, and parted verily in friendship.

## HOW PETER CONNELL TOOK THE PLEDGE.

BY WILLIAM CARLETON.

Poor Peter Connell was now a widower, and felt himself completely crushed by the death of his faithful partner. He had hitherto been a sober and, owing to his wife's prudent control, an industrious man. To thought or reflection he was not, however, accustomed; he had, besides, never received any

education; if his morals were correct, it was because a life of active employment kept him engaged in pursuits which repressed immorality, and separated him from those whose society and influence might have been prejudicial to him. He had scarcely known calamity, and when it occurred he was pre-

pared for it neither by experience nor a correct view of moral duty. On the morning of his wife's funeral, such was his utter prostration, both of mind and body, that even his own sons, in order to resist the singular state of collapse into which he had sunk, urged him to take some spirits. He was completely passive in their hands, and complied. This had the desired effect, and he found himself able to attend the funeral. When the friends of Elish, after the interment, assembled, as is usual, to drink and talk together, Peter, who could scarcely join in the conversation, swallowed glass after glass of punch with great rapidity. In the meantime, the talk became louder and more animated; the punch, of course, began to work, and, as they sat long, it was curious to observe the singular blending of mirth and sorrow, singing and weeping, laughter and tears which characterised this remarkable scene. Peter, after about two hours' hard drinking, was not an exception to the influence of this trait of national manners. His heart, having been deeply agitated, was the more easily brought under the effects of contending emotions. He was naturally mirthful, and when intoxication had stimulated the current of his wonted humour, the influence of this and his recent sorrow produced such an anomalous commixture of fun and disconsolation as could seldom, out of Ireland, be seen checker- ing the mind of one individual.

It was in the midst of this extraordinary din that his voice was heard commanding silence in its loudest and best-humoured key:

"Hould yer tongues," said he; "bad win to yees, don't you hear me wantin' to sing. Whist wid yees. Hem—och—'rise up'—why, thin, Phil Callaghan, you might thrate me with more dacency, if you had gumption in you; I'm sure no one has a better right to sing first in this company nor myself; an' what's more, I will sing first. Hould your tongues! Hem!"

He accordingly commenced a popular song, the air of which, though simple, was touchingly mournful:—

"Och, rise up, Willy Reilly, an' come alongst wid me,  
I'm goin' for to go wid you, and leave this coun-ter-ee;  
I'm goin' to lave my father, his castles and free lands—  
An' away wint Willy Reilly, an' his own Colleen Bawn.

"Och, they wint o'er hills an' mountains, an' valleys that  
was fair,  
An' fled before her father, as you may shortly hear;  
Her father followed ather wid a well-chosen armed band,  
Och, an' taken was poor Reilly, an' his own Colleen Bawn."

The simple pathos of the tune, the affection implied by the words, and probably the misfortune of Willy Reilly, all overcame him. He finished the second verse with difficulty, and on attempting to commence a third he burst into tears.

"Colleen bawn!" (fair, or fair-haired, girl)—  
"Colleen bawn!" he exclaimed; "she's lyin' low that was my colleen bawn! Oh, will yees hould your tongues, an' let me think of what has happened me? She's gone: Mary, avourneen, isn't she gone from us? I'm alone, an' I'll be always lonely. Who have I now to comfort me? I know I have good childhre, neighbours; but none o' them, all of them,

if they wor ten times as many, isn't aquil to her that's in the grave. Her hands won't be about me—there was tinderness in their very touch. An', of a Sunday mornin' how she'd tie an my handkerchy, for I never could rightly tie it an myself, the knot was ever an' always too many for me; but, och, och, she'd tie it an so snug an' purty wid her own hands, that I didn't look the same man! The same song was her favourite. Here's your healths; an', sure, it's the first time ever we wor together that she wasn't wid us: but now, avillish, your voice is gone—you're silent an' lonely in the grave; an' why shouldn't I be sarry for the wife o' my heart that never angered me? Why shouldn't I? Aye, Mary, asthore machree, good right you have to cry ather her; she was the kind mother to you; her heart was fixed in you; there's her fatures on your face; her very eyes, an' fair hair, too, an' I'll love you, achora, ten times more nor ever, for her sake. Another favourite song of hers, God rest her, was 'Bryan O'Linn.' Throth, an' I'll sing it, so I will, for if she was livin' she'd like it.

"Och, Brian O'Lynn, he had milk an' male,  
A two-lugged porringer wantin' a tail."

Och, my head's through other! The sarry one o' me, I b'lieve, but's out o' the words, or as they say, there's a hole in the ballad. Send round the punch, will yees? By the hole o' my coat, Parra Gastha, I'll whale you widin an inch of your life, if you don't dhrink. Send round the punch, Dan; an' give us a song, Parra Gastha. Arrah, Paddy, do you remimber—ha, ha, ha!—upon my credit, I'll never forget it,—the fun we had catchin' Father Soolaghan's horse, the day he gave his shirt to the sick man in the ditch. The Lord rest his sowl in glory—ha, ha, ha!—I'll never forget it. Paddy, the song, you thief!"

"No, but tell them about that, Mистер Connell."

"Throth, an' I will: but don't be *Mistherin'* me. Faith, this is the height o' good punch. You see—ha, ha, ha!—you see, it was one hard summer afore I was marrid to Elish, mavourneen, that you war, asthore! Och, och, we are parted at last? Upon my sowl, my heart's breakin' (*woeeps*); an' no wondher! But as I was sayin'—all your healths!—faith, it's tip-top punch that—the poor man fell sick of a faver, an' sure enough, when it was known what ailed him, the neighbours built a little shed on the roadside for him, in regard that everyone was afraid to let him into their place. Howsomever—ha, ha, ha!—Father Soolaghan was one day ridin' past upon his horse, an' seein' the crathur lyin' undher the shed, an' a whisp o' sthraw, he pulls bridle, an' puts the spake an the poor sthranger. So, begad, it came out that the neighbours were very kind to him, an' used to hand over whatsoever they thought best for him from the back o' the ditch as well as they could.

"My poor fellow," said the priest, 'your're badly off for linen.'

"Thruve for you, sir," said the sick man. 'I never longed for anything so much in my life as I do for a clane shirt an' a glass o' whiskey.'

“The devil a glass o’ whiskey I have about me; but you shall have the clane shirt, you poor compassionate crathur,” said the priest, stretchin’ his neck up an’ down, to make sure there was no one comin’ on the road—ha, ha, ha!

“Well, an’ good—‘I have *three* shirts,’ says his reverence, ‘but I have only one o’ them on me, an’ that you shall have.’

“So the priest peels himself on the spot, an’ lays his black coat and waistcoat afore him across the saddle, thin takin’ off his shirt, he *thrown* it across the ditch to the sick man. Whether it was the white shirt, or the black coat danglin’ about the horse’s neck, the devil a one o’ myself can say; but, anyway, the baste took fright, an’ made off wid Father Soolaghan, in the state I’m tellin’ yees, upon his back—ha, ha, ha!

“Parra Gastha, here, an’ I war goin’ up at the time to do a little in the distillin’ way for Tom Duggan of Aidinasamlagh, an’ seen what was goin’ an. So off we set, an’ we splittin’ our sides laughin’—ha, ha, ha!—at the figure the priest cut. However we could do no good, an’ he never could pull up the horse till he came full flight to his own house, opposite the pound there below, and the whole town in convulsions when they seen him. We *gather* up his clothes, an’ brought them home to him; an’ a good piece o’ fun we had wid him, for he loved the joke as well as any man. Well, he was the good an’ charitable man, the same Father Soolaghan; but so simple that he got himself into fifty scrapes, God rest him! Och, och, she’s lyin’ low that often laughed at that, an’ I’m here—aye, I have no one—no one that ’ud show me sich a warm heart as she would. (*Weeps.*) However, God’s will be done. I’ll sing yees a song she liked.

“Och, Brian O’Lynn, he had milk an’ mafe,  
A two-legged porringer wantin’ a tail.”

Musha, I’m out agin—ha, ha, ha! Why, I b’lieve there’s pishthrogues (spells) an me, or I’d remember it. Bud-an-age, dhrink all of yees. Lie into the liquor, I say; don’t spare it. Here, Mike, send us up another gallon. Faith, we’ll make a night of it.

“Och, three maidens a milkin’ did go,  
An’ three maidens a milkin’ did go;  
An’ the winds they blew high,  
An’ the winds they blew low,  
An’ they dashed their milkin’ pails to an fro.”

All your healths, childhre! Neighbours, all your healths!—don’t spare what’s before yees. It’s long since I took a jorum myself, an’—come, I say, please God, we’ll often meet this way, so we will. Faith, I’ll take a sup from this forrid, wid a blessin’. Dhrink, I say, dhrink!”

By the time he had arrived at this pitch he was able to engross no great portion either of the conversation or attention. Almost everyone present had his songs, his sorrows, his laughter, or his anecdotes, as well as himself. Every voice was loud, and every tongue busy. Intricate and entangled was the talk, which, on the present occasion, presented a union of all the extremes which the lights and shadows of the Irish character alone could exhibit

under such a calamity as that which brought the friends of the deceased together.

Peter literally fulfilled his promise of taking a jorum in future. He was now his own master; and as he felt the loss of his wife deeply, he unhappily had recourse to the bottle to bury the recollection of a woman whose death left a chasm in his heart which he thought nothing but the whiskey could fill up.

His transition from a life of perfect sobriety to one of habitual, nay of daily, intoxication was immediate. He could not bear to be sober; and his extraordinary bursts of affliction, even in his cups, were often calculated to draw tears from the eyes of those who witnessed them. He usually went out in the morning with a flask of whiskey in his pocket, and sat down to weep behind a ditch, where, however, after having emptied his flask, he might be heard at a great distance singing the songs which Ellish in her lifetime was accustomed to love. In fact, he was generally pitied; his simplicity of character, and his benevolence of heart which was now exercised without fear of responsibility, made him more a favourite than he ever had been. His former habits of industry were thrown aside; as he said himself, he hadn’t heart to work; his farms were neglected, and but for his son-in-law, would have gone to ruin. Peter himself was sensible of this.

“Take them,” said he, “into your own hands, Denis; for me, I’m not able to do anything more at them; she that kep’ me up is gone, an’ I’m broken down. Take them—take them into your own hands. Give me my bed, bit, an’ sup, an’ that’s all I want.”

Six months produced an incredible change in his appearance. Intemperance, whilst it shattered his strong frame, kept him in frequent exuberance of spirits; but the secret grief preyed on him within. Artificial excitement kills, but it never cures; and Peter, in the midst of his mirth and jollity, was wasting away into a shadow. His children, seeing him go down the hill of life so rapidly, consulted among each other on the best means of winning him back to sobriety. This was a difficult task, for his powers of bearing liquor were almost prodigious. He has often been known to drink so many as twenty-five, and sometimes thirty, tumblers of punch, without being taken off his legs, or rendered incapable of walking about. His friends, on considering who was most likely to recall him to a more becoming life, resolved to apply to his landlord—the gentleman whom we have already introduced to our readers. He entered warmly into their plan, and it was settled that Peter should be sent for, and induced, if possible, to take an oath against liquor. Early the following day a liveried servant came down to inform him that his master wished to speak to him.

“To be sure,” said Peter; “devil rescue the man in all Europe I’d do more for than the same gintleman, if it was only on account of the regard he had for her that’s gone. Come, I’ll go wid you in a minute.”

He accordingly returned, with the flask in his hand

saying: "I never thravel widout a pocket-pistol, John. The times, you see, is not overly safe, an' the best way is to be prepared!—ha, ha, ha! Och, och! It houlds three half-pints."

"I think," observed the servant, "you had better not taste that till after your return."

"Come away, man," said Peter, "we'll talk upon it as we go along. I couldn't do really widout it. You hard that I lost Ellish?"

"Yes," replied the servant, "and I was very sorry to hear it."

"Did you attend the berrin'?"

"No, but my master did," replied the man; "for, indeed, his respect for your wife was very great, Mr. Connell."

This was before ten o'clock in the forenoon, and about one in the afternoon a stout countryman was seen approaching the gentleman's house, with another man bent round his neck, where he hung precisely as a calf hangs round the shoulders of a butcher when he is carrying it to his stall.

"Good heavens!" said the owner of the mansion to his lady, "what has happened John Smith, my dear? Is he dead?"

"Dead!" said his lady, going in much alarm to the drawing-room window: "I protest I fear so, Frank. He is evidently dead! For God's sake go down and see what has befallen him."

Her husband went hastily to the hall-door, where he met Peter with his burden.

"In the name of heaven, what has happened, Connell?—what is the matter with John? Is he living or dead?"

"First, please your honour, as I have him on my shouldhers, will you tell me where his bed is?" replied Peter. "I may as well lave him snug, as my hand's in, poor fellow! The devil's bad head he has, your honour. Faith, it's a burnin' shame, so it is, an' nothin' else—to be able to bear so little!"

The lady, children, and servants were now all assembled about the dead footman, who hung, in the meantime, very quietly round Peter's neck.

"Gracious heaven! Connell, is the man dead?" she inquired.

"Faith, thin, he is, ma'am, for awhile; but, upon my credit, it's a burnin' shame, so it is——"

"The man is drunk, my dear," said her husband—"he's only drunk."

"—— a burnin' shame, so it is—to be able to bear no more nor about six glasses, an' the whiskey good, too. Will you ordher one o' them to show me his bed, ma'am, if you please," continued Peter, "while he's an me? It'll save throuble."

"Connell is right," observed his landlord. "Gallagher, show him John's bedroom."

Peter accordingly followed another servant, who pointed out his bed, and assisted to place the vanquished footman in a somewhat easier position than that in which Peter had carried him."

"Connell," said his landlord, when he returned, "how did this happen?"

"Faith, thin, it's a burnin' shame," said Connell, "to be able only to bear——"

"But *how* did it happen? for he has been hitherto a perfectly sober man."

"Faix, please your honour, asy enough," replied Peter; "he begun to lecthur me about dhrinkin', so says I, 'Come an' sit down behind the hedge here, an' we'll talk it over between us;' so we went in, the two of us, a-back o' the ditch—an' he began to advise me agin dhrink, an' I began to tell him about her that's gone, sir. Well, well! och, och! no matter!—So, sir, one story, an' one pull from the bottle, brought on another, for divil a glass we had at all, sir. Faix, he's a tindher-hearted boy, anyhow; for as myself began to let the tears down, whin the bottle was near out, divil resave the morsel of him but cried ather poor Ellish as if she had been his mother. Faix, he did! An' it won't be the last sup we'll have together, please goodness! But the best of it was, sir, that the dhrunker he got, he abused me the more for dhrinkin'. Oh, thin, but he's the pious boy when he gets a sup in his head! Faix, it's a pity ever he'd be sober, he talks so much scripthur an' devotion in his liquor!"

"Connell," said the landlord, "I am exceedingly sorry to hear that you have taken so openly and inveterately to drink as you have done ever since the death of your admirable wife. This, in fact, was what occasioned me to send for you. Come into the parlour. Don't go, my dear, perhaps *your* influence may also be necessary. Gallagher, look to Smith, and see that every attention is paid him, until he recovers the effects of his intoxication."

He then entered the parlour, where the following dialogue took place between him and Peter:—

"Connell, I am really grieved to hear that you have become latterly so incorrigible a drinker; I sent for you to-day with the hope of being able to induce you to give it up."

"Faix, your honour, it's jist what I'd expect from your father's son—kindness, an' dacency, an' devotion wor, always among yees. Divil resave the family in all Europe I'd do so much for as the same family."

The gentleman and lady looked at each other, and smiled. They knew that Peter's blarney was no omen of their success in the laudable design they contemplated.

"I thank you, Peter, for your good opinion; but, in the meantime, allow me to ask what can you propose to yourself by drinking so incessantly as you do?"

"What do I propose to myself by dhrinkin', is it? Why, thin, to banish grief, your honour. Surely you'll allow that no man has rason to complain who's able to banish the thief for two shillin's a day. I reckon the whiskey at first cost, so that it doesn't come to more nor that at the very outside."

"That is taking a commercial view of affliction, Connell; but you must promise me to give up drinkin'."

"Why, thin, upon my credit, your honour astonishes me. Is it to give up banishin' grief? I have a regard for you, sir; for many a dalin's we had together; but, for all that, faix, I'd be miserable for

no man, barrin' for her that's gone. If I'd be so to oblige anyone, I'd do it for your family; for divil reseave the family in all Europe —"

"Easy, Connell, I am not to be palmed off in that manner; I really have a respect for the character which you bore, and wish you to recover it once more. Consider that you are disgracing yourself and your children by drinking so excessively from day to day —indeed, I am told almost from hour to hour."

"Augh! don't believe the half o' what you hear, sir. Faith, somebody has been dhravin' your honour out. Why, I'm never dhrunk, sir; faith, I'm not."

"You will destroy your health, Connell, as well as your character; besides, you are not to be told that it is a sin, a crime against God, and an evil example to society."

"Show me the man, please your honour, that ever seen me *incapable*. That's the proof o' the thing."

"But why do you drink at all? It is not necessary."

"An' do you never taste a dhrup yourself, sir, please your honour? I'll be bound you do, sir, raise your little finger of an odd time, as well as another. Eh, ma'am? That's comin' close to his honour! An' faix, small blame to him, an' a weeshy sup o' the wine to the mistress herself, to correct the tinderness of her delicate appetite."

"Peter, this bantering must not pass; I think I have a claim upon your respect and deference. I have uniformly been your friend, and the friend of your children and family, but more especially of your late excellent and exemplary wife."

"Before God an' man, I acknowledge that, sir—I do—I do. But, sir, to spake sarious—it's thruth, ma'am, downright—to spake sarious, my heart's broke, an' every day it's brakin' more an' more. She's gone, sir, that used to manage me; an' now I can't turn myself to anything, barrin' the dhrink—God help me!"

"I honour you, Connell, for the attachmēt which you bear towards the memory of your wife, but I utterly condemn the manner in which you display it. To become a drunkard is to disgrace her memory. You know it was a character she detested."

"I know it all, sir, an' that you have thruth an' rason on your side; but, sir, you never lost a wife that you loved; an' long may you be so, I pray the heavenly Father this day! Maybe if you did, sir, please your honour, that, wid your heart sinkin' like a stone widin you, you'd thry whether or not *something* couldn't rise it. Sir, only for the dhrink I'd be dead."

"There I totally differ from you, Connell. The drink only prolongs your grief, by adding to it the depression of spirits which it always produces. Had you not become a drinker, you would long before this have been once more a cheerful, active, and industrious man. Your sorrow would have worn away gradually, and nothing but an agreeable melancholy—an affectionate remembrance of your excellent wife—would have remained. Look at other men."

"But where's the man, sir, had *sick* a wife to

grieve for as she was? Don't be hard on me, sir. I'm not a dhrunkard. It's thrue I dhrink a great dale; but, thin, I can bare a great dale, so that I'm never incapable."

"Connell," said the lady, "you will break down your constitution, and bring yourself to an earlier death than you would otherwise meet."

"I care very little, indeed, how soon I was dead, not makin' you, ma'am, an ill answer."

"Oh, fie, Connell, for you, a sensible man, and a Christian, to talk in such a manner!"

"Throth, thin, I don't, ma'am. *She's* gone, and I'd be glad to folly her as soon as I could. Yes, asthore, you're departed from me! an' now I'm gone astray—out o' the right, an' out o' the good! Oh, ma'am," he proceeded, whilst the tears rolled fast down his cheeks, "if you knew her—her last words, too!—Oh, she was—she was—but where's the use o' sayin' what she was?—I beg your pardon, ma'am—your honour, sir, 'ill forgive my want o' manners; sure I know it's bad breedin', but I can't help it."

"Well, promise," said his landlord, "to give up drink. Indeed, I wish you would take an oath against it: you are a conscientious man, and I know would keep it, otherwise I should not propose it, for I discountenance such oaths generally. Will you promise me this, Connell?"

"I'll promise to think of it, your honour—agin takin' a sartin quantity, at any rate."

"If you refuse it, I'll think you are unmindful of the good feeling which we have ever shown your family."

"What!—do you think, sir, I'm ungrateful to you?—That's a sore cut, sir, to make a villain o' me. Where's the book!—I'll swear this minute. Have you a Bible, ma'am?—I'll show you that I'm not mane, anyway."

"No, Connell, you shall not do it rashly: you must be cool and composed: but go home, and turn it in your mind," she replied; "and remember, that it is the request of me and my husband for your own good."

"Neither must you swear before me," said his landlord, "but before Mr. Mulcahy, who, as it is an oath connected with your moral conduct, is the best person to be present. It must be voluntary, however. Now, good-bye, Connell, and think of what we said;—but take care never to carry home any of my servants in the same plight in which you put John Smith to-day."

"Faix, thin, sir, *As* had no business, wid your honour's livery upon his back, to begin lecturin' me agin dhrinkin' as he did. We may all do very well, sir, till the temptation crasses us—but that's what thries us. It thried him, but he didn't *stand* it—faix, he didn't!—ha, ha, ha! Good-morning, sir—God bless you, ma'am! Divil reseave the family in all Europe —"

"Good-morning, Connell—good-morning! Pray remember what we said."

Peter, however, could not relinquish the whiskey. His sons, daughters, friends, and neighbours all assailed him, but with no success. He either bantered

them in his usual way, or reverted to his loss, and sank in sorrow. This last was the condition in which they found him most intractable; for a man is never considered to be in a state that admits of reasoning or argument when he is known to be pressed by strong gushes of personal feeling. A plan at length struck Father Mulcahy, which he resolved to put into immediate execution.

"Peter," said he, "if you do not abandon drink, I shall stop the Masses which I'm offering up for the repose of your wife's soul."

This was, perhaps, the only point on which Peter was accessible. He felt staggered at such an unexpected intimation, and was for some time silent.

"You will then feel," added the priest; "that your drunkenness is prolonging the sufferings of your wife, and that *she* is as much concerned in your being sober as you are yourself."

"I will give in," replied Peter; "I didn't see the thing in that light. No—I will not be drunk; but if I swear against it, you must allow me a reasonable share every day, an' I'll not go beyant it, of course. The thruth is, I'd die soon if I gev it up altogether."

"We have certainly no objection against that," said the priest, "provided you keep within what would not injure your health, or make you tipsy. Your drunkenness is not only sinful but disreputable; besides, you must not throw a slur upon the character of your children, who hold respectable and rising situations in the world."

"No, Father Mulcahy," said Peter; "I'll get an oath dhrrawn up, an' whin it's done, I'll swear to it. I know a man that'll do it for me."

The priest then departed, quite satisfied with having accomplished his object; and Peter, in the course of that evening, directed his steps to the house of the village schoolmaster, for the purpose of getting him to "draw up" the intended oath.

"Misther O'Flaherty," said he, "I'm comin' to ax a request of you, an' I hope you'll grant it to me. I brought down a sup in this flask, an' while we're takin' it we can talk over what I want."

"If it be anything widin the circumference of my power, set it down, Misther Connell, as already operated upon. I'd drop a pen to no man at keepin' books by double enthy, which is the Italian method invinted by Pope Gregory the Great. The three sets bear a theological ratio to the three states of a thrue Christian. 'The waste-book,' says Pope Gregory, 'is this world, the journal is purgatory, an' the ledger is heaven. Or it may be compared,' he says, in the prifuce of the work, 'to the three states of the Catholic Church—the Church Militant, the Church Suffering, and the Church Triumphant.' The larnin' of that man was beyant the reach of credibility."

"Arra, have you a small glass, Misther O'Flaherty?"

"Nancy, get us a glass—qh, here it is!"

"Here's your health, mather!—not forgetting you, Mrs. O'Flaherty. No, indeed, thin, it's not in the journal, but an oath I'm goin' to take against liquor."

"Nothin' is asier to post than it is. We must

enter it undher the head of—let me see!—it must go in the *spirit* account, undher the head of Profit an' Loss. Your good health, Misther Connell!—Nancy, I drink to your improvement in imperturbability! Yes, it must be enthered undher the—"

"Faix, undher *the rose*, I think," observed Peter; "don't you know the smack of it? You see since I tuck to it, I like the smell o' what I used to squeeze out o' the barley myself long ago. Misther O'Flaherty, I only want you to dhrav up an oath aginst liquor for me. I promised Father Mulcahy that I'd do it."

"Nancy, hand me a slate an' cutter; au', Peter, jist lave the oath to me."

"Asy, mather—you don't undherstand it yit. Put down two tumblers for me at home."

"How is that, Misther Connell?—It's mysterious, if you're about to swear *aginst* liquor!"

"I am. Put down, as I said, two tumblers for me at home? Are they down?"

"They are down; but—"

"Asy!—very good! Put down two more for me at Dan's. Let me see!—two more behind the garden. Well!—put down one at Father Mulcahy's;—two more at Frank Carroll's of Kilelay. How many's that?"

"Nine!!!"

"Very good. Now put down one wid ould Bartle Gorman of Nurchasy; an' two over wid Michael Morris of Cargah. How many have you now?"

"Twelve in all!!!! But, Misther Connell, there's a demonstration badly wanted here. I must confiss I was always bright, but at present I'm as dark as Nox. I'd thank you for a taste of explanation."

"Asy, man alive! Is there twelve in all?"

"Twelve in all; I've calculated them."

"Well, we'll hould to that. Misther O'Flaherty, will you put that down on paper, an' I'll swear to it, wid a blessin', to-morrow."

"But what object do you wish to effectuate by this?"

"You see, mather, I dhrink one day wid another from a score to two dozen tumblers, an' I want to swear to no more nor twelve in the twenty-four hours."

"Why, there's intelligibility in *that*!—Wid great pleasure, Misther Connell, I'll indite it. Katty, tare me a lafe out o' Brian Murphy's copy there."

"You see, mather, it's for Ellish's sake I'm doin' this. State that in the oath."

"I know it; an' well she desarved that specimen of abstinence from you, Misther Connell. Thank you!—your health agin! an' God grant you grace and fortitude to go through wid the same oath!—An' so He will, or I'm grievously mistaken in you."

#### "OATH AGAINST LIQUOR,"

made by me, Cornelius O'Flaherty, Philomath, on behalf of Misther Pether O'Connell, of the Cross-roads, Merchant, on one part—and of the soul of Mrs. Ellish O'Connell, now in Purgatory, Merchantess, on the other.

"I solemnly, and meritoriously, and soberly swear that a single tumbler of whiskey punch shall not cross my lips during



the twenty-four hours of the day, barring *tuclae*, the locality of which is as followeth:—

<i>Imprimis</i> —Two tumblers at home . . . . .	2
<i>Secundo</i> —Two more ditto at my son Dan's . . . . .	2
<i>Tertio</i> —Two more ditto behind my own garden . . . . .	2
<i>Quarto</i> —One ditto at the Reverend Father Mulcahy's . . . . .	1
<i>Quinto</i> —Two more ditto at Frank Carroll's of Kilday . . . . .	2
<i>Sexto</i> —One ditto wid ould Bartle Gorman of Nur-chasy . . . . .	1
<i>Septimo</i> —Two more ditto wid Michael Morris of Cargah . . . . .	2
	—
	12

"N.B.—I except in case any Docthor of Physic might think it right and medical to order me more for my health; or in case I could get Fathor Mulcahy to take the oath off me for a start at a wedding or a christening, or at any other meeting of friends where there's drink.

his  
"Witness present,                      "Pether X Connell.  
"Cornelius O'Flaherty, Philomath.                      mark.  
"June the 4th, 18—.

"I certify that I have made and calculated this oath for Mither Pether Connell, Merchant, and that it is strictly and arithmetically proper and correct.

"Cornelius O'Flaherty, Philomath.

"Dated this 4th day of June, 18—."

"I think, Mither O'Flaherty, it's a dacent oath as it stands. Plase God, I'll swear to it some time tomorrow *evenin'*."

"Dacent! Why, I don't wish to become eulogistically addicted; but I'd back the same oath, for both grammar and arithmetic, aginst any that ever was drawn up by a lawyer—ay, by Counsellor O'Connell himself!—but, faith, I'd not face him at a vow, for all that; he's the greatest man at a vow in the three kingdoms."

"I'll tell you what I'm thinkin', mather—as my hand's in, mightn't I as well take another wid an ould frind o' mine, Andy Cavanagh of Lisbuy? He's a dacent ould residenther, an' likes it. It'll make the baker's, or the long dozen."

"Why, it's not a bad thought;—but won't thirteen get into your head?"

"No, nor threety more to the back o' that. I only begin to get hearty about seventeen; so that the long dozen, afther all, is best; for God He knows I've a regard for Andy Cavanagh this many a year, an' I wouldn't wish to lave him out."

"Very well—I'll add it up to the other part of the oath.

*Octavo*—One ditto out of respect for dacent Andy Cavanagh of Lisbuy . . . . . 1

Now I must make the total amount thirteen, an' all will be right."

"Mather, have you a prayer-book widin?—bekase if you have I may as well swear it here, an' you can witness it."

"Katty, hand over the *Spiritual Exercises*—a book aiquil to the Bible itself for piety an' devotion."

"Sure, they say, mather, any book that the name o' God's in is good for an oath. Now, wid the help o' goodness, repate the words afore me, an' I'll sware them."

O'Flaherty hemmed two or three times, and complied with Peter's wishes, who followed him in the words until the oath was concluded. He then kissed the book, and expressed himself much at ease, as well, he said, upon the account of Ellish's soul, as for the sake of his children.

For some time after this his oath was the standing jest of the neighbourhood; even to this day Peter Connell's oath against liquor is a proverb in that part of the country. Immediately after he had sworn, no one could ever perceive that he violated it in the slightest degree; but there could be no doubt as to his literally fulfilling it. A day never passed in which he did not punctually pay a friendly visit to those whose names were dotted down, with whom he sat, pulled out his flask, and drank his quantum. In the meantime the poor man was breaking down rapidly: so much so that his appearance generally excited pity, if not sorrow, among his neighbours. His character became simpler every day, and his intellect evidently more exhausted. The inoffensive humour for which he had been noted was also completely on the wane; his eye was dim, his step feeble, but the benevolence of his heart never failed him. Many acts of his private generosity are well known, and still remembered with gratitude.

In proportion as the strength of his mind and constitution diminished so did his capacity for bearing liquor. When he first bound himself by the oath not to exceed the long dozen, such was his vigour that the effects of thirteen tumblers could scarcely be perceived on him. This state of health, however, did not last. As he wore away, the influence of so much liquor was becoming stronger, until at length he found that it was more than he could bear, that he frequently confounded the names of the men, and the number of tumblers mentioned in the oath, and sometimes took, in his route, persons and places not to be found in it at all. This grieved him, and he resolved to wait upon O'Flaherty, for the purpose of having some means devised of guiding him during his potations.

"Mather," said he, "we must thry an' make this oath somethin' plainer. You see, whin I get confused, I'm not able to remember things as I ought. Sometimes, instid o' one tumbler, I take two at the wrong place; an' sarra bit o' me but called in an' had three wid ould Jack Rogers, that isn't in it at all. On another day I had a couple wid honest Barney Casey, an my way across to Bartle Gorman's. I'm not what I was, mather, ahagur; so I'd thank you to dhraw it out more clearer, if you can, nor it waa."

"I see, Mither Connell; I comprehend, wid the greatest ase in life, the very plan for it. We must reduce the oath to geography, for I'm at home there, bein' a surveyor myself. I'll lay down a map o' the parish, an' dhraw the houses of your friends at their proper places, so that you'll never be out o' your latitude at all."

"Faix, I doubt *that*, mather!—ha, ha, ha!" replied Peter. "I'm afeard I will, of an odd time, for I'm not able to carry what I used to do; but no mather; thry what you can do for me this time, anyhow."

I think I could bear the long dozen still, if I didn't make mistakes."

O'Flaherty accordingly set himself to work; and as his knowledge not only of the parish, but of every person and house in it, was accurate, he soon had a tolerably correct skeleton map of it drawn for Peter's use.

"Now," said he, "lend me your ears."

"Faix, I'll do no sich thing," replied Peter—"I know a thrick worth two of it. Lend you my ears, inagh!—catch me at it! You have a bigger pair of your own nor I have—ha, ha, ha!"

"Well, in other words, pay attention. Now,—see this dot—that's your own house."

"Put a crass there," said Peter, "an' thin I'll know it's the crass roads."

"Upon my reputation, you're right; an' that's what I call a good specimen of ingenuity. I'll take the hint from that, an' we'll make it a hieroglyphical as well as a geographical oath. Well, there's a crass, wid two tumblers. Is that clear?"

"It is, it is! Go an."

"Now, here we dhrav a line to your son Dan's. Let me see;—he keeps a mill; an' sells cloth. Very good. I'll dhrav a mill-wheel an' a yard-wand. There's two tumblers. Will you know that?"

"I see it; go an, nothin' can be clearer. So far I can't go astray."

"Well, what next? Two behind your own garden. What metaphor for the garden? Let me see!—let me cogitate! A dragon—the Hesperides! That's beyant you. A bit of a hedge will do, an' a gate."

"Don't put a gate in, it's not lucky. You know when a man takes to dhrink, they say he's goin' a gray gate, or black gate, or a bad gate. Put that out, an' make the hedge longer, an' it'll do—wid the two tumblers, though."

"They're down. One at the Reverend Father Mulcahy's. How will we thranslate the priest?"

"Faix, I doubt that will be a difficuult business."

"Upon my reputation, I agree wid you in that, especially whin he repates Latin. However, we'll see. He writes P.P. aafter his name;—pee-pee is what we call the turkeys wid. What ud you think o' two turkeys?"

"The priest would like them roasted, but I couldn't undherstand that. No; put down the sign o' the horsewhip or the cudgel; for he's handy, an' argues well wid both?"

"Good! I'll put down the horsewhip first, an' the cudgel alongside of it; then the tumbler, an' there'll be the sign o' the priest."

"Ay, do, masher, an', faix, the priest 'ill be complate—there can be no mistakin' him thin. Devil a one but that's a good thought!"

"There it is in black an' white. Who comes next? Frank Carroll. He's a farmer. I'll put down a spade an' a harrow. Well, that's done—two tumblers."

"I won't mistake that, either. It's clear enough."

"Bartle Gorman's of Nurchasy. Bartle's a little lame, and uses a staff wid a cross on the end that he

holds in his hand. I'll put down a staff wid a cross on it."

"Would there be no danger of me mistakin' that for the priest's cudgel?"

"Not the slightest. I'll pledge my knowledge of geography they're two very different weapons."

"Well, put it down—I'll know it."

"Michael Morris of Cargah. What for him? Michael's a pig-driver. I'll put down a pig. You'll comprehend that?"

"I ought; for many a pig I sould him in my day. Put down the pig; an' if you could put two black spots upon his back, I'd know it to be one I sould him about four years ago—the fattest ever was in the country—it had to be brought home on a car, for it wasn't able to walk wid fat."

"Very good;—the spots are on it. The last is Andy Cavanagh of Lisbuy. Now, do you see that I've dhravn a line from place to place, so that you have nothing to do only to keep to it as you go. What for Andy?"

"Andy! Let me see—Andy! Pooh! What's come over me that I've nothing for Andy? Ay! I have it. He's a horse-jockey: put down a gray mare I sould him about five years ago."

"I'll put down a horse; but I can't make a gray mare wid black ink."

"Well, make a mare of her, anyway."

"Faith, an' that same puzzles me. Stop, I have it; I'll put a foal along wid her."

"As good as the bank. God bless you, Mither O'Flaherty. I think this 'ill keep me from mistakes. An' now, if you'll slip up to me aafter dusk, I'll send you down a couple of bottles and a fitch. Sure, you desarve more for the throuble you tuck."

Many of our readers will be somewhat startled to hear that, except the change of names and places, there is actually little exaggeration in the form of this oath; so just is the observation that the romance of truth frequently far exceeds that of fiction.

Peter had, however, overrated his own strength in supposing that he could bear the long dozen in future: ere many months passed he was scarcely able to reach the half of that number without sinking into intoxication. Whilst in this state, he was in the habit of going into the graveyard in which his wife lay buried, where he sat, and wept like a child, sang her favourite songs, or knelt and offered up his prayers for the repose of her soul. None ever mocked him for this; on the contrary, there was always some kind person to assist him home. And as he staggered on, instead of sneers and ridicule, one might hear such expressions as these:—

"Poor Pether! he's nearly off; an' a dacent, kind neighbour he ever was. The death of the wife broke his heart. He never ris his head since."

"Ay! poor man! God pity him! He'll soon be sleepin' beside her beyant there, where she's lyin'. It was never known of Pether Connell that he offinded man, woman, or child since he was born, barrin' the gaugers, bad luck to thim, afore he was marrid—but *that* was no offence. Sowl, he was *their* match, anyhow. When he an' the wife's gone, they

won't lave their likes behind them. The sons are *bodaghs*—gintlemen now; an' it's nothin' but dinners an' company. Ahagur, that wasn't the way their hardworkin' father an' mother made the money, that they're houldin' their heads up wid such consequence upon."

The children, however, did not give Peter up as hopeless. Father Mulcahy, too, once more assailed him on his weak side. One morning, when he was sober, nervous, and depressed, the priest arrived, and finding him at home, addressed him as follows:—

"Peter, I'm sorry, and vexed, and angry this morning; and you are the cause of it."

"How is that, your reverence?" said Peter. "God help me," he added, "don't be hard an me, sir, for I'm to be pitied. Don't be hard an me for the short time I'll be here. I know it won't be long—I'll be wid *her* soon. Asthore machree, we'll be together, I hope, afore long—an', oh! if it was the will o' God, I would be glad it was afore night!"

The poor, shattered, heartbroken creature wept bitterly; for he felt somewhat sensible of the justice of the reproof which he expected from the priest, as well as undiminished sorrow for his wife.

"I'm not going to be hard on you," said the good-natured priest; "I only called to tell you a dream that your son Dan had last night about you and his mother."

"About Ellish! Oh, for heaven's sake, what about her, father avourneen?"

"She appeared to him last night," replied Father Mulcahy, "and told him that your drinking kept her out of happiness."

"Queen of heaven!" exclaimed Peter, deeply affected, "is that true? Oh," said he, dropping on his knees, "father, ahagur machree, pardon me—oh, forgive me! I now promise, solemnly and seriously, to drink neither *in* the house nor *out* of it, for the time to come, not one drop at all, good, bad, or indifferent, of either whiskey, wine, or punch—barrin' one glass. Are you now satisfied? an' do you think she'll get to happiness?"

"All will be well, I trust," said the priest. "I shall mention this to Dan and the rest, and depend upon it, they, too, will be happy to hear it."

"Here's what Mистер Flaherty an' myself made up," said Peter; "burn it, father; take it out of my sight, for it's now no use to me."

"What is this at all?" said Father Mulcahy, looking into it. "Is it an oath?"

"It's the joggraphy of one I swore some time ago; but it's now out of date—I'm done wid it."

The priest could not avoid smiling when he perused it, and on getting from Peter's lips an explanation of the hieroglyphics, he laughed heartily at the ingenious shifts they had made to guide his memory.

Peter, for some time after this, confined himself to one glass, as he had promised; but he felt such de-

pression and feebleness that he ventured slowly and by degrees, to *enlarge* the "glass" from which he drank. His impression touching the happiness of his wife, was that, as he had for several months strictly observed his promise, she had probably during that period gone to heaven. He then began to exercise his ingenuity gradually, as we have said, by using, from time to time, a glass larger than the preceding one; thus receding from the spirit of his vow to the letter, and increasing the quantity of his drink from a small glass to the most capacious tumbler he could find. The manner in which he drank this was highly illustrative of the customs which prevail on this subject in Ireland. He remembered that in making the vow he used the words, "neither *in* the house nor *out* of it;" but in order to get over this dilemma, he usually stood with one foot outside the threshold, and the other in the house, keeping himself in that position which would render it difficult to determine whether he was either out or in. At other times, when he happened to be up stairs, he usually thrust one half of his person out of the window, with the same ludicrous intention of keeping the letter of his vow.

Many a smile this adroitness of his occasioned to the lookers-on; but further ridicule was checked by his woe-begone and afflicted look. He was now a mere skeleton, feeble and tottering.

One night, in the depth of winter, he went into the town where his two sons resided; he had been ill in mind and body during the day, and he fancied that change of scene and society might benefit him. His daughter and son-in-law, in consequence of his illness, watched him so closely that he could not succeed in getting his usual "glass." This offended him, and he escaped without their knowledge to the son who kept the inn. On arriving there, he went up stairs, and by a *douceur* to the waiter got a large tumbler filled with spirits. The lingering influences of a conscience that generally felt strong on the side of moral duty, though poorly instructed, prompted him to drink it in the usual manner, by keeping one half of his body, as nearly as he could guess, out of the window, that it might be said he drank it neither in nor out of the house. He had scarcely finished his draught, however, when he lost his balance, and was precipitated upon the pavement. The crash of his fall was heard in the bar, and his son, who had just come in, ran, along with several others, to ascertain what had happened. They found him, however, only severely stunned. He was immediately brought in, and medical aid sent for; but, though he recovered from the immediate effects of the fall, the shock it gave to his broken constitution, and his excessive grief, carried him off a few months afterwards. He expired in the arms of his son and daughter, and amidst the tears of those who knew his simplicity of character, his goodness of heart, and his attachment to the wife by whose death that heart had been broken.

## A MAIL-COACH ADVENTURE.

BY CHARLES LEVER.

THE next morning I received a few hurried lines from Curzon, informing me that no time was to be lost in joining the regiment; that a grand fancy ball was about to be given by the officers of the *Dwarf* frigate, then stationed off Dunmore; who, when inviting the 4—th, specially put in a demand for my well-known services, to make it go off, and concluding with an extract from the *Kilkenny Moderator*, which ran thus: "An intimation has just reached us, from a quarter on which we can place the fullest reliance, that the celebrated amateur performer, Mr. Lorrequer, may shortly be expected among us. From the many accounts we have received of this highly-gifted gentleman's powers, we anticipate a great treat to the lovers of the drama," &c. &c. "So you see, my dear Hal," continued Curzon, "thy vocation calls thee; therefore come, and come quickly; provide thyself with a black satin costume, slashed with light blue, point-lace collar and ruffles, a Spanish hat looped in front, and, if possible, a long rapier with a flat hilt. Carden is not here; so you may show your face under any colour with perfect impunity. Yours from the side scenes,

"O. CURZON."

This clever epistle sufficed to show me that the gallant 4—th had gone clean theatrical mad; and although from my "last appearance on any stage," it might be supposed I should feel no peculiar desire to repeat the experiment, yet the opportunity of joining during Colonel Carden's absence was too tempting to resist, and I at once made up my mind to set out, and, without a moment's delay, hurried across the street to the coach-office to book myself an inside in the mail of that night. Fortunately, no difficulty existed in my securing the seat, for the way-bill was a perfect blank, and I found myself the only person who had as yet announced himself a passenger. On returning to my hotel, I found O'Flaherty waiting for me. He was greatly distressed on hearing my determination to leave town—explained how he had been catering for my amusement for the week to come—that a picnic to the Dargle was arranged in a committee of the whole house, and a boating party, with a dinner at the Pigeon House, was then under consideration. Resisting, however, such extreme temptations, I mentioned the necessity of my at once proceeding to head-quarters, and all other reasons for my precipitancy failing, concluded with that really knock-down argument, "I have taken my place."

My dispositions were speedily made. I was fortunate in securing the exact dress my friend's letter alluded to among the stray costumes of Fishamble-street; and, rich in possession of the only

"properties" it had been my lot to acquire, I despatched my treasure to the coach-office, and hastened to Morrison's, it being by this time nearly five o'clock. There, true to time, I found O'Flaherty deep in the perusal of the bill of fare.

Tom's spirits were rather below their usual pitch; and although he made many efforts to rally and appear gay, he could not accomplish it. However, we chatted away over old times and old friends, and forgetting all else but the topics we were talking of, the timepiece over the chimney first apprised me that two whole hours had gone by, and that it was now seven o'clock, the very hour the coach was to start. I started up at once, and, notwithstanding all Tom's representations of the impossibility of my being in time, had despatched waiters in different directions for a jarvey, more than ever determined upon going; so often is it that when real reasons for our conduct are wanting, any casual or chance opposition confirms us in an intention which before was wavering. Seeing me so resolved, Tom, at length, gave way and advised my pursuing the mail, which must be now gone at least ten minutes, and which, with smart driving, I should probably overtake before getting free of the city, as they have usually many delays in so doing. I at once ordered out the "yellow post-chaise," and before many minutes had elapsed, what with imprecation and bribery, I started in pursuit of his Majesty's Cork and Kilkenny mail coach, then patiently waiting in the courtyard of the Post-office.

"Which way now, your honor?" said a shrill voice from the dark—for such the night had already become, and threatened with a few heavy drops of straight rain the fall of a tremendous shower.

"The Naas-road," said I; "and, harkye, my fine fellow, if you overtake the coach in half an hour, I'll double your fare."

"Begorra, I'll do my endayvour," said the youth; at the same instant dashing in both spurs, we rattled down Nassau-street at a very respectable pace for harriers. Street after street we passed, and at last I perceived we had got clear of the city, and were leaving the long line of lamp-lights behind us. The night was now pitch dark. I could not see anything whatever. The quick clattering of the wheels, the sharp crack of the postilion's whip, or the still sharper tone of his "gee hup," showed me that we were going at a tremendous pace, had I not even had the experience afforded by the frequent visit my head paid to the roof of the chaise, so often as we bounded over a stone, or splashed through a hollow. Dark and gloomy as it was, I constantly let down the

window, and with half my body protruded, endeavoured to catch a glimpse of the "Chase;" but nothing could I see. The rain now fell in actual torrents; and a more miserable night it is impossible to conceive.

After about an hour so spent, we at last came to a check, so sudden and unexpected on my part, that I was nearly precipitated, harlequin fashion, through the front window. Perceiving that we no longer moved, and suspecting that some part of our tackle had given way, I let down the sash, and cried out, "Well now, my lad, anything wrong?" My question was, however, unheard; and although, amid the steam arising from the wet and smoking horses, I could perceive several figures indistinctly moving about, I could not distinguish what they were doing, nor what they said. A laugh I certainly did hear, and heartily cursed the unfeeling wretch, as I supposed him to be, who was enjoying himself at my disappointment. I again endeavoured to find out what had happened, and called out still louder than before.

"We are at Ra'coole, your honor," said the boy, approaching the door of the chaise, "and she's only beat us by hafe a mile."

"Who the devil is she?" said I.

"The mail, your honor, is always a female in Ireland."

"Then why do you stop now? You're not going to feed, I suppose?"

"Of coorse not, your honor; it's little feeding troubles these bastes, anyhow, but they tell me the road is so heavy we'll never take the chaise over the next stage without leaders."

"Without leaders!" said I. "Pooh! my good fellow, no humbugging;—four horses for a light post-chaise and no luggage;—come, get up, and no nonsense."

At this moment a man approached the window with a lantern in his hand, and so strongly represented the dreadful state of the roads from the late rains—the length of the stage—the frequency of accidents latterly from under-horsing, &c. &c., that I yielded a reluctant assent, and ordered out the leaders, comforting myself the while that, considering the inside fare of the coach I made such efforts to overtake was under a pound, and that time was no object to me, I certainly was paying somewhat dearly for my character for resolution.

At last we got under way once more, and set off, cheered by a tremendous shout from at least a dozen persons, doubtless denizens of that interesting locality, amid which I once again heard the laugh that had so much annoyed me already. The rain was falling, if possible, more heavily than before, and had evidently set in for the entire night. On we went, splashing, bumping, rocking, and jolting, till I began at last to have serious thoughts of abdicating the seat and betaking myself to the bottom of the chaise, for safety and protection. Mile after mile succeeded; and as after many a short and fitful slumber, which my dreams gave an apparent length to, I awoke only to find myself still in pursuit, the time seemed so enormously protracted, that I began to fancy that my

whole life was to be passed in the dark, in chase of the Kilkenny mail.

At last the altered sound of the wheels gave notice of our approach to a town, and after about twenty minutes' rattling over the pavement, we entered what I supposed, correctly, to be Naas. Here I had long since determined my pursuit should cease. I had done enough, and more than enough, to vindicate my fame against any charge of irresolution as to leaving Dublin, and was bethinking me of the various modes of prosecuting my journey on the morrow, when we drew up suddenly at the door of the Swan. The arrival of a chaise and four at a small country town inn suggests to the various officials therein anything rather than the traveller in pursuit of the mail, and so the moment I arrived, I was assailed with innumerable proffers of horses, supper, bed, and so on. My anxious query was thrice repeated in vain, "When did the coach pass?"

"The mail," replied the landlord, at length. "Is it the down mail?"

Not understanding the technical, I answered, "Of course not the Down—the Kilkenny and Cork mail."

"From Dublin, sir?"

"Yes, from Dublin."

"Not arrived yet, sir, nor will it for three-quarters of an hour; they never leave Dublin till a quarter-past seven; that is, in fact, half-past, and their time here is twenty minutes to eleven."

"Why, you stupid son of a boot-top, we have been posting on all night like the devil, and all this time the coach has been ten miles behind us."

"Well, we've cotch them, anyhow," said the urchin, as he disengaged himself from his wet saddle, and stood upon the ground; "and it is not my fault that the coach is not before us."

With a satisfactory anathema upon all innkeepers, waiters, ostlers, and postboys, with a codicil, including coach proprietors, I followed the smirking landlord into a well-lighted room, with a blazing fire, when, having ordered supper, I soon regained my equanimity.

My rasher and poached eggs, all Naas could afford me, were speedily despatched, and as my last glass from one old pint of sherry was poured out, the long-expected coach drew up. A minute after, the coachman entered to take his dram, followed by the guard. A more lamentable spectacle of condensed moisture cannot be conceived; the rain fell from the entire circumference of his broad-brimmed hat, like the ever-flowing drop from the edge of an antique fountain; his drab coat had become of a deep orange hue, while his huge figure loomed still larger, as he stood amid a nebula of damp that would have made an atmosphere for the Georgium Sidus.

"Going on to-night, sir," said he, addressing me; "severe weather, and no chance of its clearing;—but of course you're inside."

"Why, there is very little doubt of that," said I. "Are you nearly full inside?"

"Only one, sir; but he seems a real queer chap; made fifty inquiries at the office if he could not have the whole inside for himself, and when he heard that

one place had been taken—yours, I believe, sir—he seemed like a scalded bear.”

“You don’t know his name, then?”

“No, sir, he never gave a name at the office, and his only luggage is two brown paper parcels, without any ticket, and he has them inside: indeed he never lets them from him, even for a second.”

Here the guard’s horn, announcing all ready, interrupted our colloquy, and prevented my learning anything further of my fellow-traveller, whom, however, I at once set down in my own mind for some confounded old churl that made himself comfortable everywhere, without ever thinking of anyone else’s convenience.

As I passed from the inn door to the coach, I once more congratulated myself that I was about to be housed from the terrific storm of wind and rain that railed without.

“Here’s the step, sir,” said the guard; “get in, sir; two minutes late already.”

“I beg your pardon, sir,” said I, as I half fell over the legs of my unseen companion. “May I request leave to pass you?” While he made way for me for this purpose, I perceived that he stooped down towards the guard, and said something, who, from his answer, had evidently been questioned as to who I was. “And how did he get here if he took his place in Dublin?” asked the unknown.

“Came half an hour since, sir, in a chaise-and-four,” said the guard, as he banged the door behind him, and closed the interview.

Whatever might have been the reasons for my fellow-traveller’s anxiety about my name and occupation I knew not, yet could not help feeling gratified at thinking that, as I had not given my name at the coach-office, I was as great a puzzle to him as he to me.

“A severe night, sir,” said I, endeavouring to break ground in conversation.

“Mighty severe,” briefly and half-crustily replied the unknown, with a richness of brogue that might have stood for a certificate of baptism in Cork or its vicinity.

“And a bad road, too, sir,” said I, remembering my lately accomplished stage.

“That’s the reason I always go armed,” said the unknown, clinking at the same moment something like the barrel of a pistol.

Wondering somewhat at his readiness to mistake my meaning, I felt disposed to drop any further effort to draw him out, and was about to address myself to sleep, as comfortably as I could.

“I’ll just trouble ye to lean off that little parcel there, sir,” said he, as he displaced from its position beneath my elbow one of the paper packages the guard had already alluded to.

In complying with this rather gruff demand one of my pocket-pistols, which I carried in my breast pocket, fell out upon his knee, upon which he immediately started, and asked, hurriedly: “And are you armed, too?”

“Why, yes,” said I, laughingly; “men of my trade seldom go without something of this kind.”

“Begorra, I was just thinking that same,” said the traveller, with a half sigh to himself.

Why he should or should not have thought so I never troubled myself to canvass, and was once more settling myself in my corner when I was startled by a very melancholy groan, which seemed to come from the bottom of my companion’s heart.

“Are you ill, sir?” said I, in a voice of some anxiety.

“You may say that,” replied he, “if you knew who you were talking to, although maybe you’ve heard enough of me, though you never saw me till now.”

“Without having that pleasure even yet,” said I, “it would grieve me to think you should be ill in the coach.”

“Maybe it might,” briefly replied the unknown, with a species of meaning in his words I could not then understand. “Did ye never hear tell of Barney Doyle?” said he.

“Not to my recollection.”

“Then I’m Barney,” said he, “that’s in all the newspapers in the metropolis. I’m seventeen weeks in Jervis-street Hospital, and four in the Lunatic, and the devil a better, after all. You must be a stranger, I’m thinking, or you’d know me now.”

“Why, I do confess I’ve only been a few hours in Ireland for the last six months.”

“Aye, that’s the reason; I knew you would not be fond of travelling with me if you knew who it was.”

“Why, really,” said I, beginning at the moment to fathom some of the hints of my companion, “I did not anticipate the pleasure of meeting you.”

“It’s pleasure ye call it; then there’s no accountin’ for tastes, as Dr. Colles said, when he saw me bite Cusack Rooney’s thumb off.”

“Bite a man’s thumb off!” said I, in horror.

“Aye,” said he, with a kind of fiendish animation, “in one chop. I wish you’d see how I scattered the consultation;—begad, they didn’t wait to ax for a fee.”

“Upon my soul, a very pleasant vicinity,” thought I. “And may I ask, sir,” said I, in a very mild and soothing tone of voice—“may I ask the reason for this singular propensity of yours?”

“There it is now, my dear,” said he, laying his hand upon my knee familiarly, “that’s just the very thing they can’t make out. Colles says it’s all the ceribellum, ye see, that’s inflamed and combusted, and some of the others think it’s the spine; and more the muscles; but my real impression is, the devil a bit they know about it at all.”

“And have they no name for the malady?” said I.

“Oh, sure enough, they have a name for it.”

“And may I ask—”

“Why, I think you’d better not, because, ye see, maybe I might be throublesome to ye in the night, though I’ll not, if I can help it; and it might be uncomfortable to you to be here if I was to get one of the fits.”

“One of the fits! Why it’s not possible, sir,” said I, “you would travel in a public conveyance in the state you mention; your friends surely would not permit it?”

"Why, if they *knew*, perhaps," slyly responded the interesting invalid—"if they *knew*, they might not exactly like it; but, ye see, I escaped only last night, and there'll be a fine hubbub in the morning when they find I'm off; though I'm thinking Rooney's barking away by this time."

"Rooney barking!—why, what does that mean?"

"They always bark for a day or two after they're bit, if the infection comes first from the dog."

"You are surely not speaking of hydrophobia?" said I, my hair actually bristling with horror and consternation.

"Ain't I," replied he; "maybe you've guessed it, though."

"And you have the malady on you at present?" said I, trembling for the answer.

"This is the ninth day since I took to biting," said he, gravely, perfectly unconscious, as it appeared, of the terror such information was calculated to convey.

"And with such a propensity, sir, do you think yourself warranted in travelling in a public coach, exposing others—"

"You'd better not raise your voice that way," quietly responded he. "If I'm roused it'll be worse for ye, that's all."

"Well, but," said I, moderating my zeal, "is it exactly prudent, in your present delicate state, to undertake a journey?"

"Ah," said he, with a sigh, "I've been longing to see the fox-hounds throw off near Kilkenny: those three weeks I've been thinking of nothing else; but I'm not sure how my nerves will stand the cry; I might be troublesome."

"Upon my soul," thought I, "I shall not select that morning for my *début* in the field."

"I hope, sir, there's no river or water-course on this road—anything else I can, I hope, control myself against; but water—running water particularly—makes me troublesome."

Well knowing what he meant by the latter phrase, I felt the cold perspiration settling on my forehead as I remembered that we must be within about ten or twelve miles of Leighlin-bridge, where we should have to pass a very wide river. I strictly concealed this fact from him, however, and gave him to understand that there was not a well, brook, or rivulet for forty miles on either side of us. He now sank into a kind of moody silence, broken occasionally by a low, muttering noise, as if speaking to himself—what this might portend I knew not—but thought it better, under all circumstances, not to disturb him. How comfortable my present condition was I need scarcely remark, sitting *vis-à-vis* to a lunatic, with a pair of pistols in his possession, who had already avowed his consciousness of his tendency to do mischief, and his inability to master it—all this in the dark, and in the narrow limits of a mail-coach, where there was scarcely room for defence, and no possibility of escape. How heartily I wished myself back in the coffee-room at Morrison's with my poor friend Tom. The infernal chaise, that I cursed a hundred times, would have been an "exchange" better than into the Life

Guards—ay, even outside of the coach, if I could only reach it, would, under present circumstances, be a glorious alternative to my existing misfortune. What were rain and storm, thunder and lightning, compared with the chances that awaited me here?—wet through I should inevitably be; but, then, I had not yet contracted the horror of moisture, my friend opposite laboured under. "Ha! what is that?—is it possible he can be asleep;—is it really a snore? Heaven grant that little snort be not what the medical people call a premonitory symptom; if so, he'll be in upon me now in no time. Ah, there it is again;—he must be asleep, surely;—now, then, is my time or never." With these words, muttered to myself, and a heart throbbing almost audibly at the risk of his awakening, I slowly let down the window of the coach, and stretching forth my hand, turned the handle cautiously and slowly; I next disengaged my legs, and by a long, continuous effort of creeping—which I had learned perfectly once, when practising to go as a boa-constrictor to a fancy ball—I withdrew myself from the seat and reached the step, when I muttered something very like a thanksgiving to Providence for my rescue. With little difficulty I now climbed up beside the guard, whose astonishment at my appearance was indeed considerable; that any man should prefer the out to the inside of a coach in such a night was rather remarkable; but that the person so doing should be totally unprovided with a box-coat, or other similar protection, argued something so strange that I doubt not, if he were to decide upon the applicability of the statute of lunacy to a traveller in the mail, the palm would certainly have been awarded to me, and not to my late companion. Well, on we rolled, and heavily as the rain poured down, so relieved did I feel at my change of position, that I soon fell fast asleep, and never woke till the coach was driving up Patrick-street. Whatever solace to my feelings reaching the outside of the coach might have been attended with at night, the pleasure I experienced on awaking was really not unalloyed. More dead than alive, I sat a mass of wet clothes, like nothing under heaven except it be that morsel of black and spongy wet cotton at the bottom of a schoolboy's ink-bottle, saturated with rain and the black dye of my coat. My hat, too, had contributed its share of colouring matter, and several long black streaks coursed down my "wrinkled front," giving me very much the air of an Indian warrior who had got the first priming of his war paint. I certainly must have been a rueful object, were I only to judge from the faces of the waiters as they gazed on me when the coach drew up at Rice and Walsh's Hotel. Cold, wet, and weary as I was, my curiosity to learn more of my late agreeable companion was strong as ever within me—perhaps stronger, from the sacrifices his acquaintance had exacted from me. Before, however, I had disengaged myself from the pile of trunks and carpet-bags I had surrounded myself with, he had got out of the coach, and all I could catch a glimpse of was the back of a little short man in a kind of gray upper coat, and long galligaskins on his legs. He carried his two bundles under his arm, and stepped nimbly

up the steps of the hotel, without ever turning his head to either side.

"Don't fancy you shall escape me *now*, my good friend," I cried out, as I sprang from the roof to the ground with one jump, and hurried after the great unknown into the coffee-room. By the time I reached it he had approached the fire, on the table near which, having deposited the mysterious paper parcels, he was now busily engaged in divesting himself of his great coat; his face was still turned from me, so that I had time to appear employed in divesting myself of my wet drapery before he perceived me. At last the coat was unbuttoned, the gaiters followed, and, throwing them carelessly on a chair, he tucked up the skirts of his coat, and, spreading himself comfortably, *à l'Anglais*, before the fire, displayed to my wondering and stupefied gaze the pleasant features of Doctor Finucane.

"Why, Doctor—Doctor Finucane," cried I, "is this possible? Were you, then, really the inside in the mail last night?"

"Devil a doubt of it, Mr. Lorrequer; and may I make bold to ask, were you the outside?"

"Then what, may I beg to know, did you mean by your damned story about Barney Doyle, and the hydrophobia, and Cusack Rooney's thumb—eh?"

"Oh, by the Lord!" said Finucane, "this will be the death of me. And it was *you* that I drove outside in all the rain last night? Oh, it will kill Father Malachi outright with laughing when I tell him." And he burst out into a fit of merriment that nearly induced me to break his head with the poker.

"Am I to understand, then, Mr. Finucane, that this practical joke of yours was contrived for *my* benefit, and for the purpose of holding *me* up to the ridicule of your confounded acquaintances?"

"Nothing of the kind, upon my conscience," said Fin, drying his eyes, and endeavouring to look sorry and sentimental. "If I had only the least suspicion in life that it was you, upon my oath, I'd not have had

the hydrophobia at all—and, to tell you the truth, you were not the only one frightened—you alarmed me devilishly, too."

"I alarmed you! Why, how can that be?"

"Why, the real affair is this: I was bringing these two packages of notes down to my cousin Callaghan's bank in Cork—fifteen thousand pounds, devil a less—and when you came into the coach at Naas, after driving there with your four horses, I thought it was all up with me. The guard just whispered in my ear that he saw you look at the priming of your pistols before getting in; and, faith, I said four Paters and a Hail Mary before you'd count five. Well, when you got seated, the thought came into my mind that maybe, highwayman as you were, you would not like dying a natural death, more particularly if you were an Irishman; and so I trumped up that long story about the hydrophobia, and the gentleman's thumb, and devil knows what besides; and, while I was telling it, the cold perspiration was running down my head and face, for every time you stirred I said to myself, now he'll do it. Two or three times, do you know, I was going to offer you ten shillings in the pound, and spare my life; and once, God forgive me, I thought it would not be a bad plan to shoot you by 'mistake,' do you perceive?"

"Why, upon my soul, I'm very much obliged to you for your excessively kind intentions; but, really, I feel you have done quite enough for me on the present occasion. But, come now, doctor, I must get to bed, and, before I go, promise me two things—to dine with us to-day at the mess, and not to mention a syllable of what occurred last night: it tells, believe me, very badly for both. So keep the secret; for if these confounded fellows of ours ever get hold of it I may sell out, and quit the army;—I'll never hear the end of it!"

"Never fear, my boy; trust me. I'll dine with you, and you're as safe as a church-mouse for anything I'll tell them; so now you'd better change your clothes, for I'm thinking it rained last night."

## A LEGEND OF GARRY CASTLE.

Among the many singular characters who figured in Ireland during the last century, by no means the least remarkable was Thomas Coghlan, or Mac Coghlan, the last descendant of a long and ancient family. This extraordinary personage may justly be regarded as the last of the Irish tanistry, as well from his pertinacious adherence to the habits and maxims of that defunct institution, as from his being until his death possessed of the princely domains of his race, almost unimpaired by the many

confiscations and revolutions which have swept away so many proud names from the records of Ireland, thus uniting in himself the influence of traditional rank, of such magical weight here, with the influence of territorial possessions, of such magical weight everywhere. Although for many years a member of the Irish Parliament, as representative for the King's County, the laws which he assisted in making were not at all the laws which he administered. At home everything was on the patriarchal system, in all re-



spects conformable to the laws and regulations of the Brehons—himself the grand centre of all authority, his will the fountain of all justice, and his own hand in most cases the administrator of his judgments. Such being the Mac Coghlan, or "the Maw," as he was more generally and rather whimsically designated, it is little wonder that he should live in the fondest remembrance of a people so deeply attached to old names and old ways as the Irish all over the King's County generally, but particularly in that district of it anciently known as the Mac Coghlan's country, now the barony of Garry Castle, so called from a ruined castle which stands beside the road leading from Birr to Banagher, and about half a mile from the latter town.

These interesting remains consist of a tall, square keep and the mouldering walls of some outer buildings, the entire enclosed in a considerable area, with round towers at the corners, and entered by a fortified gateway. They seem to be of some antiquity, this having been the site, at all events, of the house of the Mac Coghlan's from the earliest periods, until the more peaceful circumstances of the nation permitted them to abandon their narrow and gloomy security for the beautiful residence of Kilcolgan, an erection of the seventeenth century, the naked ruins of which now form the chief feature in the landscape to the traveller by the Grand Canal, before he reaches Gillen. I am not aware that any records exist to furnish a clue to the history of Garry Castle, nor have I been able to meet anyone able to give me any information about it, beyond the usual tirade about Oliver Cromwell, who seems doomed to bear on his back the weight of all the old walls in Ireland. One very old man, who in his youth had been, I believe, a servant of the Maw, was the only person, in fact, who seemed to know more about it than that it was "an ould castle, an' a great place in the ould times." From him I gathered a good many anecdotes of his former master, of which the following partly bears upon the present subject, and gives rather a good illustration of a class of persons not unfrequently met with, who occasionally support most extraordinary pretensions by methods still more extraordinary, claiming to be proficient in all the forgotten lore of past ages, and even in their rage hinting at powers, the possession of which would be rather enviable. The story is an odd one, but I tell it exactly as I heard it.

"I had business into Banagher one day, when I was a gossoon, and just as I came to the hill over Garry Castle, I saw a great crowd moving up the road forinst me. 'Lord, rest the sowl that's gone,' says I, crossing myself, for by coorse I thought it was a corpse goin' to All Saints' churchyard; but when it came nearer, and I saw the Maw in the front, with a whole crowd of gentlemen, some that I knew and more that I didn't, and ne'er a corpse at all with them, I made bould to ax Father Madden what might be the matter.

"Why, my boy," says he, "there's some gentlemen come all the way from Dublin to consthruue what's written on the big stone over the hall chimney in the

ould castle beyant, and the rest of us are going to have the laugh at their ignorance.'

"'Deed, your riv'rinco,' says I, 'an' it's the fine laugh we'll have, in airnost; for sure the smallest gossoon in the country could tell them 'twas written by the Danes long ago, and that it's an enchantment.'

"'Hould your tongue,' says he, in return; 'whatever it is, I'll be bound it 'ill puzzle them, for, by the book, I'm not able to read it myself.'

"'Throth, thin,' says I, 'if that be the case, it's little sense the like of them will make out of it.'

"By this time, sir, we got inside the ould gateway, and as the Maw's groom was a cousin of my aunt Peg's, he let me into the hall with the rest of the quality. There was the stone, sure enough—a long, narrow stone, all the length of the room, with four lines of writing cut on it, over the chimney. It was in the part of the ould castle that's down now. Well, sir, one ould gentleman—they said he belonged to that college off there in Dublin—takes his spectacles out of his pocket, an' he puts them on his nose, quite grand like, an' he looks at the writing. 'It's not English,' says he, 'nor is it French,' says he, after a little, 'nor Jarman;' and then he takes another look. 'It's not Latin,' says he, and the rest of the quality shook their heads very wisely; 'it's not Greek,' says he, and they shook their heads again; 'it's not Hebrew,' says he, 'nor Chaldee, nor—pursuin' to me if I know what it is.'

"'Baidershin!' says Father Madden, quietly; an' with that, sir, you'd think the vault above our heads 'ud split with the roars of laughing. But the great scholar didn't join in it at all, but pulls the spectacles off his nose, and crams them into his pocket, and looking very big at the priest, 'I'm thinking it's Baulderdash, gentlemen,' says he.

"Well, sir, one after another they all tried their skill on it, and one after another they all had to acknowledge their ignorance.

"'By the powers,' says the priest, 'by yer talk one 'ud think the hiryglyphics themselves were a Readin'-med-aisy to ye, an' here a plain bit of writin' puzzles ye.'

"'Maybe, Father Madden,' says the Maw, 'you'd favour us by consthering it yerself.'

"'No, sir,' says the priest, 'my vow won't let me read magic; but if you'd wish me to transport the stone anywhere for you, or do any other little miracle that way, I'd be most happy to obleedge you.'

"'Oh, no,' says the Maw, 'we'll not put you to that trouble; but perhaps you would come down with us as far as the inn, and have a bit of lunch.'

"'With all the pleasure in life, sir,' says the priest, 'the rather that I'd like to be discorsing these larned gentlemen here;' but indeed the larned gentlemen didn't seem a bit too glad of his company, and small blame to them, sure, for, may the heavens be his bed! there wasn't a funnier man in the nine counties, or one fonder of followin' up a joke, an' well they knew he wasn't goin' to let them down aisy.

"It wasn't long until we were on the road again,

makin' for the town; an' as we were goin' along, who did we meet but a spalpeen from the county Galway, that came over as soon as he met us to beg among the quality; an' sure enough, he was as poor-lookin' a crathur as ever axed a charity. His legs were bare, and all blue and brackit with cowl an' hardship, an' the sorra a skreed of dacint clothin' he had on him but an ould tattered breeches an' a blanket thrown over his shoulders, an' fastened at the throat with a big skiver; he had a bag on his back, an' a mether in one fist, an' a bootteen in the other; an' if he had any more wealth about him, sure enough it was hid safely. By the discourse we had one with another, he soon larned about the big stone, an' how it puzzled all the scholars in the parish, not to say them from Dublin, an' how the priest refused to read it because it was magic; and betther nor all, how the Maw offered five goold guineas to any poor scholar, or the like, that could explain it.

"'I'd like to see that stone,' says the spalpeen. 'Poor-lookin' as I am,' says he, 'maybe I could insinse ye into the maining of it.'

"Well, sir, the words were scarce out of his mouth when Mac Coghlan was tould of them. 'What's that you say, honest man,' says he; 'can you decipher the writin'x?'

"'I'd like to try, anyhow, yer honour,' says the spalpeen; 'worse than fail I can't.'

"'Bedad,' says Father Madden, 'it 'ud be a pity not to let you; sure if you say you know nothin' about it, wiser men nor you had to confess that same; an' as for us, why, our time will be as well spent listenin' to one dunce as to another.'

"'Oh, by all manes,' says the Maw, 'we'll go back and hear what he makes of it.' So we all turned back with the spalpeen.

"When he came to the stone, it's a different kind of look he gave it entirely from what the quality scholars did; you'd know by the way he fixed his eye on it at the very first that it was no saycret to him; an' he walked up an' down from one end of the lines to the other, until he had them all read.

"'Now, my man,' says the Mac Coghlan, 'if you read it, the reward is yours,' an' he took the five goold guineas out of his purse an' showed them to him.

"'I can read it, yer honour,' says the spalpeen; 'but what it says might be displeasin' to some of this company, an' I had betther hould my tongue.'

"'By my word,' says Mac Coghlan, 'let who will be offended by it, no part of the blame shall rest on your shoulders; so speak out, an' speak true.'

"'Well, yer honour,' says the spalpeen, takin' courage, 'what it says is this, that this castle was built on such a time, an' that it will stand whole an' sound for three hundred years an' no more; an' that it's to be held by eleven Mac Coghlan heirs, and the eleventh will be the last of his race.'

"'Bad news for the twelfth,' says Father Madden, 'to have an ould stone barrin' him out of the world that way;' and with that they all laughed, all but the Maw, an' he was as pale as death an' stupid-like, for the three hundred years were just run out, an' he was the eleventh heir; but in a minute or two he re-

covered himself and joined in the laugh as well as the rest.

"'Well, my man,' says he at last, 'you have done what all the learned men in the land couldn't do; an' though the news isn't the pleasantest, you must have your reward. Now, listen to me: give up your wandering life and settle here; I'll give you a house an' five acres free of rent for ever: this money will set you up, an' I promise you that you shall never want in my time, short as it is to be. Will you take my offer?'

"'Why, thin,' says the spalpeen, 'many thanks by coorse to yer honour for makin' it; but for all the land yer honour has, or one of your name ever had, I wouldn't live other than I do: though I'm here now, 'tis many a mile from where I slept last night, or maybe from where I'll sleep to-night. Goold or silver avails me little, or if they did, maybe I could tell where to find what 'ud buy Galway ten times over.'

"'Bedad, honest man,' says Father Madden, 'if you know so much as all that, it 'ud be a great charity entirely for you to stop awhile an' open a school here; I'll be bound you'll have a fine lot of scholars, an' I don't say but myself 'ud be among the number.'

"'Throth there's many a man 'ud like to have my knowledge, I have no doubt,' says the spalpeen; 'but I'm thinkin' there's few here or elsewhere 'ud like to learn in the school where I got it.'

"'Lord, save us!' says the priest; 'you didn't sell yourself to the ould boy for it, did you, you nasty brute?'

"'I bought it with the past an' not with the future,' says the spalpeen; 'an' what ye saw of it is nothing to what I could show if I had a mind: the blessin' of the poor be with your honour, if it be any use to you, an' it's wishin' I am that I had a luckier story to tell you, an' he turned to go away.'

"'Well, my good fellow,' says the Maw, 'anyhow you're not goin' to quit so soon? Neither gentle nor simple passes this road without eating with the Mac Coghlan, an' you must follow the rule as well as another: stay as long as you like, an' go when you like; an' I give you my word you shall have the best of tratement, an' no one shall bother you with any questions you don't like.'

"'Yer honour,' says the spalpeen, 'I'm not a young man, an' yet my head was never this many a night twice on the same pillow, an' you'd be a long day findin' out the spot that in that time I haven't visited.'

"'Maybe you're the Wanderin' Jew?' exclaimed Father Madden.

"'Jew or Gentile,' says the spalpeen, 'a wanderer I am, an' a wanderer I must be; an' now good-bye to ye all, an' God bless ye; an' with that away he walked, an' the never a sight of him did anyone in Banagher lay his eyes on since. Some said he was this, and some said he was that, and more said he was a sperrit; but what do ye think but the great scholars from Dublin, to hide their ignorance, gave out that he was somebody that Father Madden tuthored for the purpose to make little of thim and their larnin', and have the laugh against thim.'

"Next morning, when all the country went out of curiosity to see the big stone, they found it torn down an' carried off, for Mac Coghlan got it taken down in the night an' buried somewhere; but, anyhow, it tould nothin' but the truth; for in a few years aafter, the castle fell with the frost, an' not long aafter that Mac Coghlan died; an' sure you know yourself that he was the last of his name."

## MICKEY FREE AND THE EDITOR.

BY CHARLES LEVER.

HOWEVER astonished I had been at the warmth by which I was treated in London, I was still less prepared for the enthusiasm which greeted me in every town through which I passed. There was not a village where we stopped to change horses whose inhabitants did not simultaneously pour forth to welcome me with every demonstration of delight. That the fact of four horses and a yellow chaise should have elicited such testimonies of satisfaction, was somewhat difficult to conceive; and, even had the important news that I was the bearer of despatches been telegraphed from London by successive post-boys, still the extraordinary excitement was unaccountable. It was only on reaching Bristol that I learned to what extent my popularity was owing. My friend Mike, in humble imitation of election practices, had posted a large placard on the back of the chaise, announcing, in letters of portentous length, something like the following:

"Bloody news! Fall of Ciudad Rodrigo! Five thousand prisoners and two hundred pieces of cannon taken!"

This veracious and satisfactory statement, aided by Mike's personal exertions, and an unwearied performance on the trumpet he had taken from the French dragoon, had roused the population of every hamlet, and made our journey from London to Bristol one scene of uproar, noise, and confusion. All my attempts to suppress Mike's oratory or music were perfectly unavailing. In fact, he had pledged my health so many times during the day—he had drunk so many toasts to the success of the British arms—so many to the English nation—so many in honour of Ireland—and so many in honour of Mickey Free himself, that all respect for my authority was lost in his enthusiasm for my greatness, and his shouts became wilder, and the blasts from the trumpet more fearful and incoherent; and, finally, on the last stage of our journey, having exhausted, as it were, every tribute of his lungs, he seemed (if I were to judge by the evidence of my ears) to be performing something very like a hornpipe on the roof of the chaise.

Happily for me there is a limit to all human efforts, and even *his* powers at length succumbed; so that, when we arrived at Bristol, I persuaded him to go to bed, and I once more was left to the enjoyment of some quiet. To fill up the few hours which intervened before bedtime, I strolled into the coffee-room. The English look of every one, and everything around, had still its charms for me; and I was contemplating, with no small admiration, that air of neatness and propriety so observant, from the bright-faced clock, that ticked unwearily upon the mantelpiece, to the trim waiter himself, with noiseless step, and that mixed look of vigilance and vacancy. The perfect stillness struck me, save when a deep voice called for "another brandy-and-water," and some more modestly toned request would utter a desire for "more cream." The attention of each man, absorbed in the folds of his voluminous newspaper, scarcely deigning a glance at the new comer who entered, were all in keeping; giving, in their solemnity and gravity, a character of almost religious seriousness, to what, in any other land, would be a scene of riotous noise and discordant tumult. I was watching all these with a more than common interest, when the door opened, and the waiter entered with a large placard. He was followed by another with a ladder, by whose assistance he succeeded in attaching the large square of paper to the wall above the fireplace. Every one about rose up, curious to ascertain what was going forward; and I myself joined in the crowd around the fire. The first glance of the announcement showed me what it meant; and it was with a strange mixture of shame and confusion I read:

"Fall of Ciudad Rodrigo; with a full and detailed account of the storming of the great breach—capture of the enemy's cannon, &c.—by Michael Free, 14th Light Dragoons."

Leaving the many around me busied in conjecturing who the aforesaid Mr. Free might be, and what peculiar opportunities he might have enjoyed for his report, I hurried from the room and called the waiter.

"What's the meaning of the announcement you've

just put up in the coffee-room? Where did it come from?"

"Most important news, sir; exclusively in the columns of the *Bristol Telegraph*; the gentleman has just arrived——"

"Who, pray? What gentleman?"

"Mr. Free, sir—No. 13—large bedroom—blue damask—supper for two—oysters—a devil brandy-and-water—mulled port."

"What the devil do you mean? Is the fellow at supper?"

Somewhat shocked by the tone I ventured to assume towards the illustrious narrator, the waiter merely bowed his reply.

"Show me to his room," said I; "I should like to see him."

"Follow me, if you please, sir—this way—what name shall I say, sir?"

"You need not mind announcing me—I'm an old acquaintance—just show me the room."

"I beg pardon, sir, but Mr. Meekins, the editor of the *Telegraph*, is engaged with him at present; and positive orders are given not to suffer any interruption."

"No matter; do as I bid you. Is that it? Oh! I hear his voice. There, that will do. You may go down stairs; I'll introduce myself."

So saying, and slipping a crown into the waiter's hand, I proceeded cautiously towards the door and opened it stealthily. My caution was, however, needless; for a large screen was drawn across this part of the room, completely concealing the door; closing which behind me, I took my place beneath the shelter of this ambuscade, determined on no account to be perceived by the parties.

Seated in a large arm-chair, a smoking tumbler of mulled port before him, sat my friend Mike, dressed in my full regimentals, even to the helmet, which, unfortunately, however, for the effect, he had put on back foremost; a short "dudeen" graced his lip, and the trampet, so frequently alluded to, lay near him.

Opposite him sat a short, puny, round-faced little gentleman, with rolling eyes and a turned up nose. Numerous sheets of paper, pens, &c., lay scattered about; and he evinced, by his air and gesture, the most marked and eager attention to Mr. Free's narrative, whose frequent interruptions, caused by the drink and the oysters, were viewed with no small impatience by the anxious editor.

"You must remember, Captain, time's passing; the placards are all out; must be at press before one o'clock to-night; the morning edition is everything with us. You were at the first parallel, I think."

"Devil a one o' me knows. Just ring that bell near you. Them's elegant oysters; and you're not taking your drop of liquor. Here's a toast for you: 'May——' whoop—raal Carlingfords, upon my conscience. See now, if I won't hit the little black chap up there, the first shot."

Scarcely were the words spoken, when a little painted bust of Shakspeare fell in fragments on the floor as an oyster-shell laid him low.

A faint effort at a laugh at the eccentricities of his friend was all the poor editor could accomplish, while Mike's triumph knew no bounds.

"Didn't I tell you? But, come now, are you ready? Give the pen a drink, if you won't take one yourself."

"I'm ready, quite ready," responded the editor.

"Faith, an' it's more nor I am. See now;—here it is: The night was murthuring dark; you could not see a stim."

"Not see a—a what?"

"A stim, bad luck to you; don't you know English? Hand me the hot water. Have you that down yet?"

"Yes. Pray, proceed."

"The fifth division was orthered up, bekase they were fighting chaps; the Eighty-eighth was among them; the Rangers—Oh! upon my soul, we must drink the Rangers. Here, devil a one o' me will go on till we give them all the honours—hip—begin."

"Hip," sighed the luckless editor, as he rose from his chair, obedient to the command.

"Hurra—hurra—hurra! Well done! there's stuff in you yet, old foolscap! The little bottle's empty;—ring again, if ye plaze.

"Oh, Father Magan,  
Was a beautiful man,  
But a bit of a rogue, a bit of a roguer.  
He was just six feet high,  
Had a cast in his eye,  
And an illigint brogue, an illigint brogue,

"He was born in Killarney,  
And reared up in Blarney——"

"Arrah, don't be looking miserable and dissolute that way. Sure I'm only screwing myself up for you; besides, you can print the song av you like: it's a sweet tune—'Teddy, you Gander.'"

"Really, Mr. Free, I see no prospect of our ever getting done."

"The saints in heaven forbid," interrupted Mike, piously; "the evening's young, and drink plenty. Here, now, make ready!"

The editor once more made a gesture of preparation.

"Well, as I was saying," resumed Mike, "it was pitch dark when the columns moved up, and a cold, raw night, with a little thin rain falling. Have you that down?"

"Yes. Pray, go on."

"Well, just as it might be here, at the corner of the trench I met Dr. Quill. 'They're waiting for you, Mr. Free,' says he, 'down there. Picton's asking for you.' 'Faith, and he must wait,' says I, 'for I'm terrible dry.' With that, he pulled out his canteen and mixed me a little brandy-and-water. 'Are you taking it without a toast?' says Dr. Maurice. 'Never fear,' says I; 'here's Mary Brady——'"

"But, my dear sir," interposed Mr. Meekins, "pray do remember this is somewhat irrelevant. In fifteen minutes it will be twelve o'clock."

"I know it, ould boy, I know it. I see what you're

nt. You were going to observe how much better we'd be for a broiled bone."

"Nothing of the kind, I assure you. For heaven's sake, no more eating and drinking."

"No more eating nor drinking! Why not? You've a nice notion of a convivial evening. Faith, we'll have the broiled bone, sure enough, and, what's more, a half-gallon of the strongest punch they can make us; an' I hope that, grave as you are, you'll favour the company with a song."

"Really, Mr. Free——"

"Arrah! none of your blarney. Don't be misthering me. Call me Mickey, or Mickey Free, if you like better."

"I protest," said the editor, with dismay, "that here we are two hours at work, and we haven't got to the foot of the great breach."

"And wasn't the army three months and a half in just getting that far, with a battering train, and mortars, and the finest troops ever were seen?—and there you sit, a little fat creature, with your pen in your hand, grumbling that you can't do more than the whole British army. Take care you don't provoke me to beat you; for I am quiet till I'm roused. But, by the Rock o' Cashel——"

Here he grasped the brass trumpet with an energy that made the editor spring from his chair.

"For mercy's sake, Mr. Free——"

"Well, I won't; but sit down there, and don't be bothering me about sieges, and battles, and things you know nothing about."

"I protest," rejoined Mr. Meekins, "that had you not sent to my office intimating your wish to communicate an account of the siege, I never should have thought of intruding myself upon you. And now, since you appear indisposed to afford the information in question, if you will permit me, I'll wish you a very good-night."

"Faith, and so you shall, and help me to pass one, too; for not a step out o' that chair shall you take till morning. Do ye think I am going to be left here by myself all alone?"

"I must observe," said Mr. Meekins——

"To be sure, to be sure," said Mickey; "I see what you mean. You're not the best of company, it's true; but at a pinch like this——There now, take your liquor."

"Once for all, sir," said the editor, "I would beg you to recollect that, on the faith of your message to me, I have announced an account of the storming of Ciudad Rodrigo for our morning edition. Are you prepared, may I ask, for the consequences of my disappointing ten thousand readers?"

"It's little I care for one of them. I never knew much of reading myself."

"If you think to make a jest of me——" interposed Mr. Meekins, reddening with passion.

"A jest of you! Throth, it's little fun-I can get out of you, you're as tiresome a creature as ever I spent an evening with. See, now, I told you before not to provoke me: we'll have a little more drink;—ring the bell: who knows but you'll turn out better by-and-by?"

As Mike rose at these words to summon the waiter, Mr. Meekins seized the opportunity to make his escape. Scarcely had he reached the door, however, when he was perceived by Mickey, who hurled the trumpet at him with all his force, while he uttered a shout that nearly left the poor editor lifeless with terror. This time, happily, Mr. Free's aim failed him, and, before he could arrest the progress of his victim, he had gained the corridor, and, with one bound, cleared the first flight of the staircase, his pace increasing every moment as Mike's denunciations grew louder and louder, till at last, as he reached the street, Mr. Free's delight overcame his indignation, and he threw himself upon a chair and laughed immoderately.

"Oh, may I never! if I didn't frighten the editor. The little spalpeen couldn't eat his oysters and take his punch like a man. But, sure, if he didn't, there's more left for his betters." So saying, he filled himself a goblet and drank it off. "Mr. Free, we won't say much for your inclinations, for maybe they're not the best; but here's bad luck to the fellow that doesn't think you good company; and here," added he, again filling his glass——"and here's may the devil take editors, and authors, and composers, that won't let us alone, but must be taking our lives, and our songs, and our little devilments, that belongs to one's own family, and tell them all over the world. A lazy set of thieves you are, every one of you; spending your time inventing lies, devil a more nor less; and here"——this time he filled again——"and here's a hot corner and Kilkenny coals, that's half sulphur, to the villain——"

For what particular class of offenders Mike's penal code was now devised I was not destined to learn; for, overcome by punch and indignation, he gave one loud whoop, and measured his length upon the floor.

Having committed him to the care of the waiters, from whom I learned more fully the particulars of his acquaintance with Mr. Meekins, I enjoined them, strictly, not to mention that I knew anything of the matter; and betook myself to my bed, sincerely rejoicing that in a few hours more Mike would be again in that land where even his eccentricities and excesses would be viewed with a favourable and forgiving eye.



A GOOD PINCH OF SNUFF (SEE PAGE 264)

## JACK MULLANY'S FISH STORY.

No more propitious morning could be desired for an angling excursion than that on which, accompanied by my chance acquaintance of *Gleann Seachain*, I set out to try my luck with the crimson-spotted beauties of that picturesque mountain stream. But independent of the pleasure I anticipated from a day's indulgence in my favourite sport, under such favourable auspices, I felt confident of enjoying a rich treat in developing the natural and acquired talent of the individual who had so kindly volunteered to act as my guide in exploring the eddying pools and wimpling currents, so well known to him as the chosen haunts of the finny tribe, for my previous conversation with him had satisfied me that he was quite an original in his way.

But let me favourably introduce the worthy to my readers.

Jack Mullany, as he was designated by all his acquaintances (and these comprised every man and woman, boy and girl in the three baronies), was a slight-built, wiry little fellow of about forty years of age, and five-foot-nothing in his brogues, with small, pale, pinched features, a thin, sharp nose, and sparkling gray eyes; he had neither beard nor whiskers, save a few straggling whitish hairs on his upper lip, which looked like *traneens* in a goose pasture, and which a dandy, anxious to cultivate a hirsute ornament, might denominate an incipient mustache; but Jack never troubled himself about such vanities. Utterly ignoring the aid of shears or razor, he permitted his apology of a beard to develop itself in its own way, while his rough, matted, brown locks stuck out grotesquely through the rents and from under the leaf of his battered old hat, as innocent of the comb as his face seemed to be of soap. Yet, with all this, there was something far from disagreeable in the general expression of his attenuated features: his eyes, while betraying a quiet, lurking kind of humour, wore a sort of resigned, innocent look, which had not the slightest approach to cunning or viciousness, and which was calculated to enlist the sympathies of the beholder for their poverty-stricken owner.

His dress consisted of an old drab-coloured baragon coat, furnished with capacious pockets both inside and out. In the former, Jack confidentially informed me, he had on more than one occasion comfortably stowed away a good lump of a salmon, and thus loaded, with his hands in the outside pockets, he had innocently walked past the "peelers" or water bailiff, who kept a sharp look out for him or his fellow-poachers on the bridge leading into the town. His trousers were of corduroy, much the worse of the wear, and patched here and there, without any regard to uniformity in either the colour or ma-

terial of the pieces used, an old gray stocking doing duty on one knee, while a piece of black cloth graced the other, a half yard of old tarpaulin serving to repair damages in the rear. A faded plush vest of a nondescript colour, with a half dozen buttons of different sizes and material, was worn outside a shirt open at the collar. His feet were encased in a pair of stout brogues, the sole of each garnished with, at least, a hundred of pavers, while the uppers were ornamented with several artistic *traneens*. Stockings he wore none, repudiating such unnecessary articles of luxury, except on extraordinary occasions, or, as he said himself, "on Sundays, an' holidays, an' days I have meat." Indeed, as he lived principally by fishing, stockings would have been an incumbrance to him. An old felt hat, well ventilated, and encircled with several yards of gut and some sets of spare flies, completed his costume.

Such is a pen portrait of an individual who, spite of his innocent looks and puny frame, was accounted one of the most adroit and successful salmon-killers that ever handled a gaff or hurled a *try* on the tributaries of the Blackwater.

While engaged in fishing he whiled away the time by relating many amusing anecdotes of his poaching career, one of which I will give in his own words:—

"You see, sir, there's an ould reprobate be the name of Paddy Foley, who rints the grate salmon-ware o' Lismore from the Duke. Be the same token, they say that same ware was built by Fionn Mac-Cool for the ould monks that Saint Mochuda had there, an', faith, sir, I believe it, for never a one else but giants an' heroes could do sich a work. Well, that's neither here nor there now. Fionn an' his heroes, an' Saint Mochuda an' his monks are gone; an' more's the pity, for it's little o' their sort is in Ireland now; but the ware is there yet, an' before ould Paddy lased it the salmon wor so plinty that you could buy 'em for a pinny a pound, when the new fish kem up fresh from the say wid their sides as bright as a shillin', an' the cruds between every flake of the pink cuts as fat as butter. But whin thim steam-boats wor invinted, an' ould Foley got a hould o' the ware, the skamin' ould rogue, what does he do, but sinds the fish off to thim English cormorants that before that ate all our fat pigs, an' cows, an' sheep. You see, sir, before the steamboats wor to the fore the English couldn't get the fish fresh from here, an' so the people ate thim themselves. Well, ould Paddy built an ice-house, an' packed the salmon in it, an' sint them off in horseloads every week to Waterford to go be steam to Liverpool, an' thim the ould rogue, not contint with what he caught in the ware an' his nets from Lismore to *Blanchowrie*.

bridges poor fellows like me to get a bit at all, even as much as an ould spint *collough*; an' so he sets a gang of fellows to mind the rivers all round about, an' had cess to 'em, many a long day meself, and Pat Donohoe, and Pierry Mullowney gave in Waterford Jail through their manes. Though, to give the divil his due, the jailer was never very hard on meself, an' whin I'd be sintinced to a month, or maybe two, at hard labour, ould Triphook 'id keep me the whole time windin' quills for the wavers that wor at work in the jail. But, no thanks to Foley or his water-bums for that, you know, nor to ould 'Nosey,' either, that sintinced me.

"Well, of all the watchmin that ould Foley had on this river or the Finisk, Jack Daly was the wan that annoyed us most. He was here an' there an' everywhere, stuck one time under the eye o' that limekiln yander, watching *Poul-na-roothee*, where the fish wor fond o' stayin, for they ginirally used to make their scours at the tail o' the hole; another time the spyin' thief would be all day stretched on his belly between two furze bushes, an' whin we'd be afther waitin' for hours an' tryin' every hedge an' ditch within a field o' the glin till we wor sure all was right before we vintured to tie on the gaffs an' dash out up to our middle in the cowlid freezin' water, we'd no sooner have the fish on the bank than up the rascal would pop, like a hare from her sate, and cry out, 'Well done, me boys, ye'll pay for this work next binch day.' I rarely believe some o' the boys were often temptid to drown him, the spyin' *steeven*.

"But sharp as he was we matched him at last, and this is how we managed it:

"Wan fine frosty mornin', whin the water was as clear as crystal, there wor six as fine salmon as ever you'd wish to set eyes upon in a hole just under that turn-o' the cliff below. Some o' the boys wor up bright an' early, takin' a walk be the river for the good o' their health, *moryah*; but before you could have light to see a white horse in the wather, me ould Jack Daly was standin' sintry on the bank o' the millstream, right above where the salmon wor. We seen him there, an' sint Silve Donohue, Pat's young brother, to see what he was watchin'. Silve soon came back wid the white of his eyes out, as he towld us about the six whoppers he saw in the hole. We felt our teeth watherin' at the story. If we had only tin minutes to ourselves at that hole we could pin every fish ov 'em. We lay down in the grove opposite the spot, where Jack couldn't see us, an' determined to stay there till he wint to breakfast, but deuce a foot he stirred till ould Kate, his mother, kem to call him about tin o'clock. Be that time two of our gang, John Donohue an' meself, had gone round be the bridge, an' hid ourselves in a hedge that ran down to the edge o' the cliff, over Jack's head, an' soon afther we wor joined by young Silve—a regular limb, if ever there was wan.

"To make a long story short, afther a good deal o' coaxin', ould Kate Daly persuaded Jack to go home to the praties while they wor hot, an' she'd stay an' watch the salmon herself, till he kem back, an' as she knew every wan of us, an' had a tongue whose

ayquill for bargin' you never heard, we might as well have Jack there as her, if we couldn't get rid ov her, an' that's what we wor detarmined to do, be hook or be crook.

"So, no sooner did Jack go off to his breakfast, than Kate plants herself down on her grag, an' pulls out her stockin' an' begins to knit, keepin' a sharp eye on the salmon all the time. In the manetime John Donohue had packed off Silve up street for a box o' snuff, an' you may be sure the shaver let no grass grow undher his heels on the way. He was soon back, an' thin John sallies round the corner to where Kate was, wid his—

"'Good-mornin', Kate; arrah, what in the world are you doin' here at this time o' day?'

"'Wisha, thin, John, a *vicko*, I'm watchin' thim salmon there, while poor Jack was runnin' home to his breakfast, an' I may as well cut me stick out o' the house for iver an' a day, av anything happened to 'em before he comes back, for he says he's afcerd to trust me, an' he swore like a trooper that he'd be the death o' me av wan ov 'em was unssiin'. I'm sure I couldn't stop 'em av they took it into their heads to run away out o' that.'

"'True for you, Kate, an' tis little the vagabones would think of clearin' off under your nose: an' talkin' o' noses puts me in mind o' the snuff.' So wid that me lad pulls out the box, an' afther takin' a pinch himself, he asks Kate to take another.

"'Wisha, yes, an' glad to get it, a *vicko*, for I hadn't a pinch since I got wan from ould Nell Magrath this mornin', as I was gettin' the milk for our breakfast. *Suid or aar slantha or pinch onsheen*,' sez the poor woman, dippin' in her finger an' thumb for a rousin' pinch, when, jist as she was risin' it to her nose, the young divil Silve slinges up barefooted behind his brother, an' blows the whole contents o' the box into her eyes, mouth, nose, and all.

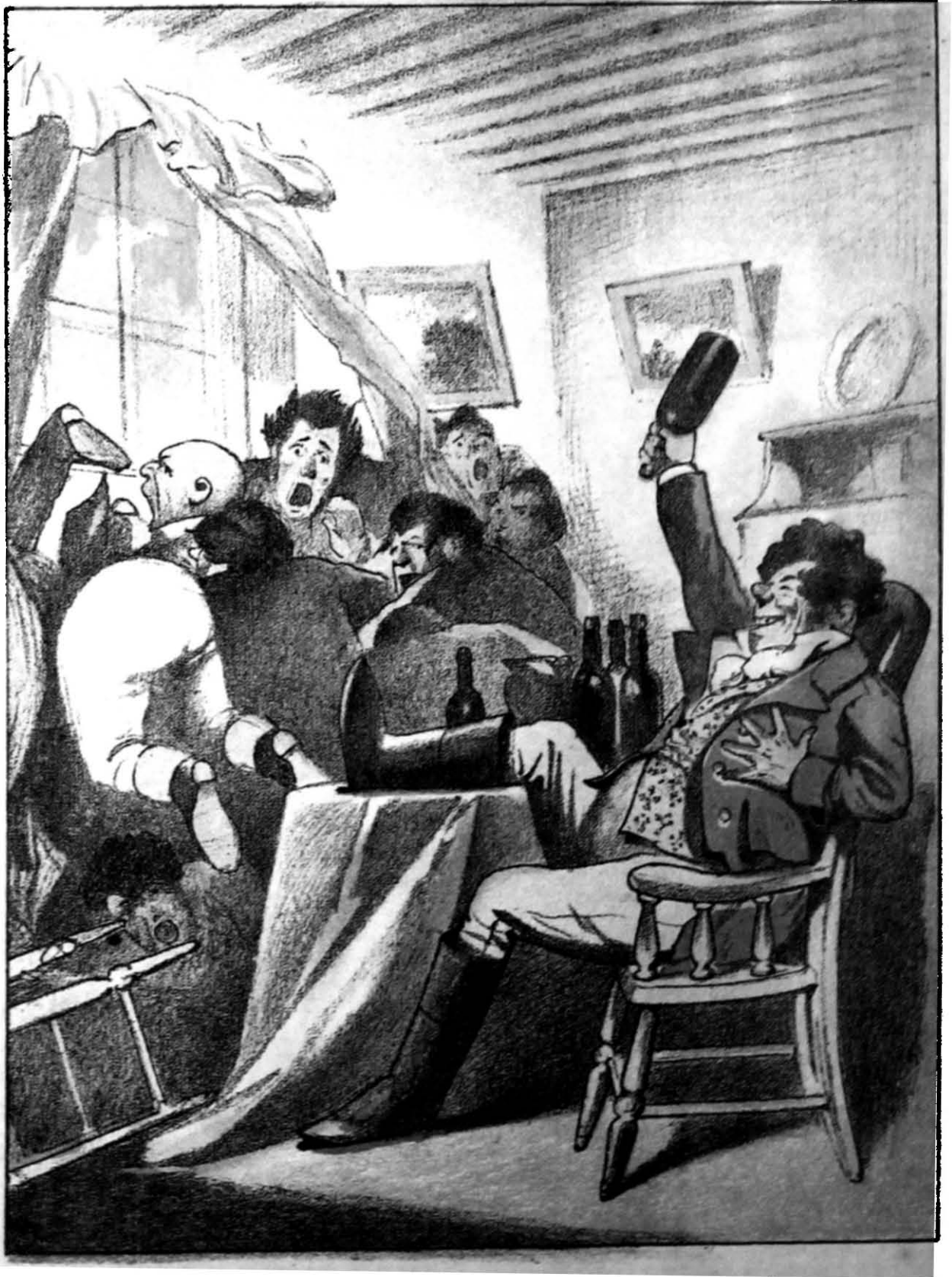
"The screech the ould woman gev was the signal for the whole ov us, an' while a cat would be lickin' her paw, we had the whole six salmon nabbed, an' in five minutes afther they wor safe undher a pile o' whate in the mill below—for Tom Burke, the miller, was wan of the party.

"Ould Kate's yellin' an' screechin' brought half Barrack-street down through the fields to where she was. You'd think they'd break their necks runnin', for they thought some man was drowned or murdered; but there was no wan but the ould lady sittin' down, afcerd to stir for fear o' fallin' into the river, an' not able to see a stim before her. 'Twasn't long 'till Jack kem runnin' out o' breath; an' the vagabone, thinkin' more o' the salmon than he did of his ould mother, didn't stop to ask what ailed her, till he looked into the hole, an' saw some blood on the strand, an' the salmon all gone, an' then he got a'most crazy, an' runnin' up to Kate, he yells out:

"'You ould squallin' hag, where's the salmon gone?'

"'Wisha, may the dickins roast you an' your salmon, an' the cuss o' Crummell attend Paddy Foley every day he sees a pavin' stone; sure, 'twas





THE GHOST HAS THE BEST OF IT. (SEE PAGE 266)

the misfortinit day I ever kem next or near 'em. Oh! me eyes, me eyes!

"An' so they kep' at it, hammer an' tongs, like two Clonmel ginger-bread women, for nearly an hour; an' before half the time was past, the crowd found out how the thing happened; an' tho' some of 'em pretended to condole wid ould Kate, the never a single sowl of 'em but wor a'most choked with the laughin', an' nayther Jack or his mother ever heard the last of it while they lived.

"The story spread all over the country, an' ould Foley, when he kem to hear it, laughed as loud as any wan at it, for the ould rascal was fond of a joke as well as a decent man like yerself; an', bedad, sir, wan would think you took a pinch o' snuff yerself,

now, for the tears are runnin' down yer nose, an' 'tisen't wid cryin' aither. You may be sure 'twas the last time ould Kate volunteered to mount guard for her hopeful vagabone of a son.

"But didn't we come the *gamogue* on the pair of 'em, sir?"

"Well, Jack, ye got at the blind side of poor Kate, at all events; but what became of Jack after, or did he ever pay you off for the trick?"

"Faith, sir, he hadn't a chance; for ould Paddy gave him the sack, sayin' whin ould women wor sent to do his business, no wonder things went to blazes; an' sure that was true; but Jack couldn't make an honest livin', or do a decent day's work, an' so he turned process-server soon aafter."

## LAYING A GHOST.

BY WILLIAM CARLETON.

In the town of Ballydiogh lived, about eighty years ago, one of those old drinking, swearing squires, who was said to have been enrolled a member of that blessed confraternity called the Hell-fire Club. The gentleman, to be sure, was not only a very jolly, but a very jolly-looking personage; being, as most toping squires usually are, of a high complexion, with a nose richly-chased, and ornamented with rubies, carbuncles, and a considerable variety of those star-like gems which shine in the glowing firmament of a good fellow's face. This jovial gentleman was said by many to have sold himself to the devil; although it was asserted by others that no such sale had taken place: and it was ironically added by the humorous vicar of the parish, that the bargain had been actually completed, but that the deeds could not be drawn up for want of a conveyancer; this, however, could not be true, as it was well known there resided three lawyers within the limits of the parish. Others said that Counsellor Pliant had drawn up the document, but refused to take any fee from the old boy, he having it in his power to throw so many briefs in his way, under the character of an attorney. Not a few were of opinion that Satan absolutely declined having anything to do with the squire in the way of purchase; but whether because he was a bad bargain at best, or whether the old gentleman thought that by waiting a short time he was sure to have the reversion of him in the course of nature, we cannot say. Certain it was, however, that a connection of an intimate nature was supposed to exist between them, otherwise the terms in which the squire was spoken of by the people were anything but significant, when they called him "the devil's *own* ould chry"—"the devil's *own* boy"—and

so on, ringing changes upon such phrases as implied a very kind understanding between them.

Now, it so happened that Squire Warnock had an old servant, who had grown gray and wicked in his service. There was no man in the parish of any degree who could drink down the squire—but Nogher; no man had so many wicked jests, or could give them such wicked turns as Warnock—but Nogher; or none who could outswear or outstrip him in framing new-coined oaths—but Nogher. On the latter point they were both unrivalled; and, indeed it might be asserted of them, that if the oaths were taken away from what they said, both would be men of exceedingly few words in conversation. There was once a challenge to swear sent to them by Squire Trillywagger and his huntsman, the execrations to take place in the blasphemy-room of the Hell-fire Club, of which Trillywagger was also a member. The challenge, of course, was accepted; but Warnock and Nogher both swore for nearly twenty minutes after Trillywagger and the huntsman were exhausted, or only able to double back upon the same oaths.

Both, however, died—Nogher at the end of spring and a drunken fit, and the squire in the middle of autumn and an oath. Nogher was but a servant, and not of sufficient importance to appear after death; but Warnock's body was scarcely in the clay, when he was seen by the servants walking through the rooms in his usual dress, and by the neighbours riding about, night after night, on his favourite hunter, *Skewball*, with the identical tin-boots, and flame-coloured suit upon him, in which he was in the habit of attending the Hell-fire Club. Indeed, it required no witch to tell them that he would appear after his death; for when the coffin was put into the

hearse, the united strength of the undertaker's six black horses could not move it an inch. In vain did those who attended the funeral cudgel and kick, and shove them forward; they could not budge, no more than if they had been striving to draw the Hill of Howth. Several men then attempted to take the coffin out of the hearse, but it was immovable, and smelt powerfully of brimstone. Six fresh horses were next put in, but with equal success: they pulled and pulled, until they smashed the traces, and broke away altogether out of the harness, trembling and sweating with the most extraordinary terror.

In this state of things, the parish priest and the parson, in order to exorcise the coffin, were both called upon by the owner of the hearse, who declared it to be one of the *weightiest undertakings* he had ever engaged in. The parson, fearing it might also prove as dead a weight to his spiritual power, as it did to the physical strength of the horses, refused in the bluntest manner to take harness: he said he was only one man, but that less than a forty-parson-power, at the very least, could never move it. The priest, however, put on his stole, and pulled out his book. After he had read his prayer, and shook his holy water over it, the horses were put to, and moved on without any difficulty to the graveyard, where the body of the squire was deposited in the *weldest* spot which could be found, in conformity with his special directions; for he said that it would be a comfort to him to keep his clay *moist* as long as possible.

About ten days after his interment, half a dozen of the members of the Hell-fire Club were, one winter's evening, drinking in the inn of the town where the squire had lived—for this was the house in which they always assembled. They were, of course, stout dare-devil fellows, who feared nothing—like some of our whiskered and mustachoeed heroes, who walk about with all their courage on the outside, now that there is no particular use for it anywhere else, or who are so ready to exercise it upon landlords, and waiters, and mail-coach guards, simply to keep it in action, lest when a pressing occasion for it should occur, they might find it unserviceable. At all events, these brimstone gentlemen, who could stand fire so well, were sitting, as I have said, engaged in a conversation, whose ingredients were indecency, noise, laughter, and oaths. Over near the door was the chair formerly occupied by the squire; for it had been put aside until a successor, with proper qualifications, should be elected to fill it. Some jest or other from one of the candidates had produced a roar of laughter, which was certainly loud and long enough, though not so loud but that the well-known laugh of the departed squire could be heard to join in it with his usual glee. They paused, and looked towards his chair, where, to their infinite terror, he sat shaking his sides at the smutty joke of the last speaker. We said they were men of courage, like the whiskered heroes of modern days; but for all that, they exhibited symptoms of fear, as strong as could be displayed by the most common-place cravens. Their courage, in fact, had not time to shape itself into proper attitude against the danger; so, in the

meantime, they became panic-struck, and crowded up one behind another in that corner of the room which was farthest from their old friend and associate, Bob Warnock. Never had the Whigs a greater struggle for that which they have at last obtained, to wit, place and pension, than had those gentry for the innermost corner; never did any man, after a decided reverse in his circumstances, experience a greater abandonment of old friends than did the squire upon this occasion. Every man turned his back to him—a strong proof that he must have been brought *low* indeed, since, full of flesh and blood, impiety and claret, he had jested among them—the jolliest of the jolly, and the wickedest where all were wicked. There he sat no longer the *life* of the club—although we must certainly grant that on that occasion he was the *soul* of the company.

Now, among all who were present, none made more desperate efforts to get into the heart of the little knot that jostled each other in the corner than the apothecary—who, being distantly related to him, had supplied him with medicine in his illness, and expected to be remembered by him in his will. He caught the village doctor by the wig, which came with him, leaving the head that wore it bald as the egg of an ostrich, to which, in configuration and bruins, it bore a strong resemblance. The doctor caught the exciseman, as the best shield against *illicit* spirits; but the exciseman not been disposed to *engage* with him, dived into the thick of the scrambling party, and threw Captain Culverin to the outside, who caught Surgeon Surfeit, who caught Bob Ruby, who caught the apothecary, who, in his second clutch, caught the doctor by the nose, which, in order to hold his grip, he almost twisted off his face.

In this struggle for safety, the apothecary, him of the window, through which he dived foremost, into the garden, which was eighteen feet beneath it; he was instantaneously followed by the doctor, who was followed by the exciseman, who was followed by all the rest; and as they did they succeed each other in their descent, a very handsome pyramid was soon erected, of which the apothecary, doctor, and exciseman, formed the base.

The next morning, the port and claret which they had been drinking, probably struck by a similar terror, had also disappeared; the story took wind, or rather the wind took the story to every quarter of the parish. For several nights afterwards, experiments were made by parties of fellows, who vowed that nothing should drive them from the room. A certain species of courage, however, is often very valorous in the absence of an enemy. Every succeeding set improved upon the rapidity with which their predecessors had escaped by the window; some contusions were received, and some collar-bones broken; and one man declared that, on getting through the window, he had received a most ungenerous visitation from the squire's tin-boot, which, he said, was applied to him in a part which he could not defend—with a vigour, too, that spoke very feel-

ingly for the bodily strength of the spirit, and compelled himself to suffer in the flesh.

The spirit, however, soon began to visit every room in the house, as well as that which was appropriated to the use of the Hell-fire Club. For three weeks the clanking of chains could be heard every night; and a strong smell of brimstone perfumed the house—an odour which the common people considered to be a very proper one, as coming from a departed member of the club. The parson was now once more called upon, but the spirit snapped its fingers in his face with defiance, and perfumed him to such a degree with foetid vapour, that he never returned to grapple with it again.

The Presbyterian minister was next called upon, but the spirit was near tweaking him by the nose; so overwhelming was the odour on this occasion, that he retreated with an alacrity very surprising in a man of his years, leaving the squire to the full enjoyment of his power. After him was the Methodist preacher sent to wrestle with it; but it received him with greater contempt, if possible, than that with which it had treated the other two.

At length, when all had failed, the Rev. Father Lavrock was once more sent for, to free the house of such an unwelcome inhabitant. For some time before he came it had established itself in the cellar, where the wine and spirits would have been accessible to mere mortals, had they been disposed to try their flavour. Father Lavrock, who befriended them at the *dead lift* on the day of the funeral, was accompanied by his curate; and as this second display of his power was more important even than the first, the Protestant parson, the Presbyterian minister, and the Methodist preacher, all attended to see themselves victorious together with the principal inhabitants of the rub.

Of those s. and his curate arrived, they were shown firmament arbour, where the company were assembled to witness the ceremony of laying old Warnock; alth their noses were stopped with plugs to save hr at the overwhelming smell of brimstone, by "A was perfectly stiding to those who approached the spirit.

"Gentlemen," said he to those who were in the parlour, "would you wish that I should order this old Warnock to appear in the middle of you—or would you prefer that I should lay him in another room? Maybe you'd relish seeing him settled for ever with your own eyes. But first a few words with these three gentlemen in black here. Now, what's the reason," said he to the parson, "that you haven't the power to banish him? Eh? I ask you the question like a Christian clergyman, in the face of all present? And you, sir," he added to the Presbyterian. "And my worthy circumambient friend, why are you not able to wrestle one fall with it?" said he to the Methodist preacher—"can't ye answer me? eh? ah," he added, shaking his head, "I could answer for each of you. Mr. Dease," said he to the proprietor of the house, "will you be good enough to furnish me with a thumb-bottle that has no crack or flaw in it, and a cork to fit it?"

This was immediately procured from the apothecary, who said he would give the best bottle in his shop for such a purpose.

"Father Tom," said he, to his curate, "will you volunteer to encounter Warnock along with me?"

At this moment the strong fumes of brimstone filled the room; and a sudden fit of sneezing having rendered it smellable to the curate, he got pale, and declared that it was not want of faith but of courage which prevented him.

"Of course," said Father Lavrock, "of course your faith is excellent, only it's a little shy just now; a brave man you are in the absence of the enemy." Saying which, he seized the candle and descended alone to the cellar. Immediately on his entrance, the candle was blown out, and he found himself in utter darkness.

"Be you devil, or Warnock, or warlock—in the first place I can tell you that you're a big reprobate, for reducing the room to darkness in the manner you've done. By the bones of St. Dominick, it's easy known your deeds are evil, for you don't love the light, you brimstone villain you!"

He then returned to the company, lit the candle, and once more descended without speaking a word; but on this occasion he took care to observe the room as accurately as possible, before he entered it. With caution he advanced, held up the candle, and over in the corner of the cellar beheld Warnock staggering like a man who had made too free with spirits; whilst the appearance of another spirit was visible, as he escaped out of a dark window that led by some passage from the room.

Father Lavrock opened his book, and read a prayer in Latin.

Warnock, however, was silent; but the priest could perceive that he scratched his head like a poor devil who was evidently perplexed.

"Do you understand Latin, you reprobate from the regions below?"

"Arrah, bud an' age! is it me, your riverence? oh, the devil a taste itself—the Lord forgive me for swearin', an' your riverence to the fore."

"Salvation to me! eh—if you're not Warnock, you common disturber you, tell me who you are, or, by St. Dominick, I'll sink you into the earth at a word's speaking."

"Bedad, your riverence is comin' hard upon us, so you are; but, sure, you wouldn't send us further down nor the cellar, anyway?"

"No parleying, you rascal, but tell me who or what are you, you schemer?"

"Well, well!" replied the spirit, "I tould Paddy it would ind this way at last—death alive, sir, don't you know your ould friend?"

"How could I know you," said the priest; "have you not the appearance of old Warnock, tin boots and all?"

"Why, thin, doesn't your riverence know Larry Shevlin, brother to Nogher, ould Warnock's man, that died last spring in a severe fit of brandy?"

"Why, and are you Larry?"

"Throth, sir, it was'n't o' myself I did it, but at

the instigation of Paddy Hanratty, that (hiccup) put me up to it—bekase, sir, we had the clothes o' the ould thief, along wid the wig and tin boots, myself havin' always a strong cast o' his face too (hiccup), an' then Paddy, sir, was fond o' the dhrink, sir (hiccup), and made too free wid it entirely (hiccup)."

"And what's that in your hand, Larry? Don't stagger."

"Devil a hapurth in life, sir, but a bottle, sir (hiccup)."

"A bottle!—and betwixt ourselves, Larry, what might be in it?"

"Eh, faix, your riverence, is that where you are—ha, ha, ha—see—just this way, sir, for it's more than half down—(hiccup)—up wid your elbow, sir—nearer the bottom—eh—ha, ha, ha—did you ever taste a purtier dhróp, your riverence?"

"Holy St. Dominick!—such brandy!—never seen water!"

"Oh, thin, the sorra *spudh*, since it came from the stillaye; only that Paddy, sir—(hiccup)—I may finish this sup, sir—that Paddy, you see, was too fond of it, sir—tundher an'—eh?—pursue the dhróp's in it."

"And whisper, Larry, or old Warnock. I should say—is it true that you chased the three black coats, and the hell-fire gentry?"

"The sorra purtier chase (hiccup) ever you seen than we gave them, your riverence—ha, ha;—but Paddy, sir, wouldn't keep from the dhrink, all—all—(hiccup)—I could do."

"Well, I'll tell you what, Larry, you must give up this work;—out with you now, and if I ever hear that you annoy this house again, I'll have you both punished; for it's death according to law, for one that has a body to become a spirit, and frighten his majesty's subjects out of their senses."

"An' maybe your riverence would be oblagein, enough to keep what passed on the dumb side of your tongue, sir—(hiccup)—wasn't it the choice *rize* we tuk out o' the dhrunken set o' them brimstone thieves—(hiccup)—that do nothing but dhrink and swear, your riverence?"

"Larry, I'll say nothing about it; but listen, if either of you breathe a syllable, by the three rungs of Jacob's ladder you'll cross the seas."

"Oh, the sor-sorra word, sir; good-night, your riverence. Will I bring the sulwhur and rotten lard along wid me, sir (hiccup), or lave them to keep the house healthy, sir, you understand?"

"Yes," said the priest, "leave nothing at all behind you, except the tin boots, as you can walk faster without them;—or stay, Larry, bring them in your hand, put a stone into each, and fling them into the lake—do you hear me—and keep silent while you live on this subject."

Very soon afterwards the priest came up stairs with the thumb bottle closely corked. "Now," said he, "if there's any gentleman here who wishes to get a sight of Warnock, I can accommodate him."

This, however, they declined. "Mister Dease,"

said he, addressing the proprietor of the inn, "I have put him into this bottle, which I shall throw into the lake behind the garden; but you are bound never to suffer the Hell-fire Club to sit in your house again. As for Warnock, his spirit's laid, he'll never trouble you more."

The landlord was so much delighted at this display of spirituality from the humorous priest that he made all who were present stay for supper; which was enlivened by the port and claret, on which Larry and his companions, aided by Warnock's *Barrow*-coloured costume and tin boots, had so *officely* amused themselves.

"Now," said the priest, after a *short* conversation with his reverend, he *proceeded* to *shake* and shook their *heads* and gentlemen of the *place* pleasant necessities, *to* to you upon a *certainty* of you, something like *share of interest*."

"And pray, Father Lavrock, what *does*, and" inquired the worthies, alarmed at the solemnity of the priest's manner.

"Why," said he, "in one sense, not very much—that is, as far as the world would be concerned; but to yourselves it's a trifle, anyway. In three words"—and he commenced knocking the floor with the end of the poker—"ye are doomed to go in this direction, except ye change your villainous courses. I got that much out of Warnock, at any rate; and more, maybe, that ye know nothing about. As for *an* apothecary here—but it's sufficient to say that *he* is in possession of a secret that I might make a *few* penny by, if —"

"Gentlemen," said the apothecary, bound in a state of alarm, "you'll all dine with me *to-morrow*—I insist upon it—and, Father Lavrock, *in* particular, and your curate, must be *certainly* me with your company."

"To be sure," said the priest, "we will be happy, not only to attend ourselves, but to meet all our friends here. Doctor," said he to the physician, "I believe you and the apothecary have been very intimate of late—Warnock and I had some *conversations*—"

"Gentlemen," said the doctor, "I insist that you shall all eat a bit with me on the day *after to-morrow*—as far as port and claret, and two or three other things go you shall be well treated. You, Father Lavrock, in particular, and Father Tom, must be certain to favour me with your very engaging company."

"Of course," replied the funny priest, "we shall not only be happy to do ourselves that honour, but to have the pleasure of meeting all our friends here, at your very hospitable table."

"Surgeon Surfeit," said the priest, "by-the-by, where did you take out your diploma, sir, if I may presume? Warnock and I in the cellar below—"

"Gentlemen," said the surgeon, "as you are to dine with my worthy friends here on to-morrow and the day after, I beg you will do me the favour of scratch-

ing a plate with me the day following the doctor's entertainment—as for fare, I trust you shall have no reason to complain.”

“We shall be happy to attend you, sir,” said Father Lavrock.

It is unnecessary to say that the adroit priest managed them admirably, or that the dinners were eaten with becoming energy. On the breaking up of the last entertainment, Father Lavrock gave “a full

and true account” of the apparition (sinking the brandy-bottle, which, as it was the only spirit he had laid during the exorcism, he did not think proper to disturb by narration). At all events, there was many a hearty laugh against the doughty members of the Hell-fire Club, for their valour in encountering that in which they pretended to have no faith, and at the trick Larry Shevlin and the humorous priest had put upon them.

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PEGGY THE PISHOGUE.

“AND now, Mickey Brennan, it's not but I have a grate regard for you, for throth you're a dacint boy, and a dacint father and mother's child; but you see, avick, the short and the long of it is, at you needn't be looking after my little girl any

of ch was the conclusion of a long and interesting the we pronounced by old Brian Moran of Lagh- the Mel. the purpose of persuading his daughter's outdone, to waive his pretensions—a piece of the town. never very easy to effect, but doubly

When h then the couple so unceremoniously into the P have laboured under the delusion that ad to wurn for each other, as was the case in the tair of which our story tells; and certainly, whatever Mr. Michael Brennan's other merits may have been, he was very far from exhibiting himself as a pattern of patience on the occasion.

“Why, thin, Brian Moran!” he outrageously exclaimed, “in the name of all that's out of the way, will you give me one reason, good, bad, or indifferent, and I'll be satisfied?”

“Och, you unfortunate gossoon, don't be afther axing me,” responded Brian, dolefully.

“Ah, thin, why wouldn't I?” replied the rejected lover. “Aren't we playing together since she could walk—wasn't she the light of my eyes and the pulse of my heart these six long years—and when did one of ye ever either say or sign that I was to give over until this blessed minute?—tell me that.”

“Widdy Eelish!” groaned the closely interrogated parent; “'tis true enough for you. Botheration to Peggy, I wish she tould you herself. I knew how it 'ud be; an' sure small blame to you; an' it'll kill Meny out an' out.”

“Is it that I amn't rich enough?” he asked, impetuously.

“No, avich machree, it isn't;—but, sure, can't you wait an' ax Peggy.”

“Is it because there's anything against me?” continued he, without heeding this reference to the mother of his fair one—“is it because there's anything against me, I say, now or evermore, in the shape of warrant, or summons, or bad word, or anything of the kind?”

“Och, *forrear, forrear!*” answered poor Brian; “but can't you ax Peggy!” and he clasped his hands again and again with bitterness, for the young man's interest had been, from long and constant habit, so interwoven in his mind with those of his darling Meny, that he was utterly unable to check the burst of agony which the question had excited. The old man's evident grief and evasion of the question were not lost upon his companion.

“I'm belied—I know I am—I have it all now,” shouted he, utterly losing all command of himself. “Come, Brian Moran, this is no child's play—tell me at once who dared to spake one word against me, an' if I don't drive the lie down his throat, be it man, woman, or child, I'm willing to lose her and every thing else I care for.”

“No, then,” answered Brian, “the never a one said a word against you—you never left it in their power, avich; an' that's what's breaking my heart. Millia murther, it's all Peggy's own doings.”

“What!” he replied—“I'll be bound Peggy had a bad dhrame about the match. Arrah, out with it, an' let us hear what Peggy the Pishogue has to say for herself—out with it, man; I'm asthray for something to laugh at.”

“Oh, whisht, whisht, don't talk that way of Peggy,

anyhow," exclaimed Brian, offended by this imputation on the unerring wisdom of his helpmate. "Whatever she says doesn't it come to pass? Didn't it rain on Saturday last, fine as the day looked? Didn't Tim Higgins's cow die? Wasn't Judy Carney married to Tom Knox afther all? Ay, an' as sure as your name is Mickey Brennan, what she says will come true of yourself, too. *Forrear, forrear!* that the like should befall one of your dacint kin!"

"Why, what's going to happen me?" inquired he, his voice trembling a little in spite of all his assumed carelessness: for contemptuously as he had alluded to the wisdom of his intended mother-in-law, it stood in too high repute not to create in him some dismay at the probability of his figuring unfavourably in any of her prognostications.

"Don't ax me, don't ax me," was the sorrowing answer; "but take your baste out of the stable at once, and go straight to Father Coffey;—and who knows but he might put you on some way to escape the bad luck that's afore you."

"Psha! fudge! 'pon my sowl it's a shame for you, Brian Moran."

"Divil a word of lie in it," insisted Brian; "Peggy found it all out last night; an', throth, it's troubling her as much as if you were her own flesh and blood. More betoken, haven't you a mole there under your ear?"

"Well, and what if I have?" rejoined he, peevishly, but alarmed all the while by the undisguised pity which his future lot seemed to call forth. "What if I have?—hadn't many a man the same afore me?"

"No doubt, Mickey, agra, and the same bad luck came to them, too," replied Brian. "Och, you unfortunate ignorant crathur, sure you wouldn't have me marry my poor little girl to a man that's sooner or later to end his days on the gallows!"

"The gallows?" he slowly exclaimed. "Holy Virgin! is that what's to become of me, after all?" he tried to utter a laugh of derision and defiance, but it would not do; such a vaticination from such a quarter was no laughing matter. So yielding at last to the terror which he had so vainly affected to combat, he buried his face in his hands, and threw himself violently on the ground; while Brian, scarcely less moved by the revelation he had made on the faith of his wife's far-famed sagacity, seated himself compassionately beside him to administer what consolation he could.

Mickey Brennan, in the parlance of our country, was a snug gossoon, well to do in the world, had a nice bit of land, a comfortable house, good crops, a pig or two, a cow or two, a sheep or two, a handsome good-humoured face, a good character; and what made him more marriageable than all the rest, he had the aforementioned goods all to himself; for his father and mother were dead, and his last sister had got married at Shrove-tide. With all these combined advantages he might have selected any girl in the parish: but his choice was made long years before: it was Meny Moran, or nobody—a choice in

which Meny Moran herself perfectly concurred, and which her father, good, easy, soft-hearted Brian, never thought of disputing, although he was able to give her a fortune probably amounting to double what her suitor was worth. But was the fair one's mother ever satisfied when such a disparity existed? Careful creatures! pound for pound is the maternal maxim in all ages and countries, and to give Peggy Moran her due, she was as much influenced by it as her betters, and murmured loud and long at the acquiescence of her husband in such a sacrifice. She murmured in vain, however: much as Brian deferred to her judgment and advice in all other matters, his love for his fond and pretty Meny armed him with resolution in this. When she wept at her mother's insinuations, he always found a word of comfort for her: and if words wouldn't do, he managed to bring Mickey and her together, and left them to settle the matter after their own way—a method which seldom failed of success. But Peggy was not to be balked of her will. What! she whose mere word could make or break any match for five miles round, to be forbidden all interference in her own daughter's: it was not to be borne. So at last she applied herself in downright earnest to the task. She dreamed at the match, tossed cups at it, saw signs at it: in fine, called her whole armoury of necromancy into requisition, and was rewarded at last by the discovery that the two highly-favoured swain was inevitably destined to end his days on the gallows—a discovery which, as has been already seen, fulfilled her most sanguine wishes.

Whatever may be the opinion of other and wiser people on the subject, in the parish of Ballycoursey or its vicinity it was rather an ugly joke to be thus devoted to the infernal gods by a prophetees of such unerring sagacity as Peggy Moran, or as she was sometimes styled with reference to her skill in all supernatural matters, Peggy the Pibben, a cognomen implying an acquaintance with all the things in heaven and earth than are, in any philosophy; and most unquestionably, it was no misnomer: the priest himself was not more deeply read in his breviary than was she in all the signs and omens, whereby the affairs of this moving world are shadowed and foretold—notling was too great or too small for her all-piercing ken—in every form of augury she was omniscient, from cup-tossing up to necromancy—in vain the mystic dregs of the tea-cup assumed shapes that would have puzzled Doctor Wall himself: with her first glance she detected at once the true meaning of the hieroglyphic symbol, and therefrom dealt out deaths, births, and marriages, with the infallibility of a newspaper—in vain Destiny, unwilling to be unrolled, shrouded itself in some dream that would have bothered King Solomon. Peggy no sooner heard it than it was unravelled—there was not a ghost in the country with whose haunts and habits she was not as well acquainted as if she was one of the fraternity—not a fairy could put his nose out without being detected by her—the value of property was increased tenfold all round the country by the skill with which she wielded her charms and

spells for the discovery of all manner of theft. It would be a melancholy instance, indeed, of Irish ingratitude if for all these superhuman exertions she was not rewarded by universal confidence. To the credit of the parish be it said that no such stigma was attached to it: nothing could equal the estimation in which all her words and actions were held by her neighbours—nothing but the estimation in which they were held in her own household by her husband and daughter.

Such being the gifted personage who had foretold the coming disasters of Mickey Brennan, it is not to be wondered at that the matter created a sensation, particularly as sundry old hags to whom she had imparted her discovery were requested to hush it up for the poor gossoon's sake. His friends sorrowed over him as a gone man, for not the most sceptical among them ventured to hazard even a doubt of Peggy's veracity—in fact, they viewed the whole as a matter requiring consolation and sympathy rather than as a scrutiny into the sources of her information, which by common consent were viewed as indubitable, while some, more compassionate than the rest, went so far as to declare "that since the thing could not be avoided, and Mickey, poor fellow, must be hanged, they hoped it might be for something decent, not robbing, or coining, or the like."

The hardest task of all is to describe the feelings of poor Brennan himself on the occasion; for much as he had affected to disparage the sibylline revelations of the weird woman of Ballycoursey, there was not one in the neighbourhood who was more disposed to yield them unlimited credence in any case but his own; and even in his own case he was not long enabled to struggle against conviction. Let people prate as they may about education and its effects, it will require a period of more generations than one to root the love of the marvellous out of the hearts of our men. Some people of course will laugh at an assertion, and more will very respectfully doubt it, but still it is true. But to return to the doomed man. How could he be expected to bear up against this terrible denunciation, when all the consolations he could receive from his nearest and dearest was that "it was a good man's death?" Death! poor fellow, he had suffered the pains of a thousand deaths already in living without the hope of ever being the husband of his Meny, and death, instant and immediate, would have been a relief to him.

And Meny—poor, heart-stricken Meny—loving as none but the true and simple-minded can love, the extent of her grief was such as the true and simple-minded only can know; and yet there was worse in store for her. Shortly after this consummation of her mother's fame, a whisper began to creep through the village—a whisper of dire import, portending death and disaster on some luckless wight unknown—"Peggy Moran has something on her mind." What could it be? Silent and mysterious she shook her head when anyone ventured to question her—the pipe was never out of her jaw unless when she slept or sat down to her meals—she became, as

cross as a cat, which to do her justice was not her wont, and eschewed all sorts of conversation, which most assuredly was not her wont either. The interest and curiosity of her neighbours was raised to a most agonising pitch—everyone trembled lest the result should be some terrible revelation affecting himself or herself, as the case might be: it was the burden of the first question asked in the morning, the last at night. Every word she uttered during the day was matter of speculation to a hundred anxious inquirers; and there was every danger of the good people of Ballycoursey going absolutely mad with fright if they were kept any longer in the dark on the subject.

At length there was a discovery; but, as is usually the case in all scrutinies into forbidden matters, it was at the cost of the too-daring investigator. Peggy and Brian were sitting one night before the fire, preparing for their retirement, when a notion seized the latter to probe the sorrows of his helpmate.

"Deed it well becomes you to ax," quoth the weird woman, in answer to his many and urgent inquiries; "for, Brian, achorra machree, my poor ould man, there's no use in hiding it—it's all about yourself."

"No, then!" exclaimed the surprised interrogator; "the Lord betune us an' harm, is it?"

"Deed, yes, Brian," responded the sibyl, with a melancholy tone out of the cloud of smoke in which she had sought to hide her troubles. "I'm thinking these last few days you're not yourself at all at all."

"Tare an ounties! maybe I'm not," responded he of the doubtful identity.

"Do you feel nothing on your heart, Brian, achree?"

"I do; sure enough I do," gasped poor Brian, ready to believe anything of himself.

"Something like a *plurrisy*, isn't it?" inquired the mourner.

"Ay, sure enough, like a *plurrisy*, for all the world, Lord betune us an' harm!"

"An' you do be very cowlid, I'll engage, these nights, Brian?" continued she.

"Widdy Eelish! I'm as cowlid as ice this minute," answered Brian, and his teeth began to chatter as if he was up to his neck in a mill-pond.

"An' your appetite is gone entirely, achra?" continued his tormentor.

"Sorra word o' lie in it," answered the newly discovered invalid, forgetful, however, that he had just finished discussing a skib of potatoes and a mug of milk for his supper.

"And the cat, the crathur, looked at you this very night, ather licking her paw."

"I'll engage she did. Bad luck to her," responded Brian, "I wouldn't put it beyant her."

"Let me feel your pulse, ashore," said Peggy, in conclusion; and Brian submitted his trembling wrist to her inspection, anxiously peering into her face all the while to read his doom therein. A long and deep sigh broke from her lips, along with a most voluminous puff of smoke, as she let the limb drop from her hold, and commenced rocking herself to and fro, uttering a low and peculiar species of moan,



which to her terrified patient sounded as a death summons.

"Murther-an-ages, Peggy, sure it's not going to die I am!" exclaimed Brian.

"Och, widdy! widdy!" roared the afflicted spouse, now giving full vent to her anguish; "it's little I thought, Brian, asthore machree, when I married you in your beauty and your prime, that I'd ever live to cry the keen over you—ochone, ochone! 'tis you were the good ould man in airnest—och! och!"

"Arrah, Peggy," interposed the object of her rather premature lamentations.

"Oh, don't talk to me—don't talk to me. I'll never hould up my head again, so I won't!" continued the widow that was to be, in a tone that quickly brought all the house about her, and finally all the neighbours. Great was the uproar that ensued, and noisy the explanations, which, however, afforded no small relief to the minds of all persons not immediately concerned in the welfare of the doomed Brian. Peggy was inconsolable at the prospect of such a bereavement. Meny clung in despair to the poor tottering old man, her grief too deep for lamentation, while he hobbled over his prayers as fast and as correctly as his utter dismay would permit him. Next morning he was unable to rise, refused all nourishment, and called vehemently for the priest. Every hour he became worse; he was out of one faint into another; announced symptoms of every complaint that ever vexed mankind, and declared himself affected by a pain in every member, from his toe to his cranium. No wonder it was a case to puzzle the doctor. The man of science could make nothing of it—swore it was the oddest complication of diseases that he ever had heard of—and strongly recommended that the patient be tossed in a blanket, and his wife treated to a taste of the horse-pond. Father Coffey was equally nonplussed.

"What ails you, Brian?"

"An all-overness of some kind or other, your reverence," groaned the sufferer, in reply, and the priest had to own himself a bothered man. Nothing would induce him to rise. "Where's the use in a man's gettin' up, an' he goin' to die?" was his answer to those who endeavoured to rouse him—"isn't it a dale dacinter to die in bed like a Christian?"

"God's good!—maybe you won't die this time, Brian."

"Arrah, don't be talking—doesn't Peggy know best?" And with this undeniable assertion he closed all his arguments, receiving consolation from none, not even his heart-broken Meny. Despite of all his entreaties to be let die in peace, the doctor, who guessed how matters stood, was determined to try the effects of a blister, and accordingly applied one of more than ordinary strength, stoutly affirming that it would have the effect of the patient being up and walking on the morrow. A good many people had gathered into his cabin to witness the cure, as they always do when their presence could be best dispensed with; and to these Peggy, with tears and moans, was declaring her despair in all remedies

whatever, and her firm conviction that a widow she'd be before Sunday, when Brian, roused a little by the uneasy stimulant from the lethargy into which they all believed him to be sunk, faintly expressed his wish to be heard.

"Peggy, agra," said he, "there's no denyin' but you're a wonderful woman entirely; an' since I'm goin', it would be a great consolation to me if you'd tell us all how you found out the sickness was on me afore I knew it myself. It's just curiosity, agra—I wouldn't like to die, you see, without knowin' for why an' for what—it 'ud have a foolish look if anybody axed me what I died of, an' me not able to tell them."

Peggy declared her willingness to do him this last favour, and, interrupted by an occasional sob, thus proceeded:—

"It was Thursday night week—throth I'll never forget that night, Brian, asthore, if I live to be as ould as Noah—an' it was just after my first sleep that I fell draiming. I thought I went down to Dan Keefe's to buy a taste ov mate, for ye all know he's a bullsheen that day for the market of Moy. I thought, when I went into his house, that I'd be hauglin' up but an ugly lane of a man was at it, in his too fresh neither, an' a strange way of lookin' at a hatchet; an' says he to me, 'What do you want to buy?'

"Well, honest worrath, I want to buy a taste of that to buy bullsheen?"

"Yes," says I, "I want to buy a taste of that to buy bullsheen?"

"Divil may ca" the opinion of the man and wife.

"Oh, don't, if you can't get the parish priest to stop his hand to stop his hand, but he lifts his hand, an' cuts it with a hatchet."

"Dth! dth!" with reverence to the dead, all her wondering watters, Peggy thought of the dream to Brian, and the method of explanation he had round to see how he suspected of such a fatal revelation. There he was sitting bolt upright in the bed, notwithstanding his unpleasant incumbance, his mouth and eyes wide open.

"Why, thin, blur-an'-ages, Peggy Moran," he slowly exclaimed, when he and they had recovered a little from their surprise, "do you mane to tell me that's all that ailed me?"

Peggy and her coterie started back as he uttered this extraordinary inquiry, there being something in his look that portended his intention to leap out of bed, and probably display his indignation a little too forcibly; for, quiet as he was, his temper wasn't proof against a blister; but his bodily strength failed him in the attempt, and, roaring with pain, he resumed his recumbent position. But Peggy's empire was over—the blister had done its business, and in a few days he was able to stump about as usual, threatening to inflict all sorts of punishments upon anyone who dared to laugh at him. A laugh is a thing, however, not easy to be controlled, and finally poor Brian's excellent temper was soured to

such a degree by the ridicule which he encountered, that he determined to seek a reconciliation with young Brennan, and the decrees of fate to Old Nick, and give Father Conroy a job with the young couple.

To this resolution, we are happy to say, he adhered: still happier are we to say, that among the county

records we have not yet met the name of his son-in-law, and that unless good behaviour and industry be declared crimes worthy of bringing their perpetrator to the gallows, there is very little chance indeed of Mickey Brennan fulfilling the prophecy of Peggy the Fishogee.

## PADDY THE SPORT.

BY SAMUEL LOVER.

by coming a sojourn of some days in the county of some, more visiting a friend, who was anxious to as to declare amusement to his guests as country and Mickey, poor "the dog and the gun" were, hoped it might be for acquisition; and the subject of or coining, or the like." attendant on the shooting-

The hardest task of all is to poor Brennan himself on the occ. middle-aged man, he had affected to disparage the si age, perhaps—fond of the weird woman of Ballycourse a red waistcoat—one in the neighbourhood who and an admirable to yield them unlimited credence in, a whiskey-own; and even in his own case, stubbles, Paddy enabled to struggle against convicta, her sort for his prate as they may about education and, he he had ever will require a period of more generati, he Sport," as to root the love of the marvellous out am. cification, which our countrymen. Some people of co whom he looked to such an assertion, and more himself—considering his ve to doubt it, he conferred a rank upon him that place am, me, considerably above them, to say nothing of the respect that was due to one so adroit in the use of the gun as himself; and, by the way, it was quite a scene to watch the air of self-complacency that Paddy, after letting fly both barrels into a covey and dropping his brace of birds as dead as a stone, quietly let down the piece from his shoulder, and commenced reloading, looking about him the while with an admirable carelessness, and when his piece was ready for action again, returning his ramrod with the air of a master, and then, throwing the gun into the hollow of his arm, walk forward to the spot where the birds were lying, and pick them up in the most business-like manner.

But to return to Paddy's love of mystification. One day I accompanied him, or perhaps it would be fitter to say he acted as guide, in leading me across a country to a particular point, where I wanted to make a sketch. His dogs and gun, of course, bore him company, though I was only armed with my portfolio; and we beat across the fields, merrily

enough, until the day became overcast, and a heavy squall of wind and rain forced us to seek shelter in the first cottage we arrived at. Here the good woman's apron was employed in an instant in dusting a three-legged stool to offer to "the gentleman," and "Paddy the Sport" was hailed with welcome by everyone in the house, with whom he entered into conversation in his usual strain of banter and mystification.

I listened for some time to the passing discourse; but the bad weather still continuing, I began amusing myself, until it should clear, in making an outline of a group of dogs that were stretched upon the floor of the cabin, in a small green-covered sketching-book that I generally carry about me for less important memoranda. This soon caused a profound silence around me; the silence was succeeded by a broken whispering, and Mr. Paddy, at last approaching me with a timidity of manner I could not account for, said: "Sure, sir, it wouldn't be worth your while to mind puttin' down the pup?" pointing to one that had approached the group of dogs, and had commenced his awkward gambols with his seniors.

I told him I considered the pup as the most desirable thing to notice; but scarcely were the words uttered, until the old woman cried out: "Terry, take that out o' that—I'm sure I don't know what brings all the dogs here:" and Terry caught up the pup in his arms, and was running away with him, when I called after him to stop; but 'twas in vain. He ran like a hare from me; and the old lady, seizing a branch of a furze-bush from a heap stored beside the chimney corner for fuel, made an onset on the dogs, and drove them yelping from the house.

I was astonished at this, and perceived that the air of everyone in the cottage was altered towards me; and instead of the civility which had saluted my entrance, estranged looks, or direct ones of no friendly character, were too evident. I was about to inquire the cause, when Paddy the Sport, going to the door, and tasting a weather-wise look abroad, said: "I think, sir, we may as well be goin'—and, indeed, the

day's clearin' up fine afther all, and 'ill be beautiful yit. Good-bye to you, Mrs. Flannerty,"—and off went Paddy; and I followed immediately, having expressed my thanks to the aforesaid Mrs. Flannerty, making my most engaging adieu, which, however, was scarcely returned.

On coming up with my conductor, I questioned him touching what the cause might be of the strange alteration in the manner of the cottagers, but all his answers were unsatisfactory or evasive.

We pursued our course to the point of destination. The day cleared, as was prophesied—Paddy killed his game—I made my sketch—and we bent our course homeward, as the evening was closing. After proceeding for a mile or two, I pointed to a tree in the distance, and asked Paddy what very large bird it could be that was sitting in it.

After looking sharply for some time he said: "It a bird, is it?—throth, it's a bird that never flew yit."

"What is it, then?" said I,

"It's a dog that's hangin'," said he.

And he was right; for as we approached, it became more evident every moment. But my surprise was excited, when, having scarcely passed the suspended dog, another tree rose up in my view, in advance, decorated by a pendant brace of the same breed.

"By the powers! there's two more o' them," shouted Paddy. "Why, at this rate, they have had more sportin' nor myself," said he. And I could see an expression of mischievous delight playing over the features of Mr. Paddy, as he uttered the sentence.

As we proceeded, we perceived almost every second bush had been converted into a gallows for the canine race; and I could not help remarking to my companion, that we were certainly in a very hang-dog country.

"Throth, thin, you may thank yourself for it," said he, laughing outright; for up to this period, his mirth, though increasing at every fresh execution he perceived, had been smothered.

"Thank myself," said I; "how?"

"By my sowl, you frekened the whole country this mornin'," said he, "with that little green book o' yours —"

"Is it my sketch-book?" said I.

"Begor, all the people thought it was a *ketch*-book, sure enough, and that you wor goin' round the country, to ketch all the dogs in it, and make thim pay —"

"What do you mean?" said I.

"Is it what I mane you want to know, sir?—throth, thin, I don't know how I can tell it to a gintleman, at all at all."

"Oh, you may tell me."

"Begor, sir, I wouldn't like offendin' your honour; but you see (since you must know, sir), that whin you tuk that little green book out iv your pocket, *they tuk* you for—savin' your presence—begor, I don't like tellin' you."

"Tut, nonsense, man," said I.

"Well, sir (since you *must* know), bedad, they tuk

you—I beg your honour's pardon—but, bedad, they tuk you for a tax-gatherer."

"A tax-gatherer!"

"Divil a lie in it; and whin they seen you takin' off the dogs, they thought it was to count thim, to make thim pay for thim; and so, bedad, they thought it best, I suppose, to hang thim out o' the way."

"Ha! Paddy," said I, "I see this is a piece of your knavery, to bewilder the poor people."

"Is it me?" says Paddy, with a look of assumed innocence, that avowed in the most provoking manner the inward triumph of Paddy in his own hoax.

"'Twas too much, Paddy," said I, "to practise so far on innocent people."

"Innocent!" said Paddy. "They're just about as innocent as a coal o' fire in a bag o' flax."

"And the poor animals, too!" said I.

"Is it the blackguard curs?" said Paddy, in the most sportsmanlike wonder at my commiserating any but a spaniel or pointer. "Throth, thin, sir, to tell you thruth, I let thim go an in their mistake, and I seen all along how 'twould be, and, 'pon my conscience, but a hopy riddance the country will have o' sich riff-raff varmint of cabin curs. Why, sir, the mangy mongrels goes about airly in the sayson, moroding through the corn, an murders the young birds, and does not let them come to their full time, to be killed in their nath'ral way, and ruinin' gintlemen's sport into the bargain, and, sure, hangin' is all that's good for thim."

So much for Paddy's mystifying powers. Of this *coup* he was not a little vain, and many a laugh he has made at my expense afterwards, by telling the story of the "painter gintleman that was mistuk for a tax-gatherer."

Paddy being a professed story-teller and a notorious liar, it may be naturally inferred that he dealt largely in fairy tales and ghost stories. Talking of fairies one day, for the purpose of exciting him to say something of them, I inquired if there were many fairies in that part of the country.

"Ah! no, sir!" said he, with the air of a sorrowing patriot—"not now. There was wanst a power of fairies used to keep about the place; but sence the *rale* quol'ty—the good owid families—has left it, and the upstarts has kem into it—the fairies has quitted it all out, and wouldn't stay here, but is gone further back into Connaught, where the owid blood is."

"But, I dare say, you have seen them sometimes?"

"No, indeed, sir. I never saw thim, barrin' wanst, and that was whin I was a boy; but I heerd them often."

"How did you know it was fairies you heerd?"

"Oh, what else could it be? Sure it was crossin' out over a road I was in the time o' the ruction, and heard full a thousand men marchin' down the road, and, bedad, I lay down in the gripe o' the ditch, not wishin' to be seen, nor likin' to be troublesome to thim; and I watched who they wor, and was peepin' out iv a turf o' rishes, when what should I see but nothin' at all, to all appearance, but the thrampin' o' min, and a clashin', and a jinglin', and that you'd

think the infantry, and yeomantry, and cavalry, was in it, and not a sight iv anything to be seen, but the brightest o' moonlight that ever kem out of the hivins."

"And that was all?"

"Divil a more; and, bedad, 'twas more nor I'd like to see or to hear agin."

"But you never absolutely saw any fairies?"

"Why, indeed, sir, to say that I seen thim, that is with my own eyes, wouldn't be thrue, barrin' wanst, as I said before, and that's many a long day ago, whin I was a boy, and I and another chap was watchin' turf in a bog; and whin the night was fallin' and we wor goin' home, 'What would you think,' says I, 'Charley, if we wor to go home by old Shaughnessey's field, and stale a shafe o' pays?' So he agreed, and off we wint to stale the pays; but whin we got over the fince, and was creepin' along the furrows for fear of bein' seen, I heerd someone runnin' afther me, and I thought we wor cotch, myself and the boy, and I turned round, and with that I seen two girls d'ressed in white—throth I never seen sitch white in my born days—they wor as white as the blown snow, and runnin' like the wind, and I knew at wanst that they wor fairies, and I threw myself down an my face, and, bedad, I was afeard to look up for nigh half an hour."

I inquired of him what sort of faces these fine girls had.

"Oh, the divil a stim o' their faytures I could see, for the minit I clapt my eyes on thim, knowin' they wor fairies, I fell down, and darn't look at thim twicet."

"It was a pity you did not remark them," said I.

"And do you think it's a fool I am, to look twicet at a fairy, and maybe have my eyes whipt out iv my lead, or turned into stones, or stone blind, which is all as one."

"Then you can scarcely say you saw them?" says I.

"Oh, bedad, I can say I seen thim, and sware it, for that matther: at laste, there was somethin' I seen as white as the blown snow."

"Maybe they were ghosts, and not fairies," said I: "ghosts, they say, are always seen in white."

"Oh, by all that's good, they warn't ghosts, and that I know full well, for I know the differ betune ghosts and fairies."

"You have had experience then in both, I suppose?"

"Faix you may say that. Oh, I had a wondherful great *appearance* wanst that kem to me, or, at laste, to the house where I was; for, to be sure, it wasn't to me it kem, why should it? But it was whin I was livin' at the lord's in the next county, before I kem to live with his honour here, that I saw the appearance."

"In what shape did it come?"

"Throth, thim, I can't well tell you what shape; for, you see, whin I heerd it comin' I put my head undher the clothes, and never looked up, nor opened my eyes until I heerd it was gone."

"But how do you know that it was a ghost?"

"Oh, sure all the country knew the house was throubled; and, indeed, that was the rayson I had for lavin' it; for whin my lord turned me off, he was expectin' that I'd ax to be tuk back agin; and, faith, sorry he was, I go bail, that I didn't, but I wouldn't stay in the place and it haunted!"

"Then it *was* haunted?"

"To be sure it was; sure, I tell you, sir, the sper't kem to me."

"Well, Paddy, that was only civil—returning a visit; for I know you are fond of going to the spirits occasionally."

"Musha, bud your honour is always jokin' me about the dhrop. Oh, bud, faith, the sper't kem to me; and whin I hid my head undher the clothes, sure didn't I feel the sper't sthrivin' to pull them aff o' me. But wait and I'll tell you how it was.—You see, myself and another sarvant was sleepin' in one room, and by the same token, a thievin' rogue he was the same sarvant, and I heerd a step comin' down the stairs, and the latch was riz; but the door was locked, for I turned the key in it myself; and whin the sper't seen the latch was fast, bedad the key was turned in the door (though it was inside, av coorse), and the sper't walked in, and I heerd the appearance walkin' about the place, and it kem and shuk me; but as I tould you, I shut my eyes, and rowled my head up in the clothes; well, with that, it wint and raked the fire (for I suppose it was cowl'd), but the fire was a'most gone out, and with that it wint to the turf-bucket to see if there was any sods there to throw an the fire; but not a sod there was left, for we wor sittin' up late indeed (it bein' the young lord's birthday, and we wor drinkin' his health), and whin it couldn't find any turf in the bucket, bad cess to me but it began to kiek the buckets up and down the room for spite, and divil such a clatter I ever heerd as the sper't made, kickin' the turf-bucket like a fut-ball round the place; and whin it was tired plazin' itself that-a-way, the appearance kem and shuk me agin, and I roared and bawled at last, and thin away it wint, and slammed the door afther it, that you'd think it id pull the house down."

"I'm afraid, Paddy," said I, "that this was nothing more than a troublesome dream."

"Is it a dhrame, your honour! That a 'dhrame! By my sow! that id be a quare dhrame! Oh, in throth, it was no dhrame it was, but an appearance; but, indeed, afther, I often thought it was an appearance for death, for the young lord never lived to see another birthday. Oh, you may look at me, sir, but it's throth. Ay, and I'll tell you what's more: the young lord, the last time I seen him out, was one day he was huntin', and he kem in through the back yard, and passed through that very room to go up by the stairs, and, as he wint in through that very door that the appearance slammed afther it, what would you think, but he slammed the door afther him the very same way; and, indeed, I thrimbled whin I thought iv it. He was in a hurry, to be sure; but I think there was some maynin' in it"—and Paddy looked mysterious.

After the foregoing satisfactory manner in which Paddy showed so clearly that he understood the

difference between a ghost and a fairy, he proceeded to enlighten me with the further distinction of a spirit from either of them. This was so very abstruse, that I shall not attempt to take the elucidation of the point out of Paddy's own hands; and should you, gentle reader, ever have the good fortune to make his acquaintance, Paddy, I have no doubt, will clear up the matter as fully and clearly to your satisfaction as he did to mine. But I must allow Paddy to proceed in his own way.

"Well, sir, before I go an to show you the differ betune the fairies and the sper'ts, I must tell you about a mighty quare thrick the fairies were goin' to play at the lord's house, whin the appearance kem to me, only that the nurse (and she was an aunt o' my own), had the good luck to baulk thim. You see the way it was was this. The child was a man-child, and it was the first boy was in the family for many a long day; for they say there was a prophecy standin' agin the family, that there should be no son to inherit; but at last there was a boy, and a lovely fine babby it was, as you'd see in a summer's day; and so, one evenin', that the fam'ly, my lord and my lady, and all o' thim, was gone out, and gev the nurse all sorts o' charges about takin' care o' the child, she was not long alone, whin the housekeeper kem to her, and ax'd her to come down stairs, where she had a party; and they expected to be mighty pleasant, and was to have great goins an; and so the nurse said she didn't like lavin the child, and all to that; but, howsoever, she was beguiled into the thing; and she said at last that as soon as she left the child out iv her lap, where she was hushing it to sleep, forninst the fire, that she'd go down to the rest o' the sarvants, and take share o' what was goin'.

"Well, at last the child was fast asleep, and the nurse laid it an the bed, as careful as if it was goolden diamonds, and tucked the curtains roun' about the bed, and made it as safe as Newgate, and thin she wint down, and joined the divarshin—and merry enough they wor, at playin' iv cards, and dhrinkin' punch, and dancin', and the like o' that.

"But I must tell you, that before she wint down at all, she left one o' the housemaids to stay in the room, and charged her, on her apparel, not to lave the place until she kem back; but, for all that, her fears wouldn't let her be aisy; and, indeed, it was powerful lucky that she had an inklin' o' what was goin' an. For, what id you think, but the blackguard iv a housemaid, as soon as she gets the nurse's back turned, she ups and she goes to another party was in the sarvants' hall, wid the undher-sarvants; for whin the lord's back was turned, you see, the house was all as one as a play-house, fairly turned upside down.

"Well, as I said, the nurse (undher God) had an inklin' o' what was to be: for, though there was all sorts o' divarshin goin' an in the housekeeper's room, she could not keep the child out iv her head, and she thought she heard the screeches av it ringin' in her ear every minit, although she knew full well she was far beyant where the cry o' the child could be heard—but still the cry was as plain in her ear as the ear-ring she had in it; and so at last she grown so onaisy

about the child, that she was goin' up stairs agin—but she was stopped by one, and another coaxed her, and another laughed at her, till at last she grew ashamed of doin' what was right (and God knows, but many a one iv uz is laughed out o' doin' a right thing), and so she sat down agin—but the cry in her ears wouldn't let her be aisy; and at last she tuk up her candle, and away she wint up stairs.

"Well, afther passin' the two first flights, sure enough she heard the child a screechin', that id go to your heart; and with that she hurried up so fast, that the candle a'most wint out with the draught; and she run into the room, and wint up to the bed, callin' out *My lanna bawn*, and all to that, to soother the child; and pullin' open the bed-curtain, to take the darlin' up—but what would you think, not a sign o' the child was in the bed, good, bad, or indifferent; and she thought the life id lave her; for thin she was afeard the child dhropped out o' the bed—though she thought the curtains was tucked so fast and so close, that no accident could happen; and so she run round to the other side, to take up the child (though, indeed, she was afeard she'd see it with its brains dashed out), and lo and behold you, divil a taste iv it was there, though she heard it screechin' as if it was murtherin': and so thin she didn't know what in the wide world to do; and she run rootin' into every corner o' the room, lookin' for it: but bad cess to the child she could find—whin, all iv a suddint, turnin' her eyes to the bed agin, what did she persave, but the fut-carpet that wint round the bed, goin' by little and little undher it, as if someone was pullin' it; and so she made a dart at the carpet, and cotch hold o' the ind iv it—and, with that, what should she see, but the babby lyin' in the middle o' the fut-carpet, as if it was dhravin' down into the fire, undher the bed; one half o' the babby was out o' sight already, undher the boords, whin the nurse seen it, and it screechin' like a sae-gull, and she laid houl' iv it; and, faith, she often towl' myself, that she was obleeged to give a good sthrough pull before she could get the child from the fairies —"

"Then it was the fairies were taking the child away?" said I.

"Who else would it be?" said Paddy. "Sure the carpet wouldn't be runnin' undher the bed itself, if it wasn't pulled by the fairies!—besides, I towl' you there was a prophecy stannin' agin the male boys of the lord's family."

"I hope, however, that boy lived?"

"Oh, yes, sir, the charn was bruk that night; for the other childher used to be tuk away always by the fairies; and that night the child id have been tuk only for the nurse, that was given (undher God) to undherstan' the screechin' in her ears, and arrived betimes to ketch howit o' the carpet, and baulk the fairies; for all knowledgable people I ever heard, says, that if you baulk the fairies *want*, they'll lave you alone evermore."

"Pray, did she see any of the fairies that were stealing the child?"

"No, sir; the fairies doesn't love to be seen, and

seldom at all you get a sight iv them; and that's the differ I was speakin' iv to you betune fairies and sper'ts. Now, the sper'ts is always seen in some shape or other; and maybe it id be a bird, or shafe o' corn, or a big stone, or a hape o' dung, or the like o' that, and never know 'twas a sper't at all, antil you wor made sinsible av it, some how or other; maybe it id be that you wor comin' home from a friend's house late at night, and you might fall down, and couldn't keep a leg undher you, and not know why, barrin' it was a sper't misled you—and maybe it's in a ditch you'd find yourself asleep in the mornin' whin you woke."

"I daresay, Paddy, that same has happened to yourself before now?"

"Throth, and you may say that, sir; but the commonest thing in life is for a sper't for to take the shape iv a dog—which is a favourite shape with sper'ts—and, indeed, Tim Mooney, the miller, in the next town, was a'most frekened out iv his life by a sper't that-a-way; and he'd ha' been murdered only he had the good loock to have a *rale* dog wid him—and a rale dog is the finest thing in the world agin sper'ts."

"How do you account for that, Paddy?"

"Bekase, sir, the dog's the most sinsible, and the bowldest baste, barrin' the cock, which is bowldher for his size than any o' God's craythurs; and so, whin the cock crows, all evil sper'ts vanishes; and the dog bein', as I said, bowld, and sinsible also, is mighty good; besides, you couldn't make a cock your companion—it wouldn't be nath'ral to rayson, you know—and therefore a dog is the finest thing in the world for a man to have with him in troublesome places: but I must tell you, that though sper'ts dhreads a dog, a fairy doesn't mind him—for I have heard o' fairies ridin' a dog, all as one as a monkey—and a lantern also is good, for the sper't o' darkness dhreads the light. But this is not tellin' you about Mooney the miller:—He was comin' home, you see, from a neighbour's, and had to pass by a rath; and whin he just kim to the rath, his dog that was wid him (and a brave dog he was, by the same token) began to growl, and gev a low bark; and with that, the miller seen a great big baste of a black dog comin' up to thim, and walks a one side iv him, all as one as if he was his mather; with that Mooney's own dog growled agin, and runs betune his mather's legs, and there he staid walkin' on wid him, for to purtest him; and the miller was frekened a'most out iv his life, and his hair stood up sthrait an his head, that he was obleeged to put his hand up to his hat, and shove it down an his head, and three times it was that way, that his hair was risin' the hat aff his head with the fright, and he was obleeged to howld it down, and his dog growlin' all the time, and the black thief iv a dog keepin' dodgin' him along, and his eyes like coals o' fire, and the terriblest smell of sulphur, I hear, that could be, all the time, till at last they came to a little sthrame that divided the road; and there, my dear, the sper't disappeared, not bein' able to pass runnin' wather; for sper'ts, sir, is always waken'd with wather."

"That I believe, said I; "but, I think, Paddy, you seldom put spirits to so severe a trial."

"Ah, thin, but your honour will never give over jeerin' me about the dhrop. But, in throth, what I'm tellin' you is thrue about it—runnin' wather desthroys sper'ts."

"Indeed, Paddy, I know that is your opinion."

"Oh! murther, murther!—there I made a slip agin, and never seen it till your honour had the advantage o' me. Well, no matther, whiskey is good anyway; but, indeed, I think it has so good a name iv its own that it's a pity to spile it, baptizin' it any more."

Such were the marvellous yarns that Paddy was constantly spinning. Indeed he had a pride, I rather think, in being considered equally expert at "the long bow" as at the rifle; and if he had not a bouncer to astonish his hearers with, he endeavoured that his ordinary strain of conversation, or his answer to the commonest question, should be of a nature to surprise them. Such was his reply one morning to his master, when he asked Paddy what was the cause of his being so hoarse.

"Indeed, sir," answered Paddy, "it's a cowl I got, and indeed myself doesn't know how I cotch cowl, barrin' that I slep' in a field last night, and forgot to shut the gate after me."

"Ah, Paddy," said the squire, "the old story—you were drunk as usual, and couldn't find your way home. You are a shocking fellow, and you'll never get on, as long as you give yourself up to whiskey."

"Why, thin, your honour, sure that's the rayson I ought to get an the fasher; for isn't a 'spur in the head worth two in the heel,' as the ould sayin' is?"

Here a laugh from the squire's guests turned the scale in Paddy's favour.

"I give you up, Paddy," said the master—"you're a sad dog—worse than Larry Lanigan."

"Oh, murther! Is it Lanigan you'd be after comparin' me to," said Paddy. "Why, Lanigan is the completest dhrinker in Ireland—by my sowkins—more whiskey goes through Lanigan than any other worm in the county. Is it Lanigan? Faiks, that's the lad could take the consait out iv a gallon o' sper'ts, without quittin' it. Throth, Lanigan is just the very chap that id go to first Mass every mornin' in the year, if holy wather was whiskey."

This last reply left Paddy in possession of the field, and no further attack was made upon him on the score of his love of "the dhrop!" and this triumph on his part excited him to exert himself in creating mirth for the gentlemen who formed the shooting party. One of the company retailed that well-known joke made by Lord Norbury, viz., when a certain gentleman declared that he had shot twenty hares before breakfast, his lordship replied, that he *must have fired at a wig*.

Here Paddy declared that he thought "it was no great shootin'" to kill twenty hares, for that he had shot seventy-five brace of rabbits in one day.

"Seventy-five brace!" was laughed forth from everyone present.

"Bad loock to the lie in it," said Paddy.

"Oh, be easy, Paddy," said his master.

"There it is now: and you won't b'live me? Why thin, in throth, it's not that I'm proud iv it, I tell you, for I don't think it was any great things iv shootin', at all at all."

Here a louder burst of merriment than the former hailed Paddy's declaration.

"Well, now," said Paddy, "if yez be quiet, and listen to me, I'll explain it to your satisfaction. You see, it was in one of the islan's aff the shore there," and he pointed seawards—"it was in one o' the far islan's out there, where rabbits are so plinty, and runnin' so thick, that you can scarcely see the grass."

"Because the island is all sand," said his master.

"No, indeed, now!—though you thought you had me there," said Paddy, very quietly. "It's not the sandy islan', at all, bud one further out."

"Which of them?"

"Do you know the little one with the black rock?"

"Yes."

"Well, it's not that. But you know —"

"Arrah! can't you tell his honour," said a peasant, who was an attendant on the party, to carry the game—"can't you tell his honour at wanst, and not be delayin'—"

Paddy turned on this plebeian intruder with the coolest contempt, and said, "Hurry no man's cattle, get a jackass for yourself—" and then resumed—"Well, sir, bud you know the island with the sharp headlan' —"

"Yes."

"Well, it's not that either; but if you —"

"At this rate, Paddy," said the squire, "we shall never hear which island this wonderful rabbit burrow is in. How would you steer for it after passing Inismoyle?"

"Why, thin, you should steer about nor-west, and when you cleared the black rocks you'd have the sandy islan' bearin' over your larboard bow, and thin you'd see the islan' I spake ov, when you run about as far as —"

"Pooh! pooh!" said the squire, "you're dreamin', Paddy; there's no such island at all."

"By my sowl, there is, begging your honour's pardon."

"It's very odd I never saw it."

"Indeed, it's a wondher, sure enough."

"Oh! it can't be," said the squire. "How big is it?"

"Oh! bedad, it's as big as ever it 'ill be," said Paddy, chuckling.

This answer turned the laugh against the squire again, who gave up further cross-questioning of Paddy, whose readiness of converting his answers into jokes generally frustrated any querist who was hardy enough to engage with Paddy in the hope of puzzling him.

"Paddy," said the squire, "after that wonderful rabbit adventure, perhaps you would favour the gentlemen with that story you told me once about a fox?"

"Indeed and I will, plaze your honour," said Paddy, "though I know full well the divil a one

word iv it you b'live, nor the gentlemen won't either, though you're axin' me for it—but only want to laugh at me, and call me a big liar, whin my back's turned."

"Maybe we wouldn't wait for your back being turned, Paddy, to honour you with that title."

"Oh, indeed, I'm not saying you wouldn't do it as soon foreninst my face, your honour, as you often did before, and will agin, plaze God, and welkim —"

"Well, Paddy, say no more about that, but let's have the story."

"Sure I'm losin' no time, only tellin' the gentlemen before hand, that it's what they'll be callin' it a lie—and indeed it's ancommon, sure enough; but you see, gentlemen, you must remember that the fox is the cunnin'est baste in the world, barrin' the wran —"

Here Paddy was questioned why he considered the wren as cunnin' a baste as the fox.

"Why, sir, bekase, all birds build their nests wid one hole to it only, excep'n the wran; but the wran builds two holes to the nest, and so that if any inimy comes to disturb it upon one door, it can go out an the other. But the fox is 'cute to that degree, that there's many a mortial a fool to him—and, bedad, the fox could buy and sell many a Christian, as you'll soon see by-and-by, when I tell you what happened to a wood-ranger that I knew wanst, and a dacent man he was, and wouldn't say the thing in a lie.

"Well, you see, he kem home one night, mighty tired—for he was out wid a party in the domain, cock-shootin' that day; and whin he got back to his lodge, he threw a few logs o' wood an the fire, to make himself comfortable, an' he tuk whatever little matter he had for his supper; and, afther that he felt himself so tired, that he wint to bed. But you're to undherstan' that, though he wint to bed, it was more for to rest himself like, than to sleep, for it was airy; and so he jist wint into bed, and there he divarted himself lookin' at the fire, that was blazin' as merry as a bonfire an the hearth.

"Well, as he was lyin' that-a-way, jist thinkin' o' nothin' at all, what should come into the place but a fox. But I must tell you, what I forgot to tell you before, that the ranger's was on the bordhers of the wood, and he had no one to live wid him but himself, barrin' the dogs that he had the care iv, that was his only companions, and he had a hole cut an the door, with a swingin' boord to it, that the dogs might go in or out accordin' as it plazed thim; and, bedad, the fox came in, as I tould you, through the hole in the door, as bould as a ram, and walked over to the fire, and sat down foreninst it.

"Now, it was mighty provokin' that all the dogs was out—they wor rovin' about the wood, you see, lookin' for to catch rabbits to ate, or some other mischief, and so it happened that there was'n't as much as one individhial dog in the place; and, begor, I'll go bail the fox knew that right well, before he put his nose inside the ranger's lodge.

"Well, the ranger was in hopes some o' the dogs id come home and ketch the chap, and he was loath

to stir hand or fut himself, afeard o' freghtenin' away the fox; but, begor, he could hardly keep his timper at all, at all, whin he seen the fox take his pipe aff o' the hob, where he left it afore he wint to bed, and puttin' the bowl o' the pipe into the fire to kindle it (it's as thrue as I'm here), he began to smoke fore-ninst the fire, as nath'ral as any other man you ever seen.

"'Musha, bad luck to your impidence, you long-tailed blaguard,' says the ranger, 'and is it smokin' my pipe you are? Oh, thin, by this and by that, if I had my gun convaynient to me, it's fire and smoke of another sort, and what you wouldn't bargain for, I'd give you,' says he. But still he was loath to stir, hopin' the dogs id come home: and, 'begor, my fine fellow,' says he to the fox, 'if one o' the dogs comes home, saltpethre wouldn't save you, and that's a sthrong pickle.'

"So, with that, he watched antil the fox wasn't mindin' him, but was busy shakin' the cindhers out o' the pipe, whin he was done wid it, and so the ranger thought he was goin' to go immediately ather gitten' an air o' the fire and a shough o' the pipe; and so, says he, 'Faiks, my lad, I won't let you go so aisy as all that, as cunnin' as you think yourself;' and with that he made a dart out o' bed, and run over to the door, and got betune it and the fox; and 'now,' says he, 'your bread's baked, my buck, and maybe my lord won't have a fine run out o' you, and the dogs at your brish every yard, you morodin' thief, and the divil pity you,' says he, 'for your impidence—for sure, if you hadn't the impidence of a highwayman's horse, it's not into my very house, undher my nose, you'd daar for to come;' and with that, he began to whistle for the dogs; and the fox, that stood eyein' him all the time while he was spakin', began to think it was time to be joggin' whin he heard the whistle—and says the fox to himself, 'Throth, indeed, you think yourself a mighty great ranger now,' says he, 'and you think you're very cute, but upon my tail, and that's a big oath, I'd be long sorry to let sitch a mallet-headed bog-throtter as yourself take a dirty advantage o' me, and I'll engage,' says the fox, 'I'll make you lave the door soon and suddint;' and with that, he turned to where the ranger's brogues was lyin' hard by beside the fire, and what would you think, but the fox took up one o' the brogues, and wint over to the fire and threw it into it.

"'I think that'll make you start,' says the fox.

"'Divil resave the start,' says the ranger; 'that won't do, my buck,' says he; 'the brogue may burn to cindhers,' says he, 'but out o' this I won't stir;' and thin, puttin' his fingers into his mouth, he gev a blast iv a whistle you'd hear a mile off, and shouted for the dogs.

"'So that won't do?' says the fox. 'Well, I must thry another offer,' says he; and, with that, he tuk up the other brogue, and threw it into the fire, too.

"'There, now,' says he, 'you may keep the other company,' says he; 'and there's a pair o' ye now, as the divil said to his knee-buckles.'

"'Oh, you thievin' varmint,' says the ranger, 'you won't lave me a tack to my feet; but no matther,' says he, 'your head's worth more nor a pair o' brogues to me, any day; and, by the Piper o' Blessin-town, you're money in my pocket this minit,' says he, and with that, the fingers was in his mouth agin, and he was goin' to whistle, whin, what would you think, but up sits the fox an his hunkers, and puts his two fore-paws into his mouth, makin' game o' the ranger—bad luck to the lie I tell you.

"Well, the ranger, and no wondher, although in a rage he was, couldn't help laughin' at the thought o' the fox mockin' him, and, bedad, he tuk sitch a fit o' laughin', that he couldn't whistle, and that was the 'cuteness o' the fox to gain time; but whin his first laugh was over the ranger recovered himself, and gev another whistle; and so says the fox, 'By my sowl,' says he, 'I think it wouldn't be good for my health to stay here much longer, and I mustn't be thriflin' with that blackguard ranger any more,' says he, 'and I must make him sinsic that it is time to let me go; and, though he hasn't understandin' to be sorry for his brogues, I'll go bail I'll make him lave that,' says he, 'before he'd say *sparables*'—and, with that, what do you think the fox done? By all that's good—and the ranger himself towld me out iv his own mouth, and said he would never have b'lieved it, only he seen it—the fox tuk a lighted piece iv a log out o' the blazin fire, and run over wid it to the ranger's bed, and was goin' to throw it into the sthraw, and burn him out of house and home; so when the ranger seen that, he gev a shout out iv him—

"'Hilloo! hilloo! you murderin' villian,' says he, 'you're worse nor Captain Rock; is it goin' to burn me out you are, you red rogue iv a Ribbonman?' and he made a dart betune him and the bed, to save the house from bein' burned; but, my jew'l, that was all the fox wanted—and as soon as the ranger quitted the hole in the door that he was standin' foreninst, the fox let go the blazin' faggit, and made one jump through the door, and escaped.

"But before he wint, the ranger gev me his oath, that the fox turned round and gev him the most contemptible look he ever got in his life, and showed every tooth in his head with laughin'; and at last he put out his tongue at him, as much as to say—'You've missed me, like your mammy's blessin',' and off wid him!—like a flash o' lightnin'."



## BILLY MALOWNEY'S TASTE OF LOVE AND GLORY.

Av course ye often heerd talk of Billy Malowney, that lived by the bridge of Carrickadrum. Leum-arinka was the name they put on him, he was sich a beautiful dancer. An' faix, it's he was the rale sportin' boy, every way—killin' the hares and gaffin' the salmons, an' fightin' the men, an' funnin' the women, and coortin' the girls; an' be the same token, there was not a colleen inside iv his jurisdiction but was breakin' her heart wid the fair love iv him. Well, this was all pleasant enough, to be sure, while it lasted; but inhuman beings is born to misfortune, an' Bill's divarshin was not to last always. A young boy can't be continually coortin' and kissin' the girls (an' more's the pity) without exposin' himself to the most eminent parril; an' so signs an, what should happen Billy Malowney himself, but to fall in love at last wid little Molly Donovan, in Coolnamoe.

I never could onderstand why, in the world, it was Bill fell in love wid *her*, above all the girls in the country. She was not within four stone weight iv being as fat as Peg Brallaghan; and as for redness in the face, she could not hould a candle to Judy Flaherty (poor Judy! she was my sweetheart, the darlin', and coorted me constant, ever until she married a boy of the Butler's; an' it's twenty years now since she was buried under the ould white-thorn in Garbally. But that's no matther!) Well, at any rate, Molly Donovan tuck his fancy' an' that's everything! She had smooth brown hair—as smooth as silk—an' a pair iv soft coaxin' eyes—an' the whitest little teeth you ever seen; an', bedad, she was every taste as much in love wid himself as he was.

Well, now, he was raly stupid wid love: there was not a bit of fun left in him. He was good for nuthin' an' airth bud sittin' under bushes, smokin' tobacky, and sighin' till you'd wondher how in the world he got wind for it all. An' bedad, he was an illigant scholar, moreover; an', so signs, it's many's the song he made about her; an' if you'd be walkin' in the evening, a mile away from Carrickadrum, begorra you'd hear him singin' out like a bull, all across the country, in her praises.

Well, you may be sure, ould Tim Donovan and the wife was not a bit too well plased to see Bill Malowney coortin' their daughter Molly; for, do ye mind, she was the only child they had, and her fortune was thirty-five pounds, two cows, and five illegant pigs, three iron pots and a skillet, an' a thrife iv poultry in hand; and no one knew how much besides, whenever the Lord id be plased to call the ould people out of the way into glory!

So, it was not likely ould Tim Donovan id befallin' in love wid poor Bill Malowney as aisy as the girls did; for, barrin' his beauty, an' his gun, an' his dhudbeen,

an' his janius, the devil a taste of property iv any sort or description he had in the wide world!

Well, as bad as that was, Billy would not give in that her father and mother had the smallest taste iv a right to intherfare, good or bad. "An' you're welcome to rayfuse me," says he, "whin I ax your lave," says he; "an' I'll ax your lave," says he, "whenever I want to coort yourselves, says he; "but it's your daughter I'm coortin' at the present," says he, "an' that's all I'll say," says he; "for I'd as soon take a doase of salts as be discoursin' ye," says he. So it was a rale blazin' battle betune himself and the ould people; an', begorra, there was no soart iv blaguardin' that did not pass betune them; an' they put a solemn injection on Molly again seein' him or meetin' him for the future.

But it was all iv no use. You might as well be persuadin' the birds agin flyin', or athrivin' to coax the stars out iv the sky into your hat as be talking common sence to them that's fairly bothered and burstin' wid love. There's nothin' like it. The toothache an' cholic together id compose you better for an argyment than itself. It leaves you fit for nothin' bud nansinse. It's stronger than whiskey, for one good drop iv it will make you drunk for one year, and sick, begorra, for a dozen. It's stronger than the say, for it'll carry you round the world an' never let you sink, in sunshine or storm; an', begorra, it's stronger than Death himself, for it is not affard iv him, bedad, but dares him in every shape.

Bud lovers has quarrels sometimes, and, begorra, when they do, you'd a'most imagine they hated one another like man and wife. An' so signs an, Billy Malowney and Molly Donovan fell out one evening at ould Tom Dundon's wake; an' whatever came betune them, she made no more about it but just draws her cloak round her, and away wid herself and the sarvant-girl home again, as if there was not a corpse, or a fiddle, or a taste of divarshin in it.

Well, Bill Malowney follid her down the boreen, to try could he deludher her back again; but, if she was bitther before, she gave it to him in airnest when she got him alone to herself, and to that degree that he wished her safe home, short an' sulky enough, an' walked back again, as mad as the devil himself, to the wake, to pay a respect to poor Tom Dundon.

Well, my dear, it was aisy seen there was something wrong wid Billy Malowney, for he paid no attintion the rest of the evening to any soart of divarshin but the whiskey alone; an' every glass he'd drink, it's what he'd be wishin' the devil had the women, and the worst iv bad luck to all soarts iv courting, until, at last, wid the goodness iv the sperits, an' the badness iv his temper, an' the con-

stant frustration iv cursin', he grew all as one as you might say almost, sargin your presence, bastely drunk!

Well, who should he fall in wid, in that childish condition, as he was deploying along the road, almost as straight as the letter S, an' cursin' the girls, an' roarin' for more whiskey, but the recruiting-sargent iv the Welsh Confusileers. So, cute enough, the sargent begins to converse him, an' it was not long until he had him sitting in Murphy's public-house, wid an elegant dandy iv punch before him, an' the king's money safe an' snug in the lowest wrinkle of his breeches-pocket.

So away wid him, and the dhrums and fifes playing, an' a dozen more unfortunat bliggards just listed along wid him, an' he shakin' hands wid the sargent, and swearin' agin the women every minute, until, be the time he kem to himself, begorra, he was a good ten miles on the road to Dublin, an' Molly and all behind him.

It id be no good tellin' you iv the letters he wrote to her from the barracks there, nor how she was breaking her heart to go and see him just wanst before he'd go; but the father an' mother would not allow iv it be no manes. An' so, in less time than you'd be thinkin' about it, the colonel had him polished off into a rale elegant soger, wid his gun exercise, and his bagnet exercise, and his small sword, and broad sword, and pistol and dagger, an' all the rest, an' then away wid him on board a man-a-war to furrin parts, to fight for King George agin Bonypart, that was great in thim times. Well, it was very soon in every one's mouth how Billy Malowney was batin' all before him, astonishin' the ginerals, an' frightenin' the inemy to that degree, there was not a Frinchman dare say "parley voo" outside of the rounds iv his camp.

You may be sure Molly was proud iv that same, though she never spoke a word about it; until at last the news kem home that Billy Malowney was surrounded an' murdered be the Frinch army under Napoleon Bonypart himself. The news was brought by Jack Bryan Dhas, the pedlar, that said he met the corporal iv the regiment on the quay iv Limerick, an' how he brought him into a public-house and thrated him to a naggin, and got all the news about poor Billy Malowney out iv him while they wor dhrinkin' it; an' a sorrowful story it was.

The way it happened, accordin' as the corporal tould him, was jist how the Duke iv Wellin'ton determined to fight a rale tarin' battle wid the Frinch, and Bonypart at the same time was aiqually determined to fight the devil's own scrimmidge wid the British foorces. Well, as soon as the business was pretty near ready at both sides, Bonypart and the ginerall next undher himself gets up behind a bush, to look at their inemies through spy-glasses, and thry would they know any iv them at the distance.

"Bedad," says the ginerall, afther a devil iv a long spy, "I'd bet half a pint," says he, "that's Bill Malowney himself," says he, "down there," says he.

"Och," says Bonypart, "do you tell me so?" says he; "I'm fairly heart-scalded with that same Billy

Malowney," says he, "an' I think if I was wanst shut iv him, I'd bate the rest iv them aisy," says he.

"I'm thinking so myself," says the ginerall, says he; "but he's a tough bye," says he.

"Tough!" says Bonypart; "he's the devil," says he.

"Begorra I'd be betther plased," says the ginerall, says he, "to take himself than the Duke iv Wellin'ton," says he, "an' Sir Edward Blakeney into the bargain," says he.

"The Duke of Wellin'ton and Ginerall Blakeney," says Bonypart, "is great for planning, no doubt," says he, "but Billy Malowney's the boy for action," says he—"an' action's everythin' just now," says he.

So wid that Bonypart pushes up his cocked hat, and begins scratching his head, and thinking and considerin' for the bare life, and at last says he to the ginerall—

"Ginerall Commandher iv all the Foorces," says he, "I've hot it," says he: "ordher out the forlorn hope," says he, "an' give them as much powdher, both glazed and blatin," says he, "an' as much bullets, do ye mind, an' swan-dhrops, an' chain-shot," says he, "an' all soorts iv waipons an' combustables as they can carry; an' let them surround Bill Malowney," says he; "an' iv they can get any soort iv an advantage," says he, "let them knock him to smithereens," says he, "an' then take him presner," says he, "an' tell all the bandmen iv the Frinch army," says he, "to play up 'Garryowen,' to keep up their sperits," says he, "all the time they're advancin'; an' you may promise them anything you like in my name," says he; "for, by my sowl, I don't think it's many iv them 'ill come back to throuble us," says he, winkin' at him.

So away with the ginerall, an' he ordhers out the forlorn hope, an' tells the band to play, an' everythin' else just as Bonypart desired him; an' sure enough, whin Billy Malowney heard the music where he was standin' takin' a blast of the dhudheen to compose his mind for murdherin' the Frinchmen as usual, being mighty partial to that tune intirely, he cocks his ear a one side, and down he stoops to listen to the music; but, begorra, who should be in his rare all the time but a Frinch grannideer behind a bush, an' seeing him stooped in a convanient form, bedad he lets flies at him sthrait, and fired him right forward between the legs and the small iv the back, glory be to God, with what they call (savin' your presence) a bum-shell. Well, Bill Malowney let one roar out iv him, an' away he rowled over the field iv battle like a slither (as Bonypart and the Duke iv Wellin'ton, that was watching the manoeuvres from a distance, both consayved) into glory. An' sure enough the Frinch was overjoyed beyant all bounds, an' small blame to them—an' the Duke iv Wellin'ton, I'm tould, was never all out the same man sinst. At any rate, the news kem home how Billy Malowney was murdered by the Frinch in forrin parts.

Well, all this time, you may be sure, there was no want iv boys comin' to coort purty Molly Donovan; but, one way ar another, she always kept puttin' thim

off constant; an' though her father and mother was naturally anxious to get rid of her respickably, they did not like to marry her off in spite iv her teeth. An' this way, promising one while and puttin' it off another, she contrived to get on from one Shrove to another, until near seven years was over and gone from the time when Billy Malowney listed for forrin sarvice.

It was nigh hand a year from the time whin the news iv Leum-a-rinka bein' killed by the Frinch came home, an' in place iv forgettin' him, as the saisins wint over, it's what Molly was growin' paler and more lonesome every day, antil the neighbours thought she was fallin' into a decline; and this is the way it was with her whin the fair of Lisnamoe kem round. It was a beautiful evenin' just at the time iv the reapin' iv the oats, and the sun was shinin' through the red clouds far away over the hills iv Cahirmore. Her father an' mother, an' the boys an' girls was all away down in the fair, and Molly sittin' all alone on the step of the stile, listenin' to the foolish little birds whistlin' among the leaves—and the sound of the mountain river flowin' through the stones an' bushes—an' the crows flyin' home high overhead to the woods iv Glinvarlogh—an' down in the glen, far away, she could see the fair-green iv Lisnamoe in the mist an' sunshine among the gray rocks and threes—an' the cows, an' the horses, an' the blue frieze, an' the red cloaks, an' the tents, an' the smoke, an' the ould round tower—all as soft an' as sorrowful as a dhrame iv ould times.

An' while she was looking this way, an' thinking iv Leum-a-rinka—poor Bill iv the dance, that was asleepin' in his lonesome glory in the fields iv Spain—she began to sing the song he used to like so well in the ould times—

“Shale, shule, shule a-roon”—

an' whin she ended the verse, what do you think but she heerd a manly voice just at the other side iv the hedge, singing the last words over again. Well she knew it; her heart fluttered up like a little bird that id be wounded, and then dhropped still in her breast. It was himself. In a minute he was through the hedge and standing before her.

“Leum!” says she.

“Mavourneen cuishla machree!” says he; and without another word they were locked in one another's arms.

Well, it id only be nansince for me thryin' an' tell ye all the foolish things they said, and how they looked in one another's faces, an' laughed, an' cried, an' laughed again; and how, when they came to themselves, and she was able at last to believe it was raly Billy himself that was there, actially houldin' her hand, an' lookin' in her eyes the same way as ever, barrin' he was browner an' boulder, an' did not, maybe, look quite as merry in himself as he used to do in former times—an' fondher for all, an' more lovin' than ever—how he tould her all about the wars wid the Frinchmen—an' how he was wounded, and left for dead in the field iv battle, bein' shot through the breast, an' how he was dis-

charged, an' got a pansion iv a full shillin' a day—an' how he was come back to live the rest iv his days in the sweet glen iv Lisnamoe, an' (if only she'd consint) to marry herself in spite iv them all.

Well, ye may aisily think they had plinty to talk about, afther seven years without once seein' one another; and so signs on, the time flew by as swift an' as pleasant as a bird on the wing, an' the sun wint down, an' the moon shone sweet an' soft instead, an' the two never knew a ha'porth about it, but kept talkin' an' whisperin', an' whisperin' an' talkin'; for it's wondherful how often a tindher-hearted girl will bear to hear a purty boy tellin' her the same story constant over an' over, ontill at last, sure enough, they heerd the ould man himself comin' up the boreen, singin' the “Colleen Rue,” a thing he never done, barrin' whin he had a dhrop in; an' the mistress walkin' in front iv him, an' two illigant Kerry cows he just bought in the fair, and the sarvint boys dhrivin' them behind.

“Oh, blessed hour!” says Molly, “here's my father.”

“I'll spake to him this minute,” says Bill.

“Oh, not for the world,” says she—“but the ‘Colleen Rue’” says she—“might be well be raison with him,” says she.

“An' where 'ill sky into you, but as he talkin' into the haggard them that's in the bield, and see me iv I lexa. There's a man like that. The

“Thry the hole to gather in a paper you better says she, “heat than itself. It leaves a hole for

“Well, darlint, it's stranger than warthey he, “I'll condescend to them a dhrink for you

An' wid that he makes a dart to go—stranger gorra, it was too late—the pigs was all goneda an' the pig-sty was as full as the Burr coach, six inside.

“Och! blur-an-agers,” says he, “there is not room for a suckin' pig,” says he, “let alone a Christian,” says he.

“Well, run into the house, Billy,” says she, “this minute,” says she, “an' hide yourself antil they're quiet,” says she, “an' thin you can steal out,” says she, “an' knowst to them all,” says she.

“I'll do your biddin',” says he, “Molly, asthore,” says he.

“Run in, thin,” says she, “an' I'll go and meet them,” says she.

So wid that away wid her, and in wint Billy, and where 'id he hide himself bud in a little closet that was off iv the room where the ould man an' woman alep; so he closed the doore, and sot down in an ould chair he found there convanient. Well, he was not well in it when all the rest iv thim comes into the kitchen, an' ould Tim Donovan singin' the “Colleen Rue” for the bare life, an' the rest iv thim sthrivin' to humour him, an' doin' exactly everything he bid them, because they seen he was fooliah be the manes iv the liquor.

Well, to be sure, all this kep' thim long enough, you may be sure, from goin' to bed, so that Billy could get no manner iv an advantage to get out iv the house, an' so he sted sittin' in the dark closet in

tate, cursin' the "Colleen Bue," and wondherin' to he divil whin they'd get the ould man into his bed; an' as if that was not delay enough, who should come n to stop for the night but Father O'Flaherty, of Jahirmore, that was buyin' a horse at the fair, an' iv coorse, there was a bed to be med down for his reverence, an' some other attintions; an' a long dis-coorse himself an' ould Mrs. Donovan had about the slaughter iv Billy Malowney an' how he was buried on the field iv battle; an' his reverence hoped he got a decent funeral, an' all the other convaniences iv religion; an' so you may suppose it was pretty late in the night before all iv them got to their beds.

Well, Tim Donovan could not settle to sleep at all, at all, so he kep' discoorsin' the wife about the new cows he bought, an' the strippers he sould, an' so an for bether than an hour, ontill from one thing to another he kem to talk about the pigs, an' the poul-thry, an' at last, having nothing bether to dis-coorse about, he begun at his daughter Molly, an' all the heartscald she was to him be raisin iv refusin' the men; an' at last says he, "I undherstand," says he, bre- well how it is," says he; "it's how she was in before he'd g wid that bliggard, Billy Malowney," allow iv it be no ntarim," says he, for by this time you'd be thinkin' about h, polished off into a rale elegant st. "Tim, darlint, exercise, and his bagnet exercise, t buried," says sword, and broad sword, and pistol an' all the rest, an' then away wid him on K-if they de-a-war to furrin parts, to fight for King t Bonypart, that was great in thim d to fhat," says was very soon in ev- was Blessed Vargin," says she, lowney was t says she.

generale enough, what was it bud Bill Malowney ther was dhroppin' asleep in the closet, an' snorin' out a church organ.

"Is it a pig," says he, "or is it a Christian?"

"Arra! listen to the tune iv it," says she; "sure a pig never done the like iv that," says she.

"Whatever it is," says he, "it's in the room wid us," says he. "The Lord be marcful to us!" says he.

"I tould you not to be cursin'," says she; "bad luck to you," says she, "for an ommadhaun," for she was a very religious woman in herself.

"Sure he's buried in Spain," says he; "an' it is not for one little innocent expression," says he, "he'd be comin' all that a way to annoy the house," says he.

Well, while they wor talkin' Bill turns in the way he was sleepin' into an aisier imposture, an' as soon as he stopped snorin' ould Tim Donovan's courage ris agin, an' says he, "I'll go to the kitchen," says he, "an' light a rish," says he. An' wid that away wid him, an' the wife kep' workin' the beads all the time, an' before he kem back, Bill was snorin' as loud as ever.

"Oh! bloody wars—I mane the blessed saints about us—that deadly sound," says he, "it's goin' on as lively as ever," says he.

"I'm as wake as a rag," says his wife, says she, "wid the fair anasiness," says she; "it's out iv the little closet it's comin'," says she.

"Say your prayers," says he, "an' hould your tongue," says he, "while I dis-coorse it," says he; "an' who are ye?" says he, "in the name iv all the holy saints," says he; givin' the door a dab iv a crushen that wakened Bill inside. "I ax," says he, "who are you," says he.

Well, Bill did not rightly remember where in the world he was, but he pushed open the door, an' says he, "Billy Malowney's my name," says he, "an' I'll thank ye to tell me a bether," says he.

Well, whin Tim Donovan heard that, an' actially seen that it was Bill himself that was in it, he had not strength enough to let a bawl out iv him, but he dhropt the candle out iv his hand, an' down wid himself on his back in the dark. Well, the wife let a screech you'd hear at the mill iv Killraghlin, an' —

"Oh," says she, "the sperit has him, body an' bones," says she; "oh, holy St. Bridget—oh, Mother iv Marcy—oh, Father O'Flaherty," says she, screechin' murder from out iv her bed.

Well, Bill Malowney was not a minute remimberin' himself, an' so out wid him quite an' aisy, an' through the kitchen; bud in place iv the door iv the house, it's what he kem to the door iv Father O'Flaherty's little room, where he was jist wakenin' wid the noise iv the screechin' an' battherin'; an' bedad, Bill makes no more about it, but he jumps, wid one boult, clever an' clane into his reverence's bed.

"What do ye mane, you uncivilised bliggard?" says his reverence; "is that a venerable way," says he, "to approach your clargy?" says he.

"Hould your tongue," says Bill, "an' I'll do ye no harm," says he.

"Who are you, ye scoundrel iv the world?" says his reverence.

"Whisht," says he, "I'm Billy Malowney," says he.

"You lie," says his reverence—for he was frightened beyant all bearin'—an' he makes bud one jump out iv the bed at the wrong side, where there was only jist a little place in the wall for a press, an' his reverence could not as much as turn in it for the wealth iv kingdoms; "you lie," says he; "but for feard it's the thruth you're tellin'," says he, "here's at ye, in the name iv all the blessed saints together," says he: an' wid that, my dear, he blazes away at him wid a Latin prayer iv the strongest description; an', as he said himself afterwards, that was iv a nature that id dhrive the divil himself up the chimley like a puff iv tobacky smoke, wid his tail betune his legs.

"Arra, what are ye sthrivin' to say," says Bill, says he; "if ye don't hould your tongue," says he, "wid your parly voo," says he, "it's what I'll put my thumb on your windpipe," says he, "an' Bill Malowney never wint back iv his word yet," says he.

"Thundher-an-owns," says his reverence, says he—seein' the Latin took no infect on him, at all at all, an' screechin' that you'd think he'd rise the thatch up iv the house wid the fair fright—"and tundher and blazes, boys, will none iv yez come here wid a candle, but lave your clargy to be choked by a sperit in the dark?" says he.

Well, be this time the sarvint boys, an' the rest iv

thim wor up an' half dhressed, an' in they all run, one on top iv another, wid pitchforks an' spades, thinkin' it was only what his raverence slep' a dhrame iv the like, by means iv the punch he was afther takin' just before he rowl'd himself into the bed. But, begorra, whin they seen it was raly Bill Malowney himself that was in it, it was only who'd be foremost out ag'n, tumblin' backways one over another, an' his raverence roarin' an' cursin' them like mad for not waitin' for him.

Well, my dear, it was betther than half an hour before Billy Malowney could explain to them all how it raly was himself, for, begorra, they were all iv thim persuadin' him that he was a sperit to that degree it's a wondher he did not give into it, if it was only to put a stop to the argument.

Well, his raverence tould the ould people then there was no use in sthrivin' agin the will iv Providence an' the vagaries iv love united; an' whin they kem to undherstand to a sartinty how Billy had a shillin' a day for the rest iv his days, begorra, they took rather a likin' to him, and considered at wanst how he must have riz out iv all his nansinse entirely, or his gracious majesty id never have condescended to show him his countenance that way every day iv his life on a silver shillin'. And so, begorra, they never

stopt till it was all settled—an' there was not such a weddin' as that in the country sinst. It's more than forty years ago, an' though I was no more than a gossoon myself, I remember it like yestherday. Molly never looked so purty before, an' Billy Malowney was pliasant beyant all hearin', to that degree that half the girls in it was fairly tarin' mad—only they would not let on—they hadn't him to themselves in place iv her. An', begorra, I'd be afear'd to tell ye, because you would not believe me, since that blessid man Father Mathew put an end to all soorts iv sociality, the Lord reward him, how many gallons iv potteen whiskey was dhrank upon that most solemn and tindher occasion. Pat Haulon, the piper, had a faver out iv it; and Neddy Shawn Heigue, mountin' his horse the wrong way, broke his collar bone, by the manes iv fallin' over his tail while he was feelin' for his head; an' Payther Brian, the horse-doether, I am tould, was never quite right in the head ever afther; an' ould Tim Donovan was singin' the "Colleen Rue" night an' day for a full week; an' begorra the weddin' was only the foundation iv fun, and the beginnin' iv divarsion, for there was not a year for ten years afther, an' more, but brought round a christenin' as regular as the sasins revarted.

## MICKEY FREE'S FATHER AND THE PIG

BY CHARLES LEVER.

"WELL, I believe your honour heard me tell long ago how my father left the army, and the way that he took to another line of life that was more to his liking. And so it was, he was happy as the day was long; he drove a hearse for Mr. Callaghan of Cork for many years, and a pleasant place it was; for, ye see, my father was a 'cute man, and knew something of the world; and though he was a droll devil, and could sing a funny song when he was among the boys, no sooner had he the big black cloak on him and the weepers, and he seated on the high box, with the six long-tailed blacks before him, you'd really think it was his own mother was inside, he looked so melancholy and miserable. The sexton and gravedigger was nothing to my father; and he had a look about his eye—to be sure there was a reason for it—that you'd think he was up all night crying; though it's little indulgence he took that way.

"Well, of all Mr. Callaghan's men, there was none so great a favourite as my father. The neighbours were all fond of him.

"'A kind crayture, every inch of him!' the women would say. 'Did ye see his face at Mrs. Delany's funeral?'

"True is he. I mistook the road to the house, Billy," says she, "this house instead of Kilmurray was myself and the pig."

"I need say no more, only one thing. That was principally among the farmers and the country people my father was liked so much. The great people and the quality—I ax your pardon; but, sure, isn't it true, Mister Charles?—they don't fret so much after their fathers and brothers, and they care little who's driving them, whether it was a decent, respectable man like my father, or a chap with a grin on him like a rat-trap. And so it happened, that my father used to travel half the county, going here and there wherever there was trade stirring; and, faix, a man didn't think himself rightly buried if my father wasn't there; for, ye see, he knew all about it; he could tell to a quart of spirits what would be wanted for a wake; he knew all the good criers for miles round; and I've heard it was a beautiful sight to see him standing on a hill, arranging the procession, as they walked into the churchyard, and giving the word like a captain.

"'Come on, the stiff—now the friends of the stiff—now the pop'lace.'

"That's what he used to say, and throth he was always repeating it, when he was a little gone in drink—for that's the time his spirits would rise—and he'd think he was burying half Munster.

"And sure it was a real pleasure and a pride to be buried in them times; for av it was only a small farmer with a potato garden, my father would come down with the black cloak on him, and three yards of crape behind his hat, and set all the children crying and yelling for half a mile round; and then the way he'd walk before them with a spade on his shoulder, and sticking it down in the ground, clap his hat on top of it, to make it look like a chief mourner. It was a beautiful sight!"

"But, Mike, if you indulge much longer in this flattering recollection of your father, I'm afraid we shall lose sight of the ghost entirely."

"No fear in life, your honour; I'm coming to him now. Well, it was this way it happened: In the winter of the great frost, about forty-two or forty-three years ago, the ould priest of Tulloughmurray took ill and died; he was sixty years priest of the parish, and mightily beloved by all the people; and good reason for it: a pleasanter man, and a more social crayture never lived—'twas himself was the life of the whole country-side. A wedding nor a christening wasn't lucky av he wasn't there, sitting at the top of the table, with maybe his arm round the bride he—'the baby on his lap, a smoking jug of 'why wouldn't I?'—and as much kindness in sarve it," says he.

"Whisht," says she, "an' 'p. And then he was she; "in the name of the Blessed, was always full of "what is it?" says she.

"An' sure enough, what was it bud hardly get near that was dhroppin' asleep in the cloals and burning like a church organ.

"Is it a pig," says he, "or is it a C. Father Dwyer

"Arra! listen to the tune iv it," says he.

"Whatever it is," says he, "it's 'of that bacon. ns," says he. "The 'ug; w'age have a taste of

"Ah! that's the way he'd spake to them; but, sure, goodness is no warrant for living any more than devilment, and so he got cowld in his feet at a station, and he rode home in the heavy snow without his big coat—for he gave it away to a blind man on the road: in three days he was dead.

"I see you're getting impatient, so I'll not stop to say what grief was in the parish when it was known; but, throth, there never was seen the like before—not a crayture would lift a spade for two days, and there was more whiskey sold in that time than at the whole spring fare. Well, on the third day the funeral set out, and never was the equal of it in them parts; first, there was my father—he came special from Cork with the six horses, all in new black, and plumes like little poplar-trees—then came Father Dwyer, followed by the two coadjutors in beautiful surplices, walking bare-headed, with the little boys of the Priory school, two-and-two."

"Well, Mike, I'm sure it was very fine; but, for

heaven's sake! spare me all these descriptions, and get on to the ghost."

"Faith your honour's in a great hurry for the ghost—maybe ye won't like him when ye have him; but I'll go faster, if ye please. Well, Father Dwyer, ye see, was born at Aghan-lish, of an ould family, and he left it in his will that he was to be buried in the family-vault; and as Aghan-lish was eighteen miles up the mountains, it was getting late when they drew near. By that time the great procession was all broke up and goes home. The coadjutors stopped to dine, at the 'Blue Bellows,' at the cross roads, the little boys took to pelting snowballs, there was a fight or two on the way besides—and, in fact, except an ould deaf fellow that my father took to mind the horses, he was quite alone. Not that he minded that same; for when the crowd was gone, my father began to sing a droll song, and tould the deaf chap that it was a lamentation. At last they came in sight of Aghan-lish. It was a lonesome, melancholy-looking place, with nothing near it except two or three ould fir-trees, and a small slated house with one window, where the sexton lived, and even that was shut up, and a padlock on the door. Well, my father was not over-much pleased at the look of matters, but as he was never hard put to what to do, he managed to get the coffin into the vestry; and then, when he unharnessed the horses, he sent the deaf fellow with them down to the village to tell the priest that the corpse was there, and to come up early in the morning and perform Mass. The next thing to do was to make himself comfortable for the night; and then he made a roaring fire on the ould hearth—for there was plenty of bog-fir there—closed the windows with the black cloaks, and, wrapping two round himself, he sat down to cook a little supper he brought with him in case of need.

"Well, you may think it was melancholy enough to pass the night up there alone, with a corpse in an ould ruined church in the middle of the mountains, the wind howling about on every side, and the snow-drift beating against the walls; but as the fire burned brightly, and the little plate of rashers and eggs smoked temptingly before him, my father mixed a jug of the strongest punch, and sat down as happy as a king. As long as he was eating away he had no time to be thinking of anything else; but, when all was done, and he looked about him, he began to feel very low and melancholy in his heart. There was the great black coffin on three chairs in one corner; and then the mourning cloaks that he had stuck up against the windows moved backward and forward like living things; and outside, the wild cry of the plover as he flew past, and the night-owl sitting in a nook of the old church. 'I wish it was morning, anyhow,' said my father, 'for this is a lonesome place to be in; and, faix, he'll be a cunning fellow that catches me passing the night this way again.' Now there was one thing distressed him most of all—my father used always to make fun of the ghosts and spirits the neighbours would tell of, pretending there was no such thing;

and now the thought came to him, 'Maybe they'll revenge themselves on me to-night, when they have me up here alone;' and with that he made another jug stronger than the first, and tried to remember a few prayers in case of need, but somehow his mind was not too clear, and he said afterwards he was always mixing up ould songs and toasts with the prayers, and when he thought he had got hold of a beautiful psalm, it would turn out to be 'Tatter Jack Walsh,' or 'Limping James,' or something like that. The storm, meanwhile, was rising every moment, and parts of the old abbey were falling, as the wind shook the ruin, and my father's spirits, notwithstanding the punch, were lower than ever.

"'I made it too weak,' said he, as he set to work on a new jorum; and, throth, this time that was not the fault of it, for the first sup nearly choked him.

"'Ah!' said he now. 'I knew what it was; this is like the thing; and, Mr. Free, you are beginning to feel easy and comfortable. Pass the jug. Your very good health and song. I'm a little hoarse, it's true, but if the company will excuse——'

"And then he began knocking on the table with his knuckles as if there was a room full of people asking him to sing. In short, my father was drunk as a fiddler; the last brew finished him; and he began roaring away all kinds of droll songs, and telling all manner of stories, as if he was at a great party.

"While he was capering this way about the room, he knocked down his hat, and with it a pack of cards he put into it before leaving home, for he was mighty fond of a game.

"'Will ye take a hand, Mr. Free?' said he, as he gathered them up and sat down beside the fire.

"'I'm convanient,' said he, and began dealing out as if there was a partner fornenst him.

"When my father used to get this far in the story, he became very confused. He says, that once or twice he mistook the liquor, and took a pull at the bottle of potteen instead of the punch; and the last thing he remembers was asking poor Father Dwyer if he would draw near to the fire, and not be lying there near the door.

"With that he slipped down on the ground and fell fast asleep. How long he lay that way he could never tell. When he awoke and looked up, his hair nearly stood on an end with fright. What do you think he seen fornenst him, sitting at the other side of the fire, but Father Dwyer himself. There he was, divil a lie in it, wrapped up in one of the mourning cloaks, trying to warm his hands at the fire.

"'Salve hoc nomine patri!' said my father, crossing himself; 'av it's your ghost, God presarve me!'

"'Good evening t'ye, Mr. Free,' said the ghost; 'and av I might be bould, what's in the jug?'—for, ye see, my father had it under his arm fast, and never let it go when he was asleep.

"'Pater noster qui es in——potteen, sir,' said my father; for the ghost didn't look pleased at his talking Latin.

"'Ye might have the politeness to ax if one had a mouth on him, then,' says the ghost.

"'Sure, I didn't think the like of you would taste sperits.'

"'Try me,' said the ghost; and with that he filled out a glass and tossed it off like a Christian.

"'Beamish!' says the ghost, smacking his lips.

"'The same,' says my father; 'and sure what's happened you has not spoilt your taste.'

"'If you'd mix a little hot,' says the ghost, 'I'm thinking it would be better; the night is mighty sevara.'

"'Anything that your reverence pleases,' says my father, as he began to blow up a good fire to boil the water.

"'And what news is stirring!' says the ghost.

"'Devil a word, your reverence: your own funeral was the only thing doing last week; times is bad; except the measles, there's nothing in our parts.'

"'And we're quite dead hereabouts, too,' says the ghost.

"'There's some of us so, anyhow,' says my father, with a sly look. 'Taste that, your reverence.'

"'Pleasant and refreshing,' says the ghost; 'and now, Mr. Free, what do you say to a little spoilt five, or beggar my neighbour?'

"'What will we play for?' says my father, who thought just strup. 'The devil to catch.'

"'A pint of.'

"'Done!'

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"You have your own lu

"True for you; and, bee

where I come from.'

"I've heard so,' says my father.

'I lead the

knave, sir;—spades! Bad cess to it, lost again?'

"Now it was really very distressing; for by this

time, though they only began for a pint of Beamish,

my father went on betting till he lost the hearse and

all the six horses, mourning cloaks, plumes, and

everything.

"Are you tired, Mr. Free? Maybe you'd like to

stop?'

"Stop! faith it's a nice time to stop;—of course

not.'

"Well, what will ye play for now?'

"The way he said these words brought a trembling

all over my father, and his blood curdled in his heart.

'Oh, murther!' says he to himself, 'it's my sowl he

is wanting all the time.'

"I've mighty little left,' says my father looking

THE GHOST.

at him keenly, while he kept shuffling the cards quick as lightning.

"Mighty little; no matter, we'll give you plenty of time to pay; and if you can't do it, it shall never trouble you as long as you live."

"Oh, you murdering devil!" says my father, flying at him with a spade that he had behind his chair, 'I've found you out.'

"With one blow he knocked him down; and now a terrible fight begun, for the ghost was very strong too; but my father's blood was up, and he'd have faced the devil himself then. They rolled over each other several times, the broken bottles cutting them to pieces, and the chairs and tables crashing under them.

At last the ghost took the bottle that lay on the hearth, and levelled my father to the ground with one blow. Down he fell, and the bottle and

the whiskey were both dashed into the fire; that was the end of it, for the ghost disappeared that moment in a blue flame that nearly set fire to my father as he lay on the floor.

"Och! it was a cruel sight to see him next morning, with his cheek out open and his hand all bloody, lying there by himself; all the broken glass, and the cards all round him; the coffin, too, was knocked down off the chair: maybe the ghost had trouble getting into it. However that was, the funeral was put off for a day; for my father couldn't speak; and, as for the sexton, it was a queer thing; but when they came to call him in the morning, he had two black eyes, and a gash over his ear, and he never knew how he got them. It was easy enough to know the ghost did it; but my father kept the secret, and never told it to any man, woman, or child in them parts."

## Social Crayons. SHAWN GOW AND THE CLURICAUN.

life of the whole country-side. christening wasn't lucky ay he waz at the top of the table, with maybe the bride herself, or the baby on his lap. jug of punch before him, and as much?" said my his eye as would make the fortunes of hours who erites, if they had it among them. And the hearth to so good to the poor; the Priory was always potteen) ould men and ould women sitting around the, wishing in the kitchen, that the cook could hardly \* of his it. There they were, eating their meals and turn, I their shins, till they were speckled like back, and grumbling all the time; but Fatsen Buee, liked them, and he would have them. year and

"Where have they to go," he'd say, "asin Peggy, to me? Give Molly Kinshela a lockment of her wild morning will ye?"

"No!—Uncle Ned!" said the gray bull and his seven calves, explained little Shawneen, a curly-headed urchin, scrambling up his knees and laying his head against his uncle's bosom; "won't 'ee, Uncle Ned?" and his full blue eyes were turned coaxingly on his face.

"Whisht, ye little *bouchal dhauna!*" said my father; "leave Ned to his own fancy: I'll be bound it'll be something pleasant."

"Troth, and maybe it 'ud be nothing to brag of afther all," replied my uncle. "Anyhow, if I can, I'll rape up an ould story I heard at Syl Rooney's wake, when I was a gossoon; it's about the *Clough an far dhloss*, as they call the big rock that lies across the strame below at the stepping-stone; it was wanst—but that's long agone—in the anshent times of all, stuck up atop of that other great *corrig* that stands close by, like two of Finn Mac Cool's juckstones; but it was balanced on with so much curoosity that, though this child on my knee could turn it as asy as a quern-stone, it never budged an

inch, but stud there for many's the long day, playing *saidy-buckety* with every idler that kem the way."

"Stop, Ned!" said my father, interrupting him; "it's dhry work talking—taste a drop of this, jist to wet your whistle;" and, filling a capacious measure of mountain-dew, he handed it to his brother, with, "Come, Ned honey, *skirra dugh na skeal!*"

"Sweet was your fist, Briny, jewel," said my uncle, extending his hand for the proffered beverage. "*Slaintha chud oghtha!* and Peggy, *ma cailleenoge*, here's towards your *inclinations*, soon an' sudent;" and, winking knowingly on the blushing object of his jest, he emptied the noggin at a single breath.

"Musha, Ned, *ma bouchal*! but it 'ud be a thousand murders to saddle you, an' you sich an iligant fine draught (*draft*) intirely," said Bill Connor, the parish wag.

"Troth an' you may say that, Bill, *avourneen!* but that's by reason that I never got a *rough-rider* upon my back yet, praise be to God!" and he looked full at poor Bill, who was notorious for having a little *bantam* wife at home, who crowed upon the top-roost. Of course the gathering laugh which Bill's witticism had engendered, burst with increased momentum on his own head; but my uncle, who sought only the harmless triumph of retorting successfully on the licensed jester, relieved his confusion by recommencing the story.

"Well, neighbours, as I said, the *Clough an far dhloss* stud undisturbed out of the memory of man; for there was an ould saying that it was a haunt of the fairies, and that whoever 'ud meddle or make



with it, some *meeraugh* 'ud be sure to befall either himself or someone belonging to him.

"At any rate, there lived once upon the Long Bog one Jack Reardon, or, as he was called, *Shawn Gow*, in the regard of his following the occupation of a blacksmith; and it's he that was the wonder of the country all out for strength, for he'd think nothing in life of working two sledge hammers for the length of a summer's day; and he flogged the divil at pitchin' a bar, lifting weights, and swinging an anvil with his teeth. But, though he was the bully at such divar-sions, he was as paicable as a lamb, and wouldn't milest a fly, let alone a Christian; and it was this made many an upsetting spalpeen, that he didn't value a *strawnoon*, think he hadn't the rale spunk in him; and it was so by Corny Flaherty, the little waiver, who, having a dhróp of drink in him one day, began aggravating and gibing Shawn, telling him he was no more nor an overgrown Sly-clob (for Corney was a great schollard), and, begor! he wint on, that in the long run he riz Shawn's temper so, that he gripped the waiver by the collar, with a hoult like his own vice; but, loth to hurt the dawney crathur, that he could have ett out of a face, he only doubled a bar of iron that lay in the forge round his slindher throat, and knotting it iligantly afore, in the nathur of a caravat, he left poor Corney, like a pig with a neck-yoke, to be laughed at by all the boys in the parish; and it wasn't untal he wint down upon his bare bended knees to beg his pardon that Shawn 'ud take off his new-fashioned necklace.

"Well, it happened that Shawn Gow was one evening at the christenin' of a neighbour's child, where there was no scarcity of the best ating and dhrinking—white bread, eggs, and the dint of fat belly-bacon, lashins' and lavins', with *coad mille failthagh*. There wasn't any *potteen* in them times, for the poor ignorant *scabogues* in these parts hadn't the knowledge of making it then; but there was plenty of strong meadth and heath-beer, and sich as the ould Danes afore Brian Borhoo's time used to dhrink—divil's cure to them! At any rate, what with laughing, and singing, and looking at the other boys dhrinking, bad cess to the one but Shawn got a little onreg'lar—not much the worse of the liquor to be noticed, only a little hearty-like; and, when all the fun was over, he sot out along with some neighbours, as pleasant as larks—dancing, and screeching, and cutting capers along the road, tal they kem to the stepping-stones, when one of the boys, to take a rise out of Shawn, says to him, 'I'll hould you half a gallon of the best,' says he, 'Shawn Gow, that, for all your bragging, you're not the man to pitch the *Clough an fer dhloos* into the strhame there.' 'Done!' says Shawn, for his blood was up, and he wasn't to be cowed by anything; 'and, with the help of God, Mike, you'll pay me this liquor, not all as one as the thrate I won off you on the head of lifting Father Doyle, boots, spurs, phwip and all, into his saddle with one hand.' But when the thieves saw him putting his shoulder to the stone in arnist, and that it was already tottering before his powerful strength, the devil a toe one of them would stop near

the place, but helter-skelter away they ran, as if all the *sheerges* an' *cluricauns* in the barony was aithur them, without waunst looking back to see how Shawn was getting on with the work. And a hard job he had of it, sure enough; for, though the stone was quite aisy at first, still he couldn't hoist it off, at all at all, until, getting a set with his *hoo* under it, he fairly lifted it off its bed, and down it wint with a noise like tunk into the brook—*thannudately* the water biled like a pot o' praties, and riz up as if there was a mountain swell in the river; and a kind of thick fog curled and gather over the spot where the stone sunk. Shawn, be coorne, got terribly fritened; the courage of the liquor went clane off, and he didn't think his life worth a rish-peeling. But, if he was staggered afore, he was *thannudately* as bud when he pursuaved, *scaping* towards aught out of the mist, a little weazened ould man, beased quite grand, with a broad-leafed hat and a cock's feather in it; a long gray coat with shining buttons, knee-breeches, and white stockings. Looking a little wicked at Shawn, he, stepping up with the air of a joyint (giant), though he was scarce the north of a *boughlaun*; and, clapping his arms a-kinco, says he, 'Shawn Gow, ye dhrunken baste, had ye no regard for yourself or your dacent family, that ye kem here, like a big-boned fool as you are, to throw down the stone that took me fifty long years to get up there? Was it tired of your life ye were?' 'Please your onner,' says Shawn, taking off his bit of a *caubson*, and making a submission to him, 'I'm at your onner's marcy intirely, and I beg God's pardou, and your's likewise, sir; and, sure, if I thought that it was on the head of my pitching off that thrule of a pebble there—'

"'Pebble!' roared the little man; 'd'ye call that rock a pebble, or is it game you're making of me?'

"'Well it 'ud become the likes of me,' says the blarneying thief Shawn, 'to make game of a rale jintleman like your onner, and one that wouldn't think it worth his while to hurt or harm a *scabog* like myself, that got a little overtak.' 'He dhrink—bad luck to it' for it's *thannudately* a little you're dhramin' in your snug *thannudately* what a misfortinet end I'm come to! and, my poor childer, how will they live, at all at all?—and Ned Hayes's horse not shod yet. Ogh! wirra, wirra! won't your onner take pity on me in no ways?' and the *shierreen* let on to wipe his eyes with the tail of his coat.

"'What sarvice will you do me, Shawn?' says the little *mannoon*, 'if I let you off free?'

"'Sarvice, sir?' Ogh, thin, anything undher the heavens this blessed night I'll do for your worship; and, sure, it's myself that'll pray for long life and a merry wake to your riverince.'

"'Why, thin, Shawn Gow, you're not all out un-*raisonable*; so I'll not be hard with ye, and ail I'll ax is for ye to shoe my black mare.'

"'Musha, thin, if myself doesn't put as purty a set of irons undher her feet as ever cut the daisies, may I never strike metal again! But, if I may make bould to ax your onner, where's the baste?'

"You'll see her time enough, my fine fellow," says the little chap; and, pulling out a snuff-box, he took a pinch himself as grand as a lord. He then offered the box to Shawn; but, though he didn't like to have any dealings with the likes of him, he couldn't make little of his snuff-box. So he just took a deeshy taste of the snuff, and smelled to it; but, he had to be satisfied with his own snuff intirely, for it was his own snuff. He touched his nose and he gave three great sneezes that you'd hear on the top of Kilworth mountain; and when he kem to a-bit, he persaved that he wasn't near the *Clough an far dhloss* at all at all, but in a strange place, all alone, with the Grey Man, and a little black mare tied to a tree.

"There's your job, Shawn,—shoe that mare afore I let you go; for that's our bargain, you know," says the *Far dhloss*.

"Mush! thin, *tare-an-ounties!* Sir, isn't it a quare thing to ax a man to shoe a baste without the laste convynience for the work?" says Shawn, quite vexed, bekase he thought he was made a fool of; but the words were hardly out of his mouth, when all at wanst a compleat forge started up by his side. The little chap jumped up, and worked away at the bellows like a thrasher; and though there wasn't a spark of fire on the hearth, the iron heated quite reg'lar, and Shawn, you may be sartin, wasn't long about making an iligant set of shoes; but when he kem to put them on the mare, if he was to drive fifty nails in, sorra one of them would stick. "Sweet bad luck to yez!" says Shawn, under his tooth, afther nearly working himself into an oil; "what am I to do now?" Just then it kem across his mind that he had a few ould nails in his breeches pocket. "It'll be no harm to try them, anyhow," thinks he; and—would you believe?—the very first one he druv the four nails fastened on of themselves. When the ould fellow saw the job compleat, he looked uncommon angry, and never a word was in his jaw tal Shawn was slipping on his coat; and thin, says he, "Shawn, I'm thinking it's a burning shame yemittin' anything bether to dhrink nor that wake st. No!—Cand to; here's a bottle of something good, his seven calves; and, as long as you keep it, 'twill be always rabbin. But mind what I say, or ye'll rue it; don't dare open it tal all your friends are present, an' let them have share of your good fortune."

"I thank your onner most kindly; it's yourself is the clever, dacent jintleman, to give such an iligant present to a poor boy; an' more beauty to your purty face!" says the rogue Shawn, taking the bottle and putting his tongue into his opposite cheek.

"Now, shut your eyes, and turn round wanst," whispered the Grey Man. Shawn did as he was desired; but, when he looked about, he was struck all of a hape to find himself standing in his own bawn, and the bottle in his fist, without man or mortal near him; only he thought he had a kind of gibing laugh fleeting away upon the wind; but then, sure, that might be only the cackle of a flock of wild geese flying over his head into the bog. The next morning at cock shout, there were messengers sent to warn

all the Reardons, his own relations, and the Donovans, his wife's people, not to fail, but to come to the Long Bog that evening; and, to be sure, there never was seen afore sich a faction in one place. There they kem by hundreds on horseback an' a-foot, the women on pillions and in cars, and the men riding or walking; hapes of clane active boys, with shillelaghs in their fists, blue frieze coats on their shoulders, and rale silk kneckerchers upon them; an' thin the colleens!—it's they that 'ud dazzle your eyes, and make the heart leap in your buzzum with their laughing eyes and rosy cheeks, brighter nor the red scarlet ribbons in their caps. Ogh! it's no use in talking; it's seldom any of us 'ill have the luck to see such a sight.

"Well, when they were all gother together, well becomes Shawn but he ups and tells his story, and then uncorked the bottle: becoorse he took the first dhrup himself, and sure enough, it was nothin' else but rale fine *potteen*; but he didn't know what the dickens it was—how could he? He then handed a cruiskeen of it to the rest of the company; and though they thought it was the most beautiful dhrink in the world, sorra one of them ever tasted the likes of it afore. Hows'ever, when the bottle went round once or twicet, the boys began to grow very pleasant, an' nothin' 'ud sarve them, but they should send for a piper to have a dance afore the door with their sweethearts; and though the studdy ould folks kept their sates, they began to sing songs, an' shake hands, an' kiss each other ever so loving. But the poor innocent people warn't used to the strong sperits; the crathurs hadn't no heads to bear it at all, not all as one as us that's it's as nathral to as mother's milk; and so afther a while the bad blood began to stir, and some of the blackguards were casting up ould spites and grudges in each other's faces: this, maybe, 'ud breed a little scrimmage, and no sooner 'ud it be quelled by the peaceable people nor another row 'ud start up somewhere else. The young men now begun to take part in the disputes, the dancing stopped, and the shillelaghs were flourishing on all sides. A few handy blows were exchanged at first that brought the blood out of some hot heads; this set the women screeching and the men shouting, and in five minutes there was a reg'lar a ruction kicked up as you'd wish to see. Uncles, brothers, cousins, and relations were whacking each other for the bare life; for by this time they were all tearing mad dhrunk, an' nothing could stand afore them. Chairs, tables, stools, and crockery-ware were knocked to *smitherens*,—not a pot or kettle escaped; and while some were thrashing away inside, the rest were fighting it out fairly in the bawn,—more glory to them! But the best of it all was, when it got too dark altogether for them to see each other, a gallows bird clapped a coal of fire in one of the corn-stacks, and set it all of a blaze; and sure enough, it was a *bright* thought, for it would have been mighty unconvanient, you know, to be striking in the *dark*.

"At length the power of the blows, or maybe the strength of the whiskey, stretched the whole faction,

ould and young, bleeding atop of one another, and snoring like pigs in a sty, tal next morning; an' it was broad daylight afore Shawn opened his eyes; and then, by the powers! he could only see through one of them, in respect of the other being dacently closed up by a nate *polthogus* over his left eyebrow; but what he did see put him in no kind of spirits at all, for there was nothing but rack and ruin around him; his bits of *brillauns* all bruck to smash, an' his haggard one hape of ashes, himself lying at his aise in the ducks' lough, and the piper's carcass across him. But what kilt him worse nor all was the sight of the ould Grey Man sitting upon a stone among the smoking corn, taking a pinch of snuff quite iligant, winkin', an' noddin', an' killin' himself with the laughin' at Shawn. Flesh and blood couldn't stand sich usage; for sure it was all on account of the fairy liquor he gave him,—the spiteful

ould thief!—that the contintion was bred among blood relations at all; so Shawn up with the bottle that he still had a fast grip of, and threw it with a wicked aim at the little man, who jumped up as smart as a cock at a blackberry, an' catch it as it was coming towards him; then, tucking it undher his arm, he made Shawn a low bow, vanished away with a loud laugh, an' was never seen or heard tell of since in this country. Aftther a while, those that were able to crawl stole home, sore and sorry for their sport; and it was many a long day afore all the heads and friendships broken at Shawn Gow's were haled. Shawn himself worked in his forge tal he was an ould man, though it niver was his luck to come across a *cluricaun's* bottle, or to taste *pollen* again; but, if he had lived from that day to this, he couldn't have met such rale choice stuff as what we're dhrinking at this present merry meetin'."

## THE PEREGRINATIONS OF MAC BRADY.

[The following humorous poem is a translation from the Irish. The original was composed by a gentleman named Mac Brady, who lived in the county Cavan in the last century, and is a description of a journey he made through Ireland. The translation, which is not close, though it preserves admirably the spirit of the original, was made by Owen Mac Intire, an itinerant poet, piper, and antiquarian, a man of small learning but of great cleverness, who lived a little time after Mac-Brady.]

The elegy in the end is an original composition of Mac Intire's in memory of his friend Mac Brady.

In both compositions Mac Intire has imitated the rhythm and rhyme of Irish verse.]

If ye heard each disaster, of your poetaster,  
And Irish schoolmaster, since leaving Stradone;\*  
Thro' thick and thin splashing, the rain on him  
dashing,  
My friends in compassion, you'd Brady bemoan.  
The bri'rs my cloaths tatt'ring, my new nail'd  
brogues clatt'ring,  
The mud my legs spatt'ring, I strove to grope home;  
Whilst tir'd, wet, and weary, I'd rather, I swear ye  
Be'n the cabin with Mary, than bishop of Rome.  
I got over mountains, thro' bogs, and by fountains,  
Pierc'd woods without counting, to Croghan,† alone;  
Whence to Arran I scamper'd, with baggage not  
hamper'd,  
To Sligo's sea rampart, Kinnard‡ and Tyrone.  
Continuing my hurry, I dash'd on to Newry,  
Thence to Down like a fury, where they robb'd me  
*oghone!*

\* Stradone, in the Co. Cavan. † Croghan, in Roscommon.  
‡ Kinnard, now Caledon, in the south of Tyrone.

O'er Sliav Gullion\* I darter'd, I darter'd,  
Where against a ship cart'g, I shout'd out murder,‡  
I shouted out murder,‡, I shout'd out murder,‡  
I got near the bordering of that town,‡  
Whilst the rascals  
too cunning, and the little man,  
And the people cart'g me you're the  
town.  
For fear of no quib'ry,  
I swam o'er the water, a  
Thence to Garristown,‡ an old  
woman,  
Who told me my coming in the news.  
'Tis not to be wonder'd, I found myself  
founder'd,  
Like a horse that on ground hard, had plough'd by  
the tail;  
But St. Patrick's bells ringing, my heart set a  
springing,  
And I reach'd Dublin singing "Brace Grainne Weal."  
The first thing I'll mention, that gain'd my attention  
And my eyes kept in tension an hour I swear;  
'Twas King William of Britain, on an iron horse sit-  
ting,  
As fierce as a kitten, the post-office near.  
Desirous of knowledge, I went to the college,  
Where I am fore'd to acknowledge, but little I found;  
So sooner than argue, I steer'd for Portlarga,‡  
With of whiskey a cargo, my sorrows to drown.

\* Slieve Gullion, a high mountain in the south of Armagh.  
‡ Garristown, in the north of the Co. Dubha.  
‡ Portlarga, Waterford.

I drank 'till quite mellow, then like a brave fellow,  
 Began for to bellow, and shouted for more;  
 But my host held his stick up, which soon cur'd my  
 hiccup,  
 As no cash I could pick up, to pay off the score.  
 To prison he sent me, here I 'gan to repent me,  
 I knew I must lent keep, until my release;  
 But the next day they stript me, and out of doors  
 kick'd me,  
 So my choler to quit free I damn'd the police.  
 With wet and cold, shiv'ring, my broken jaw  
 quiv'ring,  
 I oft thought the river in, my body to throw;  
 And it still is a myst'ry, when I con o'er my hist'ry,  
 By what means I miss'd free, the waters below.  
 I visited Blarney, Birr, Cork, and Killarney,  
 McMahon of Farney,\* and Galway's rich shore;  
 From Croagh Patrick with hot head, to Dromole  
 I trotted,  
 With an oak stick well knotted, and so to Ballore.†

\* Farney, a barony in the Co. Monaghan, formerly be-  
 longing to the Mac Mahons.

† Ballore, now Fore, in Westmeath.

Here a lodging I'd taken, but lothe to awaken,  
 For fear of my bacon, or man, wife, or babe;  
 Brush'd on in a passion, and thro' the ford dashing,  
 I reach'd the mud mansion of Brian Mac Cabe.  
 The potatoes were boiling, but his brats kept such  
 squalling,  
 With his wife caterwauling, that for home I set to,  
 Where I found Mrs. Brady, with my sons Pat and  
 Thady,  
 As they'd heard I was drowned all crying *Whilliloo!*

## ELEGY.

I remember Mc. Brady—no lady, or village queen  
 But wish'd on a May-day, or play-day, his choice  
 to 've been;  
 To a barrel of liquor, none quicker, to run was seen,  
 Nor at fairs had a stick or club thicker, or brogues  
 more clean;  
 Like a halfpenny candle, he'd handle his sapling  
 green,  
 Now alas! in Dunsandle, a bramble his grave doth  
 screen.

about making  
 kem to put them  
 fifty nails in, sorra one  
 bad luck to yez!' says Sha  
 nearly working himself into  
 now?' Just then it kem acra  
 a few ould nails in his breech  
 no harm to thry them, anyhow,  
 would you b'lieve?—the very first

## THE PUGNACIOUS TAILOR.

BY WILLIAM CARLETON.

four shoes fastened on of them  
 ould fellow saw the job complat  
 nmon angry, and never a word w  
 ill was slinging on his coat; an  
 conu. Gow, I'm thinking it's a bi  
 that he w. thing betther to dhrink  
 about to gi ed to; here's a hot  
 Neal was ed to; here's a hot  
 had signalled with and, as  
 any single hero of a. But n  
 grandfather, and his great-grandfather, were all fight-  
 ing men; and his ancestors in general, up, probably,  
 to Con of the Hundred Battles himself. No wonder,  
 therefore, that Neal's blood should cry out against  
 the cowardice of his calling; no wonder that he should  
 be an epitome of all that was valorous and heroic  
 in a peaceable man, for we neglected to inform the  
 reader that Neal, though "bearing no base mind,"  
 never fought any man in his own person. That,  
 however, deducted nothing from his courage. If he  
 did not fight, it was simply because he found  
 cowardice universal. No man would engage him;  
 his spirit blazed in vain: his thirst for battle was  
 doomed to remain unquenched, except by whiskey,  
 and this only increased it. In short, he could find no  
 foe. He has often been known to challenge the first  
 cudgel-players and pugilists of the parish; to pro-

voke men of fourteen stone weight; and to bid mortal  
 defiance to faction heroes of all grades—but in vain.  
 There was that in him which told them that an en-  
 counter with Neal would strip them of their laurels.  
 Neal saw all this with a lofty indignation; it was a  
 calamity to see every man's head broken but his own,  
 and his friends beat black and blue, whilst his own  
 cuticle remained undiscoloured.

"Blur-an'-agers!" exclaimed Neal one day, when  
 half-tipsy in the fair, "am I never to get a bit of  
 fightin'? Is there no cowardly spalpeen to stand afore  
 Neal Malone? Be this and be that, *I'm blue-moulded  
 for want of a batin!* I'm disgracin' my relations by  
 the life I'm ladin'! Will none o' ye fight me aither  
 for love, money, or whiskey—frind or inimy, an' bad  
 luck to ye? I don't care a *traneon* which, only out o'  
 pure frindship, let us have a morsel o' the rale kick-  
 up, 'tany rate. Frind or inimy, I say agin, if you  
 regard me; sure *that* makes no differ, only let us have  
 the fight."

This excellent heroism was all wasted; Neal could  
 not find a single adversary. Every man was his  
 friend—no man was his enemy. A desperate position  
 for any person to find himself in, but doubly calami-  
 tous to a martial tailor.

Many a dolorous complaint did Neal make upon

the misfortune of having none to wish him ill; and what rendered this hardship doubly oppressive, was the unlucky fact that no exertions of his, however offensive, could procure him a single foe. In vain did he insult, abuse, and malign all his acquaintances. In vain did he father upon them all the rascality and villainy he could think of; he lied against them with a force and originality that would have made many a modern novelist blush for want of invention—but all to no purpose. What did it avail him that he carried a cudgel ready for all hostile contingencies? The moment he appeared, they softened into downright cordiality. His presence was the signal of peace; for, notwithstanding his unconquerable propensity to warfare, he went abroad as the genius of unanimity, though carrying in his bosom the redoubtable disposition of a warrior.

It could not be expected that Neal, with whatever fortitude he might bear his other afflictions, could bear such tranquillity like a hero. He sat uneasy on his lap-board. Instead of cutting out soberly, he flourished his scissors as if he were heading a faction; he wasted much chalk by scoring his cloth in wrong places, and even caught his hot goose without a holder. These symptoms alarmed his friends, who persuaded him to go to a doctor. Neal went, to satisfy them; but he knew that no prescription could drive the courage out of him—that he was too far gone in heroism to be made a coward of by apothecary stuff. Nothing in the pharmacopœia could physic him into a pacific state. His disease was simply the want of an enemy. The doctor, indeed, recommended blood-letting; but to lose blood in a peaceable manner was not only cowardly, but a bad cure for courage. Neal declined it: he would lose no blood for any man until he could not help it: the only lancet ever applied to his relations was the cudgel, and Neal scorned to abandon the principles of his family.

His friends, finding that he reserved his blood for more heroic purposes than dastardly phlebotomy, knew not what to do with him. His perpetual exclamation was, as we have already stated, "*I'm blue-moulded for want of a batin'!*" They did everything in their power to cheer him with the hope of a drubbing; told him he lived in an excellent country for a man afflicted with his malady; and promised, if it were at all possible, to create him a private enemy or two, who, they hoped in heaven, might trounce him to some purpose.

This sustained him for a while; but as day after day passed, and no appearance of action presented itself, he could not choose but increase in courage. He meditated fresh insults, studied new plans, and hunted out cunning devices for provoking his acquaintances to battle, until by degrees he began to confound his own brain, and to commit more grievous oversights in his business than ever. Sometimes he sent home to one person a coat, with the legs of a pair of trousers attached to it for sleeves, and despatched to another the arms of the aforesaid coat tacked together as a pair of trousers. Sometimes the coat was made to button behind instead of before, and he frequently placed the pockets in the lower part of the skirts, as if he had been in league with cut-purses.

This was a melancholy situation, and his friends pitied him accordingly.

"Don't be cast down, Neal," said they, "your friends feel for you, poor fellow."

"Divil carry my frinds," replied Neal, "sure there's not one o' yez frindly enough to be my inimy. Tare-an'-ounze! what'll I do? *I'm blue-moulded for want of a batin'!*"

Seeing that their consolation was thrown away upon him, they resolved to leave him to his fate; which they had no sooner done than Neal had thoughts of taking to the *Skiomachia* as a last remedy. In this mood he looked with considerable antipathy at his own shadow for several nights; and it is not to be questioned, but that some hard battles would have taken place between them were it not for the cunning of the shadow, which declined to fight him in any other position than with its back to the wall. This occasioned him to pause, for the wall was a fearful antagonist, inasmuch that it knew not when it was beaten.

He now saw that fate was against him, and that any further hostility towards the shadow was only a tempting of Providence. He lost his health, spirits, and everything but his courage. His countenance became pale and peaceful looking; the bluster departed from him; his body shrunk up like a withered parsnip. Thrice was he compelled to take in his clothes, and thrice did he ascertain that much of his time would be necessarily spent in pursuing his retreating person through the solitude of his almost deserted garments.

One day Neal sat cross-legged, as tailors usually sit, in the act of pressing a pair of breeches, when Mr. O'Connor, the schoolmaster, whose inexpressibles he was turning for the third time, entered the workshop. Mr. O'Connor himself was as finished a picture of misery as the tailor. There was a patient subdued kind of expression in his face, which indicated a very fair portion of calamity; his eye seemed charged with affliction of the first water; on each side of his nose might be traced two dry channels which, no doubt, were full enough when tropical rains of his countenance lasted. Altogether, to conclude from appearances, it was a dead match in affliction between him and the tailor; both seemed sad, fleshless, and unthriving.

"Misther O'Connor," said the tailor, when the schoolmaster entered, "won't you be pleased to sit down?"

Mr. O'Connor sat; and after wiping his forehead, laid his hat upon the lap-board, put his half handkerchief in his pocket, and looked upon the tailor. The tailor, in return, looked upon Mr. O'Connor; but neither of them spoke for some minutes. Neal, in fact, appeared to be wrapped up in his own misery, and Mr. O'Connor in his; or, as we often have much gratuitous sympathy for the distress of our friends, we question but the tailor was wrapped up in Mr. O'Connor's misery, and Mr. O'Connor in the tailor's.

Mr. O'Connor at length said: "Neal, are my inexpressibles finished?"

"I am now pressin' your inexpressibles," replied Neal; "but, be my sowl, Mr. O'Connor, it's not your inexpressibles I'm thinkin' of. I'm not the ninth

part of what I was. I'd hardly make paddin' for a collar now."

"Are you able to carry a staff still, Neal?"

"I've a light hazel one that's handy," said the tailor; "but where's the use of carryin' it, whin I can get no one to fight wid. Sure I'm disgracing my relations by the life I'm leadin'. I'll go to my grave widout ever batin' a man, or bein' bate myself; that's the vexation. Divil the row ever I was able to kick up in my life; so that I'm fairly blue-moulded for want of a batin'. But if you have patience——"

"Patience!" said Mr. O'Connor, with a shake of the head that was perfectly disastrous even to look at; "patience, did you say, Neal?"

"Ay," said Neal, "an' be my sowl, if you deny what I said patience I'll break your head!"

"Ab, Neal," returned the other, "I don't deny it; for though I am teaching philosophy, knowledge, and mathematics every day of my life, yet I'm learning patience myself both night and day. No, Neal, I have forgotten to deny anything. I have not been guilty of a contradiction, out of my own school, for the last fourteen years. I once expressed the shadow of a doubt about twelve years ago, but ever since I have abandoned even doubting. That doubt was the last expiring effort at maintaining my domestic authority—but I suffered for it."

"Well," said Neal, "if you have patience, I'll tell you what afflicts me from beginnin' to endin'."

"I will have patience," said Mr. O'Connor; and he accordingly heard a dismal and indignant tale from the tailor.

"You have told me that fifty times over," said Mr. O'Connor, after hearing the story. "Your spirit is too martial for a pacific life. If you follow my advice, I will teach you how to ripple the calm current of your existence to some purpose. *Marry a wife.* For twenty-five years I have given instruction in three branches, viz.—philosophy, knowledge, and mathematics. I am also well versed in matrimony, and I declare that, upon my misery, and by the contents of all my afflictions, it is my solemn and melancholy opinion, that, if you marry a wife, you will, before three months pass over your concatenated state, not have a single complaint to make touching a superabundance of peace or tranquillity, or a love of fighting."

"Do you mane to say that any woman would make me afeard?" said the tailor, deliberately rising up and getting his cudgel. "I'll thank you merely to go over the words agin, till I trash you widin an inch of your life. That's all."

"Neal," said the schoolmaster, meekly, "I won't fight; I have been too often subdued ever to presume on the hope of a single victory. My spirit is long since evaporated; I am like one of your own shreds, a mere evlavage. Do you not know how much my habiliments have shrunk in, even within the last five years? Hear me, Neal: and venerate my words as if they proceeded from the lips of a prophet. If you wish to taste the luxury of being subdued—if you are, as you say, *blue-moulded for want of a beating*, and sick at heart of a peaceful existence—why, MARRY A WIFE."

Mr. O'Connor, having thus expressed himself, de-

parted, and Neal stood, with the cudgel in his hand, looking at the door out of which he passed, with an expression of fierceness, contempt, and reflection, strongly blended on the ruins of his once heroic visage.

The schoolmaster had suggested a train of thought upon which Neal now fastened with all the ardour of a chivalrous temperament. Nay, he wondered that the family spirit should have so completely seized upon the fighting side of his heart as to preclude all thoughts of matrimony; for he could not but remember that his relations were as ready for marriage as for fighting. He, therefore, very prudently asked himself to whom, if he did not marry, should he transmit his courage. He had no other means of preserving it to posterity than by creating a posterity to inherit it.

The change visible in Neal, after the schoolmaster's last visit, absolutely thunderstruck all who knew him. The clothes, which he had rashly taken in to fit his shrivelled limbs, were once more let out. The tailor expanded with a new spirit; his joints ceased to be supple, as in the days of his valour; his eye became less fiery, but more brilliant. From being martial he got desperately gallant; but, somehow, he could not afford to act the hero and lover both at the same time. This, perhaps, would be too much to expect from a tailor. His policy was better. He resolved to bring all his available energy to bear upon the charms of whatever fair nymph he should select for the honour of matrimony; to waste his spirit in fighting would, therefore, be a deduction from the single purpose in view.

No sooner had Neal begun to feel an inclination to matrimony than his friends knew that his principles had veered, by the change now visible in his person and deportment. They saw he had *rattled* from courage, and joined love. Heretofore his life had been all winter, darkened by storm and hurricane. The fiercer virtues had played the devil with him; every word was thunder, every look lightning; but now all that had passed away; before he was the *fortier in ra*, at present he was the *suaviter in modo*. His existence was perfect spring—beautifully vernal. All the amiable and softer qualities began to bud about his heart; a genial warmth was diffused over him; his soul got green within him; every day was serene, and if a cloud happened to become visible, there was a roguish rainbow astride of it, on which sat a beautiful Iris that laughed down at him, and seemed to say, "Why the dickens, Neal, don't you marry a wife?"

Neal could not resist the afflatus which descended on him; an ethereal light dwelled, he thought, upon the face of nature; the colour of the cloth, which he cut out from day to day, was, to his enraptured eye, like the colour of cupid's wings—all purple; his visions were worth their weight in gold, and his dreams a credit to the bed he slept on. He was shrewd enough to know that what he felt must be love; nothing else could distend him with happiness, until his soul felt light and bladder-like, but love. As an oyster opens, when expecting the tide, so did his soul expand at the contemplation of matrimony.

Labour ceased to be a trouble to him; he sang and sewed from morning to night; his hot goose no longer burned him, for his heart was as hot as his goose; the vibrations of his head, at each successive stitch, were no longer sad and melancholy. There was a buoyant shake of exultation in them which showed that his soul was placid and happy within him.

Let no one suppose that Neal forgot the schoolmaster's kindness, or failed to be truly grateful for it. Mr. O'Connor was the first person whom he consulted touching his passion. With a cheerful soul he waited on that melancholy and gentleman-like man, and in the very luxury of his heart told him that he was in love.

"In love, Neal!" said the schoolmaster. "May I inquire with whom?"

"Wid nobody in particular yet," replied Neal; "but of late, I'm got divilish fond o' the girls in general."

"And do you call that being in love, Neal?" said Mr. O'Connor.

"Why, what else would I call it?" returned the tailor. "Amn't I fond of them?"

"Then it must be what is termed the Universal Passion, Neal," observed Mr. O'Connor, "although it is the first time I have seen such an illustration of it as you present in your own person."

"I wish you would advise me how to act," said Neal; "I'm as happy as a prince since I began to get fond o' them, an' to think of marriage."

The schoolmaster shook his head again, and looked very miserable.

"Neal," said he, "could you, by stretching your imagination, contrive to rest contented with nursing your passion in solitude, and love the sex at a distance?"

"How could I nurse and mind my business?" replied the tailor. "I'll never nurse so long as I'll have the wife; and as for 'magination, it depends upon the grain of it whether I can stretch it or not. I don't know that I ever made a coat of it in my life."

"You don't understand me, Neal," said the schoolmaster. "In recommending marriage, I was only driving one evil out of you by introducing another. Do you think that, if you abandoned all thoughts of a wife, you would get heroic again?—that is, would you take once more to the love of fighting?"

"There's no doubt but I would," said the tailor: "if I miss the wife, I'll kick up such a dust as never was seen in the parish, an' you're the first man that I'll lick. But now that I'm in love," he continued, "sure I ought to look out for the wife."

"Ah! Neal," said the schoolmaster, "you are tempting destiny: your temerity be, with all its melancholy consequences, upon your own head."

"Come," said the tailor, "it wasn't to hear you groaning to the tune of 'Dhrimindhoo,' or 'The old woman rocking her cradle,' that I came; but to know if you could help me in makin' out the wife. That's the discource."

"Look at me, Neal," said the schoolmaster, solemnly. "I am at this moment, and have been any time for the last fifteen years, a living *corvo* against matrimony. I do not think that earth possesses such a

luxury as a single solitary life. Neal, the monks of old were happy men; they were all fat and had double chins; and, Neal, I tell you that all fat men are in general happy. Care cannot come at them so readily as at a thin man; before it gets through the strong outworks of flesh and blood with which they are surrounded, it becomes treacherous to its original purpose, joins the cheerful spirits it meets in the system, and dances about the heart in all the madness of mirth. Look at me, Neal, how wasted, fleshless, and miserable, I stand before you. You know how my garments have shrunk in, and what a solid man I was before marriage. Neal, pause, I beseech you; otherwise you stand a strong chance of becoming a nonentity like myself."

"I don't care what I become," said the tailor; "I can't think that you'd be so unreasonable as to expect that any of the Malones should pass out of the world widout either bein' bate or marrid. Have reason, Mr. O'Connor, an' if you can help me to the wife, I promise to take in your coat the next time for nothin'."

"Well, then," said Mr. O'Connor, "what would you think of the butcher's daughter, Biddy Neil? 'Tis true, Neal, she is twice your size, and possesses three times your strength; but for that very reason, Neal, marry her if you can. Large animals are placid; and heaven preserve those bachelors, whom I wish well, from a small wife; 'tis such who always wield the sceptre of domestic life, and rule their husbands with a rod of iron?"

"Say no more, Mr. O'Connor," replied the tailor; "she's the very girl I'm in love wid, an' never fear, but I'll overcome her heart, if it can be done by man. Now, step over the way to my house, an' we'll have a sup on the head of it. Who's that calling?"

"Ah! Neal, I know the tones—there's a shrillness in them not to be mistaken. Farewell! I must depart; you have heard the proverb, 'those who are bound must obey.' Neal, I say again, pause before you take this leap in the dark. Pause, Neal, I entreat you. Farewell!"

Neal, however, was gifted with the heart of an Irishman, and scorned caution as the characteristic of a coward; he had, as it appeared, abandoned all design of fighting, but the courage still adhered to him even in making love. He, consequently, conducted the siege of Biddy Neil's heart with a degree of skill and valour which would not have come amiss to Marshal Gerald at the siege of Antwerp.

Biddy was the very pink of pugnacity, and could throw in a body blow, or plant a facer, with singular energy and science. Her prowess hitherto had, we confess, been displayed only within the limited range of domestic life; but should she ever find it necessary to exercise it upon a larger scale, there was no doubt whatsoever, in the opinion of her mother, brothers, and sisters, every one of whom she had successively subdued, that she must undoubtedly distinguish herself. There was certainly one difficulty which the tailor had not to encounter in the progress of his courtship; the field was his own; he had not a rival to dispute his claim. Neither was there any opposi-



THE PUGNACIOUS TAILOR (SEE PAGE 295)



tion given by her friends; they were, on the contrary, all anxious for the match; and when the arrangements were concluded, Neal felt his hand squeezed by them in succession with an expression more resembling condolence than joy.

There was nothing particular in the wedding. Mr. O'Connor was asked by Neal to be present at it; but he shook his head, and told him that he had not courage to attend it, or inclination to witness any man's sorrows but his own. He met the wedding party by accident, and was heard to exclaim with a sigh as they flaunted past him in gay exuberance of spirits—"Ah, poor Neal! he is going like one of her father's cattle to the shambles! Woe is me for having suggested matrimony to the tailor! He will not long be under the necessity of saying that he is 'blue-moulded for want of a beating.'"

On the evening of the wedding day, about the hour of ten o'clock, Neal—whose spirits were uncommonly exalted, for his heart luxuriated within him—danced with his bridesmaid; after the dance he sat beside her, and got eloquent in praise of her beauty; and it is said, too, that he whispered to her, and chucked her chin with considerable gallantry. The *tête-à-tête* continued for some time without exciting particular attention, with one exception; but that exception was worth a whole chapter of general rules. Mrs. Malone rose up, and then sat down again, and took off a glass of the native; she got up a second time—all the wife rushed upon her heart—she approached them, and in a fit of the most exquisite sensibility, knocked the bridesmaid down, and gave the tailor a kick of affecting pathos. The whole scene was a touching one on both sides. The tailor was sent on all-fours to the floor! but Mrs. Malone took him quietly up, put him under her arm, and with stately step marched away with him.

The next morning Mr. O'Connor presented himself to congratulate the tailor on his happiness. Neal, as his friend, shook hands with him, gave the schoolmaster's fingers a slight squeeze, such as a man gives who would gently entreat your sympathy. The schoolmaster looked at him, and thought he shook his head. Of this, however, he could not be certain; for, as he shook his own during the moment of observation, he concluded that it might be a mere mistake of the eye, or, perhaps, the result of a mind predisposed to be credulous on the subject of shaking heads.

We wish it were in our power to draw a veil, or curtain, or blind of some description, over the remnant of the tailor's narrative that is to follow; but as it is the duty of every faithful historian to give the secret causes of appearances which the world in general do not understand, so we think it but honest to go on, impartially and faithfully, without shrinking from the responsibility that is frequently annexed to truth.

On the first week after his marriage there chanced to be a fair in the next market town. Neal, after breakfast, brought forward a bunch of *shillalahs*, in order to select the best: the wife inquired the purpose of the selection, and Neal declared that he was re-

solved to have a fight that day, if it were to be had, he said, for "love or money." "The truth is," he exclaimed, strutting with fortitude about the house, "the truth is that I've done the whole of yez—I'm as blue-moulded as ever for want of a batin'."

"Don't go," said the wife.

"I will go," said Neal, with vehemence; "I'll go if the whole parish was to go to prevent me."

*In about another half hour Neal sat down quietly to his business, instead of going to the fair!*

Much ingenious speculation might be indulged in upon this abrupt termination to the tailor's most formidable resolution; but, for our own part, we will prefer going on with the narrative, leaving the reader at liberty to solve the mystery as he pleases.

At the period of his matrimony, Neal had become as plump and as stout as ever he was known to be in his plumpest and stoutest days. About four months after, however, when buttoning his waistcoat one day, he shook his head after the manner of Mr. O'Connor, and made observations upon the great extent to which it over-folded him.

Well, thought he, with a sigh—this waistcoat certainly *did* fit me to a T; but it's wonderful to think how—cloth stretches!

"Neal," said the wife, on perceiving him dressed, "where are you bound for?"

"Why," he answered, "only to dance at Jemmy Connolly's; I'll be back early."

"Don't go," said the wife.

"I'll go," said Neal, "if the whole country was to prevent me. Thunder and lightning, woman, who am I?" he exclaimed in a loud but rather infirm voice. "amn't I Neal Malone, that never met a *man* who'd fight him! Neal Malone that was never beat by *man*! Why, tare-an-ounze, woman! Whoo! I'll get enraged some time, an' play the divil! Whose afeared, I say."

"Don't go," added the wife, again, giving Neal a significant look in the face.

*In about another half hour Neal sat down quietly to his business, instead of going to the dance.*

Neal now turned himself, like many a sage in similar circumstances, to philosophy; that is to say, he began to shake his head upon principle, after the manner of the schoolmaster. He would, indeed, have preferred the bottle upon principle; but there was no getting at the bottle, except through the wife; and it so happened that by the time it reached him, there was little consolation left in it. Neal bore all in silence; for silence, his friend had often told him, was a proof of wisdom.

Soon after this, Neal, one evening, met Mr. O'Connor by chance upon a plank which crossed a river. This plank was only a foot in breadth, so that no two individuals could pass each other upon it. We cannot find words in which to express the dismay of both, on finding that they absolutely glided past one another without collision.

Both paused, and surveyed each other solemnly, but the astonishment was all on the side of Mr. O'Connor.

"Neal," said the schoolmaster, "by all the house-

hoid gods. I conjure you to speak, that I may be assured you live!"

The ghost of a blush crossed the churchyard visage of the tailor.

"Oh!" he exclaimed, "why the divil did you tempt me to marry a wife?"

"Neal," said his friend, "answer me in the most solemn manner possible—throw into your countenance all the gravity you can assume; speak as if you were under the hands of the hangman, with the rope about your neck, for the question is, indeed, a

trying one which I am about to put. Are you still 'blue-moulded for want of a beating?'"

The tailor collected himself to make a reply: he put one leg out—the very leg he used to show in triumph to his friend; but, alas, how dwindled! He opened his waistcoat and lapped it round him, until he looked like a weasel on its hind legs. He then raised himself up on his tip-toes, and, in an awful whisper, replied,

"No!!! the divil a bit I'm *blue-moulded* for want of a batin'."

## AN EXTRAORDINARY PHENOMENON.

BY THOMAS C. IRWIN.

WE read of many curious things in the world, from the fish of the Amazon, which pass part of their lives in the branches of trees, thus realising Virgil's fancy of matters impossible, to the echo in the South of Ireland which returns a courteous answer to its interlocutor. On the other hand, there are places without any echo. For instance, persons have been known to call many times demanding payment of an account without meeting with any response whatever, and a diligent examination will elicit facts of this character in other parts of Ireland besides the South. That in the latter region other phenomena equally remarkable once engaged the attention of its philosophers, and at the same time, illustrated the inquiring, though simple intellect of the peasantry, ever ready to lend their aid in the elucidation of Nature, and for the advantage of acoustic science, and their own, may we think be rendered manifest by the following narrative:—

A number of years since, in the times before railways or telegraphs, when something of the simplicity of the *præca gens mortalium* still lingered among a little group of "savants" resident in a certain southern city, a peasant one day called at the residence of a gentleman (whom we shall call Mr. B.) well known for his love of science, and his ardour as an amateur investigator of natural phenomena. On the peasant being shown into his study, the following colloquy occurred:—

"Well, my man," inquired Mr. B., "what do you want of me?"

"Why, yer honour, I've heard that you are a very learned gentleman, and—but there's no one within hearing, yer honour?"

"No, no—go on."

"The fact is, sir, that I've made a very curious discovery, and thought I'd just call and acquaint yer honour iv it."

"Well, and what is the nature of this discovery, my man," said Mr. B., all impatience.

"Troth, and that's jist the thing that puzzles me,

sir. It's one of the most curious things that is of a subjunctive, and I may say every day parenthetical way that ever conjugated itself with my experience."

"Well, what is it?"

"Well, yer honour, of course I'm only a poor peasant, and don't understand the philosophy of it. But if yer honour would only let me tell you——"

"Why it—man—don't you see I'm most anxiously waiting to hear you."

"Are you, sir, and troth and it's myself's glad to hear you say so. Well, yer honour, what I'm going to tell you is, without further circumlocution, just this. I've a little holding a few miles away from the town—I'm not beholding just at present to say exactly where it is—and there's a little stream runs through it which, if I was on my Bible oath, is not more than two foot broad."

"Well, well?"

"Now, the curious thing is, that if you stud on one side of it and I on the other, devil a won iv us could hear the other speaking."

"Oh, come," said Mr. B., "you don't expect me to believe that?"

"I do, by my sowl, as much as I believe it, sir."

"What! that you could not hear me speak across a stream two foot broad?"

"Not if you had the lungs of Nebuchadnazar. I've tried it myself, and might just as well think to make myself heard across the Atlantic."

The savant paused awhile, puzzled, and slightly interested. Some local peculiarity, or, who could say, perhaps some novel acoustic phenomenon.

"But how did you find this out?" he inquired.

"Troth, easy enough, yer honour. One day, about noon, after I had been digging a bit of a potato trench, and feeling a little tired, I called out to my wife, Judy, who was weeding in a field a few perches off, 'Judy, light the pipe.'"

"Well?"

"Well, sir, devil a more notice she tuck of me than if I was out of sight. 'Judy,' I says to her a second

time, 'light the pipe, and be quick about it, for I'm dying for a draw.' Judy, however, to my astonishment, kept on never minding—not even a turn iv her head, to let me see she heard me. This nettled me. 'Judy,' I says, the third time, 'if you don't bring me my pipe simultaneously, by the — I'll give you such a whopping.' I spoke quite angry, as was natural, as your honour can understand, if it is a thing that you smoke, as I'm towld by the annals of nistory many learned gentlemen have done to ease their mind when they were tired wid pursuing their lubrications, and in troth a whiff is a comfort, even to a simple-minded peasant like myself, after he has been at work wid his spade, from after breakfast, and when MacCormack (the sun) is in his noonday strength and glory. Well, sir, when I minded that Judy went on plucking up the chickenweed and groundsel, quite promiscuous, and not seeming to hear what I said, I saw that something was wrong, jumped across the stream, and when I landed on the opposite side, called out to her to bring me my pipe, or, by the mortal, I'd inaugurate her! On this she at once heard me, and came over to me, smiling innocent and kindly as ever; and taking the dudeen from a handful of things she had in her pocket—a bone for cutting the teeth iv the last, her thimble, bits of griddle bread, a cork of the bottle we shared on my birthday, and a key of the door—gave it to me. 'Why didn't you answer?' I says to her. 'Answer what?' says she. 'Why, haven't I been calling to you this half hour from the other side of the stream there for the pipe,' says I. 'As heaven's betune me and harm,' says Judy, 'a word iv yours never reached me, though I saw you looking at me, and thought you were joking to yourself.' On this I saw there was something wrong in earnest. 'Stand there,' I says; and leaping back across the stream began putting interrogatories and equivocations to her as an experiment. Oh, if you had seen her face when she found she couldn't hear me; and when she discovered I could only make faces at her, and she at me, she began crying and saying the Rosary as fast as she could. And, fuix, yer honour, I was so frightened myself I could scarce stand. 'Paddy, it's the devil,' says Judy, after she'd recovered her composure and looking serious; 'and sure I never thought—the saints be about us—that he'd occupy himself about such a little stream as this.' 'Judy,' I says, 'recollect where he comes from. Sorra much iv water he has when he is at home!' 'True for ye,' says Judy, 'but I doubt if he'd care for anything in the way iv water, that wasn't half whiskey,' says she, looking slyly at me."

Here the savant interrupted the peasant, and reflecting a moment, said:

"What you tell me, my man, of this local peculiarity is very interesting—a very singular natural phenomenon, indeed."

"Natural phenomena, yer honour! Troth, you may say that. The like iv it's not to be found in Ireland, and that's a big word."

"Well," said Mr. B., "I must get you to bring me to this stream, until I examine the place myself."

"Of course, yer honour. But you see there's a little difficulty first——"

"And what may that be?"

"Why, yer honour, of course I'm only a poor peasant, and know nothing of larning; but of course a larned gentleman like yourself couldn't expect me to part wid this very curious secret without getting a little something for showing it to yer honour—for sure you may take out a patent for it."

"And how much do you want?" asked Mr. B.

"Well, it's lucky that this curiosity is on my bit of land," said the peasant, "and, of course, many another would ask more than I have the conscience to charge. But—and so I honestly tell you—under a pound the secret won't leave me."

Mr. B. put his hand in his pocket, gave the man a pound and told him to call the next day, when he should visit the place in his company.

Next day they set out, and arrived at the little stream. Mr. B. rubbed his hands with philosophical delight.

"Now, you just jump across the stream," said Mr. B. to the peasant. He did so.

"A fine day! Well, don't you hear me?" roared Mr. B. at the top of his voice.

[Dumb show.]

On this he beckoned the man to his side of the stream, and said:

"This is curious, certainly; but stay, I will now go to the other side, and do you call out to me as loud as you can."

All he saw, however—for he heard nothing—was the man making faces and violent gestures at him a couple of yards off.

\* \* \* \* \*

Convinced by this experiment, Mr. B., highly gratified at having become acquainted with such an astonishing acoustic phenomenon at so small a cost, retraced his steps to the city, made up a party of friends, and returned shortly after with them to the remarkable locality in question.

"Now, gentlemen," said he, "I am at length in a position to dissipate your scepticism. You can test the truth of my statement yourselves. I will now address you from the opposite side of this stream, while you remain on this," and, springing across, he roared out with stentorian energy, "Well, do you hear me now?"

"To be sure we do," cried his friends, in a laughing chorus.

## M'GARRY'S WAKE.

(FROM "HANDY ANDY.")

BY SAMUEL LOVER.

MURTOUGH MURPHY'S dinner it is needless to describe. One dinner is the same as another in the most essential points, namely, to satisfy hunger and slake consequent thirst; and whether beef and cabbage, and heavy wet, are to conquer the dragon of appetite, or your stomach is to conquer the more elaborate attack fired from the *batterie de cuisins* of a finished *artiste*, and moistened with champagne, the difference is only of degree in the fashion of the thing and the tickling of the palate: hunger is as thoroughly satisfied with the one as the other; and headaches as well manufactured out of the beautiful, bright, and taper glasses which bear the foam of France to the lip, as from the coarse, flat-bottomed tumblers of an inn that reek with punch. At the dinner there was the same tender solicitude on the part of the carvers as to "Where would you like it?" and the same carelessness on the part of those whom they questioned, who declared they had no choice, "but if there *was* a little bit near the shank," &c., or "if there was a liver wing to *spare*." By the way, some carvers there are who push an aspirant's patience too far. I have seen some who, after giving away both wings, and all the breast, two sidebones, and the short legs, meet the eager look of the fifth man on their left with a smile, and ask him, with an effrontery worthy of the Old Bailey, "Has he any choice?" and, at the same time, toss a drum-stick on the destined plate, or boldly attempt to divert his melancholy with a merry thought. All this, and more, was there at Murtough Murphy's dinner, long memorable in the country from a frolic that wound up the evening, which soon began to warm, after the cloth was removed, into the sort of a thing commonly known by the name of a jollification. But before the dinner was over, poor M'Garry was nearly pickled: Jack Horan, having determined to make him drunk, arranged a system of attack on M'Garry's sobriety which bade defiance to his prudence to withstand. It was agreed that everyone should ask the apothecary to take wine; and he, poor innocent man! when gentlemen whom he had never had the honour to meet at dinner before addressed him, with a winning smile, and said, "Mr. M'Garry, will you do me the *honour*?" could not do less than fill his glass every time; so that, to use Jack Horan's own phrase, the apothecary was "sewed up" before he had any

suspicion of the fact; and, unused to the indications of approaching vinous excitement, he supposed it was the delightful society made him so hilarious, and he began to launch forth after dinner in a manner quite at variance with the reserve he usually maintained in the presence of his superiors, and talked largely. Now, M'Garry's principal failing was to make himself appear very learned in his profession; and every new discovery in chemistry, operation in surgery, or scientific experiment he heard of, he was prone to shove in, head and shoulders, in his soberest moments; but now that he was half-drunk, he launched forth on the subject of galvanism, having read of some wonderful effects produced on the body of a recent murderer who was hanged and given over to the College of Surgeons in Dublin. To impress the company still more with a sense of his learning, he addressed Growling on the subject, and the doctor played him off to advantage.

"Don't you think it very wonderful, doctor," inquired M'Garry, speaking somewhat thickly.

"Very," answered the doctor, dryly.

"They say, sir, the man—that is, the subject—when under the influence of the battery, absolutely twiddled his left foot and raised his right arm."

"And raised it to some purpose, too," said the doctor; "for he raised a contusion on the Surgeon-General's eye, having hit him over the same."

"Dear me—I did not hear that."

"It is true, however," said the doctor; "and that gives you an idea of the power of the galvanic influence, for you know the Surgeon-General is a powerful man, and yet he could not hold him down."

"Wonderful!" hiccuped M'Garry.

"But that's nothing to what happened in London," continued the doctor. "They experimented there the other day with a battery of such power, that the man who was hanged absolutely jumped up, seized a scalpel from the table, and making a rush on the assembled Faculty of London, cleared the theatre in less than no time; dashed into the hall; stabbed the porter, who attempted to stop him; made a chevy down the south side of Leicester-square; and, as he reached the corner, a woman, who was carrying tracts, published by the Society for the Suppression of Vice, shrieked at beholding a man in so startling a condition and fainted; he, with a presence of mind

perfectly admirable, whipped the cloak from her back and threw it round him, and, scudding through the tortuous alleys which abound in that neighbourhood, made his way to the house where the learned Society of Noviomagians hold their convivial meetings, and, telling the landlord that he was invited there to dinner as a curiosity, he gained admittance, and, it is supposed, took his opportunity for escaping, for he has not since been heard of.

"Good Heaven!" gasped M'Garry;—and do you believe that, doctor?"

"Most firmly, sir! My belief is that galvanism is, in fact, the original principle of vitality."

"Should we not rejoice, doctor," cried M'Garry, "at this triumph of science?"

"I don't think you should, Mister M'Garry," said the doctor, gravely; "for it would utterly destroy *your* branch of the profession: pharmacopolists, instead of compounding medicine, must compound with their creditors; they are utterly ruined. Mercury is no longer in the ascendant; all doctors have to do now is to carry a small battery about them, a sort of galvanic pocket-pistol, I may say, and restore the vital principle by its application."

"You are not serious doctor?" said M'Garry, becoming *very* serious, with that wise look so peculiar to drunken men.

"Never more serious in my life, sir."

"That would be dreadful!" said M'Garry.

"*Shocking* you mean," said the doctor.

"Leave off your confounded scientifics, there," shouted Murphy, from the head of the table, "and let us have a song. Mr. Reddy, I hope, will favour us."

Now, James Reddy wrote rhymes—bless the mark!—and was tolerably well convinced that, except Tom Moore (if he *did* except even him), there was not a man in the British dominions his equal at a lyric. He sang, too, with a kill-me-quite air, as if no lady could resist his strains; and to "give effect," as he called it, he began every stanza as loud as he could, and finished it in a gentle innumur—tailed it off very taper, indeed; in short, it seemed as if a shout had been suddenly smitten with consumption, and died in a whisper. And this, his style, he never varied, whatever the nature or expression of his song might be, or the sense to be expressed; but, as he very often sang his own, there were seldom any to consider. This rubbish he had set to music by the country music master, who believed himself to be a better composer than Sir John Stephenson, to whom the prejudices of the world gave the palm; and he eagerly caught at the opportunity which the verses and vanity of Reddy afforded him of stringing his crotchets and quavers on the same hank with the abortive fruits of Reddy's muse, and the wretched productions hung worthily together.

Reddy, with the proper quantity of "hems and haws," and rubbing down his upper lip and chin with his forefinger and thumb, cleared his throat, tossed his nose into the air, and said he was going to give them "a little *classic* thing."

"Just look at the puppy!" snarled out old Growling

to his neighbour: "he's going to measure us out some yards of his own fustian, I'm sure—he looks so pleased."

Reddy gave his last "a-hem!" and sang what he called

#### THE LAMENT OF ARIADNE.

The graceful Greek, with gem-bright hair,  
Her garments rent, and rent the air;

"What a tearing rage she was in!" said old Growling, in an under-tone.

With sobs and sighs  
And tearful eyes,  
Like fountain fair of Helicon!

"Oh, thunder and lightning!" growled the doctor, who pulled a letter out of his pocket, and began to scribble on the blank portions of it, with the stump of a blunt pencil, which he very audibly sucked, to enable it to make a mark.

For ah, her lover false was gone!  
The fickle brave,  
And fickle wave,

"And pickled cabbage," said the doctor.

Combined to cheat the fickle fair,  
O fickle! fickle! fickle!  
But the brave should be true,  
And the fair ones too—  
True, true,  
As the ocean's blue!  
And Ariadne had not been,  
Deserted there, like beauty's queen.  
Oh, Ariadne!—adue!—adue!

"Beautiful!" said the doctor, with an approving nod at Reddy, who continued his song, while the doctor continued to write.

The sea-nymphs round the sea-girt shore  
Mocked the maiden's sighs;  
And the ocean's savage roar  
Replies—  
Replies—replies—replies, replies, replies.  
(*After the manner of* "Tell me where is fancy bred.")

"Very original," said the doctor.

With willow wand  
Upon the strand,  
She wrote with trembling heart and hand,  
"The brave should ne'er  
Desert the fair."  
But the wave the moral washed away,  
Ah, well-a-day! well-a-day!  
A-day!—a-day!—a-day!

Reddy smiled and bowed, and thunders of applause followed; the doctor shouted, "Splendid!" several times, and continued to write and take snuff voraciously, by which those who knew him could comprehend he was bent on mischief.

"What a beautiful thing that is," said one.

"Whose is it?" said another.

"A little thing of my own," answered Reddy, with a smile.

"I thought so," said Murphy. "By Jove! James, you *are* a genius."

"Nonsense!" smiled the poet; "just a little classic trifle—I think *them* little classic allusions is pleasing

in general—Tommy Moore is very happy in his classic allusions, you may remark—not that I, of course, mean to institute a comparison between so humble an individual as myself and Tommy Moore, who has so well been called ‘the poet of all circles and the idol of his own;’ and, if you will permit me, in a kindred spirit—I hope I may say the kindred spirit of a song—in that kindred spirit I propose *his* health—the health of Tommy Moore!”

“Don’t say *Tommy!*” said the doctor, in an irascible tone; “call the man Tom, sir;—with all my heart, Tom Moore!”

The table took the word from Jack Growling, and “Tom Moore,” with all the honours of “hip and hurrah” rang round the walls of the village inn—and where is the village in Ireland *that* health has not been hailed with the fiery enthusiasm of the laud whose lays he hath “wedded to immortal verse,”—the land which is proud of his birth, and holds his name in honour?

There is a magic in a great name; and in this instance that of Tom Moore turned the current from where it was setting, and instead of quizzing the nonsense of the fool who had excited their mirth, everyone launched forth in praise of their native bard, and couplets from his favourite songs rang from lip to lip.

“Come, Ned of the Hill,” said Murphy, “sing us one of *his* songs,—I know you have them all as pat as your prayers.”

“And says them oftener,” said the doctor, who still continued scribbling over the letter.

Edward O’Connor, at the urgent request of many, sang that most exquisite of the melodies, “And doth not a meeting like this make amends?” and long rang the plaudits, and rapidly circulated the bottle at its conclusion.

“We’ll be the ‘Alps in the sunset,’ my boys,” said Murphy; “and here’s the wine to enlighten us! But what are *you* about there, doctor?—is it a prescription you are writing?”

“No; prescriptions are written in Latin, and this is a bit of Greek I’m doing. Mr. Reddy has inspired me with a classic spirit, and if you will permit me, I’ll volunteer a song (*bravo! bravo!*), and give you another version of the subject he has so beautifully treated—only mine is not so heart-breaking.”

The doctor’s proposition was received with cheers, and after he had gone through the mockery of clearing his throat, and pitching his voice after the usual manner of your would-be fine singers, he gave out, to the tune of a well-known rollicking Irish lilt, the following burlesque version of the subject of Reddy’s song:—

#### LOVE AND LIQUOR.

##### A GREEK ALLEGORY.

###### L

Oh, sure, ’twould amaze yiz  
How one Mistor Theseus  
Deserted a lovely young lady of owld,  
On a dissolute island,  
All lonely and silent,  
She sobbed herself sick as she sat in the cowld,

Oh, you’d think she was kilt,  
As she rear’d with the quilt  
Wrapp’d round her in haste as she jumped out of bed,  
And ran down to the coast,  
Where she looked like a ghost,  
Though ’twas *he* was departed—the vagabone fled;  
And she cried: “Well-a-day!  
Sure my heart it is gray;  
They’re deceivers, them, says that goes on half-pay.”

###### II.

Whilst abusing the villain,  
Came riding postilion,  
A nate little boy on the back of a baste,  
Big enough, faith, to ate him,  
But he lather’d and bate him,  
And the baste to mate him ne er struggled the laste;  
And an elegant car  
He was drawing—by gar!  
It was finer, by far, than a Lord Mayor’s state coach,  
And the chap that was in it  
He sang like a linnet,  
With a nate keg of whiskey beside him to broach.  
And he tipped now and then  
Just a matter o’ ten  
Or twelve tumbler’s o’ punch to his bold serving-men.

###### III.

They were dress’d in green livery,  
But seem’d rather shivery,  
For ’twas only a trifle o’ leaves that they wore;  
But they caper’d away  
Like the sweeps on May-day,  
And shouted and tipped the tumbler’s glorie.  
A print of their masher  
Is often in plaster  
O’ Paris, put over the door of a tap;  
A fine chubby fellow,  
Ripe, rosy, and mellow,  
Like a peach that is ready to drop in your lap.  
Hurrah! for brave Bacchus,  
A bottle to crack us.  
He’s a friend of the people, like bowld Caius Gracchus

###### IV.

Now Bacchus perceiving  
The lady was grieving,  
He spoke to her civil, and tipped her a wink;  
And the more that she fretted,  
He soothe’d and petted,  
And gave her a glass her own health just to drink;  
Her pulse it beat quicker,  
The tumbler o’ liquor  
Enliven’d her making heart’s cocles, I think;  
So the moral is plain,  
That if love gives you pain,  
There’s nothing can cure it *but* taking to drink!

Uproarious were the “bravos” which followed the doctor’s impromptu; the glasses overflowed, and were emptied to his health and song, as laughing faces nodded to him round the table. The doctor sat seriously rocking himself in his chair backwards and forwards, to meet the various duckings of the beaming faces about him; for every face beamed but one, and that was the unfortunate M’Garry’s. He was most deplorably drunk, and began to hold on by the table. At last he contrived to shove back his chair and get on his legs; and making a sloping stagger towards the wall, contrived by its support to scramble his way to the door. There he balanced himself as well as he could by the handle of the lock, which chance rather than design enabled him to turn,

and, the door suddenly opening, poor M'Garry made a rush across the landing-place, and, stumbling against an opposite door, would have fallen had he not supported himself by the lock of that also, which, again yielding to his heavy tugs, opened, and the miserable wretch making another plunge forward, his shins came in contact with the rails of a very low bed, and into it he fell head foremost, totally unable to rise, and, after some heavy grunts, he sank into a profound sleep.

In this state he was discovered soon after by Murphy, whose inventive faculty for frolic instantly suggested how the apothecary's mishap might be made the foundation of a good practical joke. Murtough went downstairs, and, procuring some blacking and red pickled cabbage by stealth, returned to the chamber where M'Garry now lay in a state of stupor, and, dragging off his clothes, he made long dabs across his back with the purple juice of the pickle and Warren's paste, till poor M'Garry was as regularly striped as a tiger, from his shoulder to his flank. He then returned to the dinner-room, where the drinking bout had assumed a formidable character, and others as well as the apothecary, began to feel the influence of their potations. Murphy confided to the doctor what he had done, and said that, when the men were drunk enough, he would contrive that M'Garry should be discovered, and then they would take their measures accordingly. It was not very long before his company were ripe enough for his designs, and then, ringing the bell, he demanded of the waiter, when he entered, what had become of Mr. M'Garry. The waiter, not having any knowledge on the subject, was desired to inquire, and, a search being instituted, M'Garry was discovered by Mrs. Fay, in the state Murphy had left him in. On seeing him she was so terrified that she screamed, and ran into the dinner-room, wringing her hands, and shouting "Murder." A great commotion ensued, and a general rush to the bedroom took place, and exclamations of wonder and horror flew round the room, not only from the gentlemen of the dinner-party, but from the servants of the house, who crowded to the chamber on the first alarm, and helped not a little to increase the confusion.

"Oh! who ever see the like of it!" shouted Mrs. Fay. "He's kilt with the batin' he got! Oh, look at him—black and blue all over! Oh, the murther it is! Oh, I wouldn't be Squire O'Grady for all his fort'n."

"Gad, I believe he's killed, sure enough," said Murphy.

"What a splendid action the widow will have!" said Jack Horan.

"You forget, man," said Murphy, "this is not a case for action of damages, but a felony—hanging matter."

"Sure enough," said Jack.

"Doctor, will you feel his pulse?" said Murphy.

The doctor did as he was required, and assumed a very serious countenance. "'Tis a bad business, sir—his wounds are mortifying already."

Upon this announcement there was a general

retreat from the bed, round which they had been crowding too close for the carrying on of the joke; and Mrs. Fay ran for a shovel of hot cinders, and poured vinegar over them to fumigate the room.

"A very proper precaution, Mrs. Fay," said the doctor, with imperturbable gravity.

"That villainous smoke is choking me!" said Jack Horan.

"Better that, sir, than have a pestilence in the house," said Growling.

"I'll leave the place," said Jack Horan.

"And I, too," said Doyle.

"And I," said Reddy; "'tis disgusting to a sensitive mind."

"Gentlemen!" said Murphy, shutting the door, "you must not quit the house. I must have an inquest on the body."

"An inquest!" they all exclaimed.

"Yes; an inquest."

"But there's no coroner here," said Reddy.

"No matter for that," said Murphy. "I, as the under-sheriff of the county, can preside at this inquiry. Gentlemen, take your places; bring in more lights, Mrs. Fay. Stand round the bed, gentlemen."

"Not too close," said the doctor. "Mrs. Fay, bring more vinegar."

Mrs. Fay had additional candles and more vinegar introduced, and the drunken fellows were standing as straight as they could, each with a candle in his hand, round the still prostrate M'Garry.

Murphy then opened on them with a speech, and called in everyone in the house to ask did they know anything about the matter; and it was not long before it was spread all over the town that Squire O'Grady had killed M'Garry, and that the coroner's inquest brought in a verdict of murder, and that the squire was going to be sent to jail.

This almost incredible humbug of Murphy's had gone on for nearly half an hour, when the cold, arising from his want of clothes, and the riot about him, and the fumes of the vinegar, roused M'Garry, who turned on the bed and opened his eyes. There he saw a parcel of people standing round him, with candles in their hands, and countenances of drunken wonder and horror.

He uttered a hollow groan, and cried:—

"Save us and keep us! where am I?"

"Retire, gentlemen," said the doctor, waving his hand authoritatively; "retire—all but the under-sheriff."

Murphy cleared the room, and shut the door, while M'Garry still kept exclaiming, "Save us and keep us! where am I? What's this? O Lord!"

"You're dead!" said Murphy; "and the coroner's inquest has just sat on you!"

"Dead!" cried M'Garry, with a horrified stare.

"Dead!" repeated the doctor, solemnly.

"Are you not Doctor Growling?"

"You see the effect, Mr. Murphy," said the doctor, not noticing M'Garry's question—"you see the effect of the process."

"Wonderful!" said Murphy.

"Preserve us!" cried the bewildered apothecary.

"How could I know you if I was dead, doctor? Oh, doctor, dear, sure I'm not dead?"

"As a herring," said the doctor.

"Lord, have mercy on me! Oh, Mr. Murphy, sure I'm not dead?"

"You're dead, sir," said Murphy; "the doctor has only galvanised you for a few moments."

"O Lord!" groaned M'Garry. "Doctor—indeed, doctor?"

"You are in a state of temporary animation," said the doctor.

"I do feel very odd, indeed," said the terrified man, putting his hands to his throbbing temples. "How long am I dead?"

"A week next Tuesday," said the doctor. "Galvanism has preserved you from decomposition."

M'Garry uttered a heavy groan, and looked up piteously at his two tormentors. Murphy, fearful the shock might drive him out of his mind, said: "Perhaps, doctor, you can preserve his life altogether: you have kept him alive so long?"

"I'll try," said Growling;—"hand me that tumbler."

Murphy handed him a tumbler full of water, and the doctor gave it to M'Garry, and desired him to try and drink it; he put it to his lips and swallowed a little drop.

"Can you taste it?" asked the doctor.

"Isn't it water?" said M'Garry.

"You see how dull the nerves are yet," said Growling to Murphy; "that's aquafortis and assafœtida, and he can't taste it; we must give him another touch of the battery. Hold him up, while I go into the next room, and immerse the plates."

The doctor left the bedroom, and came back with a hot poker and some lemon juice and water.

"Turn him gently round," said he to Murphy, "while I conduct the wires."

His order was obeyed; and giving M'Garry a touch of the hot poker, the apothecary roared like a bull.

"That did him good!" said Growling. "Now try; can you taste anything?" and he gave him the lemon juice and water.

"I taste a slight acid, doctor dear," said M'Garry, hopefully.

"You see what that last touch did," said Growling, gravely; "but the palate is still feeble; that's nearly pure nitric."

"Oh, dear!" said M'Garry, "is it nitric?"

"You see his hearing is coming back, too," said the doctor to Murphy. "Try can he put his legs under him?"

"They raised the apothecary from the bed; and when he staggered and fell forward, he looked horrified. "Oh, dear! I can't walk. I'm afraid I am—I am no more!"

"Don't despair," said the doctor; "I pledge my professional reputation to save you now, since you can stand at all, and your senses are partly restored. Let him lie down again; try, could he sleep——"

"Sleep!" said M'Garry, with horror; "perhaps never to awaken!"

"I'll keep up the galvanic influence—don't be afraid; depend upon me—there, lie down. Can you

shut your eyes? Yes, I see you can: don't open them so fast. Try can you keep them shut? Don't open them till I tell you—wait till I count two hundred and fifty. That's right—turn a little more round—keep your eyes fast;—that's it. One—two—three—four—five—six—seven;" and so he went on, making a longer interval between every number, till the monotonous sound, and the closed eye of the helplessly drunken man, produced the effect desired by the doctor; and the heavy snoring of the apothecary soon bore witness that he slept.

When the doctor was satisfied that M'Garry was fast asleep, he and Murphy left the room and locked the door. They were encountered on the lobby by several curious people, who wanted to know "was the man dead?" The doctor shook his head very gravely, and said, "Not quite;" while Murphy, with a serious nod, said, "All over, I'm afraid, Mrs. Fay;" for he perceived among the persons on the lobby a servant of O'Grady's, who chanced to be in the town, and was all wonder and fright at the news of his master having committed murder. Murphy and the doctor proceeded to the dinner-room, where they found the drunken men wrangling about what verdict they should bring in, and a discursive dispute touching on "murder," and "manslaughter," and "accidental death," and "the visitation of God," mingled with noisy toasts and flowing cups, until any sagacity the company ever possessed was sacrificed to the rosy god.

Murphy twisted a beneficial result to M'Garry out of the night's riotous frolic at his expense; for, in the morning, taking advantage of the report of the inquest, which he knew must have reached Neck-or-Nothing Hall, he made a communication to O'Grady, so equivocally worded that the squire fell into the trap. The note ran as follows:—

"SIR,—You must be aware that your act of yesterday has raised a strong feeling in the country against you, and that so flagrant a violation of the laws cannot fail to be visited with terrible severity upon you: for, though your position in rank places you far above the condition of the unfortunate man on whom you wreaked your vengeance, you know, sir, that in the eye of the law you are equal, and the shield of justice protects the peasant as well as the prince. Under these circumstances, sir, considering the *awful consequences* of your ungoverned rage (which, I doubt not, now, you deplore), I would suggest to you by a timely offer of compromise, in the shape of a handsome sum of money—say two hundred pounds—to lull the storms which must otherwise burst on your devoted head, and save your name from dishonour. I anxiously await your answer, as proceedings must instantly commence, and the law take its course, unless Mrs. M'Garry can be pacified.

"I have the honour to be, sir,

"Your most obedient servant,

"MURDOGH MURPHY.

"To Gustavus Granby O'Grady, Esq.,  
Neck-or-Nothing Hall."



O'Grady was thoroughly frightened; and, strange as it may appear, did believe he could compromise for killing only a plebeian; and actually sent Murphy his note of hand for the sum demanded. Murtough posted off to M'Garry: he and his wife received him with shouts of indignation, and heaped reproaches on his head, for the trick he had played on the apothecary.

"Oh! Mr. Murphy—never look me in the face again!" said Mrs. M'Garry, who was ugly enough to make the request quite unnecessary; "to send my husband home to me a beast!"

"Striped like a tiger!" said M'Garry.

"Blacking and pickled cabbage, Mr. Murphy!" said the wife. "Oh, fie, sir!—I didn't think you could be so low."

"Galvanism!" said M'Garry, furiously. "My professional honour wounded!"

"Whisht, whisht, man!" said Murphy; "there's a finer plaster than any in your shop for the cure of wounded honour. Look at that!"—and he handed him the note for two hundred: "there's galvanism for you!"

"What is this?" said M'Garry, in amazement.

"The result of last night's inquest," said Murphy. "You have got your damages without a trial; so pocket your money, and be thankful."

The two hundred pounds at once changed the aspect of affairs. M'Garry vowed eternal gratitude, with protestations that Murphy was the cleverest attorney alive, and ought to be chief justice. The wife was equally vociferous in her acknowledgments, until Murtough, who, when he entered the house, was near falling a sacrifice to the claws of the apothecary's wife, was obliged to rush from the premises to shun the more terrible consequences of her embraces.

## TIM HOGAN'S GHOST.

BY J. S. COYNE.

"WHAT in the world can keep Dermott away from me so long? 'Tis four days since I laid eyes on the scapegrace. I wondher what mischief he's after now. Fighting or courting somewhere, I'll be bound. Aftther all, though he's a quare devil, rollicking and tearing through the country like a wild coult, he has a true and loyal heart to me. Isn't there Peggy Mooney would give her new yallow gown for one kind look from his two black eyes; but though she has a couple of pigs, and twenty guineas fortune, she can't coax him from his own poor Norah, that dotes down on the very ground he walks."

Thus soliloquised Norah Connolly, the prettiest *colleen* in the village of Ardrossan. Her spinning-wheel had for several minutes ceased to perform its revolutions, so deeply was she engrossed by her meditations. The object of her solicitude was a young fellow, who, by the proper use of a well-shaped leg, a pair of merry black eyes, and a tongue mellifluous with brogue and blarney, had "played the puck" with half the girls' hearts in the barony.

Dermott O'Rourke, or, to give him his more popular name, "Dermott the Rattler," was the handiest boy at a double-jig or a faction-fight within twenty miles of where he stood. So notorious had he become for his wild pranks, that every act of mischief or frolic that occurred in the parish was laid at his door. Yet, with all this, Dermott's love for Norah Connolly sprang up green and beautiful amidst the errors of an ardent and reckless disposition.

"There's no use fretting," continued Norah, after a long silence. "The Blessed Mother will, I know, watch over and restore my dear Dermott to me."

"To be sure she will, *ma colleen lawn*; and here I am safe and sound, come back to you like a pet pigeon," cried a well-known voice, and at the same time a smacking kiss announced the return of the truant.

"Why, then, Dermott," cried the blushing Norah, "have done now, will you. Sit down and tell me where you have been philandering this week past."

Dermott twirled his stick, looked puzzled and irresolute, and made no reply.

"Ah!" cried Norah, "you have been about some mischief, I know. Tell me, Dermott, what has happened?"

"Why, then, a mighty quare accident has happened to me, sure enough. I listed for a soger at the fair," replied the Rattler.

"Listed for a soldier, Dermott?" cried Norah, growing deadly pale.

"The divil a doubt of it, Noreen," answered Dermott. "A civil-spoken gentleman, one Sergeant Flint by name, slipt a shillin' into my hand, stuck a cockade in my hat, and tould me that he'd make me a brigadier or a grenadier, I don't well remember which."

"Oh! Dermott dear, is it going to leave me you are, when you know 'twill break my heart?" And the poor girl burst into tears, and threw herself into her lover's arms.

"Whisth, whisth, Noreen *asthore*! I'll never lave you—I have resigned. I threw up my grenadier's

commission, and quitted the army, for your sake : I'm detarmined never to go to heaven with a red coat on my back."

"But if you listed, Dermott—if you took the shilling —"

"Pooh! never mind—that's nothing," he replied, quickly. "I'm above such considerations. Make your mind aisy on that subject. But in the mane time, I'd as lieve keep out o' the way of that civil-spoken sergeant, by rason of the shilling, which I forgot to return him, in my hurry coming away."

The fact was, that a recruiting sergeant had fallen in with Dermott at the fair, and, taking a fancy to his light active figure, had endeavoured to persuade him that fourpence a day, with the privilege of being shot at in a red coat, was the summit of human glory. Our hero, whose heart was softened by the spirit of the mountain dew, listened to the sergeant's romances of woman, war, and wine with a greedy ear; and when the old crimp, like the ghost of Hamlet's father, whispered to him, "List, list! oh, list!" Dermott's palm closed on the shilling that purchased his liberty for life, and, throwing his *caubeen* into the air, he fancied himself already a victorious general, with a grove of laurel encompassing his brows. The party then repaired to the inn, where a gallon of hot punch was instantaneously ordered to celebrate the introduction of the new recruit to the —th regiment of foot. Several loyal toasts were proposed by the sergeant, to which Dermott did such ample honour that he soon became oblivious of everything around him.

Consigned by his comrades to bed, our new hero dreamed a troubled dream "of guns, and drums, and wounds," until the first beams of a summer sun, shining through a curtainless window, full upon his face, recalled him to a state of consciousness. Starting up, he rubbed his eyes, and looked around him in indescribable amazement. One of the soldiers, who as well as himself had taken a share of the drink, was reposing in full uniform upon a pallet beside him, with his mouth expanded in a peculiarly favourable manner for catching flies. The gaudy cockade which was fastened in his hat, together with some faint recollection of the events of the preceding night, produced in the Rattler some very uncomfortable sensations; and finding that his military enthusiasm had considerably abated, he resolved to make a hasty retreat, without any unnecessary ceremony. For this purpose he arose softly, and tried to open the door, but discovered, to his mortification, that it was fastened on the outside. He next examined the window, and finding that it was only a single story from the ground, quietly opened it, and dropped from it on the roof of a friendly pig-sty beneath, leaving his friend the sergeant to catch him again when he could.

Norah, being assured by Dermott that there was no chance of his being pursued to Ardrossan by the soldiers, brightened up, and laughed heartily at her lover's adventure.

"Well," said she, "that's the funniest story I ever heard. What a pucker the sojers must have

been in when they found you had given them the slip. Ah! Dermott, Dermott, I'm afeard you'll be always the same wild —"

"Barthershin!" exclaimed the Rattler, interrupting her, "never mind that. Do you know that this is the evening the cake is to be danced for up at Moll Doran's of the Hill, between the boys and girls of Ardrossan and Kilduff?"

"I heard them say so," answered Norah.

"Well," replied Dermott, "I mean to have a fling there, and you shall be my partner. There will be lashins of company there, and the grandest divarstion ever was seen. So come along—put on your bonnet and things—come along."

Norah, who was easily persuaded to appear at the rustic festival, was not long in completing her simple toilette; and with a light-gray cloak hung over her graceful figure, and a smart straw bonnet tied under her chin with a pale-blue ribbon, which contrasted charmingly with her fair neck and fresh complexion, set out, under the protection of her lover, for the village dance.

At the intersection of two remote and rarely-frequented roads stood the principal hostelry of the village of Ardrossan, kept by the Widow Doran, who announced to all travellers, by means of a signboard painted black, in large white letters, that she supplied "ENTERTAINMENT FOR MAN AND HORSE," with "GOOD DRY LODGINGS" to boot.

Adjoining to Mrs. Doran's hotel, a natural enclosure, presenting a favourable level of about two acres in extent, was the chosen spot where the candidates for dancing fame assembled annually to contend for the cake, which, like the golden apple of old, was often the cause of fends and heartburnings amongst the rival fair ones of Kilduff and Ardrossan.

At the further end of this plain, a primitive-looking tent was erected, where a plentiful supply of pottosen was provided for the spiritually disposed. In front of the tent a churn-dash was fixed, with the handle thrust into the earth, and on the head or flat end the prize cake was placed full in sight of the competitors. A tall, gaunt-looking man, in a rusty wig, and a coat which might once have been termed black, was standing in the midst of a group of attentive auditors, whom he was addressing in a solemn harangue, but with a countenance so full of dry humour, that the effect was irresistibly comic. This was Matt Fogarty, the village schoolmaster, not only venerated as the oracle of wisdom and learning, but also regarded as the unerring arbiter in all matters of etiquette and ceremony by the entire parish.

"And now, boys and girls," said he, elevating his voice, "as surveyor and director of this fantastic and jocular meeting, I direct the demonstrations to begin. You all know the rules. The best couple of dancers win the cake. So take to your partners, and commence your flagitious reccrayations."

A loud hurrah followed this pithy address; the fiddles began to squeak, and the bagpipes to scream in the agonies of being tuned; and Barney Driscoll, a young, good-looking fellow, who divided the attention of the girls with Dermott the Rattler, stepped

with a confident air into the circle, leading by the hand Peggy Flynn, the belle of the rival parish of Kilduff. A loud cheer from Barney's friends greeted his appearance; but before it had subsided, Dermott O'Rourke and Norah Connolly stood beside their competitors, and were hailed by a still more deafening cheer. The schoolmaster, seeing that both parties were prepared, thus addressed the musicians, who were elevated on a temporary dais of turf:

"Now, ye vagabone sons of Orpheus, begin. Mike, your sowl, rosin your bow;—Terence, you divil, inflate your musical appendages, and strike up something lively."

Accordingly, the musical pair struck up with an energy that, in the opinion of the hearers, more than counterbalanced any little discord observable in the harmony. The two couples of dancers, fired by a spirit of emulation, exerted themselves to the utmost; and as the mirth and music waxed louder and louder, the spectators, carried away by the enthusiasm of the moment, encouraged their respective friends by applauding shouts and vociferous support, until at length, after a severe contest, Peggy Flynn was compelled by exhaustion to give in, leaving Dermott and Norah undisputed victors of the field. A lofty caper, and a hearty smack on his partner's lips, testified the delight of the Rattler, who, knocking the cake from the churn-dash, carried it in triumph to Norah.

Matt Fogarty now advanced, and waving his hand to procure a hearing, again addressed the assembly: "Neighbours all, I announce and promulgate that the cake has been fairly won and achieved by Norah Connolly, *vi et armis*—that means by force of legs and arms. So now, boys, give one cheer for our purty little Noreen, and then hands round for a fling of a dance altogether."

The words were hardly spoken when a hearty hurrah rent the air, a circle was formed, and every person who could shake a leg joined in a merry dance round the successful pair.

In the full tide of their mirth, a small military party was observed on the brow of the hill, approaching the village at a smart pace.

"The sojers are comin'," cried an old woman, the first who had perceived them.

In an instant the hands that were grasped together in friendly union became unlocked, the joyous circle was broken, and the shouts of laughter which had rang so cheerily among the hills died into solemn silence. Looks of suspicion and alarm were exchanged between the men, who conversed in whispers together; while the unmarried girls by their sparkling eyes showed the pleasure they felt at the sight of the soldiers.

Norah, who participated in this feminine predilection for a bit of scarlet, clapped her hands in ecstasy.

"Come, Dermot," cried she, half dragging her reluctant partner towards the road, "come and see the sojers. There—look at them marching down the hill, their swords and bayonets sparkling in the sun. Make haste, or you'll lose the sight."

A single glance was sufficient to convince the

Rattler that the party belonged to the regiment which he had so unceremoniously quitted, and, worse still, that his quondam friend, Sergeant Flint, was amongst them. Having no desire to renew his acquaintance with that facetious gentleman, he plucked Norah hastily back, and, whispering in her ear, said:

"By the piper o' war, I'm sowid, Norah! There's that thief of a sergeant that 'listed me amongst the sojers. As sure as the Pope's a gentleman, 'tis hunting after me they are! What in the world am I to do now?"

"Oh! Dermott, dear, run for your life afore he sees you. What a misfortinit girl I was to bring you into this trouble!" replied the now terrified girl.

"Never mind, Norah darling; I'll get out of the way as fast as I can," cried Dermott.

"But if you go home, they'll be sure to find you," said she.

"Divil a doubt of that," replied the Rattler. "I'm too 'cute a fox to be caught that way. Is there not a wake down at Ned Haggerty's?"

"Sure, there is," answered Norah. "Tim Hogan, the ould piper, died last night, and they're waking him in Ned Haggerty's barn."

"Divil a betther," cried Dermott, snapping his fingers. "I'll go down to poor Tim's wake; they'll never think of searching for me there to-night; and I'll be off to my cousin Tom's in the mountain at cock-shout in the morning."

This plan appearing the most feasible he could hit on for avoiding his military friends, Dermott, accompanied by his sweetheart, slipped quietly out of the crowd, and hurried down a bye-path through the fields to the barn, where the remains of the defunct piper were laid out.

Meanwhile, the officer in command of the little party, having seen his men disposed as comfortably as the limited accommodation of the village would allow, took up his own quarters in the Widow Doran's hotel, where, being ushered into a small, earthen-floored, whitewashed room, he threw himself into a chair, inwardly cursed the irksome duty that had devolved upon him,—which was, in fact, the very unromantic and harassing one of affording assistance to the excise officers in an extensive "still-hunt" through the mountains in the neighbourhood. His meditations were, however, shortly interrupted by the entrance of the landlady.

"Mrs. What's-your-name," said the young soldier, "I—a—suppose there's no kind of amusement to be found in this infernally stupid place?"

"Amusement!" cried the widow, bridling up. "Ardrossan beats the whole world for it. 'Tis a thousand pities your honour was not here yesterday; we had a bit of the finest divarsion you ever seen."

"Indeed! Pray, what was it?"

"Why, the boys catch a bailiff, and gave him a steeple-chase, sir," replied Mrs. Doran.

"Gave him a steeple-chase! I don't understand you."

"I'll insense your honour, then. You see, sir, a parcel of the boys catch one o' them vagabone bailiffs trying to serve a writ on the master of the house

below. They said it was about some old account he owed a tailor in Dublin, and that they wanted to make him pay it, which your honour knows is contrary to all sinse and rayson, anyway. Some of the truants was for tarrin' and featherin' him—more of them was for ducking him in the mill-pond; but others were for giving him a steeple-chase across the country first. Well, they all agreed to that, and they started him from the gable-end of Shawn Ruagh's turf-rick, with his coat turned inside out; the boys giving him a good bit of odds, to make the more fun for themselves; for it was settled that if the bailiff could beat them as far as the ould church of Kilduff, he was to be let go free. Well, as I was saying, away they all started like greyhounds afther the bailiff, and maybe he didn't run like mad, jumping over hedges and drains almost as smart as the best of them. Hows'ever, there was a little fellow among the boys—one Phil Donnelly, a weaver; and though the crathur had legs like a spider, he ran better than any of the others. 'Twould have made your honour laugh to see him splashing through the ditches like a fairy, till, bedad, at last he came up with the bailiff, near Tom Dolany's haggart, where an ould ancient goose and gandher, with a dozen young ones, wor divartin' themeelves in the sun. Well, the weaver grips the bailiff by the neck as bold as brass; but though Phil had a powerful sperrit, he wasn't a match in strength for the bailiff, who catch him, savig yer honour's presence, by the wisband of the breeches, and pitched him like a kitten over the haggart wall into the middle of the goslings. The ould gandher, of course, wasn't a bit too well plased at Phil dropping in amongst them in such a promiscuous manner, and flew at him in a desperate rage. The poor weaver had no way of escaping but by jumping into a barrel of hogwash that happened to be near him. And there he stood, up to his neck, roaring for the bare life, while the ould thief of a gandher kept walkin' round the barrel, stretching out his long neck, and hissing, as much as to say, 'Come out of that, if you dare, and see what you'll get.' At last, the rest of the boys came up; but when they saw the weaver in the wash-tub, and the gandher keeping guard upon him, they were ready to drop with the dint of laughing. When they got tired they pulled the weaver out, all dripping with wash, and almost frightened out of his seven sentences. But the delay gave the bailiff time to escape, and so they gave up the chase and returned home. Wasn't it a murder, sir, you warn't here to see the fun?"

The officer could not exactly perceive the fun of it, and was beginning to express his distaste for such amusements, when a single tap was heard at the door.

"Come in," cried the lieutenant.

The door opened, and Sergeant Flint advanced into the room. As soon as the landlady had quitted it, the lieutenant turned to the sergeant to hear his news.

"We have found him, your honour," said Flint, touching his hat.

"Found whom?"

"The deserter, sir—Dermott O'Rourke—the fellow that gave me the slip last week at the fair of Ballintubber," replied the sergeant.

"Well, you have arrested him?" said the lieutenant.

"No, your honour," replied Flint. "I only caught a glimpse of him amongst the crowd a while ago; and then the fellow disappeared as if he had sunk into the earth. However, I determined not to lose him so easily, and by a few careless inquiries amongst the villagers, I have discovered that he sneaked off to the wake of an old piper, a short distance from here."

"Well—aw—sergeant," said the officer, yawning, "you had better order out a corporal's guard and take the rascal prisoner. We must make an example of him."

The sergeant brought his hand to his cap with a military sweep, and marched out of the room.

Meantime, Dermott had reached the barn where they were waking the dead piper. It was a low, thatched house, crowded with persons of both sexes, who were seated on low benches and blocks of wood, ranged on either side along the walls. Thick clouds of tobacco smoke curled up to the dark roof, and partially dimmed the light of the candles, which by means of tin sockets were stuck into the mud walls at respectful distances. The potteen circulated freely, tales were told, and songs were sung; the old cronos gossipped, tippled, and smoked, apart from the others; the steady married folks talked of the crops, the markets, and the *Repale*; while the boys and girls carried on several prosperous courting-matches in remote corners.

In the general enjoyment poor Tim Hogan, who lay stretched as stiff as old Brian Born, in a small room, only separated from that in which the company were assembled by a thin partition and a slight door, was left "all alone by himself," forgotten by all his friends, except a knot of elderly ladies, who discussed the merits of the deceased and the quality of the whiskey by turns.

"Have you seen the *corp* yet, Biddy Mulcahy?" inquired one of the hags of a visitor who had just joined their group, and was in the act of conveying the whiskey bottle to her face.

"Troth I have, Nelly, and straight and purty it looks. It's poor Tim would be proud, and well he might, if he could see himself lying there in his dacent white shirt, snug and comfortable, with the blessed candles lighted about him. But is it thrue that, when he was dying, he charged them to bury his pipes along with him?" inquired Biddy.

"The sorra word of lie in it," replied Nelly; "and more betoken, he has his pipes laid on one side of him, and a full bottle of whiskey on the other, within there, this very minnit."

"Blessed Saver! what'll he want with whiskey and music where he's going?"

"Lord knows! maybe the poor crather was afeard of being lonesome on the road, and there's no better company than ——"

The old woman's harangue was here interrupted by the sudden opening of the barn door, outside which the scarlet uniforms and glittering arms of Sergeant Flint and his party were distinctly visible. The sergeant advanced, and, addressing the people, bade them to be under no apprehension, as he was only in search of a deserter, named Dermott O'Rourke.

"Dermott O'Rourke!" repeated twenty voices, and every eye was turned to the place where Dermott had been sitting beside Norah Connolly at the moment when the soldiers' appearance had thrown the assemblage into confusion. Norah was still in the same place, pale as a winding-sheet, but the Rattler had vanished, no one knew whither.

"I'm positive he was here," said the sergeant.

Everyone present knew that the sergeant was right, but all remained silent, and anxiously waited the result of a rigorous search, which the soldiers were making. Chairs, tables, and benches were overturned; still the runaway was nowhere to be found.

"What have we in here?" said Flint, approaching the door of the inner room.

"Only the *corp* of the piper, your honour," replied one of the old women.

The sergeant pushed the door open, and peeped in curiously. The room, which was small, had no windows, but narrow loop-holes, like the outer apartment. It was perfectly empty, excepting the ghastly *corpse* of the piper (rendered still more ghastly by the light of three small candles falling on his rigid features), which lay stretched upon a door, supported by a chair at the head and foot, and decently covered by a large winnowing-sheet, that reached the floor in ample drapery on either side.

Sergeant Flint, though a brave man where a living antagonist was opposed to him, had, like many other brave men, a mysterious horror of the dead; he therefore closed the door hastily, convinced that the defunct Tim was the sole occupant of the room. Dermott's friends, who were even more surprised than the sergeant at his sudden disappearance, now imagined that he had slipped off without being observed by the soldiers, in order to afford him full time to escape, eagerly pressed Flint and his party not to go away until they had warmed hearts with a drop, just to show that there was no ill-will between them. The sergeant, who never declined a liberal offer, consented; and the privates, following the example of their officer, sat down with little ceremony, and began to make the punch disappear very rapidly. Jug after jug of the steaming beverage was mixed and emptied: and, at every fresh brewing, the sergeant found himself more loth to quit his present quarters. He was in high spirits, and in the fulness of his heart volunteered to sing a favourite song; but hardly had he begun to clear his throat and pitch his voice, when he was interrupted by a discordant tuning of bagpipes. A general scream from the women followed, and the men started up in undisguised alarm. Sergeant Flint, the natural purple of whose nose had faded to a slaty-blue,

endeavoured to look unconcerned, and inquired, in a faltering voice, what had occurred.

"Don't you hear," cried an old woman, who had grappled him firmly round the waist, "Sargint, *avourneen*, 'tis Tim Hogan's ghost tuning his pipes."

"Nonsense!—let me go;—there's no such thing. Who ever heard of a ghost playing the bagpipes. Zounds! I say, loose me, woman," cried the sergeant! struggling hard to liberate himself. But while he spoke, a figure, enveloped from head to foot in a white sheet, and producing a variety of unmusical sounds from a set of pipes, appeared at the door of the inner room.

"The ghost! the ghost! Tim Hogan's ghost!" shouted the terrified people, who, without waiting to see more, rushed, pell-mell, screaming, swearing, praying, and tumbling over stools and tables to make their escape.

In the *molee* the sergeant contrived to be one of the first out of the barn, and without stopping to muster his men, took to his heels, and never cried "halt" till he reached his quarters, leaving his party to follow him at their own discretion.

The wake-house being now summarily cleared, no one would venture to return to it during the night. The following morning, however, a few of the boldest villagers summoned courage to revisit the scene of the preceding night's adventure; but great was their surprise on discovering the unruly piper lying quietly with his pipes beside him, precisely as he had been disposed by the persons who had laid him out. Nothing appeared to have been touched except the bottle of whiskey, and that had been drained to the bottom, upon hearing which, Biddy Mulcahy was heard to exclaim—

"Ah! then, I wouldn't doubt poor Tim; dead or alive, he's not the boy to leave his liquor behind him."

Notwithstanding the frightful stories that circulated through the parish of the appearance of the piper's ghost, and the disappearance of the whiskey at the wake, poor Tim was put quietly under the sod in the little churchyard of Ardrossan, with his favourite instrument at his feet, and a full bottle of choice *potteen* at his head.

Some days after these occurrences, the military party, with Sergeant Flint, quitted Ardrossan, and then Dermott O'Rourke, who had privately withdrawn from the neighbourhood, returned to the village, and explained the mystery of the ghost. He said that, in the confusion which took place on the unexpected entrance of the soldiers, he had, unperceived by anyone except Norah Connolly (now gay Mrs. O'Rourke), slipped into the room where the piper was laid; but finding there was no means of escape, and being hard pressed, he crept cautiously under the boards which supported the body; after awhile, he ventured to crawl out, and discovered the bottle of whiskey, which he tasted so frequently that he became ready for any devilry. In this humour a droll thought struck him of masquerading in the character of the dead piper. With the help of the winnowing-sheet and the bagpipes, he

succeeded, as we have seen, in raising a beautiful *ruction* amongst the villagers, and in effectually frightening away his now unwelcome friend the sergeant.

The truth of Dermott's story was, however, stoutly denied by the majority of those who had been at the

wake. Ashamed of being alarmed so ridiculously, they maintained that they could not be mistaken, and that the appearance they had seen on that memorable night was no other than the genuine ghost of Tim Hogan the piper.

## MR. DEMPSEY'S GRANDFATHER.

BY CHARLES LEVER.

"THERE was once upon a time, ma'am, a Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland who was a Duke. Whether he was Duke of Rutland, or Bedford, or Portland, or any other title it was he had, my memory doesn't serve me; it is enough, however, if I say he was immensely rich, and, like many other people in the same way, immensely in debt. The story goes that he never travelled through England, and caught sight of a handsome place, or fine domain, or a beautiful cottage, that he didn't go straightway to the owner and buy it down out of the face, as a body might say, whether he would or no. And so in time it came to pass, that there was scarcely a county in England without some magnificent house belonging to him. In many parts of Scotland he had them, too, and, in all probability, he would have done the same in Ireland if he could. Well, ma'am, there never was such rejoicings as Dublin saw the night his Grace arrived to be our Viceroy! To know that we had got a man with one hundred and fifty thousand a year, and a spirit to spend double the money, was a downright blessing from Providence, and there was no saying what might not be the prosperity of Ireland under so auspicious a ruler.

"To do him justice, he didn't baulk public expectation. Open house at the Castle, ditto at the Lodge in the Park, a mansion full of guests in the county Wicklow, a pack of hounds in Kildare, twelve horses training at the Curragh, a yacht like a little man-of-war in Dunleary Harbour, large subscriptions to everything like sport, and a pension for life to every man that could sing a jolly song, or write a witty bit of poetry! Well ma'am, they say, who remember those days, that they saw the best of Ireland, and surely I believe, if his Grace had only lived, and had his own way, the Peerage would have been as pleasant and the Bench of Bishops as droll, and the Ladies of Honour as—Well, never mind, I'll pass on." Here Mr. Dempsey, to console himself for the abruptness of his pause, poured out and drank another bumper of sherry. "Pleasant times they were," said he, smacking his lips, "and, faith, if Tom Leonard himself was alive then, the colour of his nose might have made him Commander of the Forces; but, to continue, it was Dodd and

Dempsey's house supplied the sherry—only the sherry, ma'am; old Stewart, of Belfast, had the port, and Kinahan the claret and lighter liquors. I may mention, by the way, that my grandfather's contract included brandy, and that he wouldn't have given it up for either of the other two. It was just about this time that Dodd died, and my grandfather was left alone in the firm, but whether it was out of respect for his late partner, or that he might have felt himself lonely, but he always kept up the name of Dodd, on the brass plate, and signed the name along with his own—indeed, they say that he once saluted his wife by the name of Mrs. Dodd and Dempsey. But, as I was saying, it was one of those days when my grandfather was seated on a high stool in the back office in his house in Abbey-street, that a fine tall young fellow, with a blue frock-coat, all braided with gold, and an elegant cocked hat, with a plume of feathers in it, came tramping into the room, his spurs jingling, and his brass sabre clinking, and his sabretash banging at his legs.

"Mr. Dempsey?" said he.

"D. and D.," said my grandfather; "that is Dodd and Dempsey, your Grace," for he half suspected it was the Duke himself.

"I am Captain M'Claverty, of the Scots Greys," said he, "first aide-de-camp to his Excellency."

"I hope you may live to be colonel of the regiment," said my grandfather: for he was as polite and well-bred as any man in Ireland.

"That's too good a sentiment," said the captain, "not to be pledged in a glass of your own sherry."

"And we'll do it, too," said old Dempsey. And he opened the desk, and took out a bottle he had for his own private drinking, and uncorked it with a little pocket corkscrew he always carried about with him, and he produced two glasses, and he and the captain hob-nobbed and drank to each other.

"Begad!" said the captain, "his Grace sent me to thank you for the delicious wine you supplied him with, but it's nothing to this—not to be compared to it."

"I've better again," said my grandfather. "I've wine that would bring the tears into your eyes when you saw the decanter getting low."

The captain stared at him, and maybe it was that the speech was too much for his nerves, but he drank off two glasses one after the other as quick as he could fill them out.

"'Dempsey,' said he, looking round cautiously, 'are we alone?'

"'We are,' said my grandfather.

"'Tell me, then,' said M'Claverty. 'how could his Grace get a taste of this real sherry, for himself alone I mean? Of course I never thought of his giving it to the judges, and old Lord Dunboyne, and such like.'

"'Does he ever take a little sup in his own room of an evening?'

"'I am afraid not; but I'll tell you how I think it might be managed. You're a snug fellow, Dempsey; you've plenty of money muddling away in the bank at three-and-a-half per cent.; couldn't you contrive, some way or other, to get into his Excellency's confidence, and lend him ten or fifteen thousand, or so?'

"'Ay, or twenty,' said my grandfather—'or twenty, if he likes it.'

"'I doubt if he would accept such a sum,' said the captain, shaking his head; 'he has bags of money rolling in upon him every week or fortnight; sometimes we don't know where to put them.'

"'Oh, of course,' said my grandfather, 'I meant no offence; I only said twenty, because, if his Grace would condescend, it isn't twenty, but a fifty thousand I could give him, and on the nail, too.'

"'You're a fine fellow, Dempsey—a devilish fine fellow; you're the very kind of a fellow the Duke likes—open-handed, frank, and generous.'

"'Do you really think he'd like me?' said my grandfather; and he rocked on the high stool, so that it nearly came down.

"'Like you! I'll tell you what it is,' said he, laying his hand on my grandfather's knee, 'before one week was over, he couldn't do without you. You'd be there morning, noon, and night; your knife and fork always ready for you, just like one of the family.'

"'Blood alive!' said my grandfather, 'do you tell me so?'

"'I'll bet you a hundred pounds on it, sir?'

"'Done,' said my grandfather, 'and you must hold the stakes;' and with that he opened his black pocket-book, and put a note for the amount into the captain's hand.

"'This is the 31st of March,' said the captain, taking out his pencil and tablets. 'I'll just book the bet.'

"'And, indeed,' added Mr. Dempsey, 'for that matter, if it was a day later it would have been only more suitable.'

"'Well, ma'am, what passed between them afterwards I never heard said; but the captain took his leave, and left my grandfather so delighted and overjoyed, that he finished all the sherry in the drawer; and when the head clerk came in to ask for an invoice, or a thing of the kind, he found old Mr. Dempsey with his wig on the high stool, and he bowing round it, and calling it your Grace. There's no denying it, ma'am, he was blind drunk.

"'About ten days or a fortnight after this time, my grandfather received a note from Teesum and Twist, the solicitors, stating that the draft of the bond was already drawn up for the loan he was about to make to his Grace, and begging to know to whom it was to be submitted.

"'The captain will win his bet, devil a lie in it,' said my grandfather: 'he's going to bring the Duke and myself together.'

"'Well, ma'am, I won't bother you with the law business, though if my father was telling the story he would not spare you one item of it all—who read this, and who signed the other, and the objections that was made by them thieving attorneys! and how the Solicitor-General struck out this and put in that clause; but to tell you the truth, ma'am I think that all the details spoil what we may call the poetry of the narrative: it is finer to say he paid the money, and the Duke pocketed it.

"'Well, weeks went over and months long, and not a bit of the Duke did my grandfather see, nor M'Claverty either; he never came near him. To be sure, his Grace drank as much sherry as ever; indeed, I believe out of love to my grandfather they drank little else; from the bishops and the chaplain, down to the battle-axe-guards, it was sherry, morning, noon, and night; and though this was very pleasing to my grandfather, he was always wishing for the time when he was to be presented to his Grace, and their friendship was to begin. My grandfather could think of nothing else, daylight and dark; when he walked, he was always repeating to himself what his Grace might say to him, and what he would say to his Grace; and he was perpetually going up at eleven o'clock, when the guard was relieved in the Castle-yard, expecting every now and then a footman in blue and silver would come out, and, touching his elbow, whisper in his ear, 'Mr. Dempsey, the Duke's waiting for you.' But, my dear ma'am, he might have waited till now, if Providence had spared him, and the devil a taste of the same message would ever have come near him, or a sight of the same footman in blue! It was neither more nor less than a delusion, or an illusion, or a confusion, or whatever the name of it is. At last, ma'am, in one of his prowlings about the Phoenix Park, who does he come on but M'Claverty; he was riding past in a great hurry, but he pulled up when he saw my grandfather, and called out, 'Hang it, who's this? I ought to know you.'

"'Indeed you ought,' said my grandfather; 'I'm Dodd and Dempsey, and by the same token, there's a little bet between us, and I'd like to know who won and who lost.'

"'I think there's small doubt about that,' said the captain; 'didn't his Grace borrow twenty thousand of you?'

"'He did, no doubt of it.'

"'And wasn't it my doing?'

"'Upon my conscience, I can't deny it.'

"'Well, then, I won the wager, that's clear.'

"'Oh! I see now,' said my grandfather; 'that was the wager, was it? Oh, bedad! I think you might have given me odds, if that was our bet?'

"Why, what did you think it was?"

"Oh, nothing at all, sir, it's no matter now; it was another thing was passing in my mind. I was hoping to have the honour of making his acquaintance, flattered as I was by all you told me about him."

"Ah! that's difficult, I confess," said the captain; "but still one might do something. He wants a little money just now; if you could make interest to be the lender, I wouldn't say that what you suggest is impossible."

"Well, ma'am, it was just as it happened before. The old story, more parchment, more comparing of deeds, and a heavy cheque on the bank for the amount."

"When it was all done, M'Claverty came in one morning, in plain clothes, to my grandfather's back office."

"Dodd and Dempsey," said he, "I've been thinking over your business, and I'll tell you what my plan is. Old Vereker, the chamberlain, is little better than a beast, thinks nothing of anybody that isn't a lord or a viscount, and, in fact, if he had his will, the Lodge in the Phoenix would be more like Pekin, in Tartary, than anything else; but I'll tell you, if he won't present you at the Levee, which he flatly refuses at present, I'll do the thing in a way of my own. His Grace is going to spend a week up at Ballyriggeran House, in the county of Wicklow, and I'll contrive it, when he's taking his morning walk through the shrubbery, to present you. All you've to do is to be ready at a turn of the walk; I'll show you the place; you'll hear his foot on the gravel, and you'll slip out, just this way. Leave the rest to me."

"It's beautiful," said my grandfather; "begad, that's elegant."

"There's one difficulty," said M'Claverty—"one infernal difficulty."

"What's that?" asked my grandfather.

"I may be obliged to be out of the way. I lost five fifties at Daly's the other night, and I may have to cross the water for a few weeks."

"Don't let that trouble you," said my grandfather; "there's the paper." And he put the little bit of music into his hand; and sure enough a pleasanter sound than the same crisp squeak of a new note no man ever listened to.

"It's agreed upon now?" said my grandfather.

"All right," said M'Claverty; and with a jolly slap on the shoulder, he said, "Good-morning, D. and D.," and away he went.

"He was true to his word: that day three weeks my grandfather received a note in pencil; it was signed 'J. M'C.,' and ran thus: 'Be up at Ballyriggeran at eleven o'clock on Wednesday, and wait at the foot of the hill, near the birch copse, beside the wooden bridge. Keep the left of the path, and lie still.' Begad, ma'am, it's well nobody saw it but himself, or they might have thought that Dodd and Dempsey was turned highwayman."

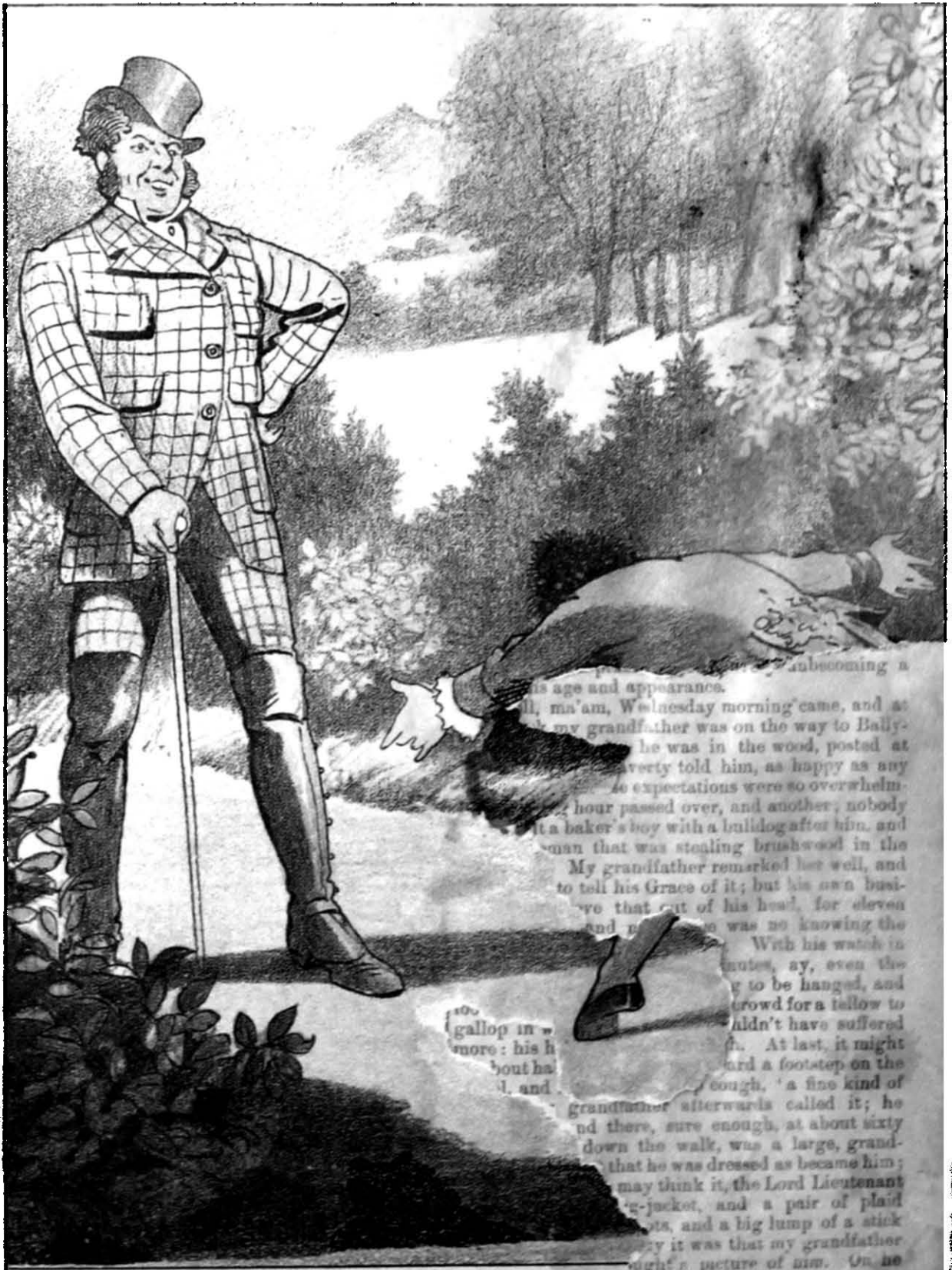
"My grandfather was prouder of the same note, and happier that morning, than if it was an order for fifty butts of sherry. He read it over and over,

and he walked up and down the little back office picturing out the whole scene, settling the chairs till he made a little avenue between them, and practising the way he'd slip out slyly and surprise his Grace. No doubt it would have been as good as a play to have looked at him.

"One difficulty preyed upon his mind—what dress ought he to wear? Should he be in a Court suit, or ought he rather to go in his robes as an alderman? It would never do to appear in a black coat, a light gray spencer, punch-coloured shorts and gaiters, white hat with a stripe of black crape on it, mere Dodd and Dempsey! That wasn't to be thought of. If he could only ask his friend M'Hale, the fish-monger, who was knighted last year, he could tell all about it. M'Hale, however, would blab; he'd tell it to the whole livery; every alderman of Skinner's-alley would know it in a week! No, no, the whole must be managed discreetly; it was a mutual confidence between the Duke and 'D. and D.' 'At all events,' said my grandfather, 'a Court dress is a safe thing,' and out he went and bespoke one, to be sent home that evening, for he couldn't rest till he tried it on and felt how he could move his head in the straight collar, and bow, without the sword tripping him up and pitching him into the Duke. I've heard my father say, that in the days that elapsed till the time mentioned for the interview, my grandfather lost two stone in weight. He walked half over the county Dublin, lying in ambush in every little wood he could see, and jumping out whenever he could see or hear anyone coming—little surprises which were sometimes taken as practical jokes, very unbecoming a man of his age and appearance."

"Well, ma'am, Wednesday morning came, and at six o'clock my grandfather was on the way to Ballyriggeran, and at nine he was in the wood, posted at the very spot M'Claverty told him, as happy as any man could be whose expectations were so overwhelming. A long hour passed over, and another; nobody passed but a baker's boy with a bulldog after him, and an old woman that was stealing brushwood in the shrubbery. My grandfather remarked her well, and determined to tell his Grace of it; but his own business soon drove that out of his head, for eleven o'clock came, and now there was no knowing the moment the Duke might appear. With his watch in his hand, he counted the minutes, ay, even the seconds. If he was a thief going to be hanged, and looking out over the heads of the crowd for a fellow to gallop in with a reprieve, he couldn't have suffered more: his heart was in his mouth. At last, it might be about half-past eleven, he heard a footstep on the gravel, and then a loud, deep cough, 'a fine kind of cough,' my grandfather afterwards called it; he peeped out, and there, sure enough, at about sixty paces, coming down the walk, was a large, grand-looking man—not that he was dressed as became him; for, strange as you may think it, the Lord Lieutenant had on a shooting-jacket, and a pair of plaid trousers, and cloth boots, and a big lump of a stick in his hand—and lucky it was that my grandfather knew him, for he bought a picture of him. On he





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came nearer and nearer, every step on the gravel-walk drove out of my grandfather's head half a dozen of the fine things he had got off by heart to say during the interview, until at last he was so overcome by joy, anxiety, and a kind of terror, that he couldn't tell where he was, or what was going to happen to him, but he had a kind of instinct that reminded him he was to jump out when the Duke was near him, and upon my conscience, so he did, clean and clever, into the middle of the walk, right in front of his Grace. My grandfather used to say, in telling the story, that he verily believed his feelings at that moment would have made him burst a blood-vessel, if it wasn't that the Duke put his hands to his sides and laughed till the woods rang again; but between shame and fright, my grandfather didn't join in the laugh.

"In heaven's name!" said his Grace, 'who or what are you?—this isn't May-day.'

"My grandfather took this speech as a rebuke for standing so bold in his Grace's presence, and being a shrewd man, and never deficient in tact, what does he do but drops down on his two knees before him. 'My Lord,' said he, 'I am only Dodd and Dempsey.'

"Whatever there was droll about the same house of Dodd and Dempsey I never heard; but his Grace laughed now till he had to lean against a tree. 'Well, Dodd and Dempsey, if that's your name, get up. I don't mean you any harm. Take courage.

going to knight you—By the way, are

himself the trouble. Whether it was that somebody had said something of him behind his back, or that politics were weighing on the Duke's mind—the Catholics were mighty troublesome then—or, indeed, that he forgot it altogether, clean; but so it was, my grandfather never heard more of the visit; and if the oysters waited for his Grace to come and eat them, they might have filled up Howth Harbour.

"A year passed over, and my grandfather was taking his solitary walk in the Park, very near in the same place as before—for you see, ma'am, he couldn't bear the sight of the sea-coast, and the very smell of shell-fish made him ill—when somebody called out his name. He looked up, and there was M'Claverty in a gig.

"Well, D. and D., how goes the world with you?"

"Very badly, indeed," says my grandfather: his heart was full, and he just told him the whole story.

"I'll settle it all," said the captain; 'leave it to me. There's to be a review to-morrow in the Park: get on the back of the best horse you can find—the Duke is a capital judge of a nag—ride him briskly about the field, he'll notice you, never fear; the whole thing will come up before his memory, and you'll have him to breakfast before the week's over.'

"Do you think so?—do you really think so?"

"I'll take my oath of it. I say, D. and D., could you do a little thing at a short date just now?"

"If it wasn't too heavy," said my grandfather, with a faint sigh.

"Only a hundred."

"Well," said he, 'you may send it down to the office. Good-bye.' And with that he turned back towards town again; not to go home, however, for he knew well there was no time to lose, but straight he goes to Dycer's—it was old Tom was alive in those days, and a shrewder man than Tom Dycer there never lived. They tell you, ma'am, there's chaps in London, that if you send them your height, and your width, and your girth round the waist, they'll make you a suit of clothes that will fit you like your own skin; but, 'pon my conscience, I believe, if you'd give your age and the colour of your hair to old Tom Dycer, he could provide you a horse the very thing to carry you. Whenever a stranger used to come into the yard, Tom would throw a look at him out of the corner of his eye—for he had only

there was a feather on the other—Tom would

throw a look at him, and he'd shout out, 'Bring out

2; take out that brown mare with the white fetlocks.' That's the way he had of doing business,

and the odds were five to one but the gentleman rode out half an hour after on the beast Tom intended

for him. This suited my grandfather's knuckle well; for when he told him that it was a horse to ride

before the Lord Lieutenant he wanted, 'Bedad,' says Tom, 'I'll give you one you might ride before the

Emperor of Chaney;—here, Dennis, trot out 176.' To all appearance, ma'am, 176 was no common beast,

for every man in the yard, big and little, set off, when they heard the order, down to the stall where

he stood, and at last two doors were flung wide open, and out he came, with a man leading him. He was

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seventeen hands two if he was an inch, bright grey, with flea-bitten marks all over him; he held his head up so high at one end, and his tail at the other, that my grandfather said he'd have frightened the stoutest fox-hunter to look at him; besides, my dear, he went with his knees in his mouth when he trotted, and gave a skelp of his hind-legs at every stride, that it wasn't safe to be within four yards of him.

"There's action!" says Tom—"there's bone and figure! Quiet as a lamb, without stain or blemish, warranted in every harness, and to carry a lady."

"I wish he'd carry a wine-merchant safe for about one hour and a half," said my grandfather to himself. "What's his price?"

"But Tom wouldn't mind him, for he was going on reciting the animal's perfections, and telling him how he was bred out of Kick the Moon, by Moll Flanders, and that Lord Dunraile himself only parted with him because he didn't think him showy enough for a charger. 'Though, to be sure,' said Tom, 'he's greatly improved since that. Will you try him in the school, Mr. Dempsey?' said he; 'not but I tell you that you'll find him a little mettlesome or so there; take him on the grass, and he's gentleness itself—he's a kid, that's what he is.'

"And his price?" said my grandfather.

"Dycer whispered something in his ear.

"Blood alive!" said my grandfather.

"Devil a farthing less. Do you think you're to get beauty and action, ay, and gentle temper, for nothing?"

"My dear, the last words, 'gentle temper,' wasn't well out of his mouth when 'the kid' put his two hind-legs into the little pulpit where the auctioneer was sitting, and sent him flying through the window behind him into the stall.

"That comes of tickling him," said Tom; "them blackguards never will let a horse alone."

"I hope you don't let any of them go out to the review in the Park; for I declare to heaven, if I was on his back then, Dodd and Dempsey would be D. D. sure enough."

"With a large snaffle, and the saddle well back," says Tom, "he's a lamb."

"God grant it," says my grandfather; "send him over to me to-morrow, about eleven." He gave a cheque for the money—we never heard how much it was—and away he went.

"That must have been a melancholy evening for him, for he sent for old Rogers, the attorney, and after he was measured for breeches and boots, he made his will and disposed of his effects. 'For there's no knowing,' said he, 'what 176 may do for me.' Rogers did his best to persuade him off the excursion:

"Dress up one of Dycer's fellows like you; let him go by the Lord Lieutenant prancing and rearing, and then you yourself can appear on the ground, all splashed and spurred, half an hour after."

"No," says my grandfather, "I'll go myself."

"For, so it is, there's no denying, when a man has got ambition in his heart it puts pluck there.

Well, eleven o'clock came, and the whole of Abbey-street was on foot to see my grandfather; there wasn't a window hadn't five or six faces in it, and every blackguard in the town was there to see him go off, just as if it was a show.

"Bad luck to them," says my grandfather; "I wish they had brought the horse round to the stable-yard, and let me get up in peace."

"And he was right there; for the stirrup, when my grandfather stood beside the horse, was exactly even with his chin: but somehow; with the help of the two clerks and the book-keeper, and the officious stool he got up on his back with as merry a cheer as ever rung out to welcome him, while a dirty blackguard, with two old pocket-handkerchiefs for a pair of breeches, shouted out, 'Old Dempsey's going to get an appetite for the oysters!'

"Considering everything, 176 behaved very well; he didn't plunge, and he didn't kick, and my grandfather said, 'Providence was kind enough not to let him rear' but somehow, he wouldn't go straight, but sideways, and kept lashing his long tail on my grandfather's legs, and sometimes round his body, in a way that terrified him greatly, till he became used to it.

"Well, if riding be a pleasure," says my grandfather, "people must be made different from me."

"For, saving your favour, ma'am, he was as raw as a griskin, and there wasn't a bit of him the size of a half-crown he could sit on without a cry out; and no other pace would the beast go but this little jig, jig, from side to side, while he was tossing his head and flapping his mane about, just as if to say, 'Couldn't I pitch you sky-high, if I liked? Couldn't I make a Congreve-rocket of you, Dodd and Dempsey?'

When he got on the 'Fifteen Acres,' it was only the position he found himself in that destroyed the grandeur of the scene; for there was fifty thousand people assembled at least, and there was a line of infantry of two miles long, and the artillery was drawn up at one end, and cavalry stood beyond them, stretching away towards Knockmaroon.

"My grandfather was now getting accustomed to his sufferings, and he felt that, if 176 did no more, with God's help he could bear it for one day; and so he rode on quietly outside the crowd, attracting, of course, a fair share of observation, for he wasn't always in the saddle, but sometimes a little behind or before it. Well, at last there came a cloud of dust, rising at the far end of the field, and it got thicker and thicker, and then it broke; and there were white plumes dancing, and gold glittering, and horses all shaking their gorgeous trappings—for it was the Staff was galloping up—and then there burst out a great cheer, so loud that nothing seemed possible to be louder, until bang—bang—bang, eighteen large guns went thundering together, and the whole line of infantry let off a clattering volley, till you'd think the earth was crashing open.

"Devil's luck to ye all—couldn't you be quiet a little longer?" says D. and D., for he was trying to get an easy posture to sit in; but just at this moment

176 pricked up his ears, made three bounds in the air, as if something lifted him up, shook his head like a fish, and away he went: wasn't it wonderful that my grandfather kept his seat? He remembers, he says, that at each bound he was a yard over his back; but as he was a heavy man, and kept his legs open, he had the luck to come down in the same place, and a sore place it must have been, for he let a screech out of him each time that would have pierced the heart of a stone. He knew very little more what happened, except that he was galloping away somewhere, until at last he found himself in a crowd of people, half dead with fatigue and fright, and the horse thick with foam.

"Where am I?" says my grandfather.

"You're in Lucan, sir," says a man.

"And where's the review?" says my grandfather.

"Five miles behind you, sir."

"Blessed heaven!" says he; "and where's the Duke?"

"God knows," said the man, giving a wink to the crowd, for they thought he was mad. "Won't you get off and take some refreshment?" says the man, for he was the owner of a little public.

"Get off!" says my grandfather; "it's easy talking! I found it hard enough to get on. Bring me a pint of porter where I am." And so he drained off the liquor, and he wiped his face, and he turned the beast's head once more towards town.

"When my grandfather reached the Park again, he was, as you may well believe, a tired and a weary man; and, indeed, for that matter, the beast didn't seem much fresher than himself, for he lashed his sides more rarely, and he condescended to go straight, and he didn't carry his head higher than his rider's. At last they wound their way up through the fir copse at the end of the field, and caught sight of the review, and to be sure, if poor D. and D. left the ground before under a grand salute of artillery and small arms, another of the same kind welcomed him back again. It was an honour he'd have been right glad to have dispensed with; for when 176 heard it, he looked about him to see which way he'd take, gave a loud neigh, and with a shake that my grandfather said he'd never forget, he plunged forward, and went straight at the thick of the crowd: it must have been a cruel sight to have seen the people running for their lives. The soldiers that kept the line laughed heartily at the mob, but they hadn't the joke long to themselves, for my grandfather went slap at them into the middle of the field; and he did that day what I hear has been very seldom done by cavalry,—he broke a square of the 79th Highlanders, and scattered them over the field. In truth, the beast must have been the devil himself, for wherever he saw most people it was there he always went. There were, at this time, three heavy dragoons and four of the horse-police, with drawn swords, in pursuit of my grandfather; and, if he were the enemy of the human race, the cries of the multitude could not have been louder, as one universal shout arose, 'Cut him down! Cleave him in two?' And do you know, he said, afterwards, he'd have taken it as a mercy of

Providence if they had. Well, my dear, when he had broke through the Highlanders, scattered the mob, dispersed the band, and left a hole in the big drum you could have put your head through, 176 made for the Staff, who, I may remark, were all this time enjoying the confusion immensely. When, however, they saw my grandfather heading towards them, there was a general cry of 'Here he comes! here he comes! Take care, your Grace!' And there arose among the group around the Duke a scene of plunging, kicking, and rearing, in the midst of which he dashed my grandfather. Down went an aide-de-camp at one side, 176 plunged, and off went the town-major at the other, while a stroke of a sabre, kindly intended for my grandfather's skull, came down on the horse's back and made him give plunge the third, which shot his rider out of the saddle, and sent him flying through the air like a shell, till he alighted under the leaders of a carriage, where the Duchess and the ladies of honour were seated.

"Twenty people jumped from their horses now to finish him; if they were hunting a rat, they couldn't have been more venomous.

"Stop! stop!" said the Duke; "he's a capital fellow; don't hurt him. Who are you, my brave little man? You ride like Chifney for the Derby."

"God knows who I am?" says my grandfather, creeping out, and wiping his face. "I was Dodd and Dempsey when I left home this morning; but I am bewitched, devil a lie in it."

"Dempsey, my Lord Duke," said M'Claverty, coming up at the moment. "Don't you know him?" and he whispered a few words in his Grace's ear.

"Oh, yes, to be sure," said the viceroy. "They tell me you have a capital pack of hounds, Dempsey. What do you hunt?"

"Horse, foot, and dragoons, my lord," said my grandfather; and, to be sure, there was a jolly roar of laughter after the words, for poor D. and D. was just telling his mind, without meaning anything more.

"Well, then," said the Duke, "if you've always as good sport as to-day you've capital fun of it."

"Oh! delightful, indeed!" said my grandfather; "never enjoyed myself more in my life."

"Where's his horse?" said his Grace.

"He jumped down into the sand quarry and broke his neck, my Lord Duke."

"The heavens be praised!" said my grandfather; "if it's true, I am as glad as if I got fifty pounds."

"The trumpets now sounded for the cavalry to march past, and the Duke was about to move away, when M'Claverty again whispered something in his ear.

"Very true," said he; "well thought of. I say, Dempsey, I'll go over some of these mornings, and have a run with your hounds."

"My grandfather rubbed his eyes and looked up, but all he saw was about twenty Staff-officers with their hats off, for every man of them saluted my father as they passed, and the crowd made way for him with as much respect as if it was the Duke himself. He soon got a car to bring him home, and

notwithstanding all his sufferings that day, and the great escape he had of his life, there wasn't as proud a man in Dublin as himself.

"He's coming to hunt with my hounds!" said he; "tisn't to take an oyster and a glass of wine, and be off again!—no; but he's coming down to spend the whole day with me."

"The thought was ecstasy; it only had one drawback—Dodd and Dempsey's house had never kept hounds. Well, ma'am, I needn't detain you long about what happened; it's enough if I say that in less than six weeks my grandfather had bought up Lord Tyrawley's pack, and his hunting-box, and his horses, and I believe his grooms; and though he never ventured on the back of a beast himself, he did nothing from morning to night but listen and talk about hunting, and try to get the names of the dogs by heart, and practise to cry, 'Tally-ho!' and 'Stole away!' and 'Ho-ith! ho-ith!' with which, indeed, he used to start out of his sleep, at night, so full he was of the sport. From the 1st of September he never had a red coat off his back. 'Pon my conscience, I believe he went to bed in his spurs, for he didn't know what moment the Duke might be on him, and that's the way the time went on till spring; but not a sign of his Grace, not a word, not a hint that he ever thought more of his promise! Well, one morning, my grandfather was walking very sorrowfully down near the Curragh, where his hunting-lodge was, when he saw them roping in the course for the races, and he heard the men talking of the magnificent cup the Duke was to give for the winner of the three-year old stakes, and the thought flashed on him, 'I'll bring myself to his memory that way.' And what does he do but he goes back to the house and tells his trainer to go over to the racing stables and buy, not one, nor two, but the three best horses that were entered for the race. Well, ma'am, their engagements were very heavy, and he had to take them on himself, and it cost him a sight of money. It happened that this time he was on the right scent, for down comes M'Claverty the same day with orders from the Duke to take the odds, right and left, on one of the three, a little mare called Let-Me-Along-Before-the-People; she was one of his own breeding, and he had a conceit out of her. Well, M'Claverty laid his money here and there, till he stood what between the Duke's bets and all the officers of the Staff and his own the heaviest winner or loser on that race.

"She's Martin's mare, isn't she?" said M'Claverty

"No, sir, she was bought this morning by Mr. Dempsey, of Tear Fox Lodge."

"The devil she is," said M'Claverty; and he jumped on his horse, and he cantered over to the Lodge.

"Mr. Dempsey at home?" says he.

"Yes, sir."

"Give him this card, and say I beg the favour of seeing him for a few moments."

"The man went off, and came back in a few minutes, with the answer, 'Mr. Dempsey is very sorry, but he's engaged.'"

"Oh, oh! that's it!" says M'Claverty to himself; 'I see how the wind blows. I say, my man, tell him I've a message from his Grace the Lord Lieutenant.'

"Well, the answer came for the captain to send the message in, for my grandfather couldn't come out.

"Say it's impossible," said M'Claverty; 'it's for his own private ear.'

"Dodd and Dempsey was strong in my grandfather that day!—he would listen to no terms.

"No," says he, 'if the goods are worth anything, they never come without an invoice. I'll have nothing to say to him.'

"But the captain wasn't to be balked; for, in spite of everything, he passed the servant, and came at once into the room where my grandfather was sitting—ay, and before he could help it, was shaking him by both hands as if he was his brother.

"Why the devil didn't you let me in?" said he. 'I came from the Duke with a message for you.'

"Bother!" says my grandfather.

"I did, though," says he; 'he's got a heavy book on your little mare, and he wants you to make your boy ride a waiting race, and not win the first heat—you understand?'

"I do," says my grandfather, 'perfectly;—and he's got a deal of money on her, has he?'

"He has," said the captain; 'and everyone at the Castle, too, high and low, from the chief secretary down to the second coachman—we are all backing her.'

"I am glad of it,—I am sincerely glad of it," said my grandfather, rubbing his hands.

"I knew you would be, old boy," cried the captain, joyfully.

"Ah, but you don't know why; you'd never guess."

M'Claverty stared at him, but said nothing.

"Well, I'll tell you," resumed my grandfather; 'the reason is this: I'll not let her run, no, divil a step! I'll bring her up to the ground, and you may look at her, and see that she's all sound and safe, in top condition, and with a skin like a looking-glass, and then I'll walk her back again! And do you know why I'll do this?' said he, while his eyes flashed fire, and his lip trembled; 'just because I won't suffer the house of Dodd and Dempsey to be humbugged as if we were greengrocers! Two years ago it was to "eat an oyster with me;" last year, it was a "day with my hounds;" maybe now his Grace would join the race dinner; but that's all past and gone—I'll stand it no longer.'

"Confound it, man," said the captain, 'the Duke must have forgotten it. You never reminded him of his engagement. He'd have been delighted to have come to you if he only recollected.'

"I am sorry my memory was better than his," said my grandfather, 'and I wish you a very good-morning.'

"Oh, don't go;—wait a moment.—let us see if we can't put this matter straight. You want the Duke to dine with you?'

"No, I don't; I tell you I've given it up."

"Well, well, perhaps so;—will it do if you dine with him?'

"My grandfather had his hand on the lock—he

was just going—he turned round, and fixed his eyes on the captain.

“Are you in earnest? or is this only more of the same game?” said he, sternly.

“I’ll make that very easy to you,” said the captain; “I’ll bring the invitation to you this night; the mare doesn’t run till to-morrow; if you don’t receive the card, the rest is in your own power.”

“Well, ma’am, my story is now soon told; that night, about nine o’clock, there comes a footman, all splashed and muddy, in a Castle livery, up to the door of the Lodge, and he gave a violent pull at the bell, and when the servant opened the door, he called out in a loud voice, ‘From his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant,’ and into the saddle he jumped, and away he was like lightning; and, sure enough, it was a large card, all printed, except a word here and there, and it went something this way:

“I am commanded by his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant to request the pleasure of Mr. Dempsey’s company at dinner on Friday, the 23rd instant, at the Lodge, Phoenix Park, at seven o’clock.

“GRANVILLE VEREKER, Chamberlain.

“Swords and Bags.”

“At last!” said my grandfather, and he wiped the tears from his eyes; for to say the truth, ma’am, it was a long chase without ever getting once a ‘good view.’ I must hurry on; the remainder is easy told. Let-Me-Alone-Before-the-People won the cup, my grandfather was chaired home from the course in the evening, and kept open house at the Lodge for all comers while the races lasted; and at length the eventful day drew near on which he was to realise all his long-coveted ambition. It was on the very morning before, however, that he put on his Court suit for about the twentieth time, and the tailor was standing trembling before him, while my grandfather complained of a wrinkle here, or a pucker there.

“You see,” said he, “you’ve run yourself so close that you’ve no time now to alter these things before the dinner.”

“I’ll have time enough, Sir,” says the man, ‘if the news is true.’

“What news?” says my grandfather, with a choking in his throat, for a sudden fear came over him.

“The news they have in town this morning.”

“What is it?—speak it out, man!”

“They say—But sure you’ve heard it, sir?”

“Go on!” says my grandfather; and he got him by the shoulders and shook him. “Go on, or I’ll strangle you.”

“They say, sir, that the Ministry is out, and—”

“And, well—”

“And that the Lord Lieutenant has resigned, and the yacht is coming round to Dunleary to take him away this evening, for he won’t stay longer than the time to swear in the Lords Justices—he’s so glad to be out of Ireland.”

“My grandfather sat down on the chair, and began to cry; and well he might; for not only was the news true, but he was ruined besides. Every farthing of the great fortune that Dodd and Dempsey made was lost and gone—scattered to the winds; and when his affairs were wound up, he, that was thought one of the richest men in Dublin, was found to be something like nine thousand pounds worse than nothing. Happily for him, his mind was gone, too; and though he lived a few years after, near Finglas, he was always an innocent, didn’t remember anybody, nor who he was, but used to go about asking the people if they knew whether his Grace the Lord Lieutenant had put off his dinner-party for the 23rd; and then he’d pull out the old card to show them; for he kept it in a little case, and put it under his pillow every night till he died.”

## DARBY DOYLE'S VOYAGE TO QUEBEC.

I took the road, one fine morning in May, from Inchebeglagh, an’ got up to the Cove safe an’ sound. There I saw many ships with big broad boards fastened to ropes, everyone ov them saying, “The first vessel for Quebec.” Siz I to myself, those are about to run for a wager; this one siz she’ll be first, and that one siz she’ll be first. At any rate, I pitched on one that was finely painted, and looked long and slender like a corragh on the Shannon. When I wint on board to ax the fare, who shou’d come up out of a hole but Ned Flinn, an ould townsman ov my own. “Och, is it yoorself that’s there, Ned?” siz I; “are ye goin’ to Amerrykey?” “Why, an’ to be shure,” siz he; “I’m mate ov the ship.” “Meat! that’s yer sort, Ned,” siz I; “then we’ll only want bread.

Hadn’t I better go and pay my way?” “You’re time enough,” siz Ned, “I’ll tell you when we’re ready for sea—leave the rest to me, Darby.” “Och, tipus your fist,” siz I; “you were always the broath ov a boy; for the sake ov ould times, Ned, we must have a dhrop.” So, my jewel, Ned brought me to where there was right good stuff. When it got up to three o’clock, I found myself mighty weak with hunger. I got the smell ov corn beef an’ cabbage that knock’d me up entirely. I then wint to the landleddy, and siz I to her, “Maybe your leddyship id not think me rood by axin’ iv’ Ned and myself cou’d get our dinner ov that fine hot mate that I got a taste ov in my nose?” “In troath you can,” siz she (an’ she look’d mighty pleasant), “an’ welkin.”

So, my darlin', dish and all came up. "That's what I call a *flaugholoch* mess," siz I. So we eat and drank away. Many's the squeeze Ned gave my fist, telling me to leave it all to him, and how comfortable he'd make me on the voyage. Day after day we spint together, waitin' for the wind, till I found my pockets begin to grow very light. At last, siz he to me, one day afther dinner, "Darby, the ship will be ready for sea on the morrow—you'd better go on board, an' pay your way." "Is it jokin' you are, Ned," siz I; "shure you tould me to leave it all to you." "Ah! Darby," siz he, "you're for takin' a rise out o' me; shure enough, ye were the lad that was never without a joke—the very priest himself couldn't get over ye. But, Darby, there's no joke like the throe one. I'll stick to my promise; but, Darby, you must pay your way." "O Ned," siz I, "is this the way you're goin' to threaten me afther all? I'm a rooin'd man; all I cou'd scrape together I spint on you. If you don't do something for me, I'm lost. Is there no place where you cou'd hide me from the captin?" "Not a place," siz Ned. "An' where, Ned, is the place I saw you comin' up out ov?" "Oh, Darby, that was the hould where the cargo's stow'd." "An' is there no other place?" siz I. "Oh, yee," siz he, "where we keep the wather casks." "An' Ned," siz I, "does anyone live down there?" "Not a mother's soul," siz he. "An', Ned," siz I, "can't you cram me down there, and give me a lock ov straw an' a bit?" "Why, Darby," siz he (an' he look'd mighty pittyfull). "I must thry. But mind, Darby, you'll have to hide all day in an empty barrel, an' when it comes to my watch, I'll bring you down some prog; but if you're diskiver'd, it's all over with me, an' you'll be put on a dissilute island to starve." "O Ned," siz I, "leave it all to me." "Never fear, Darby, I'll mind my eye." When night cum on, I got down into the dark cellar, among the barrels; poor Ned fixt a place in a corner for me to sleep, an' every night he brought me down hard black cakes an' salt meat. There I lay snug for a whole month. At last, one night, siz he to me, "Now, Darby, what's to be done? we're within three days' sail ov Quebec; the ship will be overhauled, and all the passengers' names call'd over; if you are found, you'll be sould as a slave for your passage money." "An' is that all that frets you, my jewel," siz I; "can't you leave it all to me? In throath, Ned, I'll never forget your hospitality at any rate. But, what place is outside of the ship?" "Why the sea, to be sure," siz he. "Och! botheration," siz I, "I mean what's the outside the ship?" "Why, Darby," siz he, "part of it's called the bulwark." "An', fire and faggots," siz I, "is it bulls work the vessel along?" "No, nor Lorses," siz he, "neither; this is no time for jokin'; what do you mean to do?" "Why, I'll tell you, Ned: get me an empty meal-bag, a boule, an' a bare ham bone, and that's all I'll ax." No, begad, Ned look'd very queer at me; so he got them for me, anyhow. "Well, Ned," siz I, "you know I'm a great shwimmer: your watch will be early in the mornin'; I'll just slip down into the sea; do you cry out, there's a man in the wather, as loud as you can, and leave all the rest to me."

Well, to be sure, down into the sea I dropt without so much as a splash. Ned roared out with the hoarse-ness of a brayin' ass—"A man in the sea, a man in the sea." Every man, woman, and child came running up out of the holes, the captin among the rest, who put a long red barrel like a gun to his eye—gibbet me, but I thought he was for shootin' me! down I dived. When I got my head over the wather agen, what shou'd I see but a boat rowin' to me, as fast as a trout afther a pinkeen. When it came up close enough to be heard, I roared out, "Bad end to yees, for a set ov spalpeen rascals, did ye hear me at last?" The boat now run 'pon the top ov me; down I dived agen like a duck afther a frog, but the minnit my skull came over the wather, I was gript by the scruff ov the neck, and dhragg'd into the boat. To be shure, I didn't kick up a row—"Let go my hair, ye blue devils," I roared, "it's well ye have me in your marcy in this dissilute place, or by the powthers, I'd make ye feel the strinth ov my bones. What hard look I had to follow yees, at all at all—which ov ye is the mather?" As I sed this every mother's son began to stare at me, with my bag round my neck, an' my bottle by my side, an' the bare bone in my fist. "There he is," siz they, pointin' to a little yellow man in a corner of the boat. "May the—rise blisters on your rapin'-hook shins," siz I, "you yallow-lookin' monkey, but it's a'most time for you to think ov lettin' me into your ship—I'm here plowin' and plungin' this month afther ye; shure I didn't care a *thrauweneen* was it not that you have my best Sunday clothes in your ship, and my name in your books. For thres sthraws, if I don't know how to write, I'd leave my mark, an' that on your skull;" so saying, I made a lick at him with the ham bone, but I was near tumblin' into the sea agen. "An', pray, what is your name, my lad?" siz the captin. "What's my name! What id you give to know?" siz I, "ye unmannerly spalpeen, it might be what's your name, Darby Doyle, out ov your mouth—ay, Darby Doyle, that was never afraid or ashamed to own it at home or abroad!" "An', Mr. Darby Doyle," siz he, "do you mean to persuade us that you swum from Cork to this afther us?" "This is more ov your ignorance," siz I—"ay, an' if you sted three days longer and not take me up, I'd be in Quebec before ye, only my purvisions were out, and the few rags of bank notes I had all melted into paste in my pocket, for I hadn't time to get them changed. But stay, wait till I get my foot on shore, there's ne'er a extoner in Cork iv you don't pay for leavin' me to the marcy ov the waves."

All this time the blue chaps were pushin' the boat with sticks through the wather, till at last we came close to the ship. Everyone on board saw me at the Cove but didn't see me on the voyage; to be sure, everyone's mouth was wide open, crying out Darby Doyle. "The—stop your throats," siz I, "it's now you call me loud enough; ye wouldn't shout that way when ye saw me rowin' like a tub in a mill-race the other day fornest your faces." When they heard me say that, some of them grew pale as a sheet—every tub was at work till they a'most

brought the blood from their forreds. But, my jewel, the captin does no more than runs to the book, an' calls out the names that paid, and them that *wasn't* paid—to be shure, I was one ov them that didn't pay. If the captin looked at me before with *wonderment*, he now looked with astonishment! Nothin' was tawk'd ov for the other three days but Darby Doyle's great shwim from the Cove to Quebeck. One sed, "I always knew Darby to be a great shwimmer." "Do ye remember," siz another, "when Darby's dog was nigh been drowned in the great duck hunt, when Darby peeled off and brought in the dog, and made afther the duck himself, and swum for two hours endways; and do ye remember when all the dogs gother round the duck at one time; when it wint down how Darby dived afther it, and sted down for a'most an hour—and sted below while the creathur was eatin' a few frogs, for she was weak an' hungry; and when everybody thought he was lost, up he came with the duck by the leg in his kithogue (left hand)."

Begar, I agreed to all they sed, till at last we got to Amerrykey. I was now in a quare way; the captin wouldn't let me go till a friend of his would see me. By this time, my jewel, not onl' his friends came, but swarms upon swarms, starin' at poor Darby. At last I called Ned. "Ned, avic," siz I, "I want to go about my *business*." "Be easy, Darby," siz he; "haven't ye your fill ov good aitin', an' the captin's got mighty fond ov ye entirely." "Is he, Ned?" siz I; "but tell us, Ned, are all them crowds ov people goin' to sea?" "Augh, ye omadhaun," siz Ned, "sure they are come to look at you." Just as he said this, a tall yallow man, with a black curly head, comes and stares me full in the face. "You'll know me agen," says I, "bad luck to yer manners and the schoolmasher that taught ye." But I thought he was goin' to shake hands with me, when he tuck hould of my fist and opened every finger, one by one, then opened my shirt and look't at my breast. "Pull away, mabouchal," siz I, "I'm no *decent* at any rate." But never an answer he made, and walk'd down into the hole where the captin lived. "This is more ov it," siz I; "Ned, what could that tallah-faced man mean?" "Why," siz Ned, "he was *lookin' to see* iv your fingers were webb'd, or had ye scales on your breast." "His impidence is great," siz I; "did he take me for a duck or a brew?" But, Ned, what's the meanin' ov the boards across the stick the people walk on, and the big white board up there?" "Why, come over and read," siz Ned. But, my jewel, I didn't know whether I was *stannin'* on my head or on my heels when I saw a great big black letters—

THE GREATEST WONDHER IN THE WORLD!!!

TO BE SEEN HERE,

*A Man that beats out Nicholas the Diver!*

He has swum from Cork to Amerrykey!!

Proved on oath by ten of the Crew and twenty Passengers.

*Admittance Half a Dollar.*

"Bloody wars! Ned," siz I, "does this mean your humble sarvint?" "Divil another," siz he—so I

makes no more ado, than with a hop, skip, and jump, gets over to the captin, who was now talkin' to the yallow fellow that was afther starin' me out ov countenance. "Pardon my rudeness, your honour," siz I, mighty polite, and makin' a bow—at the same time Ned was at my heels—so rising my foot to give the genteel scrape, sure I scraped all the skin off Ned's shins. "May bad luck to your brogues," siz he. "You'd betther not curse the wearer," siz I, "or ——" "Oh, Darby!" siz the captin, "don't be unginteel, an' so many ladies and gentlemin lookin' at ye." "The never an other mother's soul shall lay their peepers on me 'till I see sweet Inchegeelagh agen," says I. "Begar ye are doin' it well. How much money have ye gother for my shwimmin'?" "Be quiet, Darby," siz the captin, and he looked very much friekened. "I have plenty, an' I'll have more for ye iv ye do what I want ye to do." "An' what is it, avic?" siz I. "Why, Darby," siz he, "I'm afther houldin' a wager last night with this gentleman for all the worth ov my ship, that you'll shwim against any shwimmer in the world; an', Darby, if ye don't do that, I'm a gone man." "Augh, give us your fist," siz I; "did ye ever hear ov Paddys dishaving any man in the European world yet—barrin' themselves?" "Well, Darby," siz he, "I'll give you a hundred dollars; but, Darby, you must be to your word, and you shall have another hundred." So sayin', he brought me down into the cellar; but, my jewel, I didn't think for the life ov me to see such a wonderful place—nothin' but goold every way I turned, and Darby's own sweet face in twenty places. Begar I was a'most ashamed to ax the gentleman for the dollars. But, siz I to myself agen, "the gentleman has too much money, I suppose he does be throwin' it into the sea, for I often heard the sea was richer than the land, so I may as well take it, anyhow." "Now, Darby," siz he, "here's the dollars for ye." But, begar, it was only a bit of paper he was handin' me. "Arrah, none ov yer tricks upon travellers," siz I, "I had betther nor that, and many more ov them, melted in the sea; give me what won't wash out ov my pocket." "Why, Darby," siz he, "this is an ordher on a marchant for the amount." "Pho, pho!" siz I, "I'd sooner take your word nor his oath"—lookin' round mighty respectful at the goold walls. "Well, Darby," siz he, "you must have the real thing." So, by the powthers, he reckon'd me out a hundred dollars in goold. I never saw the like since the stockin' fell out of the chimly on my aunt and cut her forred. "Now, Darby," siz he, "ye are a rich man, an' ye are worthy of it all—sit down, Darby, an' take a bottle ov wine." So, to please the gentleman, I sat down. Afther a bit, who comes down but Ned. "Captin," siz he, "the deck is crowded; I had to block up the gangway to prevint any more from comin' in to see Darby. Bring him up, or, blow me, iv the ship won't be sunk." "Come up, Darby," siz the captin, lookin' roguish pleasant at myself. So, my jewel, he handed me up through the hall as tendher as iv I was a lady, or a pound ov fresh butther in the dog days. When I got



up, shure enough, I couldn't help starin'; such crowds of fine ladies and yellow gentlemen never was seen before in any ship. One ov them, a little rosy-cheek'd beauty, whispered the captin somethin', but he shuk his head, and then came over to me. "Darby," siz he, "I know an Irishman would do anything to please a lady." "In throth you may say that with your own ugly mouth," siz I. "Well, then, Darby" siz he, "the ladies would wish to see you give a few strokes in the sea." "Och, an' they shall have them in welcome," siz I. "That's a good fellow," siz he; "now strip off." "Decency, Katty," siz I; "is it in my mother-naked pelt before the ladies? Bad luck to the undacent brazen-faced—but no matter! Irish girls for ever, ather all!" But all to no use. I was made to peel off behind a big sheet, and then I made one race and jumt ten yards into the wather to get out ov their sight. Shure enough, everyone's eyes danced in their head, while they look'd on the spot where I went down. A thought came into my head while I was below, how I'd show them a little divarsion, as I could use a great many thricks on the wather. So I didn't rise at all till I got to the tother side, and everyone run to that side; then I took a houl't ov my two big toes, and makin' a ring ov myself, rowled like a hoop on the top ov the wather all round the ship. I b'leve I opened their eyes! Then I yarded, back-swum, an' dived, till at last the captin made signs for me to come out, so I got into the boat an' threw on my duds. The very ladies were breakin' their necks runnin' to shake hands with me. "Shure," siz they, "you're the greatest man in the world!" So for three days I showed off to crowds ov people, though I was *fryin'* in the wather for shame.

At last the day came that I was to stand the tug I saw the captin lookin' very often at me. At last, "Darby," siz he, "are you any way cow'd? The fellow you have to shwim agenst can shwim down watherfalls an' catharacts." "Can he, avic?" siz I; "but can he shwim up agenst them? Wow, wow, Darby, for that! But, captin, come here; is all my purvisions ready?—don't let me fall short ov a dhrop ov the rale stuff above all things." An' who shou'd come up while I was tawkin' to the captin but the chap I was to shwim with, an' heard all I sed. Begar! his eyes grew as big as two oyster shells. Then the captin call'd me aside. "Darby," siz he, "do ye put on this green jacket an' white throwers, that the people may betther extinguish you from the other chap." "With all hearts, avic," siz I, "green for ever—Darby's own favourite colour the world over; but where an I goin' to, captin?" "To the shwimmin' place, to be shure," siz he. "Divil shoot the failers an' take the hindmost," siz I; "here's at you." I was then inthrojuiced to the shwimmer. I look'd at him from head to foot. He was so tall that he could eat bread an' butther over my head—with a face as yellow as a kite's foot. "Tip us the mitten," siz I, "mabouchal," siz I. (But, begad, I was puzzled. Begar, siz I to myself, I'm done. Cheer up, Darby! If I'm not able to kill him, I'll

frighten the life out ov him.) "Where are we goin' to shwim to?" But never a word he answered. "Are ye bothered, neighbour?" "I reckon I'm not," siz he, mighty chuff. "Well, then," siz I, "why didn't you answer your betthers? What id ye think iv we swum to Keep Clear or the Keep ov Good Hope?" "I reckon neither," siz he agen, eyein' me as iv I was goin' to pick his pockets. "Well, then, have ye any favourite place?" siz I. "Now, I've heard a great deal about the place where poor Boney died; I'd like to see it, iv I'd anyone to show me the place; suppose we wint theret?" Not a taste ov a word could I get out ov him, good or bad. We set through the crowds ov ladies an' gentlemen. Such cheerin' and wavin' ov hats was never seen even at *Dan's* enthry; an' then the row ov purty girls laughin' an' rubbin' up against me, that I cou'd har'ly get on. To be shure, no one could be lookin' to the ground, an' not be lookin' at them, till at last I was thript up by a big loomp ov iron stuck fast in the ground with a big ring to it. "Whoa, Darby!" siz I, makin' a hop an' a crack ov my fingers, "you're not down yet." I turn'd roun' to look at what thript me. "What d'ye call that?" siz I to the captin, who was at my elbow. "Why, Darby?" siz he; "that's half an anchor." "Have ye any use for it?" siz I. "Not in the least," siz he; "it's only to fasten boats to." "Maybe, you'd give it to a body," siz I. "An' welkim, Darby," siz he; "it's yours." "God bless your honour, sir," siz I, "it's my poor father that will pray for you. When I left home the creather hadn't as much as an anvil but what was shreeled away by the agint—bad end to them. This will be jist the thing that'll match him; he can tie the horse to the ring, while he forges on the other part. Now, will ye obleege me by gettin' a couple ov chaps to lay it on my shoulder when I get into the wather, and I won't have to be comin' back for it ather I shake hands with this fellow." Begar, the chap turned from yellow to white when he heard me say this. An' siz he to the gentleman that was walkin' by his side, "I reckon I'm not fit for the shwimmin' to-day—I don't feel *myself*." "I'll wait for you, an' I'll wait for you, an' I'll wait for you," siz he, "I'll wait for you, an' I'll wait for you, an' I'll wait for you." Here, man, take a dhrop ov the water. Here's to yer betther health, an' to the success of the bargain." So I took off the anchor, an' gave it to him another; but the never a dhrop ov the water. "No force," siz I, "avic; maybe ye put a little bit ov poison in it—well, here's another go to the wather." An' when will ye be able for the shwimmin'?" "I reckon in god's time," siz he. So we shook hands and parted. The first fellow went home—took the fever, an' died. The second fellow went home—took the fever, an' died. The third fellow went home—took the fever, an' died. The fourth fellow went home—took the fever, an' died. The fifth fellow went home—took the fever, an' died. The sixth fellow went home—took the fever, an' died. The seventh fellow went home—took the fever, an' died. The eighth fellow went home—took the fever, an' died. The ninth fellow went home—took the fever, an' died. The tenth fellow went home—took the fever, an' died. Oh! oh! oh!"

I now thought it best to be on the move, an' to getther up my winners; and here I sit undher my own hickory threes, as independent as any Yankee.

## CONDY CULLEN AND THE GAUGER.

BY WILLIAM CARLETON.

Young Condy Cullen was descended from a long line of private distillers, and, of course, exhibited in his own person all the practical wit, sagacity, cunning, and fertility of invention, which the natural genius of the family, sharpened by long experience, had created from generation to generation, as a standing capital to be handed down from father to son. There was scarcely a trick, evasion, plot, scheme, or manoeuvre that had ever been resorted to by his ancestors, that Condy had not at his finger ends; and though but a lad of sixteen at the time we present him to the reader, yet, be it observed, that he had had his mind, even at that age, admirably trained, by four or five years of keen, vigorous practice, in all the resources necessary to meet the subtle vigilance and stealthy circumvention of that prowling animal—a gauger. In fact, Condy's talents did not merely consist of an acquaintance with the hereditary tricks of his family. These, of themselves, would prove but a miserable defence against the ever-varying ingenuity with which the progressive skill of the still-hunter masks his approaches and conducts his designs. On the contrary, every new plan of the gauger must be met and defeated by a counter-plan equally novel, but with this difference in the character of both, that whereas the exciseman's devices are the result of mature deliberation, Paddy's, from the very nature of the circumstances, must be necessarily extemporaneous and rapid. The hostility between the parties, being, as it is, carried on through such varied stratagem on both sides, and despatched by such adroit and able duplicity, by so made, but with unexpected turns of incident—the captain lived. In either to rely upon obsolete what could that talla wres. Their relative position siz Ned, "he was too. therefore, merely exhibit a webb'd, or had ye scaid that mountain nymph, impudence is great," Excise Board and the or a bream? Presents a more interesting point for boards across the, the struggle between mind and big white board it and wit, between roguery and read," siz Ned. P

I was stannin' or amusing to detail, from time to time saw in great big keen encounters of practical THE GREATEST place between the poteen distilleryed foe, the gauger. They are A Man that ing light upon the national character of the people, and as evidence of the surprising PROVED of wit, fertility of invention, and irresistible humour which they mix up with almost every actual concern of life, no matter how difficult or critical it may be. Nay, it mostly happens that the character

of the peasant in all its fulness rises in proportion to what he is called upon to encounter, and that the laugh at, or the hoax upon the gauger, keeps pace with the difficulty that is overcome. But now to our short story.

Two men, in the garb of gentlemen, were riding along a remote by-road, one morning in the month of October, about the year 1827 or '28, I am not certain which. The air was remarkably clear, keen, and bracing; a hoar frost for the few preceding nights had set in, and then lay upon the fields about them, melting gradually, however, as the sun got strength, with the exception of the sides of such hills and valleys as his beams could not reach, until evening chilled their influence too much to absorb the feathery whiteness which covered them. Our equestrians had nearly reached a turn in the way, which, we should observe in this place, skirted the brow of a small declivity that lay on the right. In point of fact, it was a moderately inclined plane or slope rather than a declivity; but be this as it may, the flat at its foot was studded over with furze bushes, which grew so close and level that a person might almost imagine it possible to walk upon their surface. On coming within about two hundred and fifty yards of this angle, the horsemen noticed a lad not more than sixteen jogging on towards them with a keg upon his back. The eye of one of them was immediately lit with that vivacious sparkling of habitual sagacity which marks the practised gauger among ten thousand. For a single moment he drew up his horse—an action which, however slight in itself, intimated more plainly than he could have wished the obvious interest which had just been excited in him. Short as was the pause, it betrayed him, for no sooner had the lad noticed it, than he crossed the ditch and disappeared round the angle we have mentioned, and upon the side of the declivity. To gallop to the spot, dismount, cross the ditch also, and pursue him, was only the work of a few minutes.

"We have him," said the gauger, "we have him—one thing is clear, that he cannot escape us."

"Speak for yourself, Stinton," replied his companion; "as for me, not being an officer of his majesty's excise, I decline taking any part in the pursuit; it is a fair battle, so fight it out between you—I am with you now only through curiosity." He had scarcely concluded, when they heard a voice singing the following lines, in a spirit of that hearty hilarity which betokens a cheerful contempt of care, and an utter absence of all apprehension:—

"Oh! Jemmy, she sez, you are my true lover,  
You are all the riches that I do adore;  
I solemnly swear now, I'll ne'er have anoder,  
My heart it is fixed to never love more."

The music then changed to a joyous whistle, and immediately they were confronted by a lad, dressed in an old red coat, patched with gray frieze, who, on seeing them, exhibited in his features a most ingenious air of natural surprise. He immediately ceased to whistle, and with every mark of respect, putting his hand to his hat, said in a voice, the tones of which spoke of kindness and deference:—

"God save ye, gentlemen."

"I say, my lad," said the gauger, "where is that customer with the keg on his back?—he crossed over there this moment."

"When?—where, sir?" said the lad, with a stare of surprise.

"Where?—when?—why this minute, and in this place."

"And was it a whiskey keg, sir?"

"Sir, I am not here to be examined by you," replied Stinton; "confound me, if the conniving young rascal is not sticking me into a cross-examination already. I say, red-coat, where is the boy with the keg?"

"As for a boy, I did see a boy, sir; but the never a keg he had—hadn't he a gray frieze coat, sir?"

"He had."

"And wasn't it a dauny bit short about the skirts, please your honour?"

"Again he's at me. Sirra, unless you tell me where he is in half a second, I shall lay my whip to your shoulders!"

"The sorra a keg I seen, then, sir; the last keg I seen was —"

"Did you see a boy without a keg, answering to that description I gave you?"

"You gave no description of it, sir; but even if you did, when I didn't see it, how could I tell your honour anything about it?"

"Where is the fellow, you villain," exclaimed the gauger, in a fury—"where is he gone to? You admit you saw him; as for the keg, it cannot be far from us; but where is he?"

"Dad, I saw a boy, with a short frieze coat upon him, crassing the road there below, and runnin' down the other side of that ditch."

This was too palpable a lie to stand the test even of a glance at the ditch in question, which was nothing more than a slight mound that ran down along a lea field, on which there was not even the appearance of a shrub.

The gauger looked at his companion, then turning to the boy—"Come, come, my lad," said he, "you know that lie is rather cool. Don't you feel in your soul that a rat could not have gone in that direction without our seeing it?"

"Bedad, an' I saw him," returned the lad, "wid a gray coat upon him, that was a little too short in the tail; it's better than half an hour agone."

"The boy I speak of you must have met," said Stinton; "it's not five minutes—no, not more than three—since he came inside the field."

"That my feet may grow to the ground, then, if I seen a boy, in or about this place, widin that time, barrin' myself."

The gauger eyed him closely for a short space, and pulling out half-a-crown, said: "Harkee, my lad, a word with you in private."

The fact is, that during the latter part of this dialogue the worthy exciseman observed the cautious distance at which the boy kept himself from the grasp of him and his companion. A suspicion consequently began to dawn upon him that, in defiance of appearances, the lad himself might be the actual smuggler. On reconsidering the matter, this suspicion almost amounted to certainty; the time was too short to permit even the most ingenious cheat to render himself and his keg invisible in a manner so utterly unaccountable. On the other hand, when he reflected on the open, artless character of the boy's song; the capricious change to a light-hearted whistle, the surprise so naturally, and the respect so deferentially expressed, joined to the dissimilarity of dress, he was confounded again, and scarcely knew on which side to determine. Even the lad's reluctance to approach him might proceed from fear of the whip. He felt resolved, however, to ascertain this point, and, with the view of getting the lad into his hands, he showed him half-a-crown, and addressed him as already stated.

The lad, on seeing the money, appeared to be instantly caught by it, and approached him, as if it had been a magnet; he could not resist—a circumstance which staggered the gauger. In a moment, however, he had him.

"Come, now," said he, unbuttoning his coat, "I will oblige me by stripping."

"And why so?" said the lad, with a feigned perfect notion of curiosity, perplected by a for

"Why so?" "Hands with 22's 1/2" "I begin shall soon see you yellow to where she's no head"

"Surely you'll see to the order of the same me?" said the gauger, his fear of the boy's appearance of such utter

"An' I made any other man but a fool, can't you send mination as hopeless, and a participation whatsoever"

"No, no," replied the gauger, "you young rascal. See here, I'll be damned but I'll be damned, addressing his com

"precious," again turning to the boy, "it would be cruel to suspect you of the purest of simplicity."

"Look here, Cartwright," said the gauger, he pulled the boy of his coat and turned it inside out. "There's a coat—there's thrift—there's a thrifty fellow. Come, sir, tuck on, tuck on, instead of there, I shall assist you—up with your arms, I'll tighten your neck; it will be both straightened and stretched yet, my cherub. What think you of that, Cartwright? Did you ever see a metamorphosis in your life so quick, complete, and unexpected?"

His companion was certainly astonished in no small degree, on seeing the red coat, when turned,

become a comfortable gray frieze; one precisely such as he who bore the keg had on. Nay, after surveying his person and dress a second time, he instantly recognised him as the same.

The only interest, we should observe, which this gentleman had in the transaction, arose from the mere gratification which a keen observer of character, gifted with a strong relish for humour, might be supposed to feel. The gauger, in sifting the matter, and scenting the trail of the keg, was now in his glory, and certainly when met by so able an opponent as our friend Condy (for it was, indeed, himself) furnished a very rich treat to his friend.

"Now," he continued, addressing the boy again, "lose not a moment in letting us know where you've hid the keg."

"The sorra bit of it I hid—it fell aff o' me, an' I lost it; sure I'm lookin' afther it myself, so I am;" and he moved over while speaking, as if pretending to search for it in a thin hedge, which could by no means conceal it.

"Cartwright," said the gauger, "did you ever see anything so perfect as this, so ripe a rascal?—you don't understand him now. Here, you simpleton: parkee, since you must be no playing the lapwing with me; lead me to the same point. We may lay it down as a principle that whatever direction he takes from the hedge is the wrong one; so back here, you, sir, and survey the premises about us for your traces."

The boy walked wearily back, and against the look about him for the keg, with a kind of stupefaction which was altogether inimitable.

"Call I say, now," asked Stinton, "immediately plan o'k rather than now? Can you tell your right counter-in your own mind?"

Condy, holding up his left devices are the result of the very nature of the circumstances," said Cart-

necessarily extemporaneous and rapid between the parties, being, "enough."

"Through such varied stragglers," said him, "characterised by such adroit things a little," said many quick and unexp

tricks and state of mind," replied Condy, "bekase I am and occupati

contests between Law Liberty, or between the

struggler—it presents a road and full of grotesque observation, namely, that his compassion both found

between it and am, get rather blank under its influence."

"What do we want," exclaimed the gauger, "are to be done of these kind, sir, bring us at once to the head of the place."

He was interrupted by a laugh from Cartwright, so vociferous, light, and hearty, that he looked at him with amazement. "Hey, dey," he exclaimed, "what's the matter, what's the matter; what new joke is this?"

never to end; he walked to and fro in absolute convulsions, bending his body and clapping his hands together, with a vehemence quite unintelligible.

"What is it, man?" said the other; "confound you, what is it?"

"Oh!" replied Cartwright, "I am sick; perfectly feeble."

"You have it to yourself, at all events," observed Stinton.

"And shall keep it to myself," said Cartwright; "for, if your sagacity is over-reached, you must be contented to sit down under defeat. I won't interfere."

Now, in this contest between the gauger and Condy, even so slight a thing as one glance of an eye by the latter might have given a proper cue to an opponent so sharp as Stinton. Condon, during the whole dialogue; consequently preserved the most vague and undefinable visage imaginable, except in the matter of his distinction between right and left; and Stinton, who watched his eye with the shrewdest vigilance, could make nothing of it. Not so was it between him and Cartwright; for during the closing paroxysms of his mirth, Stinton caught his eye fixed upon a certain mark barely visible upon the hoarfrost, which mark extended down to the furze bushes that grew at the foot of the slope where they then stood.

As a stanch old hound lays his nose to the trail of a hare or fox, so did the gauger pursue the trace of the keg down the little hill; for the fact was, that Condy, having no other resource, trundled it off towards the furze, into which it settled perfectly to his satisfaction; and, with all the quickness of youth and practice, instantly turned his coat, which had been made purposely for such rencounters. This accomplished, he had barely time to advance a few yards round the angle of the hedge, and changing his whole manner, as well as his appearance, acquitted himself as the reader has already seen. That he could have carried the keg down to the cover, then conceal it, and return to the spot where they met him, was utterly beyond the reach of human exertion, so that in point of fact they never could have suspected that the whiskey lay in such a place.

The triumph of the gauger was now complete, and a complacent sense of his own sagacity sat visibly on his features. Condy's face, on the other hand, became considerably lengthened, and appeared quite as rueful and mortified as the other's was joyous and confident.

"Who's sharpest now, my knowing one?" said he. "Who is the laugh against, as matters stand between us?"

"The sorra give you good of it," said Condy, sulkily.

"What is your name?" inquired Stinton.

"Barney Keerigan's my name," replied the other, indignantly; "and I'm not ashamed of it, nor afraid to tell it to you or any man."

"What, of the Keerigans of Killoghan?"

"Ay, jist, of the Keerigans of Killoghan."

"I know the family," said Stinton; "they are

decent in their way;—but, come, my lad, don't lose your temper, and answer me another question. Where were you bringing this whiskey?"

"To a better man than ever stud in your shoes," replied Condy, in a tone of absolute defiance—"to a gentleman, anyway," with a peculiar emphasis on the word gentleman.

"But what's his name?"

"Mr. Stinton's his name—Gauger Stinton."

The shrewd exciseman stood and fixed his keen eye on Condy for upwards of a minute, with a glance of such piercing scrutiny as scarcely any consciousness of imposture could withstand.

Condy, on the other hand, stood and eyed him with an open, unshrinking, yet angry glance; never winced, but appeared, by the detection of his keg, to have altogether forgotten the line of cunning policy he had previously adopted, in a mortification which had predominated over duplicity and art.

He is now speaking truth, thought the gauger; he has lost his temper, and is completely off his guard.

"Well, my lad," he continued, "that is very good so far; but who sent the keg to Stinton?"

"Do you think," said Condy, with a look of strong contempt at the gauger, for deeming him so utterly silly as to tell him, "do you think you can make me turn informer? There's none of that blood in me, thank goodness."

"Do you know Stinton?"

"How could I know the man I never seen?" replied Condy, still out of temper; "but one thing I don't know, gentlemen, and that is, whether you have any right to take my whiskey or not?"

"As to that my good lad, make your mind easy; I'm Stinton."

"You, sir!" said Condy, with well-feigned surprise.

"Yes," replied the other, "I'm the very man you were bringing the keg to. And now I'll tell you what you must do for me; proceed to my house with as little delay as possible; ask to see my daughter—ask to see Miss Stinton; take this key and desire her to have the keg put into the cellar; she'll know the key, and let it also be as a token, that she is to give you your breakfast; say I desire that keg to be placed to the right of the five-gallon one I seized on Thursday last, that stands on a little stillion under my blunderbuss."

"Of course," said Condy, who appeared to have misgivings on the matter, "I suppose I must; but somehow—"

"Why, sirrah, what do you grumble now for?"

Condy still eyed him with suspicion. "And, sir, said he, after having once more mounted the keg, "am I to get nothing for such a weary trudge as I had widd it but my breakfast?"

"Here," said Stinton, throwing him half-a-crown, "take that along with it, and now be off—or stop. Cartwright, will you dine with me to-day, and let us broach the keg? I'll guarantee its excellence; for this is not the first I have got from the same quarter, that's *entre nous*."

"With all my heart," replied Cartwright, "upon the terms you say, that of the broach."

"Then, my lad," said Stinton, "say to my daughter that a friend, perhaps a friend or two, will dine with me to-day—that is enough."

They then mounted their horses and were proceeding as before, when Cartwright addressed the gauger as follows:—

"Do you not put this lad, Stinton, in a capacity to overreach you yet?"

"No," replied the other; "the young rascal spoke the truth after the discovery of the keg; for he lost his temper, and was no longer cool."

"For my part, hang me if I'd trust him."

"I should scruple to do so myself," replied the gauger, "but as I said, these Keerigans—vicious illicit fellows, by the way—send me a keg or two every year, and almost about this very time. Besides, I read him to the heart and he never wince. Yes, decidedly, the whiskey was for me, of that I have no doubt whatsoever."

"I most positively would not trust him."

"Not that perhaps I ought," said Stinton, "on second thought, to place such confidence in a lad who acted so adroitly in the beginning. Let us call him back and re-examine him, at all events."

Now Condy had, during this conversation, been discussing the very same point with himself.

"Bad cess for ever attend you, Stinton, agra," he exclaimed, "for there's surely something *over you*—a lucky shot from behind a hedge, or a break-neck fall down a cliff, or something of that kind. If the ould boy hadn't his croubs hard and fast in you, you wouldn't let me walk away widd the whiskey, anyhow. Bedad, it's well I thought o' the Keerigans; for sure enough I did hear Barney say that he was to send a keg in to him this week, some day,—and he didn't think I knew him either. Paix it's many a long day since I knew the sharp *puce* of him, widd an eye like a hawk. But what if they folly me and do up all? Anyway, I'll prevent them from having suspicion on me, before I go a toe farther, the ugly rips."

He instantly wheeled about a moment or two before Stinton and Cartwright had done the same, for the purpose of sifting him still more thoroughly—so that they found him meeting them.

"Gentlemen," said he, "how do I know that either of you is Mr. Stinton, or that the house you directed me to is his? I know that if the whiskey doesn't go to him, I may lave the country."

"You are either a deeper rogue or a more stupid fool than I took you to be," observed Stinton; "but what security can you give us that you will leave the keg safely at its destination?"

"If I thought you were Mr. Stinton, I'd be very glad to lave you the whiskey where it is, and do widdout my breakfast. Gentlemen, 'al me bekase I'd only be murdered out of the face."

"Why, you idiot," said the gauger, losing his temper and suspicion both together, "can't you go to the town and inquire where Mr. Stinton lives?"

"Bedad, thin, thrue enough, I never thought of that at all at all; but I beg your pardon, gentlemen, an'

I hope you won't be angry wid me, in regard that it's kilt and quartered I'd be if I let myself be made a fool of by anybody."

"Do what I desire you," said the exciseman; "inquire for Mr. Stinton's house, and you may be sure the whiskey will reach him."

"Thank you, sir. Bedad, I might have thought of that myself."

This last clause, which was spoken in a soliloquy, would have deceived a saint himself.

"Now," said Stinton, after they had recommenced their journey, "are you satisfied?"

"I am at length," said Cartwright; "if his intentions had been dishonest, instead of returning to make himself certain against being deceived, he would have made the best of his way from us—a rogue never wantonly puts himself in the way of danger or detection."

That evening, about five o'clock, Stinton, Cartwright, and two others arrived at the house of the worthy gauger, to partake of his good cheer. A cold frosty evening gave a peculiar zest to the comfort of a warm room, a blazing fire, and a good dinner. No sooner were the viands discussed, the cloth removed, and the glasses ready, than their generous host desired his daughter to assist the servant in broaching the redoubtable keg.

"That keg, my dear," he proceeded, "which the country lad, who brought the key of the cellar, left here to-day."

"A keg!" repeated the daughter, with surprise.

"Yes, Maggy, my love, a keg; I said so, I think."

"But, papa, there came no keg here to-day!" The gauger and Cartwright both groaned in unison.

"No keg!" said the gauger.

"No keg," echoed Cartwright.

"No keg! indeed," re-echoed Miss Stinton;—"but there came a country boy with the key of the cellar, as a token that he was to get the five-gallon—"

"Oh!" groaned the gauger, "I'm knocked up, outwitted,—oh!"

"Bought and sold," added Cartwright.

"Go on," said the gauger, "I must hear it out?"

"As a token," proceeded Miss Stinton, "that he was to get the five-gallon keg on the little stillion, under the blunderbuss, for Captain Dalton."

"And he got it?"

"Yes, sir, he got it; for I took the key as a sufficient token."

"But, Maggy—hell and fury, hear me, child, surely he brought a keg here and left it; and of course it's in the cellar?"

"No, indeed, papa, he brought no keg here; but he did bring the five-gallon one that *was* in the cellar away with him."

"Stinton," said Cartwright, "send round the bottle."

"The rascal," ejaculated the gauger, "we shall drink his health."

And on relating the circumstances, the company drank the sheepish lad's health, that bought and sold the gauger.

## THE WHITE TROUT.

A LEGEND OF CONG.

BY SAMUEL LOVER.

The next morning I proceeded alone to the cave, to witness the natural curiosity of its subterranean river. Leaving my horse out the little village of Cong, I went my way on foot through the fields, if you may remember to give that name to the surface of this somewhat distant part of the county Mayo, which possessing large flat masses of limestone, interposed to the patches of verdure, gives one the idea of a number of a bound ground covered with monu-

mentary slabs than a formation of nature. Yet (I make this remark *passant*), such is the richness of the pasture in these little verdant interstices, that cattle are fattened upon it in a much shorter time than on a meadow of the most cultured aspect; and though to the native of Leinster, this *land* (if we may be pardoned a premeditated *bull*) would appear

all *stones*, the Mayo farmer knows it from experience to be a profitable tenure. Sometimes deep clefts occur between these laminæ of limestone rock, which, closely overgrown with verdure, have not unfrequently occasioned serious accidents to man and beast; and one of these chasms, of larger dimensions than usual, forms the entrance to the celebrated cave in question. Very rude steps of unequal height partly natural and partly artificial, lead the explorer of its quiet beauty by an abrupt descent to the bottom of the cave, which contains an enlightened area of some thirty or forty feet, whence a naturally-vaulted passage opens, of the deepest gloom. The depth of the cave may be about equal to its width at the bottom: the mouth is not more than twelve or fifteen feet across; and, pendant from its margin,

clusters of ivy and other parasite plants hang and cling in all the fantastic variety of natural festooning and tracery. It is a truly beautiful and poetical little spot, and particularly interesting to the stranger, from being unlike anything else one has ever seen, and having none of the noisy and vulgar pretence of regular *show-places*, which calls upon you every moment to exclaim "Prodigious!"

An elderly and decent-looking woman had just filled her pitcher with the deliciously cold and clear water of the subterranean river that flowed along its bed of small, smooth, and many-coloured pebbles, as I arrived at the bottom; and perceiving at once that I was a stranger, she paused, partly perhaps with the pardonable pride of displaying her local knowledge, but more from the native peasant-politeness of her country, to become the temporary *cicerone* of the cave. She spoke some words of Irish, and hurried forth on her errand a very handsome and active boy, of whom, she informed me, she was the great grandmother.

"Great grandmother!" I repeated, in unfeigned astonishment.

"Yes, your honour," she answered, with evident pleasure sparkling in her eyes, which time had not yet deprived of their brightness, or the soul-subduing influence of this selfish world bereft of their kind-hearted expression.

"You are the youngest woman I have ever seen," said I, "to be a great grandmother."

"Troth, I don't doubt you, sir," she answered.

"And you seem still in good health, and likely to live many a year yet," said I.

"With the help of God, sir," said she, reverently.

"But," I added, "I perceive a great number of persons about here of extreme age. Now, how long, generally do the people in this country live?"

"Troth, sir," said she, with the figurative drollery of her country, "we live here as long as we like."

"Well, that is no inconsiderable privilege," said I; "but you, nevertheless, must have married very young?"

"I was not much over sixteen, your honour, when I had my first child at my breast."

"That was beginning early," said I.

"Thru for you, sir; and, faith, Noreen—(that's my daughter, sir)—Noreen herself lost no time either; I suppose she thought she had as good a right as the mother before her—she was married at seventeen, and a likely couple herself and her husband was. So you see, sir, it was not long before I was a granny. Well, to make the saying good, 'as the ould cock crows, the young bird cherrups,' and, faiks, the whole breed, seed, and generation, tuk after the ould woman (that's myself, sir); and so, in coorse of time, I was not only a granny, but a *grate* granny; and, by the same token, here comes my darling Paudeen Bawn,\* with what I sent him for."

Here the fine little fellow I have spoken of, with his long fair hair curling about his shoulders, descended into the cave, bearing some faggots of

bogwood, a wisp of straw, and a lighted end of turf.

"Now, your honour, it's what you'll see the pigeon-hole to advantage."

"What pigeon-hole?" said I.

"Here, where we are," she replied.

"Why is it so called?" I inquired.

"Because, sir, the wild pigeons often build in the bushes and the ivy that's round the mouth of the cave, and in here too," said she, pointing into the gloomy depth of the interior.

"Blow that turf, Paudeen;" and Paudeen, with disengaged cheeks and compressed lips, forthwith poured a few vigorous blasts on the end of turf, which soon flickered and blazed, while the kind old woman lighted her faggots of bogwood at the flame.

"Now, sir, follow me," said my conductress.

"I am sorry you have had so much trouble on my account," said I.

"Oh, no throuble in life, your honour, but the greatest of pleasure;" and so saying, she proceeded into the cave, and I followed, carefully choosing my steps by the help of her torch-light, along the slippery path of rock that overhung the river. When she had reached a point of some little elevation, she held up her lighted pine-branches, and, waving them to and fro, asked me could I see the top of the cave.

The effect of her figure was very fine, illumined, as it was, in the midst of utter darkness, by the red glare of the blazing faggots; and, as she wound them round her head, and shook their flickering sparks about, it required no extraordinary stretch of imagination to suppose her, with her ample cloak of dark drapery, and a few straggling tresses of gray hair escaping from the folds of a rather eastern head-dress, some sibyl about to commence an awful rite, and evoke her ministering spirits from the dark void, or call some water demon from the river, which rushed unseen along, telling of its wild course by the turbulent dash of its waters, which the reverberation of the cave rendered still more hollow.

She shouted aloud, and the cavern-echoes answered to her summons. "Look!" said she, and she lighted the wisp of straw, and flung it on the stream: it floated rapidly away, blazing in wild undulations over the perturbed surface of the river, and at length suddenly disappeared altogether. The effect was most picturesque and startling; it was even awful. I might almost say sublime.

Our light having nearly expired, we retraced our steps, and, emerging from the gloom, stood beside the river, in the same narrow area I have described.

"Now, sir," said my old woman, "we must thry and see the White Throat;—and you never seen a throat o' that colour yet, I warrant."

I assented to the truth of this.

"They say it's a fairy throat, your honour, and tells mighty quare stories about it."

"What are they," I inquired.

"Troth it's myself doesn't know the half o' them—only partly: but thrive and see it before you go, sir; for there's them that says it isn't lucky to come

\* Fair little Paddy.

to the cave, and lave it without seein' the white trout; and if you're a bachelor, sir, and didn't get a peep at it, throth you'd never be married; and, shure, that id be a murder?"\*

"Oh," said I, "I hope the fairies would not be so spiteful—"

"Whisht—whisht!"† said she, looking fearfully around; then, knitting her brows, she gave me an admonitory look, and put her finger on her lip, in token of silence, and then coming sufficiently near me, to make herself audible in a whisper, she said: "Never speak ill, your honour, of the good people—bevant all, in sitch a place as this—for it's in the likes they always keep; and one doesn't know who may be listenin'. God keep uz! But look, sir, look!" and she pointed to the stream.—"There she is."

"Who? What?" said I.

"The trout, sir."

I immediately perceived the fish in question, perfectly a trout in shape, but in colour a creamy white, heading up the stream, and seeming to keep constantly within the region of the enlightened part of it.

"There it is, in that very spot evermore," continued my guide, "and never anywhere else."

"The poor fish, I suppose, likes to swim in the light?" said I.

"Oh, no, sir," said she, shaking her head significantly; "the people here has a mighty ould story about that trout."

"Let me hear it, and you will oblige me."

"Och, it's only laughin' at me you'd be, and call me an ould fool, as the misthiss‡ beyant in the big house§ often did afore, when she first kem among us—but she knows the differ now."

"Indeed, I shall not laugh at your story," said I, "but, on the contrary, shall thank you very much for your tale."

"Then sit down a minnit, sir," said she, throwing her apron upon the rock, and pointing to the seat, "and I'll tell you to the best of my knowledge" and, seating herself on an adjacent patch of verdure, she began her legend.

"There was wanst upon a time long ago, a beautiful young lady that lived in a castle up by the lake beyant, and they say she was promised to a king's son, and they way to be married: wber, all of a sudden, he was murdered, the crathur (Lord help us!), and thrown into the lake above,|| and so, of course, he couldn't keep his promise to the fair lady—and there's the pity.

"Well, the story goes, that she went out iv her mind, because of losin' the king's son;—for she was underhearted, God help her! like the rest of us— and pined away a fther him, until, at last, no one about seen her, good or bad; and the story went that the fairies took her away.

"Well, sir, in coorse ov time, the white trout, God bless it! was seen in the sthrane beyant; and, shure, the people didn't know what to think av the

crathur, seein' as how a *white* trout was never heard av afore nor sence; and years upon years the trout was there, just where you seeen it this blessed minnit, longer nor I can tell—ay, throth, and beyant the memory ov th' ouldst in the village.

"At last, the people began to think it must be a fairy; for what else could it be?—and no hurt or harm was ever put on the white trout, until some wicked sinners of sojers\* kem to these parts, and laughed at all the people, and gibed and jeered them for thinkin' ov the likes; and one ov them in partic'lar (bad luck to him—God forgi' me forsavin' it!)—swore he'd catch the trout and ate it for his dinner—the blackguard!

"Well, what would you think ov the villiany ov the sojer?—shure enough, he catch the trout; and away wid him home, and puts on the fryin' pan, and into it he pitches the purty little thing. The trout squeeled all as one as a Christian crathur, and, my dear, you'd think the sojer id split his sides laughin'—for he was a hardened villian: and when he thought one side was done, he turns it over to fry the other; and what would you think, but the divil a taste of a burn was on it, at all at all; and shure the sojer thought it was a *quare* trout that couldn't be briled; 'but,' says he, 'I'll give it another turn, by-and-by'—little thinkin' what was in store for him, the haythen.

"Well, when he thought that side was done, he turns it again—and lo and behold you, the divil a taste more done that side was nor the other: 'Bad luck to me,' says the sojer, 'but that bates the world,' says he, 'but I'll thry you agin, my darlint,' says he, 'as cunning' as you think yourself'—and so with that he turns it over and over; but not a sign ov the fire was on the purty trout. 'Well,' says the desperate villian—(for, shure, sir, only he was a desperate villian *entirely*, he might know he was doin' a wrong thing, seein' that all his endayvours was no good);—'well,' says he, 'my jolly little trout, maybe you're fried enough, though you don't seem over-well dress'd; but you may be better than you look, like a singed cat, and a tit-bit, afther all,' says he; and with that, he ups with his knife and fork to taste a piece ov the trout—but, my jewel, the minnit he puts his knife into the fish, there was a murderin' screech, that you'd think your life id lave you iv you heard it, and away jumps the trout out av the fryin' pan into the middle ov the flure;† and on the spot where it fell, up riz‡ a lovely lady—the beautifullest young crathur that eyes ever seen, dressed in white and a band ov goold in her hair, and a sthrane ov blood runnin' down her arm.

"Look where you cut me, you villian,' says she, and she held out her arm to him—and, my dear, he thought the sight id lave his eyes. "Couldn't you lave me cool and comfortable in the river where you snared me, and not disturb me in my duty?" says she.

"Well, he thrimbled like a dog in a wet sack, and at last he stammered out somethin', and begged for

\* A great pity.

† Silence.

‡ The lady.

§ A gentleman's mansion.

|| Above.

\* Soldiers.

† Floor.

‡ Arose.



clusters of ivy and other parasite plants hang and cling in all the fantastic variety of natural festooning and tracery. It is a truly beautiful and poetical little spot, and particularly interesting to the stranger, from being unlike anything else one has ever seen, and having none of the noisy and vulgar pretence of regular *show-places*, which calls upon you every moment to exclaim "Prodigious!"

An elderly and decent-looking woman had just filled her pitcher with the deliciously cold and clear water of the subterranean river that flowed along its bed of small, smooth, and many-coloured pebbles, as I arrived at the bottom; and perceiving at once that I was a stranger, she paused, partly perhaps with the pardonable pride of displaying her local knowledge, but more from the native peasant-politeness of her country, to become the temporary *cicerone* of the cave. She spoke some words of Irish, and hurried forth on her errand a very handsome and active boy, of whom, she informed me, she was the great grandmother.

"Great grandmother!" I repeated, in unfeigned astonishment.

"Yes, your honour," she answered, with evident pleasure sparkling in her eyes, which time had not yet deprived of their brightness, or the soul-subduing influence of this selfish world bereft of their kind-hearted expression.

"You are the youngest woman I have ever seen," said I, "to be a great grandmother."

"Troth, I don't doubt you, sir," she answered.

"And you seem still in good health, and likely to live many a year yet," said I.

"With the help of God, sir," said she, reverently.

"But," I added, "I perceive a great number of persons about here of extreme age. Now, how long generally do the people in this country live?"

"Troth, sir," said she, with the figurative drollery of her country, "we live here as long as we like."

"Well, that is no inconsiderable privilege," said I; "but you, nevertheless, must have married very young?"

"I was not much over sixteen, your honour, when I had my first child at my breast."

"That was beginning early," said I.

"Thru for you, sir; and, faith, Noreen—(that's my daughter, sir)—Noreen herself lost no time either; I suppose she thought she had as good a right as the mother before her—she was married at seventeen, and a likely couple herself and her husband was. So you see, sir, it was not long before I was a granny. Well, to make the saying good, 'as the ould cock crows, the young bird cherrups,' and, faith, the whole breed, seed, and generation, tuk after the ould woman (that's myself, sir); and so, in coorse of time, I was not only a granny, but a *grate* granny; and, by the same token, here comes my darling Paudeen Bawn,\* with what I sent him for."

Here the fine little fellow I have spoken of, with his long fair hair curling about his shoulders, descended into the cave, bearing some faggots of

bogwood, a wisp of straw, and a lighted sod of turf.

"Now, your honour, it's what you'll see the pigeon-hole to advantage."

"What pigeon-hole?" said I.

"Here, where we are," she replied.

"Why is it so called?" I inquired.

"Because, sir, the wild pigeons often build in the bushes and the ivy that's round the mouth of the cave, and in here too," said she, pointing into the gloomy depth of the interior.

"Blow that turf, Paudeen;" and Paudeen, with distended cheeks and compressed lips, forthwith poured a few vigorous blasts on the sod of turf, which soon flickered and blazed, while the kind old woman lighted her faggots of bogwood at the flame.

"Now, sir, follow me," said my conductress.

"I am sorry you have had so much trouble on my account," said I.

"Oh, no trouble in life, your honour, but the greatest of pleasure;" and so saying, she proceeded into the cave, and I followed, carefully choosing my steps by the help of her torch-light, along the slippery path of rock that overhung the river. When she had reached a point of some little elevation, she held up her lighted pine-branches, and, waving them to and fro, asked me could I see the top of the cave.

The effect of her figure was very fine, illumined, as it was, in the midst of utter darkness, by the red glare of the blazing faggots; and, as she wound them round her head, and shook their flickering sparks about, it required no extraordinary stretch of imagination to suppose her, with her ample cloak of dark drapery, and a few straggling tresses of gray hair escaping from the folds of a rather eastern head-dress, some sibyl about to commence an awful rite, and evoke her ministering spirits from the dark void, or call some water demon from the river, which rushed unseen along, telling of its wild course by the turbulent dash of its waters, which the reverberation of the cave rendered still more hollow.

She shouted aloud, and the cavern-echoes answered to her summons. "Look!" said she, and she lighted the wisp of straw, and flung it on the stream: it floated rapidly away, blazing in wild undulations over the perturbed surface of the river, and at length suddenly disappeared altogether. The effect was most picturesque and startling; it was even awful. I might almost say sublime.

Our light having nearly expired, we retraced our steps, and, emerging from the gloom, stood beside the river, in the appointed area I have described.

"Now, sir," said my old woman, "we must thrive and see the White Throat;—and you never seen a throat o' that colour yet, I warrant."

I assented to the truth of this.

"They say it's a fairy throat, your honour, and tells mighty quare stories about it."

"What are they," I inquired.

"Troth it's myself doesn't know the half o' them—only partly: but thrive and see it before you go, sir; for there's them that says it isn't lucky to come

\* Fair little Paddy.

to the cave, and lave it without seein' the white throu't; and if you're a bachelor, sir, and didn't get a peep at it, thro'th you'd never be married; and, shure, that id be a murder?"\*

"Oh," said I, "I hope the fairies would not be so spiteful——"

"Whisht—whisht!"† said she, looking fearfully around; then, knitting her brows, she gave me an admonitory look, and put her finger on her lip, in token of silence, and then coming sufficiently near me, to make herself audible in a whisper, she said: "Never speak ill, your honour, of the good people—beyant all, in sitch a place as this—for it's in the likes they always keep; and one doesn't know who may be listenin'. God keep uz! But look, sir, look!" and she pointed to the stream.—"There she is."

"Who? What?" said I.

"The throu't, sir."

I immediately perceived the fish in question, perfectly a trout in shape, but in colour a creamy white, heading up the stream, and seeming to keep constantly within the region of the enlightened part of it.

"There it is, in that very spot evermore," continued my guide, "and never anywhere else."

"The poor fish, I suppose, likes to swim in the light?" said I.

"Oh, no, sir," said she, shaking her head significantly; "the people here has a mighty ould story about that throu't."

"Let me hear it, and you will oblige me."

"Och, it's only laughin' at me you'd be, and call me an ould fool, as the misthiss† beyant in the big house§ often did afore, when she first kem among us—but she knows the differ now."

"Indeed, I shall not laugh at your story," said I, "but, on the contrary, shall thank you very much for your tale."

"Then sit down a minnit, sir," said she, throwing her apron upon the rock, and pointing to the seat, "and I'll tell you to the best of my knowledge" and, seating herself on an adjacent patch of verdure, she began her legend.

"There was wanst upon a time long ago, a beautiful young lady that lived in a castle up by the lake beyant, and they say she was promised to a king's son, and they was to be married: when, all of a sudden, he was murdered, the crathur (Lord help us!), and trown into the lake abow,|| and so, of course, he couldn't keep his promise to the fair lady—and more's the pity.

"Well, the story goes, that she went out iv her mind, because of losin' the king's son;—for she was undunhearted, God help her! like the rest of us—and pined away afther him, until, at last, no one about seen her, good or bad; and the story went that the ladies took her away.

"Well, sir, in course ov time, the white throu't, God bless it! was seen in the sathrame beyant; and, shure, the people didn't know what to think av the

crathur, seein' as how a white throu't was never heard av afore nor sence; and years upon years the throu't was there, just where you seen it this blessed minnit, longer nor I can tell—ay, thro'th, and beyant the memory ov th' oulddest in the village.

"At last, the people began to think it must be a fairy; for what else could it be?—and no hurt or harm was ever put on the white throu't, until some wicked sinners of sojers\* kem to these parts, and laughed at all the people, and gibed and jeered them for thinkin' ov the likes; and one ov them in partic'lar (bad luck to him—God forgi' me for sayin' it!)—swore he'd catch the throu't and ate it for his dinner—the blackguard!

"Well, what would you think ov the villiany ov the sojer?—shure enough, he catch the throu't; and away wid him home, and puts on the fryin' pan, and into it he pitches the purty little thing. The throu't squealed all as one as a Christian crathur, and, my dear, you'd think the sojer id split his sides laughin'—for he was a hardened villian: and when he thought one side was done, he turns it over to fry the other; and what would you think, but the divil a taste of a burn was on it, at all at all; and shure the sojer thought it was a *quare* throu't that couldn't be briled; 'but,' says he, 'I'll give it another turn, by-and-by'—little thinkin' what was in store for him, the haythen.

"Well, when he thought that side was done, he turns it again—and lo and behold you, the divil a taste more done that side was nor the other: 'Bad luck to me,' says the sojer, 'but that bates the world,' says he, 'but I'll thry you agin, my darlint,' says he, 'as cunnin' as you think yourself'—and so with that he turns it over and over; but not a sign ov the fire was on the purty throu't. 'Well,' says the desperate villian—(for, shure, sir, only he was a desperate villian *entirely*, he might know he was doin' a wrong thing, seein' that all his endayvours was no good);—'well,' says he, 'my jolly little throu't, maybe you're fried enough, though you don't seem over-well dress'd; but you may be better than you look, like a singed cat, and a tit-bit, afther all,' says he; and with that, he ups with his knife and fork to taste a piece ov the throu't—but, my jewel, the minnit he puts his knife into the fish, there was a murtherin' screech, that you'd think your life id lave you iv you heard it, and away jumps the throu't out av the fryin' pan into the middle ov the flure;† and on the spot where it fell, up riz† a lovely lady—the beautifullest young crathur that eyes ever seen, dressed in white and a band ov goold in her hair, and a sathrame ov blood runnin' down her arm.

"'Look where you out me, you villian,' says she, and she held out her arm to him—and, my dear, he thought the sight id lave his eyes. "Couldn't you lave me cool and comfortable in the river where you snared me, and not disturb me in my duty?" says she.

"Well, he thrimbled like a dog in a wet sack, and at last he stammered out somethin', and begged for

\* A great pity.

† Silence.

‡ The lady.

§ A gentleman's mansion.

|| Above.

\* Soldiers.

† Floor.

‡ Arose.

his life, and ax'd her ladyship's pardin, and said he didn't know she was on duty, or he was too good a sojer not to know better nor to meddle wid her.

"'I was on duty, then,' says the lady; 'I was watchin' for my thrue love, that is comin' by wather to me,' says she; 'and iv he comes while I am away, and that I miss iv him, I'll turn you into a pinkeen,\* and I'll hunt you up and down for evermore, while grass grows or wather runs.'

"Well, the sojer thought the life id lave him, at the thoughts iv his bein' turned into a pinkeen, and begged for marcy: and with that says the lady—

"'Renounce your evil coorses,' says she, 'you villian, or you'll repint it too late; be a good man for the futhur, and go to your duty† reg'lar. And now,' says she, 'take me back and put me into the river agin, where you found me.'

"'Oh, my lady,' says the sojer, 'how could I have the heart to drownd a beautiful lady like you?'

\* Stickle-back.

† The Irish peasant calls his attendance at the confessional "going to his duty."

"But, before he could say another word, the lady was vanished, and there he saw the little throun an the ground. Well, he put it in a clane plate, and away he run for the bare life, for fear her lover would come while she was away; and he run, and he run, ever till he came to the cave agin, and threw the throun into the river. The minnit he did, the wather was as red as blood for a little while, by the rayson av the cut, I suppose, until the strhame washed the stain away; and to this day there's a little red mark on the throun's side, where it was cut.\*

"Well, sir, from that day out the sojer was an althered man, and reformed his ways, and went to his duty reg'lar, and fasted three times a week—though it was never fish he tuk an fastin' days; for, afther the fright he got, fish id never rest an his stomach—savin' your presence. But, anyhow, he was an althered man, as I said before; and in coorse ov time he left the army, and turned hermit at last; and they say he used to pray evermore for the soul of the *White Throun*."

\* The fish has really a red spot on its side.

## A LEGEND OF FIN-MAC-COOL

LATELY taking a pedestrian excursion in the neighbourhood of the wild, but romantic mountain region, near Dublin, known as the Breaks of Ballynascorney, I was much struck with the singular appearance of a great isolated granite rock near the roadside, which was evidently a monument or memorial of Pagan times, and determined to discover if any tradition was preserved in its neighbourhood of the object or period of its erection. I accordingly entered an adjacent cabin, in which I found a healthy and good-looking mountaineer, his wife, and half a dozen children seated round a table, on which a little cairn or tumulus was piled up—not, however, of stones, but right good laughing potatoes. I was received with the cordial welcome which a stranger is always sure of meeting in the cottages of our peasantry;—the best stool was wiped for me by the good woman of the house, and a pressing invitation given to try the potatoes—accompanied with an expression of regret that they had nothing better to offer—an offer too tempting to be refused.

The demolition of the pile was not a work of great duration, and the gift, on my part, of a drop of the native from a pocket-pistol—the companion of my rambles—soon put me and my entertainers on the familiar terms favourable to my purpose.

"Pray," I commenced, "what do they call that big rock, like a house, which I passed as I came down the road here?"

"Oh, bedad! sir, did you remark the big rock?—that's called Fin-Mac-Cool's finger-stone."

"And why is it called so?" said I.

"Why, thin, indeed, sir, unless I towld you an culd story, that *maybe* you wouldn't believe, I can't say."

"Oh, tell it, at all events."

"Well, thin, you must have heard of Fin-Mac-Cool, sir—he was one of the giants in Ireland in ould ancient times. One day, afther he had been out huntin' on the Curragh of Kildare, he came home to his house on the Hill of Allen, in mighty low spirits, and his wife axed him what was the matther? 'Why, thin,' says he, 'there's enough the matther; for there's the great giant Usheen (Ossian) is come over from Scotland to thry my strength, and if he finds he's able to bate me, he'll murder me intirely.' Well, at this news, sir, the poor woman, his wife, looked very sorrowful—but he bid her not be cast down, for he hoped he'd outwit him and there would be no harm done. So, with that, he gother'd himself up in a great huge child's cradle, that was in the room, and bid the wife throw a blanket over him, and to tell Usheen, when he comed in, if he axed any questions about who it was that was lying there, it was one of Fin's gossoons;—'and, now,' says he, 'mind what you're about, or it's all over wid me;' but, indeed, sir, he needn't have said that, for the women are always 'cute at a bit of roguery.'" This my informant said with a good-humoured glance at his own wife.

"Oh, don't believe him, sir," says the woman, laughing; "he's always full of his jokes, and you'll be far enough on your way to Dublin before you meet a greater rogue than himself."

"Ow-wow, Biddy," said the husband, "is that the character you're giving me;—well, anyway, as I was saying to the gentleman, Fin gother'd himself up in the cradle, and the wife set about baking some cake bread, when presently in comes Ussheen, very civilly, with his 'God save all here,' and axes, 'is Fin-Mac-Cool at home?'—'No, in throth,' says the wife, not letting on to know him, 'but I'm his wife, and maybe I'd answer you as well; might I be bould to ax your will,' says she?"

"'Oh,' says Ussheen, 'I want to see Fin himself, to have a thrial of strength with him; and I've come from Scotland for that same purpose, and I must wait till I see him, for I'll not go back again till I take the consate out of him.'

"Well, with that, sir, she invited him to sit down, very civilly, and tould him that Fin would be home soon, and would be very happy to show him any diversion. So down he sot by the fire, and he axed her who was she baking the fine large cakes for. 'In throth, then, sir,' says she, 'they're for that dawsha (little) crathur there asleep in the cradle.' So with that, Ussheen looked round, and sees Fin by the way of fast asleep, and sure he was astonished at the size of him intirely. 'Who is that, ma'am?' says he. 'That's the youngest ov the childher,' says she. 'Is it that big fellow?' says he. 'Big!' says she; 'in throth, he's a disgrace to us,' says she; 'he'll never be half the size ov his father or brothers, the crathur! Maybe you'd thry one ov these cakes, sir?' says she then to Ussheen; 'I'm sure you must be hungry, afther your long walk.' 'Throth, I'm very agreeable,' says he, 'to that same, I thank ye.' So with that he took up the cake to ate it, when, behold you, he gave a roar that made the house ring. 'Oh, murder! woman,' says he, 'I never ate anything so hard.' And well he might say so, sir; for you see, the woman very cutely put a griddle into the middle ov it. 'Hard is it?' says she; 'why, then, I don't know—the child there wouldn't ate a taste ov it iv it was softer.' Well, sir, with that she pressed him to take a little ov the crathur to wate it down, and handed him a mether that held a gallon or two ov as

good stuff as ever was tasted;—for you know in those days there was no 'Parlimint'—and, in throth, I suppose your own, that you have in the bottle, and that you gave us a sup ov—long life to you—wasn't betther."

This was such a skilful "put in" for another sup, as I couldn't resist, so, after again wetting his whistle, as my host called it, he proceeded:—

"So, sir, afther Ussheen took about a quart or so, he hands the mether over to Fin's wife. 'Oh, by my conscience, sir, you'll not give the house a bad name in that way; sure the boy in the cradle would think nothing ov dhrinking a gallon ov it in a dhraft;' so she made him take another dhrink, and another, till she made him purty well, I thank you. 'Well,' says she then to Ussheen, 'maybe, you'd like to see the boy there throw a stone, or any ov the things his father does be teaching him while your waiting?' 'Nothing in life betther,' says Ussheen. So with that the woman gives Fin a shake; 'Get up, alanna,' says she, 'and go out and amuse the gentleman.' So, sir, up he gets, and goes out with Ussheen. 'Upon my word, thin,' says Ussheen to him, 'you're a good-sized boy, God bless you, and I'd like to see how far you could throw a stone.' 'With all the pleasure in life, sir,' said Fin. So with that, he takes up the stone there beyant, sir—but that was then on the Hill ov Allen—and fings it over here against the Sighan mountain, and there it lies to this day—the mark of Fin's five fingers on it, where he gripped it, and it has always been known by the name of Fin-Mac-Cool's finger-stone. Well, sir, Ussheen, as you may judge, was very much surprised at this; and he said, 'Upon my conscience, you're a smart chap. Now,' says he, 'could your father throw a stone of that size much farther?' 'Is it my father,' says Fin; 'bedad! he'd throw it to Scotland or Amerikay—it id be only like a marvel in his fingers.'"

"It would be marvellous," I observed, "sure enough." "Indeed, it's thrue for you, sir," rejoined my host, but without understanding my bad pun; "and it sobered Ussheen completely—and the divil another question he axed, but set off home as fast as he came, and the divil another fut he'd ever set again in Ireland. And that's the story the ould people tell about Fin-Mac-Cool's finger stone."

## TRINITY COLLEGE IN OLD TIMES.

BY CHARLES LEVER.

### MY FIRST DAY IN TRINITY.

No sooner had I arrived in Dublin than my first care was to present myself to Dr. Mooney, by whom I was received in the most cordial manner. In fact, in my utter ignorance of such persons, I had imagined a college fellow to be a character necessarily severe and

unbending; and, as the only two very great people I had ever seen in my life were the Archbishop of Tuam, and the Chief Baron, when on circuit, I pictured to myself that a University fellow was, in all probability, a cross between the two; and feared him accordingly.

The doctor read over my uncle's letter, attentively, invited me to partake of his breakfast, and then entered upon something like an account of the life before me, for which Sir Harry Boyle had, however, in some degree prepared me.

"Your uncle, I find, wishes you to live in college; perhaps it is better, too; so that I must look out for chambers for you. Let me see; it will be rather difficult, just now, to find them." Here he fell for some moments into a musing fit, and merely muttered a few broken sentences, as, "To be sure, if other chambers could be had,—but—then—and, after all, perhaps, as he is young—besides, Frank will certainly be expelled before long, and then he will have them all to himself. I say, O'Malley, I believe I must quarter you for the present with a rather wild companion; but as your uncle says you're a prudent fellow"—here he smiled very much, as if my uncle had not said any such thing—"why, you must only take the better care of yourself, until we can make some better arrangement. My pupil, Frank Webber, is at this moment in want of a 'chum,' as the phrase is, his last three having only been domesticated with him for as many weeks; so that, until we find you a more quiet resting-place, you may take up your abode with him."

During breakfast, the doctor proceeded to inform me that my destined companion was a young man of excellent family and good fortune, who, with very considerable talents and acquirements, preferred a life of rackets and careless dissipation to prospects of great success in public life, which his connexion and family might have secured for him; that he had been originally entered at Oxford, which he was obliged to leave; then tried Cambridge, from which he escaped expulsion by being rusticated, that is, having incurred a sentence of temporary banishment; and lastly, was endeavouring, with what he himself believed to be a total reformation, to stumble on to a degree in the "silent sister."

"This is his third year," said the doctor, "and he is only a freshman, having lost every examination, with abilities enough to sweep the University of its prizes. But come over now, and I'll present you to him."

I followed down stairs, across the court, to an angle of the old square, where, up the first floor left, to use the college direction, stood the name of Mr. Webber, a large No. 2 being conspicuously painted in the middle of the door, and not over it, as is usually the custom. As we reached the spot, the observations of my companion were lost to me in the tremendous noise and uproar that resounded from within. It seemed as if a number of people were fighting, pretty much as a banditti in a melodrama do, with considerable more of confusion than requisite; a fiddle and a French horn also lent their assistance to shouts and cries, which, to say the best, were not exactly the aids to study I expected in such a place.

Three times was the bell pulled, with a vigour that threatened its downfall, when, at last, as the jingle of it rose above all other noises, suddenly all became hushed and still; a momentary pause

succeeded, and the door was opened by a very respectable-looking servant, who, recognising the doctor, at once introduced us into the apartment where Mr. Webber was sitting.

In a large and very handsomely furnished room, where Brussels carpeting and softly-cushioned sofas contrasted strangely with the meagre and comfortable chambers of the doctor, sat a young man at a small breakfast-table, beside the fire. He was attired in a silk dressing-gown and black velvet slippers, and supported his forehead upon a hand of most lady-like whiteness, whose fingers were absolutely covered with rings of great beauty and price. His long silky brown hair fell in rich profusion upon the back of his neck, and over his arm, and the whole air and attitude was one which a painter might have copied. So intent was he upon the volume before him, that he never raised his head at our approach, but continued to read aloud, totally unaware of our presence.

"Dr. Mooney, sir," said the servant.

"*Ten dapamey bominos, prompko, crions Agamemnon,*" repeated the student, in an ecstasy, and not paying the slightest attention to the announcement.

"Dr. Mooney, sir," repeated the servant, in a louder tone, while the doctor looked round on every side for an explanation of the late uproar, with a face of the most puzzled astonishment.

"*De daktown para thina dolekankion enkos,*" said Mr. Webber, finishing a cup of coffee at a draught.

"Well, Webber, hard at work I see," said the doctor.

"Ah, doctor, I beg pardon? Have you been long here?" said the most soft and insinuating voice, while the speaker passed his taper fingers across his brow, as if to dissipate the traces of deep thought of study.

While the doctor presented me to my future companion, I could perceive, in the restless and searching look he threw around, that the fracas he had so lately heard was still an unexplained and *sexata questio* in his mind.

"May I offer you a cup of coffee. Mr. O'Malley?" said the youth, with an air of almost timid bashfulness.

"The doctor, I know, breakfasts at a very early hour."

"I say, Webber," said the doctor, who could no longer restrain his curiosity, "what an awful row I heard here as I came up to the door. I thought Bedlam was broke loose. What could it have been?"

"Ah, you heard it, too, sir?" said Mr. Webber, smiling most benignly.

"Hear it!—to be sure I did. O'Malley and I could not hear ourselves talking with the uproar."

"Yes, indeed; it is very provoking; but, then, what's to be done? One can't complain, under the circumstances."

"Why, what do you mean?" said Mooney, anxiously.

"Nothing, sir, nothing. I'd much rather you'd not ask me; for, after all, I'll change my chambers."

"But why? Explain this at once. I insist upon it."

"Can I depend upon the discretion of your young friend?" said Mr. Webber, gravely.

"Perfectly," said the doctor, now wound up to the greatest anxiety to learn a secret.

"And you'll promise not to mention the thing except among your friends?"

"I do," said the doctor.

"Well, then," said he, in a low and confident whisper, "it's the dean!"

"The dean!" said Mooney, with a start. "The dean! Why, how can it be the dean?"

"Too true," said Mr. Webber, making a sign of drinking; "too true, doctor. And then, the moment he is so, he begins smashing the furniture. Never was anything heard like it. As for me, as I am now become a reading man, I must go elsewhere."

Now, it so chanced that the worthy dean, who albeit a man of most abstemious habits, possessed a nose which, in colour and development, was a most unfortunate witness to call to character; and as Mooney heard Webber narrate circumstantially the frightful excesses of the great functionary, I saw that something like conviction was stealing over him.

"You'll, of course, never speak of this except to your most intimate friends?" said Webber.

"Of course not," said the doctor, as he shook his hand warmly, and prepared to leave the room. "O'Malley, I leave you here," said he; "Webber and you can talk over your arrangements."

Webber followed the doctor to the door, whispered something in his ear, to which the other replied, "Very well, I will write; but if your father sends the money, I must insist——" The rest was lost in protestations and professions of the most fervent kind, amidst which the door was shut, and Mr. Webber returned to the room.

Short as was the interspace from the door without to the room within, it was still ample enough to effect a very thorough and remarkable change in the whole external appearance of Mr. Frank Webber; for scarcely had the oaken panel shut out the doctor, when he appeared no longer the shy, timid, and silvery-toned gentleman of five minutes before, but, dashing boldly forward, he seized a key-bugle that lay hid beneath a sofa-cushion and blew a tremendous blast.

"Come forth, ye demons of the lower world," said he, drawing a cloth from a large table, and discovering the figures of three young men, coiled up beneath. "Come forth, and fear not, most timorous freshmen that ye are," said he, unlocking a pantry, and liberating two others. "Gentlemen, let me introduce to your acquaintance Mr. O'Malley. My chum, gentlemen. Mr. O'Malley, this is Harry Nesbitt, who has been in college since the days of old Perpendicular, and numbers more cautions than any man who ever had his name on the books. Here is my particular friend, Cecil Cavendish, the only man who could ever devil kidneys. Captain Power, Mr. O'Malley;—a dashing dragoon, as you see; aide-de-camp to his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant, and love-maker-general to Merrion-square West. These," said he, pointing to the late denizens of the pantry,

"are jibs, whose names are neither known to the proctor nor the police office; but, with due regard to their education and morals we don't despair."

## FRANK WEBBER.

Among the many peculiar tastes which distinguished Mr. Francis Webber was an extraordinary fancy for street-begging; he had, over and over, won large sums upon his success in that difficult walk; and so perfect were his disguises, both of dress, voice, and manner, that he actually, at one time, succeeded in obtaining charity from his very opponent in the wager. He wrote ballads with the greatest facility, and sang them with infinite pathos and humour; and the old woman at the corner of College-green was certain of an audience when the severity of the night would leave all other minstrelsy deserted. As these feats of *jonglerie* usually terminated in a row, it was a most amusing part of the transaction to see the singer's part taken by the mob against the college men, who, growing impatient to carry him off to supper somewhere, would invariably be obliged to have a fight for the booty.

Now, it chanced that, a few evenings before, Mr. Webber was returning with a pocket well lined with copper from a musical *réunion* he had held at the corner of York-street, when the idea struck him to stop at the end of Grafton-street, where a huge stone grating at that time exhibited, perhaps it exhibits still, the descent to one of the great main sewers of the city.

The light was shining brightly from a pastry-cook's shop, and showed the large bars of stone between which the muddy water was rushing rapidly down, and plashing in the torrent that ran boisterously several feet beneath.

To stop in the street in any crowded city is, under any circumstances, an invitation to others to do likewise, which is rarely unaccepted; but when, in addition to this, you stand fixedly in one spot, and regard with stern intensity any object near you, the chances are ten to one that you have several companions in your curiosity before a minute expires.

Now, Webber, who had at first stood still, without any peculiar thought in view, no sooner perceived that he was joined by others, than the idea of making something out of it immediately occurred to him.

"What is it, agra?" inquired an old woman, very much in his own style of dress, pulling at the hood of his cloak.

"And can't you see for yourself, darlin'?" replied he, sharply, as he knelt down, and looked most intently at the sewer.

"Are ye long there, avick?" inquired he of an imaginary individual below, and then, waiting as if for a reply, said, "Two hours! Blessed Vargin! he's two hours in the drain!"

By this time the crowd had reached entirely across the street, and the crushing and squeezing to get near the important spot was awful.

"Where did he come from?" "who is he?" "how did he get there?" were questions on every side, and various surmises were afloat, till Webber, rising from his knees, said, in a mysterious whisper,

to those nearest him, "He's made his escape to-night out o' Newgate by the big drain, and lost his way; he was looking for the Liffey, and took the wrong turn."

To an Irish mob, what appeal could equal this? A culprit, at any time, has his claim upon their sympathy; but let him be caught in the very act of cheating the authorities and evading the law, and his popularity knows no bounds. Webber knew this well; and, as the mob thickened around him, sustained an imaginary conversation that Savage Landor might have envied, imparting now and then such hints concerning the runaway as raised their interest to the highest pitch, and fifty different versions were related on all sides—of the crime he was guilty—the sentence that was passed on him—and the day he was to suffer.

"Do you see the light, dear?" said Webber; as some ingeniously benevolent individual had lowered down a candle with a string—"do ye see the light? Oh, he's fainted! the creature." A cry of horror from the crowd burst forth at these words, followed by a universal shout of "Break open the street!"

Pickaxes, shovels, spades, and crowbars seemed absolutely the walking accompaniments of the crowd, so suddenly did they appear upon the field of action, and the work of exhumation was begun with a vigour that speedily covered nearly half of the street with mud and paving-stones. Parties relieved each other at the task, and, ere half an hour, a hole, capable of containing a mail coach, was yawning in one of the most frequented thoroughfares in Dublin. Meanwhile, as no appearance of the culprit could be had, dreadful conjectures as to his fate began to gain ground. By this time the authorities had received intimation of what was going forward, and attempted to disperse the crowd; but Webber, who still continued to conduct the prosecution, called on them to resist the police, and save the poor creature. And now began a most terrific fray; the stones, forming a ready weapon, were hurled at the unprepared constables, who, on their side, fought manfully, but against superior numbers; so that, at last, it was only by the aid of a military force the mob could be dispersed, and a riot, which had assumed a very serious character, got under. Meanwhile Webber had reached his chambers, changed his costume, and was relating over a supper-table the narrative of his philanthropy to a very admiring circle of his friends.

Such was my chum, Frank Webber; and as this was the first anecdote I had heard of him, I relate it here that my readers may be in possession of the grounds upon which my opinion of that celebrated character was founded, while yet our acquaintance was in its infancy.

#### DR. BARRETT.

Dr. Barrett, the Vice-Provost, was, at the time I speak of, close upon seventy years of age, scarcely five feet in height, and even that diminutive stature lessened by a stoop. His face was thin, pointed, and russet-coloured; his nose so aquiline as nearly to meet his projecting chin, and his small, gray eyes,

red and bleary, peered beneath his well-worn cap, with a glance of mingled fear and suspicion. His dress was a suit of the rustiest black, threadbare, and patched in several places, while a pair of large brown slippers, far too big for his feet, imparted a sliding motion to his walk, that added an air of indescribable meanness to his appearance; a gown that had been worn for twenty years, browned and coated with the learned dust of the *Fogel*, covered his rusty habiliments, and completed the equipments of a figure that it was somewhat difficult for the young student to recognise as the Vice-Provost of the University. Such was he in externals. Within, a greater or more profound scholar never graced the walls of the college; a distinguished Grecian; learned in all the refinements of a hundred dialects, a deep Orientalist, cunning in all the varieties of Eastern languages, and able to reason with a Moonshee, or chat with a Persian ambassador. With a mind that never ceased acquiring, he possessed a memory ridiculous for its retentiveness even of trifles; no character in history, no event in chronology was unknown to him, and he was referred to by his contemporaries for information in doubtful and disputed cases, as men consult a lexicon or dictionary. With an intellect thus stored with deep and far-sought knowledge, in the affairs of the world he was a child. Without the walls of the college, for above forty years, he had not ventured half as many times, and knew absolutely nothing of the busy, active world that fused and fumed so near him; his farthest excursion was to the Bank of Ireland, to which he made occasional visits to fund the ample income of his sinecure, and add to the wealth which already had acquired for him a well-merited repute of being the richest man in college.

His little intercourse with the world had left him, in all his habits and manners, in every respect exactly as when he entered college, nearly half a century before; and as he had literally risen from the ranks in the University, all the peculiarities of voice, accent, and pronunciation which distinguished him as a youth adhered to him in old age. This was singular enough, and formed a very ludicrous contrast with the learned and deep-read tone of his conversation; but another peculiarity, still more striking belonged to him. When he became a fellow, he was obliged, by the rules of the college, to take holy orders as a *sine quâ non* to his holding his fellowship; this he did, as he would have assumed a red hood or blue one, as bachelor of laws, or doctor of medicine, and thought no more of it; but, frequently, in his moments of passionate excitement, the venerable character with which he was invested was quite forgotten, and he would utter some sudden and terrific oath, more productive of mirth to his auditors than was seemly, and for which, once spoken, the poor doctor felt the greatest shame and contrition. These oaths were no less singular than forcible, and many a trick was practised, and many a plan devised, that the learned Vice-Provost might be entrapped into his favourite

exclamation of "May the devil admire me!" which no place or presence could restrain.

My servant, Mike, who had not been long in making himself acquainted with all the originals about him, was the cause of my first meeting the doctor, before whom I received a summons to appear, on the very serious charge of treating with disrespect the heads of the college.

The circumstances were shortly these:—Mike had, among the other gossip of the place, heard frequent tales of the immense wealth and great parsimony of the doctor; of his anxiety to amass money on all occasions, and the avidity with which even the smallest trifle was added to his gains. He accordingly resolved to amuse himself at the expense of this trait, and proceeded thus:—Boring a hole in a halfpenny, he attached a long string to it, and having dropped it on the doctor's step, stationed himself on the opposite side of the court, concealed from view by the angle of the Commons' wall. He waited patiently for the chapel bell, at the first toll of which the door opened, and the doctor issued forth. Scarcely was his foot upon the step, when he saw the piece of money, and as quickly stooped to seize it; but just as his finger had nearly touched it, it evaded his grasp, and slowly retreated. He tried again, but with the like success. At last, thinking he miscalculated the distance, he knelt leisurely down, and put forth his hand, but lo! it again escaped him; on which, slowly rising from his posture, he shambled on towards the chapel, where, meeting the senior lecturer at the door, he cried out, "H—to my soul, Wall, but I saw the halfpenny walk away!"

For the sake of the grave character whom he addressed, I need not recount how such a speech was received; suffice it to say that Mike had been seen by a college porter, who reported him as my servant.

I was in the very act of relating the anecdote to a large party at breakfast in my rooms, when a summons arrived, requiring my immediate attendance at the Board, then sitting in solemn conclave at the examination-hall.

I accordingly assumed my academic costume as speedily as possible, and escorted by that most august functionary, Mr. M'Alister, presented myself before the seniors.

The members of the Board, with the Provost at their head, were seated at a long oak table, covered with books, papers, &c., and from the silence they maintained, as I walked up the hall, I augured that a very solemn scene was before me.

"Mr. O'Malley," said the dean, reading my name from a paper he held in his hand, "you have been summoned here at the desire of the Vice-Provost, whose questions you will reply to."

I bowed. A silence of a few minutes followed, when at length the learned doctor, hitching up his nether garments with both hands, put his old and bleary eyes to my face, while he croaked out, with an accent that no hackney-coachman could have exceeded in vulgarity:

"Eh, O'Malley; you're *quartus*, I believe, a'n't you?"

"I believe not. I think I am the only person of that name now on the books."

"That's thrue; but there were three O'Malleys before you. Godfrey O'Malley, that construed *Calvo Neroni* to Nero the Calvinist—ha! ha! ha!—was cautioned in 1788."

"My uncle, I believe, sir."

"More than likely, from what I hear of you—*Ex uno, &c.* I see your name every day on the punishment roll. Late hours, never at chapel, seldom at morning lecture. Here ye are, sixteen shillings, wearing a red coat."

"Never knew any harm in that, doctor."

"Why, but d'ye see me, now? 'Grave raiment,' says the statute. And then, ye keep numerous beasts of prey, dangerous in their habits, and unseemly to behold."

"A bull terrier, sir, and two game cocks, are, I assure you, the only animals in my household."

"Well, I'll fine you for it."

"I believe, doctor," said the dean, interrupting in an undertone, "that you cannot impose a penalty in this matter."

"Ay, but I can. 'Singing birds,' says the statute, 'are forbidden within the walls.'"

"And, then, ye dazzled my eyes at Commons with a bit of looking-glass, on Friday. I saw you. May the devil—ahem!—As I was saying, that's casting *reflections* on the heads of the college; and your servant it was, *Michaelis Liber*, Mickey Free—may the flames of—ahem!—an insolent varlet! called me a sweep."

"You, doctor; impossible!" said I, with pretended horror.

"Ay; but d'ye see me now? It's thrue, for I looked about me at the time, and there wasn't another sweep in the place but myself. Hell to—I mean—God for—give me for swearing! but I'll fine you a pound this."

As I saw the doctor was getting on at such a only I resolved, notwithstanding the august presence never the Board, to try the efficacy of Sir Harry's sent as I introduction, which I had taken in my pocket giving event of its being wanted.

"I beg your pardon, sir, if the time be an unsuitable one; but may I take the opportunity of presenting this letter to you?"

"Ha! I know the hand—Boyle's. *Boyle secundus*. Hem, ha, ay! 'My young friend; and assist him by your advice.' To be sure! Oh! of course. Eh, tell me, young man, did Boyle say nothing to you about the copy of 'Erasmus,' bound in vellum, that I sold him in Trinity term, 1782?"

"I rather think not, sir," said I, doubtfully.

"Well, then, he might. He owes me two-and-four-pence of the balance."

"Oh, I beg pardon, sir! I now remember he desired me to repay you that sum; but he had just sealed the letter when he recollected it."

"Better late than never," said the doctor, smiling graciously. "Where's the money? Ay, half-a-



crown. I haven't twopence—never mind. Go away, young man; the case is dismissed. *Vehementer miror quare huc venisti.* You're more fit for anything than a college life. Keep good hours; mind the terms; and dismiss *Michaelis Liber.* Ha, ha, ha! May the devil!—hem!—that is, do——” So saying, the little doctor's hand pushed me from the hall, his mind evidently relieved of all the griefs from which he had been suffering by the recovery of his long-lost two-and-fourpence.

Such was my first and last interview with the Vice-Provost, and it made an impression upon me that all the intervening years have neither dimmed nor erased.

#### MY LAST NIGHT IN TRINITY.

It was to be my last night in Old Trinity, and we resolved that the farewell should be a solemn one. Mansfield, one of the wildest young fellows in the regiment, had vowed that the leave-taking should be commemorated by some very decisive and open expression of our feelings, and had already made some progress in arrangements for blowing up the great bell, which had more than once obtruded upon our morning convivialities; but he was overruled by his more discreet associates, and we at length assumed our places at table, in the midst of which stood a *hecatomb* of all my college equipments—cap, gown, bands, &c. A funeral pile of classics was arrayed upon the hearth, surmounted by my “Book on the Cellar,” and a punishment-roll waved its length, like a banner over the doomed heroes of Greece and Rome.

It is seldom that any very determined attempt to be gay *par excellence* has a perfect success, but certainly, upon this evening, ours had. Songs, good stories, speeches, toasts, bright visions of the campaign before us, the wild excitement which such a meeting cannot be free from, gradually, as the wine passed from hand to hand, seized upon all, and about four o'clock in the morning, such was the uproar we caused, and begarrific the noise of our proceedings, that the ready-aided force of porters, sent one by one to stables, admission, was now a formidable body at against; and Mike at last came in to assure us that by the air, the most dread official of all collegians, perished, ardent, and insisted, with a threat of his character displeasure, in case of refusal, that the door should be opened.

A committee of the whole house immediately sat upon the question, and it was at length resolved, *semine contradicente*, that the request should be complied with. A fresh bowl of punch, in honour of our expected guest, was immediately concocted, a new broil put on the gridiron, and, having seated ourselves with as great a semblance of decorum as four bottles a man admits of, Curtis, the junior captain, being most drunk, was deputed to receive the Bursar at the door, and introduce him to our august presence.

Mike's instructions were that, immediately on Dr. Stone, the Bursar's, entering, the door was to be slammed to, and none of his followers admitted. This done, the doctor was to be ushered in, and left to our own polite attentions.

A fresh thundering from without scarcely left time

for further deliberation; and at last Curtis moved towards the door, in execution of his mission.

“Is there anyone there?” said Mike, in a tone of most unsophisticated innocence, to a rapping that, having lasted three quarters of an hour, threatened now to break in the panel. “Is there anyone there?”

“Open the door this instant—the Senior Bursar desires you—this instant.”

“Sure it's night, and we're all in bed,” said Mike. “Mr. Webber—Mr. O'Malley,” said the Bursar, now boiling with indignation, “I summon you, in the name of the Board, to admit me.”

“Let the gemman in,” hiccupped Curtis; and, at the same instant, the heavy bars were withdrawn, and the door opened, but so sparingly as with difficulty to permit the passage of the burly figure of the Bursar.

Forcing his way through, and regardless of what became of the rest, he pushed on vigorously through the ante-chamber, and before Curtis could perform his functions of usher, stood in the midst of us. What were his feelings at the scene before him, heaven knows. The number of figures in uniform at once betrayed how little his jurisdiction extended to the great mass of the company, and he immediately turned towards me.

“Mr. Webber——”

“O'Malley, if you please, Mr. Bursar,” said I, bowing with most ceremonious politeness.

“No matter, sir; *arcades ambo*, I believe.”

“Both archdeacons,” said Melville, translating, with a look of withering contempt upon the speaker.

The doctor continued, addressing me: “May I ask, sir, if you believe yourself possessed of any privilege for converting this University into a common tavern?”

“I wish to heaven he did,” said Curtis; “capital tap your old Commons would make.”

“Really, Mr. Bursar,” replied I, modestly, “I had began to flatter myself that our little innocent gaiety had inspired you with the idea of joining our party.”

“I humbly move that the old cove in the gown do take the chair,” sang out one. “All who are of this opinion say ‘Ay.’” A perfect yell of ayes followed this. “All who are of the contrary say ‘No.’ The ayes have it.”

Before the luckless doctor had a moment for thought, his legs were lifted from under him, and he was jerked, rather than placed, upon a chair, and put sitting upon the table.

“Mr. O'Malley, your expulsion within twenty-four hours——”

“Hip, hip, hurra, hurra, hurra,” drowned the rest; while Power, taking off the doctor's cap, replaced it by a foraging cap, very much to the amusement of the party.

“There is no penalty the law permits of that I shall not——”

“Help the doctor,” said Melville, placing a glass of punch in his unconscious hand.

“Now for a ‘Viva la Compagnie!’” said Telford,

seating himself at the piano, and playing the first bars of that well-known air, to which, in our meetings, we were accustomed to improvise a doggerel in turn:—

"I drink to the graces, Law, Physic, Divinity,  
Viva la Compagnie!  
And here's to the worthy old Bursar of Trinity,  
Viva la Compagnie!"

"Viva, viva la va!" &c., were chorussed with a shout that shook the old walls, while Power took up the strain:—

"Though with lace caps and gowns they look so like asses,  
Viva la Compagnie!  
They'd rather have punch than the springs of Parnassus,  
Viva la Compagnie!  
What a nose the old gentleman has, by the way,  
Viva la Compagnie!  
Since he smelt out the devil from Botany Bay,  
Viva la Compagnie!"

Words cannot give even the faintest idea of the poor Bursar's feelings while these demoniacal orgies were enacting around him. Held fast in his chair by Lechmere and another, he glowered on the riotous mob around like a maniac, and astonishment that such liberties could be taken with one in his situation seemed to have surpassed even his rage and resentment; and, every now and then, a stray thought would flash across his mind that we were mad—a sentiment which, unfortunately, our conduct was but too well calculated to inspire.

"So you're the morning lecturer, old gentleman, and have just dropped in here in the way of business; pleasant life you must have of it," said Casey, now by far the most tipsy man present.

"If you think, Mr. O'Malley, that the events of this evening are to end here——"

"Very far from it, doctor," said Power; "I'll draw up a little account of the affair for *Saunders*. They shall hear of it in every corner and nook of the kingdom."

"The Bursar of Trinity shall be a proverb for a good fellow that loveth his lush," hiccupped out Fegan.

"And if you believe that such conduct is academical——" said the doctor, with a withering sneer.

\* Botany Bay was the slang name given by college men to one of the squares of the college.

"Perhaps not," hissed Melville, tightening his belt; "but it's devilish convivial—eh, doctor?"

"Is that like him?" said Moreton, producing a caricature, which he had just sketched.

"Capital—very good—perfect. M'Cleary shall have it in his window by noon to-day," said Power.

At this instant some of the combustibles disposed among the rejected habiliments of my late vocation caught fire, and squibs, crackers, and detonating shots went off on all sides. The Bursar, who had not been deaf to several hints and friendly suggestions about setting fire to him, blowing him up, &c., with one vigorous spring burst from his antagonists, and, clearing the table at a bound, reached the floor. Before he could be seized, he had gained the door, opened it, and was away. We gave chase, yelling like so many devils; but wine and punch, songs and speeches, had done their work, and more than one among the pursuers measured his length upon the pavement; while the terrified Bursar, with the speed of terror, held on his way, and gained his chambers, by about twenty yards in advance of Power and Melville, whose pursuit only ended when the oaken panel of the door shut them out from their victim. One loud cheer beneath his window served for our farewell to our friend, and we returned to my rooms. By this time a regiment of those classic functionaries, yeapt porters, had assembled around the door, and seemed bent upon giving battle in honour of their maltreated ruler; but Power explained to them, in a neat speech, replete with Latin quotations, that their cause was a weak one, and that we were more than their match, and, finally, proposed to them to finish the punch-bowl—to which we were really incompetent—a motion that met immediate acceptance; and old Duncan, with his helmet in one hand, and a goblet in the other, wished me many happy days, and every luck in this life, as I stepped from the massive archway, and took my last farewell of Old Trinity.

Should any kind reader feel interested as to the ulterior course assumed by the Bursar, I have only to say that the terrors of the "Board" were never fulminated against me, harmless and innocent as I should have esteemed them. The threat of giving publicity to the entire proceedings by the papers, and the dread of figuring in a caricature, were too much for the worthy doctor, and he took the wiser course, under the circumstances, and held his peace about the matter.

## THE THREE WISHES.—AN IRISH LEGEND.

BY WILLIAM CARLETON.

In ancient times there lived a man called Billy Duffy, and he was known to be a great rogue. They say he was descended from the family of the Duffys, which was the reason, I suppose, of his carrying their name upon him.

Billy, in his youthful days, was the best hand at

doing nothing in all Europe; devil a mortal could come next or near him at idleness; and, in consequence of his great practice that way, you may be sure that if any man could make a fortune by it he would have done it.

Billy was the only son of his father, barring tw-

daughters; but they have nothing to do with the story I'm telling you. Indeed it was kind father and grandfather for Billy to be handy at the knavery as well as at the idleness; for it was well known that not one of their blood ever did an honest act, except with a roguish intention. In short, they were altogether a *decent* connexion, and a credit to the name. As for Billy, all the villainy of the family, both plain and ornamental, came down to him by way of legacy; for it so happened that the father, in spite of all his cleverness, had nothing but his roguery to *leave* him.

Billy, to do him justice, improved the fortune he got: every day advanced him farther into dishonesty and poverty, until, at the long run, he was acknowledged on all hands to be the completest swindler and the poorest vagabond in the whole parish.

Billy's father, in his young days, had often been forced to acknowledge the inconvenience of not having a trade, in consequence of some nice point in law, called the "Vagrant Act," that sometimes troubled him. On this account he made up his mind to give Bill an occupation, and he accordingly bound him to a blacksmith; but whether Bill was to *live or die by forgery* was a puzzle to his father,—though the neighbours said that *both* was most likely. At all events, he was put apprentice to a smith for seven years, and a hard card his master had to play in managing him. He took the proper method, however; for Bill was so lazy and roguish that it would vex St. Peter to keep him in order.

"Bill," says his master to him one day that he had been sunning himself about the ditches, instead of minding his business, "Bill, my boy, I'm vexed to the heart to see you in such a bad state of health. You're very ill with that complaint called an *All-overness*; however," says he, "I think I can cure you. Nothing will bring you about but three or four sound doses, every day, of a medicine called 'the oil o' the hazel.' Take the first dose now," says he; and he immediately banged him with a hazel cudgel until Bill's bones ached for a week afterwards.

"If you were my son," said his master, "I tell you, that, as long as I could get a piece of advice growing convenient in the hedges, I'd have you a different youth from what you are. If working was a sin, Bill, devil an innocenter boy ever broke bread than you would be. Good people's scarce, you think; but however that may be, I throw it out as a hint, that you must take your medicine till you be cured, whenever you happen to get unwell in the same way."

From this out he kept Bill's nose to the grinding-stone, and whenever his complaint returned, he never failed to give him a hearty dose for his improvement.

In the course of time, however, Bill was his own man and his own master; but it would puzzle a saint to know whether the master or the man was the more precious youth in the eyes of the world.

He immediately married a wife, and devil a doubt of it, but if he kept her in whiskey and sugar, she

kept him in hot water. Bill drank and she drank; Bill fought and she fought; Bill was idle and she was idle; Bill whacked her and she whacked Bill. If Bill gave her one black eye, she gave him another; *just to keep herself in countenance*. Never was there a blessed pair so well met; and a beautiful sight it was to see them both at breakfast-time blinking at each other across the potato-basket; Bill with his right eye black, and she with her left.

In short, they were the talk of the whole town: and to see Bill of a morning staggering home drunk, his shirt-sleeves rolled up on his smutted arms, his breast open, and an old tattered leather apron, with one corner tucked up under his belt, singing one minute, and fighting with his wife the next;—she, reeling beside him, with a discoloured eye, as aforesaid, a dirty ragged cap on one side of her head, a pair of Bill's old slippers on her feet, a squalling brat on her arm,—now cuffing and dragging Bill, and again kissing and hugging him! yes, it was a pleasant picture to see this loving pair in such a state!

This might do for a while, but it could not last. They were idle, drunken, and ill-conducted; and it was not to be supposed that they would get a farthing candle on their words. They were of course *drawn* to great straits; and, faith, they soon found that their fighting and drinking and idleness made them the laughing-sport of the neighbours, but neither brought food to their *children*, put a coat upon their backs, nor satisfied their landlord when he came to look for his own. Still the never a one of Bill but was a funny fellow with strangers, though, as we said, the greatest rogue unchanged.

One day he was standing against his own anvil, completely in a brown study,—being brought to his wit's end how to make out a breakfast for the family. The wife was scolding and cursing in the house, and the naked creatures of her *children* squalling about her knees for food. Bill was fairly at an amplush, and knew not where or how to turn himself, when a poor withered old beggar came into the forge, tottering on his staff. A long white beard fell from his chin, and he looked so thin and hungry that you might blow him, one would think, over the house. Bill at this moment had been brought to his senses by distress, and his heart had a touch of pity towards the old man; for, on looking at him a second time, he clearly saw starvation and sorrow in his face.

"God save you, honest man!" said Bill.

The old man gave a sigh, and raising himself with great pain on his staff, he looked at Bill in a very beseeching way.

"Muhah, God save you kindly!" says he; "maybe you could give a poor, hungry, helpless old man a mouthful of something to eat? You see yourself I'm not able to work; if I was I'd scorn to be beholdling to anyone."

"Faith, honest man," said Bill, "if you knew who you're speaking to, you'd as soon ask a monkey for a churn-staff as me for either mate or money. There's not a blackguard in the three kingdoms so

fairly on the *shaughran* as I am for both the one and the other. The wife within is sending the curses thick and heavy on me, and the childre's playing the cat's melody to keep her in comfort. Take my word for it, poor man, if I had either mate or money I'd help you, for I know particularly well what it is to want them at the present spaking; an empty sack won't stand, neighbour."

So far Bill told him truth. The good thought was in his heart, because he found himself on a footing with the beggar; and nothing brings down pride, or softens the heart, like feeling what it is to want.

"Why, you are in a worse state than I am," said the old man; "you have a family to provide for, and I have only myself to support."

"You may kiss the book on that, my old worthy," replied Bill; "but come, what I can do for you I will; plant yourself up here beside the fire, and I'll give it a blast or two of my bellows that will warm the old blood in your body. It's a cold, miserable, snowy day, and a good heat will be of service."

"Thank you kindly," said the old man; "I am cold, and a warming at your fire will do me good, sure enough. Oh, it is a bitter, bitter day, God bless it!"

He then sat down, and Bill blew a rousing blast that soon made the stranger edge back from the heat. In a short time he felt quite comfortable, and when the numbness was taken out of his joints, he buttoned himself up and prepared to depart.

"Now," says he to Bill, "you hadn't the food to give me, but *what you could you did*. Ask any three wishes you choose, and be they what they may, take my word for it, they will be granted."

Now the truth is that Bill, though he believed himself a great man in point of 'cuteness, wanted, after all, a full quarter of being square; for there is always a great difference between a wise man and a knave. Bill was so much of a rogue that he could not, for the blood of him, ask an honest wish, but stood scratching his head in a puzzle.

"Three wishes!" said he. "Why—let me see—did you say *three*?"

"Ay," replied the stranger, "three wishes—that was what I said."

"Well," said Bill, "here goes—aha!—let me alone, my old worthy!—faith, I'll overreach the parish, if what you say is true. I'll cheat them in dozens, rich and poor, old and young; let me alone, man—I have it here;" and he tapped his forehead with great glee. "Faith, you're the sort to meet of a frosty morning, when a man wants his breakfast; and I'm sorry that I have neither money nor credit to get a bottle of whiskey, that we might take our *morning* together."

"Well, but let us hear the wishes," said the old man; "my time is short, and I cannot stay much longer."

"Do you see this sledge hammer?" said Bill; "I wish, in the first place, that whoever takes it up in their hands may never be able to lay it down till I give them lave; and that whoever begins to sledge

with it may never stop sledging till it's my pleasure to release him.

"Secondly—I have an arm-chair, and I wish that whoever sits down in it may never rise out of it till they have my consent.

"And thirdly—that whatever money I put into my purse, nobody may have power to take it out of it but myself!"

"You devil's rip!" says the old man, in a passion, shaking his staff across Bill's nose, "why did you not ask something that would sarve you both here and hereafter? Sure it's as common as the market cross, that there's not a vagabone in his Majesty's dominions stands more in need of both."

"Oh! by the elevens," said Bill, "I forgot that altogether! Maybe you'd be civil enough to let me change one of them? The sorra a purtier wish ever was made than I'll make, if you'll give me another chance."

"Get out, you reprobate," said the old fellow, still in a passion. "Your day of grace is past. Little you knew who was speaking to you all this time. I'm St. Peter, you blackguard, and I gave you an opportunity of doing somethin' for yourself and your family; but you neglected it, and now your fate is cast, you dirty bogtrotting profligate. Sure it's well known what you are! Aren't you a byword in everybody's mouth, you and your scold of a wife? By the Pope's toe! if ever you show your nose to me above stairs, I'll send you in a different direction."

He then gave Bill a rap of his cudgel over the head, and laid him at his length beside the bellows, kicked a broken coal-scuttle out of his way, and left the forge in a fury.

When Billy recovered himself from the effects of the blow, and began to think on what had happened, he could have quartered himself with vexation for not asking great wealth as one of the wishes at least; but now the die was cast on him, and he could only make the most of the three he pitched upon.

He now bethought him how he might turn the wishes to the best account, and here his cunning came to his aid. He began by sending for his wealthiest neighbours on pretence of business; and when he got them under his roof he offered them the arm-chair to sit down in. He now had them safe, nor could all the art of man relieve them except worthy Bill was willing. Bill's plan was to make the best bargain he could before he released his prisoners: and let him alone for knowing how to make their purses bleed. There wasn't a wealthy man in the country he did not fleece. The parson of the parish bled heavily; so did the priest; and a rich attorney, who had retired from practice, swore that the Court of Chancery itself was paradise compared to Bill's chair.

This was all very good for a time. The fame of his chair, however, soon spread; so did that of his sledge. In a short time neither man, woman, nor child would darken his door: all avoided him and his fixtures as they would a spring-gun or man-trap. Bill, so long as he fleeced his neighbours, never wrought a hand's turn; so that when his money was

out, he found himself as badly off as ever, except that he was not able to drink and feed so heartily as usual. In addition to all this, his character was fifty times worse than before; for it was the general belief that he had dealings with the devil. Nothing now could exceed his misery, distress, and ill temper. The wife and he and their children all fought among one another like devils; everybody hated them, cursed them, and avoided them. The people thought they were acquainted with more than Christian people ought to know; for the family, they said, was very like one that the devil drove. All this, of course, came to Bill's ears, and it vexed him very much.

One day he was walking about the fields, thinking of how he could raise the wind once more; the day was dark, and he found himself, before he stopped, in the bottom of a lonely glen covered by great bushes that grew on each side. "Well," thought he, when every other means of raising money failed him, "it's reported that I'm in league with the devil, and as it's a folly to have the name of the connexion without the profit, I'm ready to make a bargain with him any day; so," said he, raising his voice, "Nick, you sinner, if you be convenient and willing, why, stand out here; show your best leg—here's your man."

The words were hardly out of his mouth, when a dark, sober-looking old gentleman, not unlike a lawyer, walked up to him. Bill looked at the foot and saw the hoof.

"Morrow, Nick," says Bill.

"Morrow, Bill," says Nick. "Well, Bill, what's the news?"

"Devil a much myself hears of late," says Bill; "is there anything *fresh* below?"

"I can't exactly say, Bill; I spend little of my time down now; the Whigs are in office, and my hands are consequently too full of business here to pay much attention to anything else."

"A fine place this, sir," says Bill, "to take a constitutional walk in; when I want an appetite I often come this way myself,—hem! *High* feeding is very bad without exercise."

"High feeding! Come, come, Bill, you know you didn't taste a morsel these four-and-twenty hours."

"You know that's a bounce, Nick. I ate a breakfast this morning that would put a stone of flesh on you, if you only smelt at it."

"Bill, you're not remarkable for truth."

"I hope you'll still say so, Nick. You're too well known to gain credit; and, between you and me, I'd rather have your ill word than your good one."

"You have never deserved any but a good word from me, Bill," replied the other. "You're the first swindler on the face of the earth."

"You must go *down stairs*,—must lave the earth to myself, before you say so, Nicky."

"No matter; this is not to the purpose. What's that you were muttering to yourself awhile ago? If you want to come to the brunt, here I'm for you."

"Nick," said Bill, "you're complete; you want nothing barring a pair of Brian O'Lynn's breeches."

Bill, in fact, was bent on making his companion

open the bargain, because he had often heard that in that case, with proper care on his own part, he might defeat him in the long run. The other, however, was his match.

"What was the nature of Brian's garment?" inquired Nick.

"Why, according to the song," said Bill—

"Brian O'Lynn had no breeches to wear,  
So he got a sheep's skin for to make him a pair;  
With the fleshy side out, and the woolly side in,  
They'll be pleasant and cool, says Brian O'Lynn."

"A cool pair would serve you, Nick."

"You're mighty waggish to-day, Mister Duffy."

"And good right, I have," said Bill; "I'm a man snug and well-to-do in the world; have lots of money plenty of good eating and drinking, and what more need a man wish for?"

"True," said the other; "in the meantime it's rather odd that so respectable a man should not have six inches of unbroken cloth in his apparel. You are as naked a tatteredmation as I ever laid my eye on; in full dress for a party of scarecrows, William."

"That's my own fancy, Nicky; I don't work at my trade like a gentleman. This is my forge dress, you know."

"Well, but what did you summon me here for?" said the other; "you may as well speak out, I tell you; for, my good friend, unless you do I shan't smell that."

"I smell more than that," said Bill; "and, by the way, I'll thank you to give me the windy side of you—all sulphur, I say. There, that's what I can an improvement in my condition. But as you are so stiff," says Bill, "why, the short and the long of it is—that—hem—you see I'm—tut—sure you know I have a thriving trade of my own, and that if I like I needn't be at a loss; but, in the meantime, I'm rather in a kind of a so, so—don't you take?"

And Bill winked knowingly, hoping to trick him into the first proposal.

"You must speak above board, my friend," says the other; "I'm a man of few words, blunt and honest. If you have anything to say, be plain. Don't think I can be losing my time with such a pitiful rascal as you are."

"Why, you precious old rip," says Bill, "don't think your *low* breeding will pass among decent people here? However, I believe I may as well speak out; for I see you know how the wind sits, although you did not consider that a while ago;" and Bill put his finger and thumb to his nose. "I want money, then, and am ready to come into terms. What have you to say to that, Nicky?"

"Let me see—let me look at you," says his companion, turning him about. "Now, Bill, in the first place, are you not as finished a scarecrow as ever stood upon two legs?"

"I play second fiddle to you there again," said Bill.

"There you stand with the blackguard's coat-of-arms quartered under your eye, and——"

"Don't make little of blackguards," said Bill, "nor spake disparagingly of your own coat."

"Why, what would you bring, you brazen rascal, if you were fairly put up at auction?"

"Faith, I'd bring more bidders than you would," said Bill, "if you were to go off at auction to-morrow. I tell you they should bid *downwards* to come to your value, Nicholas. We have no coin *small* enough to purchase you."

"Well, no matter," said Nick, "if you are willing to be mine at the expiration of seven years, I will give you more money than ever the rascally breed of you was worth."

"Done!" said Bill; "but no disparagement to my family, in the meantime; so, down with the hard cash, and don't be a *wager*."

The money was accordingly paid down; but as nobody was present, except the giver and receiver, the amount of what Bill got was never known.

"Won't you give me a luck-penny?" said the old gentleman.

"Tut," said Billy, "so prosperous an old fellow as you cannot want it; however, the devil's luck to you, with all my heart! and it's rubbing grease to a fat pig to say so. Be off, now, or I'll commit suicide on you. Your absence is a cordial to most people, you infernal old profligate. You have injured my morals even for the short time you have been with me, for I don't find myself so virtuous as I was."

"Is that your gratitude, Billy?"

"Is it gratitude *you* speak of, man? I wonder you don't blush when you name it. However, when you come again, if you bring a third eye in your head, you will see what I mean, Nicholas, ahagur."

The old gentleman, as Bill spoke, hopped across the ditch on his way to *Downing-street*, where of late, 'tis thought he possesses much influence.

Bill now began by degrees to show off; but still wrought a little at his trade to blindfold the neighbours. In a very short time, however, he became a great man. So long, indeed, as he was a *poor* rascal no decent person would speak to him; even the proud serving-men at the "Big House" would turn up their noses at him. And he well deserved to be made little of by others, because he was mean enough to make little of himself. But when it was seen and known that he had oceans of money, it was wonderful to think, although he was *now* a greater blackguard than ever, how those who despised him before began to come round him and court his company. Bill, however, had neither sense nor spirit to make those sunshiny friends know their distance; not he—instead of that he was proud to be seen in decent company, and so long as the money lasted, it was "hail fellow well met" between himself and every fair-faced *sponger* who had a horse under him, a decent coat to his back, and a good appetite to eat his dinners. With riches and all, Bill was the same man still; but, somehow or other, there is a great difference between a rich profligate and a poor one, and Bill found it so to his cost in *both* cases.

Before half the seven years was passed, Bill had his carriage, and his equipages; was hand and glove with my Lord This, and my Lord That; kept hounds and hunters; was the first sportsman at the Cur-

ragh; patronised every boxing ruffian he could pick up; and betted night and day on cards, dice, and horses. Bill, in short, *should* be a blood; and except he did all this, he could not presume to mingle with the fashionable bloods of his time.

It's an old proverb, however, that "what is got over the devil's back is sure to go off under it;" and in Bill's case this proved true. In short, the devil himself could not supply him with money so fast as he made it fly; it was "come easy, go easy" with Bill, and so sign was on it, before he came within two years of his time he found his purse empty.

And now came the value of his summer friends to be known. When it was discovered that the cash was no longer flush with him—that stud, and carriage, and hounds were going to the hammer—whish! off they went, friends, relations, pot-companions, dinner-eaters, blacklegs, and all, like a flock of crows that had smelt gunpowder. Down Bill soon went, week after week, and day after day, until at last he was obliged to put on the leather apron, and take to the hammer again; and not only that, for as no experience could make him wise, he once more began his tap-room brawls, his quarrels with Judy, and took to his "high feeding" at the dry potatoes and salt. Now, too, came the cutting tongues of all who knew him, like razors upon him. Those that he scorned because they were poor and himself rich now paid him back his own with interest; and those that he measured himself with, because they were rich, and who only countenanced him in consequence of his wealth, gave him the hardest word in their cheeks. The devil mend him! He deserved it all, and more if he had got it.

"What could be expected from a low upstart like him?" one would say; "sure only *I* saw other decent people keeping his company, *I* would never have crossed his threshold; but people must do as the world does." "Yes, indeed!" another would observe, "set a beggar on horseback and he'll ride to the devil. Bill Duffy, indeed! His wealth became him, I'm sure! Why, it was like a gold ring in a pig's nose, or top-boots on a beggarman!"

"Oh, the common spendthrift!" a third would say; "sure everyone that saw how he went on knew that he would go to the devil at last!" And so on.

Bill, however, who was a hardened sinner, never fretted himself down an ounce of flesh by what was said to him, or of him. Not he; he cursed, and fought, and swore, and schemed away as usual; taking in everyone he could, and surely none could match him at villainy of all sorts and sizes.

At last the seven years became expired, and Bill was one morning sitting in his forge, sober and hungry, the wife cursing him, and the childher squalling, as before; he was thinking how he might defraud some honest neighbour out of a breakfast to stop their mouths and his own, too, when who walks into him but old Nick, to demand his bargain.

"Morrow, Bill," says he, with a sneer.

"The devil welcome you!" says Bill, "but you have a fresh memory."

"A bargain's a bargain between two *honest* men,

any day," says Satan; "when I speak of *honest* men, I mean *yourself* and *me*, Bill;" and he put his tongue in his cheek to make game of the unfortunate rogue he had come for.

"Nick, my worthy fellow," said Bill, "have bowels; you wouldn't do a shabby thing; you wouldn't disgrace your own character by putting more weight upon a falling man? You know what it is to get a *come down* yourself, my worthy; so just keep your toe in your pump, and walk off with yourself somewhere else. A *cool* walk will sarve you better than my company, Nicholas."

"Bill, it's no use in shirking," said his friend; "your swindling tricks may enable you to cheat others, but you won't cheat *me*, I guess. You want nothing to make you perfect in your way but to travel; and travel you shall, under my guidance, Billy. No, no—I'm not to be swindled, my good fellow. I have rather a—a—better opinion of myself, Mr. D., than to think that you could outwit one Nicholas Clutie, Esq.—ehem!"

"You may sneer, you sinner," replied Bill; "but I tell you, for your comfort, that I have outwitted men who could buy and sell you to your face. Despair, you villain, when I tell you that *no attorney* could stand before me."

Satan's countenance got blank when he heard this; he wriggled and fidgetted about, and appeared to be not quite comfortable.

"In that case, then," says he, "the sooner I *deceives* you the better; so turn out for the *Low Countries*."

"Is it come to that in earnest?" said Bill, "and are you going to act the rascal at the long run?"

"'Pon honour, Bill."

"Have patience, then, you sinner, till I finish this horse-shoe—it's the last of a set I'm finishing for one of your friend the attorney's horses. And here, Nick, I hate idleness, you know it's the mother of mischief; take this sledge-hammer, and give a dozen strokes or so, till I get it out of hands, and then here's with you, since it must be so."

He then gave the bellows a puff that blew half a peck of dust in Clubfoot's face, whipped out the red-hot iron, and set Satan sledging away for the bare life.

"Faith," says Bill to him, when the shoe was finished, "it's a thousand pities ever the sledge should be out of your hand; the great *Parra Gow* was a child to you at sledging, you're such an able tyke. Now, just exercise yourself till I bid the wife and childher good-bye, and then I'm off."

Out went Bill, of course, without the slightest notion of coming back; no more than Nick had that the sledge-hammer would stick to him like a blister. He waited, however, until Bill had full time to return, then made due allowance for the nature of their parting; but after a little further delay, and no sign of Bill, he began to feel misgivings. "I fear," said he, "the fellow is bent on giving me the slip; but wait—although his contrivances overreach others, I am resolved they shan't overreach *me*. So now for a chase."

He strove to pitch the sledge-hammer away as he speke; but it wouldn't do; he tried it again; but it still demurred. He then looked at it, pulled one

hand, then another, tossed it against the anvil-block struck the bellows, cracked the walls, got his feet round the head of it, pulled, puffed, cursed, and swore, till there wasn't a puff of breath in his body. He now danced like a madman up and down the forge, lashed himself with his tail, fizzed and fumed, and knocked his horns against this thing and that, till he wrought himself into a foam; but all wouldn't do. The sledge had a regard for him, and would by no means leave him by himself in so dangerous a state. He then got into a fresh fury, and began to sledge at the anvil, with a hope that by opening his hands, as he sent away the blow, it might fly out of them. This was just what Bill wanted. He was now compelled to sledge on without stopping until it was Bill's pleasure to release him; and so we leave him, sledging away at the bare anvil, as if it was for a wager, while we look after the worthy who outwitted him.

In the meantime, Bill broke cover, and took to the country at large; wrought a little journeywork wherever he could get it, and in this way went from one place to another, till, in the course of a month, he walked back very coolly into his own forge, to see how things went on in his absence. There he found Satan in a rage, the perspiration pouring from him in torrents, hammering with might and main upon the naked anvil. Bill calmly leaned his back against the wall, placed his hat upon the side of his head, put his hands into his breeches pockets, and began to whistle *Shaun Gow's* hornpipe. At length he says, in a very quiet and good-humoured way:—

"Morrow, Nick!"

"Oh!" says Nick, still hammering away—"oh! you double-distilled villain (hech!), may the most refined, ornamental (hech!), double-rectified, super-extra, and original (hech!) collection of curses that ever was gathered (hech!) into a single nosegay of ill fortune (hech!) shine in the button-hole of your conscience (hech!) while your name is Bill Duffy! I denounce you (hech!) as a double-milled villain, a finished, hot-pressed knave (hech!), in comparison of whom all the other knaves I ever knew (hech!), attorneys included, are honest men. I brand you (hech!) as the pearl of cheats, a tip-top take-in (hech!). I denounce you, I say again, for the villainous treatment (hech!) I have received at your hands in this most untoward (hech!) and unfortunate transaction between us; for (hech!) unfortunate, in every sense, is he that has anything to do with (hech!) such a prime and finished impostor."

"You're very warm, Nicky," says Bill: "what puts you into a passion, you old sinner? Sure, if it's your own will and pleasure to take exercise at my anvil, I'm not to be abused for it. Upon my credit, Nicky, you ought to blush for using such blackguard language, so unbecoming your grave character. You cannot say that it was I set you a hammering at the empty anvil, you profligate. However, as you are so industrious, I simply say it would be a thousand pities to take you from it. Nick, I love industry in my heart, and I always encourage it; so work away; it's not often you spend your

me so creditably. I'm afraid if you weren't at that you'd be worse employed."

"Bill, have bowels," said the operative; "you wouldn't go to lay more weight on a falling man, you know; you wouldn't disgrace your character by such a piece of iniquity as keeping an inoffensive gentleman, advanced in years, at such an unbecoming and scally job as this? Generosity's your top virtue, Bill; not but that you have many other excellent ones as well as that among which, as you say yourself, I reckon industry; but still it is in generosity you shine. Come, Bill, honour bright, and release me."

"Name the terms, you profligate."

"You're above terms, William; a generous fellow like you never thinks of terms."

"Good-bye, old gentleman," said Bill, very coolly: "I'll drop in to see you once a month."

"No, no, Bill, you infern—a—a—you excellent, worthy, delightful fellow, not so fast, not so fast. Come, name your terms, you—my dear Bill, name your terms."

"Seven years more."

"I agree; but——"

"And the same supply of cash as before, down on the nail here."

"Very good; very good. You're rather simple, Bill; rather soft, I must confess. Well, no matter. I shall yet turn the tab—a—hem! You are an exceedingly simple fellow, Bill; still, there will come a day, my dear Bill—there will come ——"

"Do you grumble, you vagrant? Another word, and I double the terms."

"Mum, William—mum; *tace* is Latin for a candle."

"Seven years more of grace, and the same measure of the needful that I got before. Ay or no?"

"Of grace, Bill!! Ay! ay! ay! There's the cash. I accept the terms. Oh, blood! the rascal—of grace!! Bill!"

"Well, now drop the hammer, and vanish."

"Before I go, Bill, I'll show you what it is to be generous. There's a third more of the hard cash. I know of none who will make so good a use of it, except old P——, who, when his father left him the sum of nothing, said he would leave that part of the legacy to be divided among the poor. Do you know another reason why I give you this?"

"No; but I won't be long so, while you're to the fore."

"It is simply that you may sink your connection with me, Billy. The fact is, I have a character to support; and if it was generally known that I—a—a—had any particular knowledge of you, it would be rather a stain upon me. You are, William, some centuries before the age in wickedness, and therefore, at present, it would be discreditable in me to be known as your intimate. I have my reasons for this, that's all; I say, I have my reasons."

"Very good," says Billy, delighted, in the first place, with the additional cash; "you wish it to be thought that the devil's not as black as he's painted; but what would you think to take this sledge, while you stay, and give me a —— eh! why in such a

hurry?" he added, seeing that Satan withdrew in double-quick time.

"Hollo! Nicholas!" he shouted, "come back; you forgot something;" and when the old gentleman looked behind, Bill shook the hammer at him, on which he vanished altogether.

Billy now got into his old courses; and, what shows the kind of people the world is made of, he also took up with his old company. When they saw that he had the money once more, and was sowing it about him in all directions, they immediately began to find excuses for his former extravagance.

"Say what you will," said one, "Bill Duffy's a spirited fellow, and bleeds like a prince."

"He's as hospitable a man in his own house, or out of it, as ever lived," said another.

"His only fault is," observed a third, "that he is, if anything, too generous, and doesn't know the value of money: his fault's on the right side, however."

"He has the spunk in him," said a fourth; "keeps a capital table, prime wines, and a standing welcome for his friends."

"Why," said a fifth, "if he doesn't enjoy his money while he lives, he won't when he's dead; so more power to him, and a wider throat to his purse."

Indeed, the very persons who were cramming themselves at his expense despised him at heart. They knew very well, however, how to take him on the weak side. Praise his generosity, and he would do anything; call him a man of spirit, and you might fleece him to his face. Sometimes he would toss a purse of guineas to this knave, another to that flatterer, a third to a bully, and a fourth to some broken-down rake—and all to convince them that he was a sterling friend—a man of mettle and liberality. But never was he known to help a virtuous and struggling family, to assist the widow or the fatherless, or to do any other act that was *truly* useful. It is to be supposed the reason of this was, that as he spent it, as most of the world do, in the service of the devil, by whose aid he got it, he was prevented from turning it to a good account. Between you and me, dear reader, there are more persons acting after Bill's fashion in the same world than you dream about. Bill had now more practice at spending money than before, and although he had received a greater sum, yet he contrived to get through it in a shorter time. The kind of pleasure he drew from his dissipation, was like the pleasure of quenching one's thirst in a dream—that is to say, no pleasure at all. In the dream a man drinks and drinks; but his thirst is never satisfied. So it was with Bill: he spent and spent, but never enjoyed what he spent. All his former follies were taken up again—all his former crimes repeated; then new follies and new crimes were added to the list. And so he went on as long as his money lasted.

When it was out, his friends played him the same rascally game once more. No sooner did his poverty become plain, than the knaves began to be troubled with small fits of modesty, such as an unwillingness to come to his place when there was no longer any-



thing to be got there. A kind of virgin bashfulness prevented them from speaking to him when they saw him getting out on the wrong side of his clothes. Many of them would turn away from him in the prettiest and most delicate manner when they thought he wanted to borrow money from them—all for fear of putting him to the blush by asking it. Others, again, when they saw him coming towards their houses about dinner hour, would become so confused, from mere gratitude, as to think themselves in another place; and their servants, seized, as it were, with the same feeling, would tell Bill that their masters were "not at home."

At length, after travelling the same villainous round as before, Bill was compelled to betake himself, as the last remedy, to the forge: in other words, he found that there is, after all, nothing in this world that a man can rely on so firmly and surely as his own industry. Bill, however, wanted the organ of common sense; for his experience (and it was sharp enough to leave an impression) run off him like water off a duck.

He took to his employment sorely against his grain, but he had now no choice. He must either work or starve—and starvation is like a great doctor, nobody tries it till every other remedy fails them. Bill had been twice rich; twice a gentleman among blackguards, but always a blackguard among gentlemen; for no wealth or acquaintance with decent society could rub the rust of his native vulgarity off him. He was now a common blinking sot in his forge; a drunken bully in the taproom, cursing and brow-beating everyone as well as his wife; boasting of how much money he had spent in his day; swaggering about the high doings he carried on; telling stories about himself and Lord This at the Curragh; the dinners he gave—how much they cost him, and attempting to extort credit upon the strength of his former wealth. He was too ignorant, however, to know that he was publishing his own disgrace, and that it was a mean-spirited thing to be proud of what ought to make him blush through a deal board nine inches thick.

He was one morning industriously engaged in a quarrel with his wife, who, with a three-legged stool in her hand, appeared to mistake his head for his own anvil; he, in the meantime, paid his addresses to her with his leather apron, when who steps in to jog his memory about the little agreement that was between them but old Nick. The wife, it seems, in spite of all her exertions to the contrary, was getting the worst of it; and Sir Nicholas, willing to appear a gentleman of great gallantry, thought he could not do less than take up the lady's quarrel, particularly as Bill had laid her in a sleeping posture. Now, Satan thought this too bad; and, as he felt himself under many obligations to the sex, he determined to defend one of them on the present occasion; so, as Judy rose, he turned upon the husband, and floored him by a clever facer.

"You unmanly villain," said he, "is this the way you treat your wife? 'Pon honour, Bill, I'll chastise you on the spot. I could not stand by a spectator of

such ungentlemanly conduct without giving up all claim to gallant—"

Whack! the word was divided in his mouth by the blow of a churn-staff from Judy, who no sooner saw Bill struck, than she nailed Satan, who "fell" once more.

"What, you villain! that's for striking my husband like a murderer behind his back," said Judy, and she suited the action to the word; "that's for interfering between man and wife. Would you murder the poor man before my face, eh? If he bates me, you shabby dog you, who has a better right? I'm sure it's nothing out of your pocket. Must you have your finger in every pie?"

This was anything but *idle* talk; for at every word she gave him a remembrance, hot and heavy. Nicholas backed, danced, and hopped; she advanced, still drubbing him with great perseverance, till at length he fell into the redoubtable arm-chair, which stood exactly behind him. Bill, who had been putting in two blows for Judy's one, seeing that his enemy was safe, now got between the devil and his wife, a situation that few will be disposed to envy him.

"Tenderness, Judy," said the husband, "I hate cruelty. Go put the tongs in the fire, and make them red-hot. Nicholas, you have a nose," said he.

Satan began to rise, but was rather surprised to find that he could not budge.

"Nicholas," says Bill, "how is your pulse? You don't look well; that is to say, you look worse than usual."

The other attempted to rise, but found it a mistake.

"I'll thank you to come along," said Bill; "I have a fancy to travel under your guidance, and we'll take the *Low Countries* in our way, won't we? Get to your legs, you sinner; you know a bargain's a bargain between two *honest men*, Nicholas—meaning *yourself* and *me*. Judy, are the tongs hot? The devil's nose is waiting for them; it's out of all patience."

Satan's face was worth looking at, as he turned his eyes from the husband to the wife, and then fastened them on the tongs, now nearly at a furnace heat in the fire, conscious, at the same time, that he could not move out of the chair.

"Billy," said he, "you won't forget that I rewarded your generosity the last time I saw you, in the way of business."

"Faith, Nicholas, it fails me to remember any generosity I ever showed you. Don't be womanish. I simply want to see what kind of stuff your nose is made of, and whether it will stretch like a rogue's conscience. If it does, we will flatter it up the *chimney* with the red-hot tongs, and when this old hat is fixed on the top of it, let us alone for a weather-cock."

"Billy," said Satan, "I say again, considering my years, would you treat an aged gentleman so vilely? Bill, I always considered you a gentlemanly sort of person, upon my soul I did; and from one gentleman to another, William, this is not the thing. Consider my years, William; I'm advanced in life, and my age alone ought to protect me."

"Your age did not protect me, Nicky, when you

gave me the facer awhile ago; the last time you were at my sledge you gave no sign of either age or weakness. In villainy you're old enough, you sinner."

"Then have a *fellow-feeling*, Mr. Duffy; you know we ought not to dispute, William. Come, come, drop the matter, and I give you the next seven years."

"We know all that," says Billy, opening the red-hot tongs very coolly.

"Mr. Duffy," said Satan, "if you cannot remember my friendship to yourself, don't forget how often I stood your father's friend, your grandfather's friend, and the friend of all your relations up to the tenth generation. I intended, also, to stand by your children after you, so long as the name of Duffy, and a respectable one it is, might last."

"Don't be blushing, Nick," says Bill, "you are too modest; that was ever your failing; keep up your head, there's money bid for you. I'll give you such a nose, my good friend, that you will have to keep an outrider before you, to carry the end of it on his shoulder."

"Mr. Duffy, I pledge my honour to raise your children in the world as high as they can go, no matter whether they desire it or not."

"That's very kind of you," says the other, "and I'll do as much for your nose."

He gripped it as he spoke, and the old boy immediately sung out; Bill pulled, and the nose went with him like a piece of warm wax. He then transferred the tongs to Judy, got a ladder, resumed the tongs, ascended the chimney, and tugged stoutly at the nose until he got it five feet above the roof. He then fixed the hat upon the top of it, and came down.

"There's a weathercock," said Billy; "I defy Ireland to show such a beauty. Faith, Nick, it would make the purtiest steeple for a church in all Europe; and the old hat fits it to a shaving."

In this state, with his nose twisted up the chimney, Satan sat for some time, experiencing the novelty of what might be termed a peculiar sensation. At last the worthy husband and wife began to relent.

"I think," said Bill, "that we have made the most of the nose, as well as the joke; I believe, Judy, it's long enough."

"What is?" says Judy.

"Why, the joke," said the husband.

"Faith, and I think so is the nose," said Judy.

"What do you say yourself, Satan?" said Bill.

"Nothing at all, William," said the other; "but that—ha! ha!—it's a good joke—an excellent joke, and a goodly nose, too, as it *stands*. You were always a gentlemanly man, Bill, and did things with a grace; still, if I might give an opinion on such a trifle—"

"It's no trifle at all," says Bill, "if you spake of the nose."

"Very well, it is not," says the other; "still, if I might venture an opinion, with great submission to you, Bill—upon so important a subject—he had one eye up the chimney, and the other cocked at Bill, as he spoke—"I think, William dear, Mr. William, or rather, William Duffy, Esquire and gentleman—I think, with every respect and deference to you and

your very respectable and interesting wife, Mrs. Duffy—I agree, I say, with each of you, and am decidedly of opinion, that if you could shorten both the joke and the nose, without further violence, you would lay me under very heavy obligations, which I shall be ready to acknowledge and *repay*, as I ought."

"Come," said Bill, "shell out once more, and be off for seven years. As much as you came down with the last time, and vanish."

The words were scarcely spoken when the money was at his feet, and Satan invisible. Nothing could surpass the mirth of Bill and his wife at the result of this adventure. They laughed till they fell down on the floor.

It is useless to go over the same ground again. Bill was still incorrigible. The money went as the devil's money always goes. Bill caroused and squandered; but could never turn a penny of it to a good purpose. In this way year after year went, till the seventh was closed, and Bill's hour come. He was now, and had been for some time past, as miserable a knave as ever. Not a shilling had he, nor a shilling's worth, with the exception of his forge, his cabin, and a few articles of crazy furniture. In this state he was standing in his forge as before, straining his ingenuity how to make out a breakfast, when Satan came to look after him.

The old gentleman was sorely puzzled how to get at him. He kept skulking and sneaking about the forge for some time, till he saw that Bill hadn't a cross to bless himself with. He immediately changed himself into a guinea, and lay in an open place where he knew Bill would see him. "If," said he, "I get once into his possession, I can manage him."

The honest smith took the bait, for it was well gilded; he clutched the guinea, put it into his purse, and closed it up.

"Ho! ho!" shouted the devil out of the purse, "you're caught, Bill; I've secured you at last you knave you. Why don't you despair, you villain, when you think of what's before you?"

"Why, you unlucky old dog," said Bill, "is it there you are; will you always drive your head into every loop-hole that's set for you? Faith, Nick, achora, I never had you bagged till now."

Satan then began to swell and tug and struggle, with a view of getting out of the purse, but in vain. He found himself fast, and perceived that he was once more in Bill's power.

"Mr. Duffy," said he, "we understand each other. I'll give the seven years additional, and the cash on the nail."

"Be aisey, Nicholas. You know the weight o' the hammer; that's enough. It's not a whipping with feathers you're going to get, anyhow. Just be aisey."

"Mr. Duffy, I grant I'm not your match. Release me, and I double the cash. I was merely trying your temper when I took the shape of a guinea."

"Faith, and I'll try yours before you lave it, I've a notion."

He immediately commenced with the sledge, and

Satan sang out with a considerable want of firmness.

"Am I heavy enough?" said Bill.

"Lighter, lighter, William, if you love me. I haven't been well, latterly, Mr. Duffy;—I have been delicate;—my health, in short, is in a very precarious state, Mr. Duffy."

"I can believe *that*," said Bill, "and it will be more so before I have done with you. Am I doing it right?"

"Beautifully, William; but a little of the heaviest; strike me light, Bill, my head's tender, oh!"

"Heads or tails, my old boy," exclaimed the other; "I don't care which; it's all the same to me what side of you is up; but here goes to help the impression—hach!"

"Bill," said Nicholas, "is this gentlemanly treatment in your own respectable shop? Do you think if you dropped into my little place that I'd act this rascally part towards you? Have you no compunction?"

"I know," replied Bill, sledging away with vehemence, "that you're notorious for giving your friends a *warm* welcome. Divil an ould youth more so; but you must be daling in bad coin, must you? However, good or bad, you're in for a sweat now, you sinner. Am I doin' it purty?"

"Lovely, William; but, if possible, a little more delicate."

"Oh, how delicate you are! Maybe a cup o' tay would sarve you, or a little small gruel to compose your stomick."

"Mr. Duffy," said the gentleman in the purse, "hold your hand, and let us understand one another. I have a proposal to make."

"Hear the sinner, anyhow," said the wife.

"Name your own sum," said Satan; "only set me free."

"No; the sorrow may take the toe you'll budge till you let Bill off," said the wife; "hould him Bill, barrin' he sets *you* clear of your engagement."

"There it is, my posey," said Bill; "that's the condition. If you don't give *me* up, here's at you once more—and you must double the cash you gave the last time, too. So, if you're of that opinion say *ay*—leave the cash, and be off."

"Oh, murder!" groaned the old one, "am I to be done by an Irish spalpeen! I who was never done before?"

"Keep a mannerly tongue in your head, Nick," said Bill; "if you're not *done* by this time you must be the devil's *tough morsel*, for I'm sure you're long enough at *the fire*, you villain. Do you agree to the terms?"

"Ay, ay," replied the other; "let me out, and I hope I have done with you."

The money again immediately appeared in a glittering heap before Bill, upon which he exclaimed—"The *ay* has it, you dog. Take to your pumps now, and fair weather after you, you vagrant: but, Nicholas—Nick—here—here—"

The other looked back, and saw Bill, with a broad grin upon him, shaking the purse at him. "Nicholas, come back," said he, "I'm short a guinea."

The other shook his fist in return, and shouted out, looking over his shoulder, as he spoke, but not stopping: "Oh, you superlative villain, keep from me; I wish to have done with you, and all I hope is that I'll never meet you either here or hereafter." So saying, he disappeared.

It would be useless to stop now merely to inform our readers that Bill was beyond improvement. In short, he once more took to his old habits, and lived on exactly in the same manner as before. When he died he left two sons, one as great a blackguard as himself, and who was also named after him; the other was a well-conducted, virtuous young man, called James, who left his father, and having relied upon his own industry and honest perseverance in life, arrived afterwards to great wealth, and built the town called Bally-James-Duff, which is so called from its founder until this day.

## O'CONNELL AND BIDDY MORIARTY.

Shortly after Daniel O'Connell was called to the Bar he laid a wager that he would silence a celebrated Dublin termagant, named Biddy Moriarty.

THE party adjourned to the huxter's stall, and there was the owner herself superintending the sale of her small wares—a few loungers and ragged idlers were hanging round her stall—for Biddy was "a character," and, in her way, was one of the sights of Dublin.

O'Connell was very confident of success. He had laid an ingenious plan for overcoming her, and, with all the anxiety of an ardent experimentalist, waited to put it into practice. He resolved to open the attack. At this time O'Connell's own party, and the

loungers about the place, formed an audience quite sufficient to rouse Mrs. Moriarty, on public provocation, to a due exhibition of her powers. O'Connell commenced the attack:—

"What's the price of this walking-stick, Mrs. What's-your-Name?"

"Moriarty, sir, is my name, and a good one it is; and what have you to say agen it? and one-and-sixpence's the price of the stick. Troth, it's chape as dirt—so it is."

"One-and-sixpence for a walking-stick; whew!

why, you are no better than an impostor, to ask eighteen-pence for what cost you twopence."

"Twopence your grandmother," replied Miss Bidly; "do you mane to say that it's chating the people I am?—impostor, indeed!"

"Ay, impostor; and it's that I call you to your teeth," rejoined O'Connell.

"Come, cut your stick, you cantankerous jackanapes."

"Keep a civil tongue in your head, you old *diagonal*," cried O'Connell, calmly.

"Stop your jaw, you pug-nosed badger, or by this and that," cried Mrs. Moriarty, "I'll make you go quicker nor you came."

"Don't be in a passion, my old *radius*—anger will only wrinkle your beauty."

"By the hokey, if you say another word of impudence, I'll tan your dirty hide, you bastely, common scrub; and sorry I'd be to soil my fists upon your carcass."

"Whew! boys, what a passion old Bidly is in; I protest, as I'm a gentleman——"

"Jintleman! jintleman! the likes of you a jintleman! Wisha, by gor, that bangs Banagher. Why, you potato-faced pippin-aneezer, when did a Madagascar monkey like you pick enough of common Christian dacency to hide your Kerry brogue?"

"Easy now—easy now," cried O'Connell, with imperturbable good-humour, "don't choke yourself with fine language, you old whiskey-drinking *parallelogram*."

"What's that you call me, you murderin' villain?" roared Mrs. Moriarty, stung into fury.

"I call you," answered O'Connell, "a parallelogram; and a Dublin judge and jury will say that it's no libel to call you so!"

"Oh, tare-an-ouns! oh, holy Bidly! that an honest woman like me should be called a parrybellygrum, to her face. I'm none of your parrybellygrums, you rascally gallows-bird; you cowardly, sneaking, plate-lickin' bliggard!"

"Oh, not you, indeed!" retorted O'Connell; "why,

I suppose you'll deny that you keep a *hypotheneuse* in your house?"

"It's a lie for you, you b—y robber; I never had such a thing in my house, you swindling thief."

"Why, sure all your neighbours know very well that you keep not only a hypotheneuse, but that you have two *diameters* locked up in your garret, and that you go out to walk with them every Sunday, you heartless old *heptagon*."

"Oh, hear that, ye saints in glory! Oh, there's bad language from a fellow that wants to pass for a jintleman. May the devil fly away with you, you micher from Munster, and make celery-sauce of your rotten limbs, you mealy-mouthed tub of guts."

"Ah, you can't deny the charge, you miserable *submultiple* of a *duplicate ratio*."

"Go rinse your mouth in the Liffey, you nasty tickle-pitcher; after all the bad words you speak, it ought to be filthier than your face, you dirty chicken of Beelzebub."

"Rinse your own mouth, you wicked-minded old *polygon*—to the deuce I pitch you, you blustering intersection of a filthy superficies!"

"You saucy tinker's apprentice, if you don't cease your jaw, I'll——" But here she gasped for breath, unable to hawk up any more words, for the last volley of O'Connell had nearly knocked the wind out of her.

"While I have a tongue I'll abuse you, you most inimitable *periphery*. Look at her, boys! there she stands—a convicted *perpendicular* in petticoats! There's contamination in her *circumference*, and she trembles with guilt down to the extremities of her *corollaries*. Ah! you're found out, you *rectilineal antecedent*, and *equiangular* old hag! 'Tis with you the devil will fly away, you porter-swiping *similitude* of the *bisection* of a *vortex*!"

Overwhelmed with this torrent of language, Mrs. Moriarty was silenced. Catching up a saucepan, she was aiming at O'Connell's head, when he very prudently made a timely retreat.

"You have won the wager, O'Connell, here's your bet," cried the gentleman who proposed the contest.

## THE WOUNDED DETECTIVE.

BY T. D. SULLIVAN, M.P.

THE INCIDENT ON WHICH THE FOLLOWING POEM IS FOUNDED OCCURRED IN DUBLIN, ON THE 12TH OF NOVEMBER, 1865.

INSPECTOR DOYLE and Inspector Hughes,  
Of the G Division of Dublin Blues,  
Were men who knew  
A thing or two,  
And were up to the work they were wanted to do.  
And whenever a season  
Of trouble came round,

When sedition and treason  
Were said to abound,  
When report said that rebels were drilling and  
arming,  
And the state of the country was highly alarming,  
When the Government wished for a startling sensation  
To give them excuse for some new legislation—

Then the men in their pay  
Most observant and heedful,  
And who best knew the way  
To supply what was needful,  
Were Inspector Doyle and Inspector Hughes  
Of the G Division of Dublin Blues.

It was just such an anxious and critical time,  
The air being heavy with rumours of crime,  
When, one dull Autumn evening, those aids of the  
Crown,

After roving the town,  
Sautered up to their office, looked up street and  
down,

With that nonchalant air  
Your detective can wear,  
While his ears are wide open for all he can hear;  
And he's able to spy

With the end of one eye  
More than anyone else can behold with a pair  
Of visual organs, however he stare.  
But though they had listened and watched all the  
day,

Just now they had nothing to show for their pay,  
So they paced by their office door slowly and sadly,  
With grief at their hearts, and their eyes almost  
wet,

To think that an outrage was wanted so badly,  
And they could discover no sign of one yet.

When hark! a report,  
Loud, sudden, and short,  
And Doyle gave a shiver, and Hughes gave a  
start,

And he leant by the wall,  
As if going to fall,  
And he groaned, "Ah, I've caught it, right over the  
heart.

"Bear me, friend, into the station,  
Bear me softly in," he said—  
"I would make an information  
Ere I'm numbered with the dead.

"If you have the matter handy,  
Lest my spirits faint and sink,  
Bring me here a flask of brandy,  
Much I need a drop of drink.

"Silence, Doyle! what foolish clacking  
Do I hear your tongue let slip!  
No, I say, 'twas not the cracking  
Of a carter's heavy whip.

"'Twas a pistol double shotted,  
Fired by some disloyal rough;  
Here above the heart I've caught it,  
And I'm done for, sure enough.

"Done for, comrades, never doubt it,  
Fare you well, my dear old chums.  
How I'm hurt, and all about it  
You shall know when Nedly comes."

Meantime to the Castle was carried the news  
Of the murderous outrage on officer Hughes.  
In an instant the place was all business and bustle,  
The soldiers rushed out, all prepared for a tussle;  
Officials well known for their loyal devotion  
Passed up stairs and down, looking white with  
emotion:

Sub-Secretary Burke  
Was at once set to work  
To write from Mat Anderson's solemn dictation  
The text of a startling and stern proclamation,  
Which said—

THREE HUNDRED POUNDS REWARD  
We here shall pay  
Without delay  
To him who brings, alive or dead,  
The miscreant to our Castle Yard  
Who, plotting crime and thinking evil,  
And instigated by the devil,  
Attacked Inspector Hughes, the while  
He stood close by the Dame-street station,  
And in the most determined style  
Attempted his assassination.

The document written, away like a bomb  
Went an orderly bearing the paper to Thom,  
With an urgent request to do all in his power  
To have it in print ere the lapse of an hour.

Soon unto the station  
Surgeon Nedly came,  
Humming dulcet music,  
Whistling of the same.

Spake he very softly  
To Inspector Hughes,  
While around him circled  
Lots of listening Blues:

And he said: "Inspector,  
You must be undressed;  
Off with coat and waistcoat,  
Shirt and flannel vest."

So his comrades took them,  
Gently, one by one,  
Then the skilful surgeon  
Saw what had been done.

And the G's there present  
All beheld the wound;  
Bright it looked, and angry,  
Small and red and round.

Then the surgeon sweetly  
Whistled up a tune,  
Either *Di Provenza*  
Or "Up in a Balloon."

And he said: "Policemen,  
'Tis a certain fact  
By some lawless villain  
Hughes has been attacked.

" By some roving rascal  
With a fiercer will,  
And even more bloodthirsty  
Than Rory of the Hill.

" He will give more trouble  
If not quickly nabbed ;  
But our good Inspector  
Was not shot, but stabbed.

" Though you see no traces  
Of the crimson flood  
On his shirt or braces,  
Hughes has lost some blood,

" There is no occasion  
For extreme alarm,  
But a cautious treatment  
Will not do him harm.

" Keep him rather quiet,  
Give him, by all means,  
Light nutritious diet,  
Such as pork and greens.

" He will need no lotion  
For the wounded part,  
But a draught is wanted  
For his fainting heart.

" I shall send two bottles  
Which will suit him well.  
Bearing small green labels,  
And the sign, 'L.L.'"

The doctor passed out ; a detective arose,  
And he said, " Brother G's, list to what I propose :  
I have heard for a fact there's a heavy reward  
For whoever will catch and bring up to the Yard  
That rover so bold, be he living or dead,  
By whom Brother Hughes was assaulted and bled.  
Now, I'm sure that the fellow is not far away ;  
We can manage to seize him, I'll venture to say.  
At work of the kind we are all pretty clever,  
And surely the prize is well worth the endeavour."

The G's all agreed, and they quickly wheeled out  
A table that all might assemble about ;  
Upon it the officer's vest they outspread,  
And above it at once was bowed every head.  
They gazed on the garment with eyes keen and  
stead,

And the word that went round was, " Be ready,  
boys, ready."  
But the fellow they sought for, like other sharp  
dealers,

Had the pure native talent for dodging the Peelers.  
One moment they saw him and dashed at the spot,  
But when they had got to it, there he was not.  
At times when they thought they had hold of the  
ranger,

With a hop, step, and jump, he got clear of all  
danger ;

And what caused their hopes to be fearfully shaken.  
Was that no two agreed on the route he had  
taken.

Then the G's looked annoyed, finding all their  
ability

Upset by the fellow's astounding agility,  
And foiled by the wit that so neatly could teach him  
When the strong hand of justice was likely to reach  
him.

Still they searched, and they hunted ; but, hunting  
in vain

Their tempers grew hot, and their language profane,  
Their faces grew red, and their eyes like to jelly.

For they knew, should their search be completely  
evaded,

And this chap get off, just like Stephens and Kelly.  
The force would be fiercely abused and  
upbraided,

Members of Parliament, night after night,  
Would rise to ask Fortescue, Gladstone, and Bright  
If no means under heaven could be found to in-  
crease

The crime-checking powers of the Irish Police ;  
Complaints of the soldierly training and dress  
Would be published by scores in the *Mail* and  
*Express* ;

And a cry would be raised for a Royal Commission  
To report on the cause of their wretched condition.

So the G's stuck to work, and when next they espied  
The chap that was " wanted," they noticed with  
pride

That his jumps were less lofty, his pace was less  
fleet,  
And he seemed somewhat weary and weak on his  
feet.

He staggered at times, and the smallest thing tripped  
him,

At some two or three doubles the G's nearly gripped  
him ;

But still, though he swayed like a swell on a  
" bender,"

He showed a bold front, and he scorned to  
surrender.

On, on pressed his foes, with a noise as of Babel,  
With quick sudden strokes came their hands on the  
table ;

Each moment they seemed to grow fiercer and  
stronger,

While he, it was plain, could not hold out much  
longer.

He was fast breaking down, though he made some  
good running.

And did two or three things that they all said were  
" stunning."

He threw two back jumps on so novel a system  
That though close at his heels, 'twas no wonder they  
missed him.

He gave three side hops in so strange a direction,  
That his course for an instant quite baffled detection.  
But at last, falling short of the spring he intended,  
He had Doyle on his back, and his gambols were  
ended.

Then a shout of gladness  
From the G men broke ;  
Midst the gay commotion,  
The lucky captor spoke :

“ Bring me here an envelope ;  
Bring a sheet of paper ;  
Let me have some sealing wax,  
And a lighting taper.”

These to the Inspector  
Were furnished in a minute,  
He folded up the paper  
And wrapped the body in it.

He placed it in the envelope ;  
He gummed the edges down,  
And sealed it with a great red seal  
As large as half-a-crown.

Then spake he to a comrade,  
“ As quickly as you can,  
Go bid them bring me hither  
The two-horse prison van.”

Up came the van full quickly ;  
“ V. R.” was on it signed,  
Two Blues sat up in front of it.  
And one sat close behind.

At once the brave Inspector  
Took up an inside seat,  
And then the royal waggon  
Went rattling up the street ;

And never paused the driver,  
And never stirred the guard,  
Till he said “ Wee-ho” at the portico,  
In the Upper Castle Yard.

The Privy Councillors  
One and all,  
Were sitting just then  
In the Council Hall,

After sending a telegram over the water,  
Announcing the advent of riot and slaughter,  
Requesting that troops should be hurried across  
To save loyal people from terror and loss ;  
And suggesting the heads of an excellent measure  
For enabling the Viceroy to deal at his pleasure  
With all men whose ways were not humble and  
lowly,  
Or who held that the laws were not blessed and  
holy ;  
And with all whom the G's might regard with  
suspicion,  
As likely to think or to dream of sedition.

Into the room the Inspector was led ;  
He bowed to the Council all round, and he said :  
“ Your lordships, no doubt, have ere now heard  
the news  
Of the villainous outrage on officer Hughes ;

And know that a placard is issued which offers  
A handsome reward from the Government officers,  
To whoever will bring, within reasonable time,  
Whether living or dead, to the place where we  
stand,  
The bloodthirsty wretch who committed a crime,  
Which too oft goes unpunished, 'tis true, in this  
land.

Well, my lords, by such hopes and such chances inspired  
We did with a will what our duty required ;  
We sought for the fellow, we chased and we  
caught him,  
And I now claim the prize, for behold I have  
brought him !”

He opened the paper,  
Before their eyes—  
Their lordships gazed  
With unfeigned surprise ;  
And some looked foolish,  
And some looked wise.  
Earl Spencer said  
Things might have been better ;  
Yet Doyle's remarks  
Were correct to the letter ;  
And perhaps what he did  
Would be much to their purpose,  
Which was just to get rid  
Of the *Habeas Corpus*.  
Judge Keogh looked down  
On the body awhile,  
Then tipping a wink,  
In his good old style  
(Known in Cork and Athlone),  
He observed with a smile,  
That 'twas well he was stopped  
In his course of wrong,  
Ere the days grew short  
And the nights grew long.  
J. D. Fitzgerald,  
In tones melodious,  
Said his fate was hard,  
Though his manners were odious.  
The fellow in life  
Was too much of a pagan  
To get a soft word  
From the gentle O'Hagan,  
But all agreed,  
Though his days were ended,  
The land should be ruled  
In the way they intended ;  
And therefore 'twas better  
That no one should know  
What sort of a criminal  
Doyle had laid low.  
And better not furnish  
To Downing-street  
The rascal's description  
Or *carte-de-visite*.

While thus they talked the matter o'er,  
A telegram from Gladstone came,  
Saying England could endure no more  
The sight of Ireland's sin and shame.

This last offence had filled the cup  
Of Irish treason brimming up,  
And England now should stretch the hand  
Of terror o'er the guilty land;  
A law would soon be passed to smite  
The foes of order, left and right,  
Keep dangerous men in due restraint,  
Suppress the voice of all complaint,  
And reproduce the fine old ways  
Of good Queen Bess's happy days.

The Bill, he had been told by Dowse,  
Was nearly ready for the House.  
Of course 'twould pass right quickly through,  
For all the leaders, Whig and Tory,  
Declared 'twas just the thing to do  
For Ireland's peace and England's glory.  
Even so it was done:  
There remains but to mention  
That Doyle got the money,  
And Hughes got a pension.

## THE FAIRY FINDER.

BY SAMUEL LOVER.

EVERY village crone has plenty of stories to make her hearers wonder how fortunes have been arrived at by extraordinary short cuts; and, as it has been laid down as an axiom, "That there never was a fool who had not a greater fool to admire him," so there never was an old woman who told such stories without plenty of listeners.

Now, Darby Kelleher was one of the latter class, and there was a certain colloch\* who was an extensive dealer in the marvellous, and could supply "wholesale, retail, and for exportation," any customer such as Darby Kelleher, who not only was a devoted listener, but also made an occasional offering at the cave of the sibyl, in return for her oracular communications. This tribute generally was tobacco, as the colloch was partial to chewing the weed; and thus Darby returned a *quid pro quo*, without having any idea that he was giving a practical instance of the foregoing well-known pun.

Another constant attendant at the hut of the hag was Oonah Lenehan, equally prone to the marvellous as Darby Kelleher, and quite his equal in idleness. A day never passed without Darby and Oonah paying the old woman a visit. She was sure to be "at home," for age and decrepitude rendered it impossible for her to be otherwise, the utmost limit of her ramble from her own chimney corner being the seat of sods outside the door of her hut, where, in the summer time, she was to be found so soon as the sunbeams fell on the front of her abode, and made the seat habitable for one whose accustomed vicinity to the fire rendered heat indispensable to comfort. Here she would sit and rock herself to and fro in the hot noons of July and August, her own appearance and that of her wretched cabin being in admirable keeping. To a fanciful beholder, the question might have suggested itself, whether the hag was made for the hovel, or it for her; or whether they had grown into a likeness of one another, as man and wife are said

to do, for there were many points of resemblance between them. The tattered thatch of the hut was like the straggling hair of its mistress, and Time, that had grizzled the latter, had covered the former with gray lichens. To its mud walls a strong likeness was to be found in the tint of the old woman's shrivelled skin; they were both seriously out of the perpendicular; and the rude mud and wicker chimney of the edifice having toppled over the gable, stuck out, something in the fashion of the doodeen or short pipe that projected from the old woman's upper story; and so they both were smoking away from morning till night; and, to complete the similitude sadly, both were poor—both lonely—both fast falling to decay.

Here were Darby Kelleher and Oonah Lenehan sure to meet every day. Darby might make his appearance thus:—

"Good-morrow kindly, granny."

"The same to you, avick," mumbled out the crone.

"Here's some 'baccy for you, granny."

"Many thanks to you, Darby. I didn't lay it out for seeing you so airy, the day."

"No, nor you wouldn't neither, only I was passin' this a way, runnin' an arrand for the squire, an' I thought I might as well step in and ax you how you wor."

"Good boy, Darby."

"Throth an' it's a hot day that's in it, this blessed day. Phew! faix it's out o' breath I am, and mighty hot intirely! for I was runnin' a'most half the way bekase it's an arrand, you see, and the squire towld me to make haste, and so I did, and wint across the fields by the short cut; and as I was passin' by the owld castle, I remimbered what you towld me a while ago, granny, about the crock o' goold that is there for *sartin*, if anyone could come upon it."

"An' that's thrue, indeed, Darby, avick—and never heerd any other, the longest day I can remember."

"Well, well! think o' that!! Oh, then it's he that'll be the lucky fellow that finds it."

"Thru for you, Darby; but that won't be *antil* it is laid out for someone to rise it."

\* Old woman.



"Sure that's what I said to myself often; and why mightn't it be my chance to be the man that it was laid out for to find it?"

"There's no knowin'," mumbled the crone, mysteriously, as she shook the ashes out of her tobacco pipe, and replenished the *dooden* with some of the fresh stock Darby had presented.

"Faix, an' that's thrue, sure enough. Oh, but you've a power o' knowledge, granny! Sure enough, indeed, there's no knowin'; but they say there's great virtue in dhrame."

"That's ondeniable, Darby," said the hag, "and, by the same token, maybe you'd step into the house and bring me out a bit o' live turf\* to light my pipe."

"To be sure, granny," and away went Darby to execute the commission.

While he was raking from amongst the embers on the hearth a piece of turf sufficiently "alive" for the purpose, Oonah made her appearance outside the hut, and gave the usual cordial salutation to the old woman. Just as she had done her civility, out came Darby, holding the bit of turf between the two extremities of an osier twig, bent double for the purpose of forming a rustic tongs.

"Musha, an' is that you, Darby?" said Oonah.

"Who else would it be?" said Darby.

"Why, you towld me over an hour agone, down there in the big field, that you wor in a hurry."

"And so I am in a hurry, and wouldn't be here only I jist stepped in to say God save you to the mother here, and to light her pipe for her, the craythur."

"Well, don't be standin' there, lettin' the coal† go black out, Darby," said the old woman; "but let me light my pipe at wanst."

"To be sure, granny," said Darby, applying the morsel of lighted ember to the bowl of her pipe, until the process of ignition had been effected. "And now, Oonah, my darlint, if you're so sharp an other people, what the dickens brings you here, when it is mindin' the geese in the stubbles you ought to be, and nothere? What would the misthrius say to that, I wondher?"

"Oh, I left them safe enough, and they're able to take care o' themselves for a bit, and I wanted to ax the granny about a dhrame I had."

"Sure, so do I," said Darby; and you know *first come first served* is a good owld sayin'. And so, granny, you own to it that there's a power o' vartue in dhrames?"

A long-drawn whiff of the pipe was all the hag vouchsafed in return.

"Oh, then but that's the iligant tabaccy! musha, but it's fine and sthrong, an' takes the breath from one a'most, it's so good. Long life to you, Darby—paugh!!"

"You're kindly welkim, granny. An' as I was sayin' about the dhrame—you say there's a power o' vartue in them?"

"Who says agin it?" said the hag, authoritatively, and looking with severity on Darby.

\* In Ireland the tobacco in a pipe is very generally ignited by the application of a piece of burning turf, or as it is figuratively called, live turf.

† The peasantry often say "a coal o' turf."

"Sure, an' it's not me you'd suspect o' the like! I was only goin' to say that *myself* had a mighty sharp dhrame last night, and sure I kem to ax you about the maynin' av it."

"Well, avick, tell us your dhrame," said the hag, sucking her pipe with increased energy.

"Well, you see," said Darby, "I dhremt I was goin' along a road, and that all of a suddint I kem to *crass* roads, and you know there's great vartue in *crass* roads."

"That's thrue, avourneen!—paugh!!—go an."

"Well, as I was sayin', I kem to the *crass* roads, and soon afther I seen four walls; now I think the four walls *manes* the owld castle."

"Likely enough, avick."

"Oh," said Oonah, who was listening with her mouth as wide open as if the faculty of hearing lay there, instead of in her ears, "sure you know the owld castle has only *three* walls, and how could that be it?"

"No matter for that," said the crone, "it *ought* to have four, and that's the same thing."

"Well, well! I never thought o' that," said Oonah, lifting her hands in wonder; "sure enough, so it ought!"

"Go on, Darby," said the hag.

"Well, I thought the greatest sight o' crows ever I seen flew out o' the castle, and I think *that* must mane the goold there is in it!"

"Did you count how many there was?" said the hag, with great solemnity.

"Faith, I never thought o' that," said Darby, with an air of vexation.

"Could you tell me, itself, wor they odd or even, avick?"

"Faix, an' I could not say for *cartin*."

"Ah, that's it!" said the crone, shaking her head in token of disappointment. "How can I tell the maynin' o' your dhrame, if you don't know how it kem out exactly?"

"Well, granny, but don't you think the crows was *likely* for goold?"

"Yis—if they flew heavy."

"Throth, then, an' now I remimber, they did fly heavy, and I said to myself there would be rain soon, the crows was flyin' so heavy."

"I wish you didn't dhrame o' rain, Darby."

"Why, granny? What harm is it?"

"Oh, nothin', only it comes in a *crass* place there."

"But it doesn't spile the dhrame, I hope?"

"Oh, no. Go an."

"Well, with that I thought I was passin' by Doolin's the miller's, and says he to me, 'Will you carry home this sack o' male for me?' Now you know male is money every fool knows."

"Right, avick."

"And so I tuk the sack o' male an my shouldher, and I thought the waight iv it was killin' me, just as if it *was* a sack o' goold."

"Go an, Darby."

"And with that I thought I met with a cat, and that, you know, manes an ill-nathur'd woman."

"Right, Darby."

"And says she to me, 'Darby Kelleher,' says she, 'you're mighty yollow, God bless you; is it the jan-

dhers you have?" says she. Now wasn't that mighty sharp? I think the jandhers manes goold?"

"Yis, iv it was the yollow jandhers you dhremt iv, but not the black jandhers."

"Well, it *was* the yollow jandhers."

"Very good, avick; that's makin' a fair offer at it."

"I thought so myself," said Darby, "more by token, when there was a dog in my dhrame next; and that's a frind, you know."

"Right, avick."

"And he had a silver collar an him."

"Oh, bad luck to that silver collar, Darby; what made you dhrame o' silver at all?"

"Why, what harm?"

"Oh, I thought you knew better nor to dhrame o' silver; why, cushla machree, sure silver is a disappointment all the world over."

"Oh, murder!" said Darby, in horror, "and is my dhrame spylte (spoiled) by that blackguard collar?"

"Nigh hand, indeed, but not all out. It would be spylte only for the dog, but the dog is a frind, and so it will be only a frindly disappointment, or maybe a fallin' out with an acquaintance."

"Oh, what matther," said Darby, "so the dhrame is to the good still!"

"The dhrame is to the good still; but tell me if you dhremt o' three sprigs o' *sparemint* at the ind iv it?"

"Why, then, now I could not say for sartin, bekase I was nigh wakin' at the time, and the dhrame was not so clear to me."

"I wish you could be sartin o' that."

"Why, I have it an my mind that there *was* sparemint in it, bekase I thought there was a garden in part iv it, and the sparemint was *likely* to be there."

"Sure enough, and so you did dhrame o' the three sprigs o' sparemint?"

"Indeed I could a'most make my book-oath that I dhremt iv it. I'm partly sartin, if not all out."

"Well, that's raysonable. It's a good dhrame, Darby."

"Do you tell me so?"

"'Deed an' it is, Darby. Now, wait till the next quarter o' the new moon, and dhrame again *then*, and you'll see what'll come iv it."

"Bedad an' I will, granny. Oh, but it's you *has* taken the maynin' out o' it beyant everything; and faiz if I find the crock, it's yourself won't be the worse iv it; but I must be goin', granny, for the squire bid me to hurry, or else I would stay longer wid you. Good-mornin' to you—good-mornin', Oonah! I'll see you to-morrow sometime, granny." And off went Darby, leisurely enough.

The foregoing dialogue shows the ready credulity of poor Darby; but it was not in his belief of the "vartue of dhrames" that his weakness only lay. He likewise had a most extensive creed as regarded fairies of all sorts and sizes, and was always on the look-out for a Leprechaun. Now a Leprechaun is a fairy of peculiar tastes, properties, and powers, which it is necessary to acquaint the reader with. His taste as to occupation is very humble, for he employs himself in making shoes, and he loves re-

tirement, being fond of shady nooks where he can sit alone, and pursue his avocation undisturbed. He is quite a hermit in this respect, for there is no instance on record of two Leprechauns being seen together. But he is quite a beau in his dress, notwithstanding, for he wears a red square cut coat, richly-laced with gold, waistcoat and inexpressibles of the same, cocked hat, shoes, and buckles. He has the property of deceiving, in so great a degree, those who chance to discover him, that none have ever yet been known whom he has not overreached in the "keen encounter of the wits," which his meeting with mortals always produces. This is occasioned by his possessing the power of bestowing unbounded wealth on whoever can keep him within sight until he is weary of the *surveillance* and gives the ransom demanded; and to this end the object of the mortal who is so fortunate as to surprise one, is to seize him, and never withdraw his eye from him, until the threat of destruction forces the Leprechaun to produce the treasure; but the sprite is too many for us clumsy witted earthlings, and is sure, by some device, to make us avert our eyes, when he vanishes at once.

This enchanted cobbler of the meadows, Darby Kelleher was always on the look-out for. But though so constantly on the watch for a Leprechaun, he never had got even within sight of one, and the name of the Fairy Finder was bestowed upon him in derision. Many a trick, too, was played on him; sometimes a twig stuck amongst long grass, with a red rag hanging upon it, has betrayed Darby into a cautious observance and approach, until a nearer inspection and a laugh from behind some neighbouring hedge have dispelled the illusion. But this, though often repeated, did not cure him, and no turkey-cock had a quicker eye for a bit of red, or flew at it with greater eagerness, than Darby Kelleher, and he entertained the belief that one day or other he would reap the reward of all his watching, by finding a Leprechaun in good earnest.

But that was all in the hands of fate, and must be waited for: in the meantime there was the castle and the "crock o' goold" for a certainty, and under the good omens of the "sharp dhrame" he had, he determined on taking that affair in hand at once. For his companion in the labour of digging, and pulling the ponderous walls of the castle to pieces, he selected Oonah, who was, in the parlance of her own class, "a brave two-handed long-sided jack," and as great a believer in dreams and omens as Darby himself; besides, she promised profound secrecy, and agreed to take a small share of the treasure for her reward in assisting to discover it.

For about two months Darby and Oonah laboured in vain; but at last, something came of their exertions. In the course of their work, when they occasionally got tired, they would sit down to rest themselves and talk over their past disappointments and future hopes. Now, it was during one of these intervals of repose that Darby, as he was resting himself on one of the coign-stones of the ruin, suddenly discovered that he was in love with Oonah.

Now, Oonah happened to be thinking much in the same sort of way about Darby, at that very moment, and the end of the affair was, that Darby and Oonah were married the Sunday following.

The calculating Englishman will ask, did he find the treasure before he married the girl? The unsophisticated boys of the sod never calculate on these occasions; and the story goes that Oonah Lenehan was the only treasure Darby discovered in the old castle. Darby's acquaintances were in a high glee on the occasion, and swore he got a *great job*—for Oonah, be it remembered, was on the grenadier scale, or what in Ireland is called "the full of a door," and the news spread over the country in such fashion as this:

"Arrah, an' did you hear the news?"

"What news?"

"About Darby Kelleher."

"What of him?"

"Sure he found a fairy at last."

"Tare an county!"

"Thruh I'm tellin' you. He's married to Oonah Lenehan."

"Ha! ha! ha! by the powers it's she that is the rare fairy! musha, more power to you, Darby, but you've cotched it in airnest now!"

But the fairy he had caught did not satisfy Darby so as to make him give up the pursuit for the future. He was still on the watch for a Leprechaun; and one morning as he was going to his work, he stopped suddenly on his path, which lay through a field of standing corn, and his eye became riveted on some object with the most eager expression. He crouched, and crawled, and was making his way with great caution towards the point of his attraction, when he was visited on the back of the head with a thump that considerably disturbed his visual powers, and the voice of his mother, a vigorous old beldame, saluted his ear at the same time with a hearty "Bad luck to you, you lazy thief, what are you slindging there for, when it's minding your work you ought to be?"

"Whisht! whisht! mother," said Darby, holding up his hand in token of silence.

"What do you mane, you omadhawn?"

"Mother, be quiet, I bid you! Whisht! I see it."

"What do you see?"

"Stoop down here; straight forninst you; don't you see it as plain as a pikestaff?"

"See what?"

"That little red thing."

"Well, what of it?"

"See there; how it stirs. Oh, murther! it's goin' to be off afore I can catch it. Oh, murther! why did you come here at all, makin' a noise and frightenin' it away?"

"Frightenin' what, you big fool?"

"The Leprechaun there. Whisht! it is quiet agin!"

"May the d—l run ahuntin' wid you for a big omadhawn; why, you born nath'ral, is it that red thing over there you mane?"

"Yis, to be sure it is;—don't spake so loud, I tell you."

"Why, bad scran to you, you fool, it's a poppy is, and nothin' else," and the old woman went over to the spot where it grew, and plucking it up by the roots, threw it at Darby, with a great deal of abuse into the bargain, and bade him go mind his work instead of being a "slindging vagabone, as he was."

It was some time after this occurrence that Darby Kelleher had a meeting with a certain Doctor Dionysius Mac Finn, whose name became much more famous than it had hitherto been, from the wonderful events that ensued in consequence.

Of the doctor himself it becomes necessary to say something. His father was one Paddy Finn, and had been so prosperous in the capacity of a cow doctor that his son Denis, seeing the dignity of a professor in the healing art must increase in proportion to the nobleness of the animal he operates upon, determined to make the human, instead of the brute creation, the object of his care. To this end he was assisted by his father, who had scraped some money together in his humble calling, and having a spice of ambition in him, as well as his aspiring son he set him up in the neighbouring village as an apothecary. Here Denny enjoyed the reputation of being an "iligant bone-setter," and cracked skulls, the result of *fair* fighting, and whiskey fevers were treated by him on the most approved principles. But Denny's father was gathered unto his fathers, and the son came into the enjoyment of all the old man's money: this, considering his condition, was considerable, and the possession of a few hundred pounds so inflated the apothecary, that he determined on becoming a "doctor" at once. For this purpose he gave up his apothecary's shop, and set off—where do you think?—to Spain. Here he remained for some time, and returned to Ireland, declaring himself a full physician of one of the Spanish universities; his name of Denny Finn transformed into Doctor Dionysius Mac Finn, or, as his neighbours chose to call it, Mac Funn, and fun enough the doctor certainly gave birth to. The little money he once had was spent in his pursuit of professional honours, and he returned to his native place with a full title and an empty purse, and his practice did not tend to fill it. At the same time there was a struggle to keep up appearances. He kept a horse, or what he intended to be considered as such, but 'twas only a pony, and if he had but occasion to go to the end of the village on a visit, the pony was ordered on service. He was glad to accept an invitation to dinner whenever he had the luck to get one, and the offer of a bed even was sure to be accepted, because that insured breakfast the next morning. Thus, poor Doctor Dionysius made out the cause. Often asked to dinner from mingled motives of kindness and fun, for while a good dinner was a welcome novelty to the doctor, the absurdities of his pretension and manner rendered him a subject of unflinching diversion to his entertainers.

Now, he had gone the round of all the snug farmers and country gentlemen in the district, but at last he had the honour to receive an invitation from the squire himself, and on the appointed day Doctor

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“See what?”

“That little red thing.”

“Well, what of it?”

“See there; how it stirs. Oh, murther! it’s goin’ to be off afore I can catch it. Oh, murther! why did you come here at all, makin’ a noise and frightenin’ it away?”

“Frightenin’ what, you big fool?”

“The Leprechaun there. Whisht! it is quiet agin!”

“May the d—l run ahuntin’ wid you for a big omadhawn; why, you born nath’ral, is it that red thing over there you mane?”

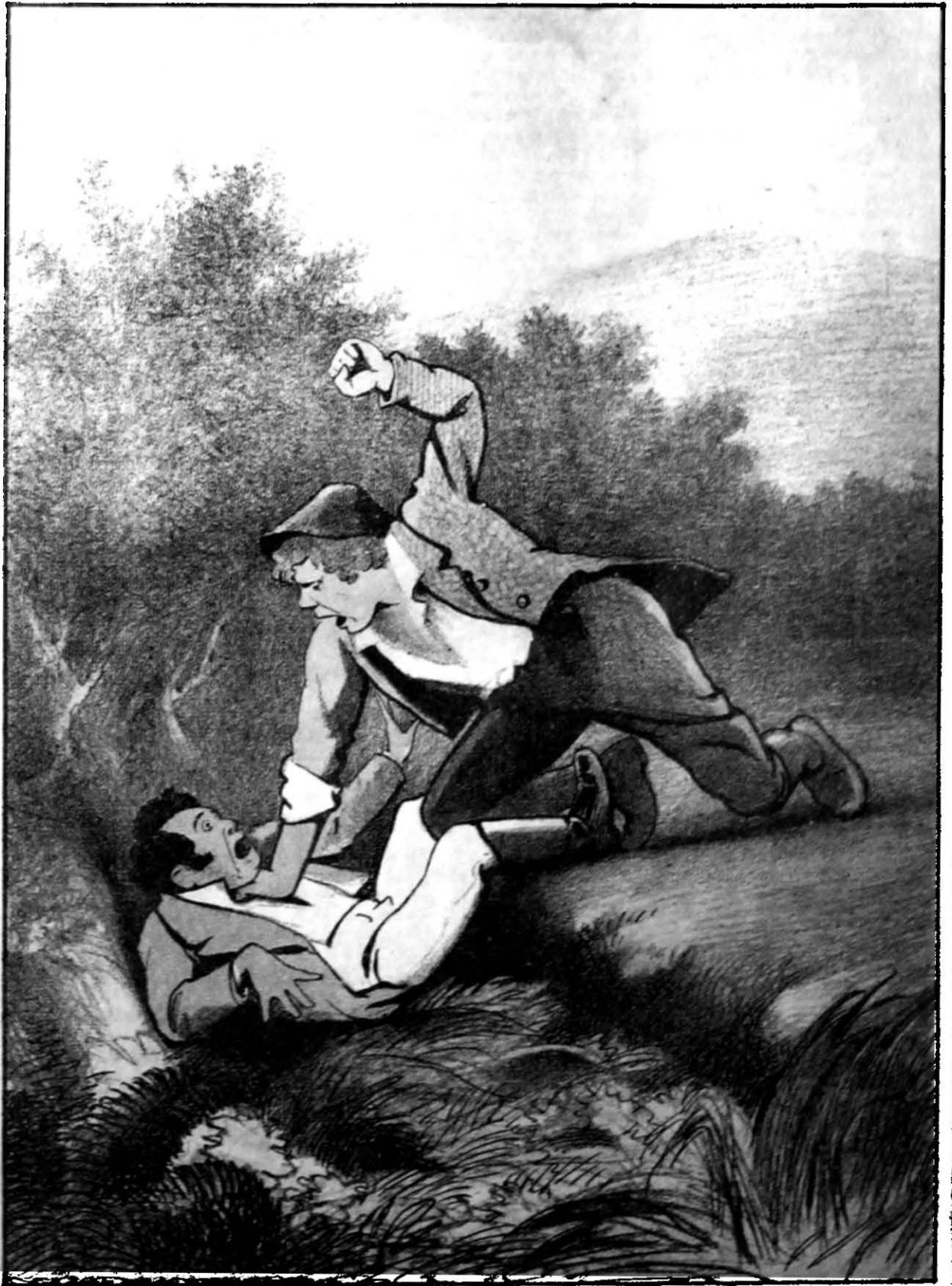
“Yis, to be sure it is;—don’t spake so loud, I tell you.”

“Why, bad scran to you, you fool, it’s a poppy is, and nothin’ else;” and the old woman went ov to the spot where it grew, and plucking it up by th roots, threw it at Darby, with a great deal of abu into the bargain, and bade him go mind his wor instead of being a “slindging vagabone, as he was.

It was some time after this occurrence that Darb Kelleher had a meeting with a certain Doctor Dionysius Mac Finn, whose name became much mor famous than it had hitherto been, from the wonder ful events that ensued in consequence.

Of the doctor himself it becomes necessary to sa something. His father was one Paddy Finn, and ha been so prosperous in the capacity of a cow doctor that his son Denis, seeing the dignity of a professio in the healing art must increase in proportion t the nobleness of the animal he operates upon, de termined to make the human, instead of the brut creation, the object of his care. To this end he wa assisted by his father, who had scraped some mone together in his humble calling, and having a spic of ambition in him, as well as his aspiring son he set him up in the neighbouring village as an apothecary. Here Denny enjoyed the reputation of being an “iligant bone-setter,” and crackoc skulls, the result of *fair* fighting, and whiskey fevers were treated by him on the most approved principls. But Denny’s father was gathered unto hi fathers, and the son came into the enjoyment of al the old man’s money: this, considering his condition, was considerable, and the possession of a few hundred pounds so inflated the apothecary, that he determined on becoming a “doctor” at once. For this purpose he gave up his apothecary’s shop, and set off—where do you think?—to Spain. Here he remained for some time, and returned to Ireland, declaring himself a full physician of one of the Spanish universities; his name of Denny Finn transformed into Doctor Dionysius Mac Finn, or, as his neighbours chose to call it, Mac Funn, and fun enough the doctor certainly gave birth to. The little money he once had was spent in his pursuit of professional honours, and he returned to his native place with a full title and an empty purse, and his practice did not tend to fill it. At the same time there was a struggle to keep up appearances. He kept a horse, or what he intended to be considered as such, but ’twas only a pony, and if he had but occasion to go to the end of the village on a visit, the pony was ordered on service. He was glad to accept an invitation to dinner whenever he had the luck to get one, and the offer of a bed even was sure to be accepted, because that insured breakfast the next morning. Thus, poor Doctor Dionysius made out the cause. Often asked to dinner from mingled motives of kindness and fun, for while a good dinner was a welcome novelty to the doctor, the absurdities of his pretension and manner rendered him a subject of unflinching diversion to his entertainers.

Now, he had gone the round of all the snug farmers and country gentlemen in the district, but at last he had the honour to receive an invitation from the squire himself, and on the appointed day Doctor



DARBY THINKS HE HAS CAUGHT A LEPROUCHAUN (SEE PAGE 351)

Dionysius bestrode his pony, attired in the full dress of a Spanish physician, which happens to be red from head to foot, and presented himself at "The Hall."

When a groom appeared to take his "horse" to the stable, the doctor requested that his steed might be turned loose into the lawn, declaring it to be more wholesome for the animal than being cooped up in a house; the saddle and bridle were accordingly removed, and his desire complied with.

The doctor's appearance in the drawing-room, attired as he was, caused no small diversion; but attention was speedily called off from him by the announcement of dinner—that electric sound that stimulates a company at the same instant, and supercedes every other consideration whatsoever. Moreover, the squire's dinners were notoriously good, and the doctor profited largely by the same that day, and lost no opportunity of filling his glass with the choice wines that surrounded him. He did to so much purpose, that the poor little was very far gone when the guests were about to separate.

At the doctor's request the bell was rung, and his horse ordered, as the last remaining few of the company were about to separate; but every one of them had departed, and still there was no announcement of the steed being at the door. At length a servant made his appearance, and said it was impossible to catch the doctor's pony.

"What do you mean by 'catch'?" said the squire. "Is it not in the stable?"

"No, sir."

Here an explanation ensued, and the squire ordered a fresh attempt to be made to take the fugitive; but though many fresh hands were employed in the attempt, the pony baffled all their efforts;—every manoeuvre usually resorted to on such occasions was vainly put in practice. He was screwed up into the corners, but no sooner was he there than, squealing and flinging up his heels, he broke through the blockade; again his flank was turned by nimble runners, but the pony was nimbler still; a sieve full of oats was presented as an inducement, but the pony was above such vulgar tricks, and defied all attempts at being captured.

This was the mode by which the doctor generally secured the offer of a bed, and he might have been successful in this instance, but for a knowing old coachman who was up to the trick, and out of pure fun chose to expose it: so, bringing out a huge blunderbuss, he said: "Never mind; just let me at him, and I'll engage I'll make him stand."

"Oh, my good man," said the doctor, "pray, don't take so much trouble; just let me go with you;" and proceeding to the spot where the pony was still luxuriating on the rich grass of the squire's lawn, he gave a low whistle, and the little animal walked up to his owner with as much tractability as a dog. The saddling and bridling did not take much time, and the doctor was obliged to renounce his hopes of a bed and the morrow's breakfast, and ride home, or homewards, I should say; for it was as little his

destiny as his wish to sleep at home that night, for he was so overpowered with his potatoes, that he could not guide the pony, and the pony's palate was so tickled by the fresh herbage, that he wished for more of it, and finding a gate, that led to a meadow, open by the roadside, he turned into the field, where he very soon turned the doctor into a ditch, so that they had bed and board between them to their heart's content.

The doctor and his horse slept and ate profoundly all night, and even the "rosy-fingered morn," as the poets have it, found them in the continuance of their enjoyment. Now it happened that Darby Kelleher was passing along the path that lay by the side of the ditch where the doctor was sleeping, and on perceiving him, Darby made as dead a set as ever pointer did at game.

The doctor, be it remembered, was dressed in red. Moreover he was a little man, and his gold-laced hat and ponderous shoe-buckles completed the resemblance to the being that Darby took him for. Darby was at last certain that he had discovered a Leprechaun, and amaze so riveted him to the spot, and anxiety made his pulse beat so fast, that he could not move nor breathe for some seconds. At last he recovered himself, and stealing stealthily to the spot where the doctor slept, every inch of his approach made him more certain of the reality of his prize; and when he found himself within reach of it he made one furious spring, and flung himself on the unfortunate little man, fastening his tremendous fist on his throat, at the same time exclaiming in triumph, "Hurrah! by the hoky, I have you at last!!"

The poor little doctor, thus rudely and suddenly aroused from his tipsy sleep, looked excessively bewildered when he opened his eyes, and met the glare of ferocious delight that Darby Kelleher cast upon him, and he gurgled out, "What's the matter?" as well as the grip of Darby's hand upon his throat would permit him.

"Goold's the matther," shouted Darby—"goold!—goold!!!"

"What about goold?" says the doctor.

"Goold!—yellow goold—that's the matther."

"Is it Paddy Goold that's taken ill again?" said the doctor, rubbing his eyes. "Don't choke me, my good man; I'll go immediately," says he, endeavouring to rise.

"By my sowl you won't," said Darby tightening his hold.

"For mercy's sake, let me go!" said the doctor.

"Let you go, indeed!—ow! ow!"

"For the tender mercy——"

"Goold! goold! you little vagabone!"

"Well, I'm going, if you let me."

"Divil a step;" and here he nearly choked him.

"Oh! murder!—for God's sake!"

"Whist! !—you thief—how dar you say God, you divil's imp!!!"

The poor little man, between the suddenness of his waking, and the roughness of the treatment he was under, was in such a state of bewilderment, that

for the first time he now perceived he was lying amongst grass and under bushes, and rolling his eyes about he exclaimed :

"Where am I?—God bless me!"

"Whist! you little cruked ottomy—by the holy farmer, if you say God agin, I'll cut your throat."

"What do you hold me so tight for?"

"Just for fear you'd vanish, you see. Oh I know you well."

"Then, my good man, if you know me so well, treat me with proper respect, if you please."

"Divil send you respect. Respect, indeed!—that's a good thing. Musha, bad luck to your impidence, you thievin' owld rogue."

"Who taught you to call such names to your betters, fellow? How dare you use a professional gentleman so rudely?"

"Oh, do you hear this!!—a professional gintleman!—Arrah, do you think I don't know you, you little owld cobbler?"

"Cobbler!—Zounds! what do you mean, you ruffian? Let me go, sirrah!" and he struggled violently to rise.

"Not a taste, 'scure to the step you'll go out o' this till you give me what I want."

"What do you want, then?"

"Goold—goold!"

"Ho! ho! so you're a robber, sir; you want to rob me, do you?"

"Oh! what robbery it is!!—throth that won't do, as cunnin' as you think yourself: you won't frighten me that way. Come, give it at wanst—you may as well. I'll never let go my grip o' you antil you hand me out the goold."

"Pon the honour of a gentleman, gold nor silver is not in my company. I have fourpence halfpenny in my breeches pocket, which you are welcome to if you let go my throat."

"Fourpence hap'ny!!!—Why, then, do you think me such a gom, all out, as to put me off wid fourpence hap'ny; throth, for three sthraws, this minit I'd thrash you within an inch o' your life for your impidence. Come, no humbuggin'; out with the goold!"

"I have no gold. Don't choke me: if you murder me, remember there's law in the land. You'd better let me go."

"Not a fut. Gi' me the goold, I tell you, you little vagabone!" said Darby, shaking him violently.

"Don't murder me, for heaven's sake!"

"I will murder you, if you don't give me a hatful o' gold this minit."

"A hatful of gold! Why, who do you take me for?"

"Sure, I know you're a Leprechaun, you desaiwer o' the world?"

"A Leprechaun!" said the doctor, in mingled indignation and amazement. "My good man, you mistake."

"Oh, how soft I am! 'Twon't do, I tell you. I have you, and I'll howld you; long I've been lookin' for you, and I catch you at last, and by the 'tarnal o' war I'll have your life or the goold."

"My good man, be merciful, you mistake, I'm no Leprechaun; I'm Doctor Mac Finn."

"That won't do either!—you think to desave me, but 'twon't do: just as if I didn't know a docthor from a Leprechaun. Gi' me the goold, you owld chate!"

"I tell you I'm Doctor Dionysius Mac Finn. Take care what you're about! there's law in the land, and I think I begin to know you. Your name is Kelleher!"

"Oh, you cunnin' owld thief!—oh, then, but you are the complate owld rogue; only I'm too able for you. You want to freken me, do you? Oh, you little scrap o' deception, but you are deep!"

"Your name is Kelleher, I remember. My good fellow, take care; don't you know I'm Doctor Mac Finn—don't you see I am?"

"Why, thin, but you have the dirty yollow pinched look iv him, sure enough;—but don't I know you've only put it an you to desave me; besides, the docthor has dirty owld tatters o' black clothes an 'em, and isn't as grand as a sojer like you."

"That's an accident, my good man."

"Gi' me the goold this minit, and no more prate wid you."

"I tell you, Kelleher——"

"Hould your tongue, and gi' me the goold."

"By all that's——"

"Will you give it?"

"How can I?"

"Very well. You'll see what the ind iv it 'll be," said Darby, rising, but still keeping his iron grip of the doctor. "Now, for the last time I ask you, will you gi' me the goold? or by the powers o' wild fire, I'll put you where you'll never see daylight antil you make me a rich man."

"I have no gold, I tell you."

"Faix, then, I'll keep you till you find it," said Darby, who tucked the little man under his arm, and ran home with him as fast as he could.

He kicked at his cabin-door for admittance when he reached home, exclaiming:

"Let me in!—let me in! Make haste;—I have him."

"Who have you?" said Oonah, as she opened the door.

"Look at that!" said Darby, in triumph;—"I catch him at last!"

"Weira, then, is it a Leprechaun it is?" said Oonah.

"Divil a less," sad Darby, throwing down the doctor on the bed, and still holding him fast. "Open the big chest, Oonah, and we'll lock him up in it, and keep him antil he gives us the goold."

"Murder! murder!" shouted the doctor. "Lock me up in a chest!"

"Gi' me the goold, then, and I won't."

"My good man, you know I have not gold to give."

"Don't believe him, Darby jewel," said Oonah. "them Leprechauns is the biggest liars in the world."

"Sure I know that!" said Darby, "as well as you. Oh! all the trouble I've had with him! throth only I'm aigual to a counsellor for knowledge, he'd have namlushed me long ago."

"Long life to you, Darby dear!"

"Mrs. Kelleher," said the doctor.

"O Lord!" said Oonah, in surprise, "did you ever hear the likes o' that—how he knows my name!"

"To be sure he does," said Darby, "and why nat?—sure he's a fairy you know."

"I'm no fairy, Mrs. Kelleher. I'm a doctor—Doctor Mac Finn."

"Don't believe him, darlin'," said Darby. "Make haste and open the chest."

"Darby Kelleher," said the doctor, "let me go, and I'll cure you whenever you want any assistance."

"Well, I want your assistance now," said Darby, "for I'm very bad this minit wid poverty; and if you cure me o' that I'll let you go."

"What will become of me?" said the doctor, in despair, as Darby carried him towards the big chest which Oonah had opened.

"I'll tell you what'll become o' you," said the doctor, seizing a hatchet that lay within his reach; "seven blessed candles, if you don't consent to be here night to fill me that big chest full o' goold, I'll chop you as small as aribs (herbs) for the pot." And Darby crammed him into the box.

"Oh! Mrs. Kelleher, be merciful to me," said the doctor, "and whenever you're sick I'll attend you."

"God forbid!" said Oonah; "it's not the likes o' you I want when I'm sick;—attind me, indeed!—bad luck to you, you little imp, maybe you'd run away with my babby, or it's a Banshee you'd turn yourself into, and sing for my death. Shut him up, Darby; it's not looky to be howldin' discourse wid the likes iv him."

"Oh!" roared the doctor, as his cries were stifled by the lid of the chest being closed on him. The key was turned; and to prevent the fairy having any power upon the lock, Oonah sprinkled over it some holy water she had in a bottle that hung in one corner of the cabin.

Darby and Oonah now sat down in consultation on their affairs, and began forming their plans on an extensive scale, as to what they were to do with their money; for have it they must, now that the Leprechaun was fairly in their power. Now and then Darby would rise and go over to the chest, very much as one goes to the door of a room where a naughty child has been locked up, to know "if it be good yet," and giving a thump on the lid, would exclaim: "Well, you little vagabone, will you gi' the goold yet?"

A groan and a faint answer of denial was all the reply he received.

"Very well, stay there;—but remember, if you don't consent before night, I'll chop you to pieces."

Oonah got his bill-hook, and began to sharpen it by the chest, that the Leprechaun might hear; and when the poor doctor heard this process being carried forward, he felt more dead than alive; the hard scraping of the iron against the stone being interspersed with occasional interjectional passages from Darby, such as, "Do you hear that, you thief?"

"I'm getting ready for you." Then away he'd rasp at the grindstone again, and as he paused to feel the edge of the weapon, exclaim: "By the powers, I'll have it as sharp as a razhir."

In the meantime it was well for the prisoner that there were many large chinks in the chest, or suffocation from his confinement would have anticipated Darby's pious intentions upon him; and when he found matters likely to go so hard with him, the thought struck him at last, of affecting to be what Darby mistook him for, and regaining his freedom by stratagem.

To this end, when Darby had done sharpening his bill-hook, the doctor replied, in answer to one of Darby's summonses for gold, that he saw it was in vain longer to deny giving it, that Darby was too cunning for him, and that he was ready to make him the richest man in the country.

"I'll take no less than the full o' that chest," said Darby.

"You'll have ten times the full of it, Darby," said the doctor, "if you'll only do what I bid you."

"Sure, I'll do anything."

"Well, you must first prepare the mystificandherum-brandherum."

"Tare an' ouns, how do I know what that is?"

"Silence, Darby Kelleher, and attend to me: that's a magical ointment, which I will show you how to make; and whenever you want gold, all you have to do is to rub a little of it on the point of a pick-axe or your spade, and dig wherever you please, and you will be sure to find treasure."

"Oh, think o' that!—faix, an' I'll make plenty of it when you show me. How is it made?"

"You must go into the town, Darby, and get me three things, and fold them three times in three rags torn out of the left side of a petticoat that has not known water for a year."

"Faith, I can do that much anyhow," said Oonah, who began tearing the prescribed pieces out of her under garment.

"And what three things am I to get you?"

"First, bring me a grain of salt from a house that stands at cross-roads."

"Crass-roads!" said Darby, looking significantly at Oonah. "By my sowl, but it's my dhrame's comin' out!"

"Silence, Darby Kelleher," said the doctor, with solemnity; "mark me, Darby Kelleher,"—and then he proceeded to repeat a parcel of gibberish to Darby, which he enjoined him to remember, and repeat again; but as Darby could not, the doctor said he should only write it down for him, and tearing a leaf from his pocket-book, he wrote in pencil a few words, stating the condition he was in, and requesting assistance. This slip of paper he desired Darby to deliver to the apothecary in the town, who would complete the making of the ointment.

Darby went to the apothecary's as he was desired, and it happened to be dinner-time when he arrived. The apothecary had a few friends dining with him, and Darby was detained until they chose to leave the table, and go, in a body, to liberate the poor



little doctor. He was pulled out of the chest amidst the laughter of his liberators and the fury of Darby and Oonah, who both made considerable fight against being robbed of their prize. At last the doctor's friends got him out of the house, and proceeded to the town to supper, where the whole party kept getting magnificently drunk, until sleep plunged them into dizzy dreams of Leprechauns and Fairy Finders.

The doctor for some days swore vengeance against Darby, and threatened a prosecution; but his friends

recommended him to let the matter rest, as it would only tend to make the affair more public, and get him nothing but laughter for damages.

As for Darby Kelleher, nothing could ever persuade him that it was not a *real* Leprechaun he had caught, which by some villainous contrivance, on the Fairy's part, changed itself into the semblance of the doctor; and he often said the great mistake he made was "givin the little vagabone so much time, for that if he done right he'd have set about cutting his throat at wanst."

## TWO QUEER LADIES.

BY CHARLES LEVER.

MISS BETTY O'DOWD.

At the end of three weeks the house became full of company, from the garret to the cellar. Country gentlemen and their wives and daughters came pouring in, on every species of conveyance known since the Flood; family coaches, which, but for their yellow panels, might have been mistaken for hearses, and high barouches, the ascent to which was accomplished by a step-ladder, followed each other in what appeared a never-ending succession; and here I may note an instance of the anomalous character of the conveyances, from an incident to which I was a witness at the time.

Among the visitors on the second day came a maiden lady from the neighbourhood of Ennistimon, Miss Elizabeth O'Dowd, the last of a very old and highly respectable family in the county, and whose extensive property, thickly studded with freeholders, was a strong reason for her being paid every attention in Lord Callonby's power to bestow. Miss Betty O'Dowd—for so she was popularly styled—was the very personification of an old maid: stiff as a ramrod, and so rigid in observance of the proprieties of female conduct, that, in the estimation of the Clare gentry, Diana was a hoydon compared to her.

Miss Betty lived, as I have said, near Ennistimon, and the road from thence to Callonby, at the time I speak of—it was before Mr. Nimmo—was as like the bed of a mountain torrent as a respectable highway; there were holes that would have made a grave for any maiden lady within fifty miles; and rockstichly scattered, enough to prove fatal to the strongest wheels that ever issued from "Hutton's." Miss O'Dowd knew this well—she had upon one occasion been upset in travelling it—and a slate-coloured silk dress bore the dye of every species of mud and mire to be found there, for many a year after, to remind her of her misfortune, and keep open the wound of her sorrow. When, therefore, the invitation to Callonby arrived, a grave council of war was summoned, to deliberate upon the mode of transit: for the honour could not be declined, "*coitequ' il coite.*" The chariot

was out of the question: Nicholas declared it would never reach the "Moraan Beg," as the first precipice was called; the inside car was long since pronounced unfit for hazardous enterprise; and the only resource left was what is called, in Hibernian parlance, a "low-backed car," that is, a car without any back whatever; it being neither more nor less than the common agricultural conveyance of the country, upon which, a feather-bed being laid, the farmers' wives and daughters are generally conveyed to fairs, wakes, and stations, &c. Putting her dignity, if not in her pocket, at least wherever it could be most easily accommodated, Miss O'Dowd placed her fair self, in all the plenitude of her charms and the grandeur of a "bran-new green silk," a "little off the grass, and on the bottle" (I love to be particular), upon this humble conveyance, and set out on her way, if not "rejoicing," at least consoled by Nicholas, that "It 'id be black dark when they reached the house, and the devil a one 'id be the wiser than if she came in a coach-and-four." Nicholas was right: it was perfectly dark on their arrival at Callonby, and Miss O'Dowd having dismounted, and shaken her plumage, a little crumpled by her half-recumbent position for eight miles, appeared in the drawing-room, to receive the most courteous attentions from Lady Callonby, and from his lordship the most flattering speeches for her kindness in risking herself and bringing "her horses" on such a dreadful road, and assured her of his getting a presentment the very next assizes to repair it;—"For we intend, Miss O'Dowd," said he, "to be most troublesome neighbours to you in future."

The evening passed off most happily. Miss O'Dowd was delighted with her hosts, whose character she resolved to uphold in spite of their reputation for pride and haughtiness. Lady Jane sang an Irish melody for her, Lady Callonby gave her slips of a rose geranium she got from the Princess Augusta, and Lord Kilkee won her heart by the performance of that most graceful step yeleft "cover the buckle in an Irish jig. But, alas! how short-lived is human

bliss, for while this estimable lady revelled in the full enjoyment of the hour, the sword of Damocles hung suspended above her head: in plain English, she had, on arriving at Callonby, to prevent any unnecessary scrutiny into the nature of her conveyance, ordered Nicholas to be at the door punctually at eleven, and then to take an opportunity of quietly slipping open the drawing-room door, and giving her an intimation of it, that she might take her leave at once. Nicholas was up to time, and having disposed the conveyance under the shadow of the porch, made his way to the door of the drawing-room unseen and unobserved. He opened it gently and noiselessly, merely sufficient to take a survey of the apartment, in which, from the glare of the lights, and the busy hum of voices, he was so bewildered that it was some minutes before he recognised his mistress. At last he perceived her; she was seated at a card-table, playing whist, with Lord Callonby for her partner. Who the other players were he knew not. A proud man was Nicholas, as he saw his mistress thus placed, actually sitting, as he afterwards expressed it, "forein't the lord;" but his thoughts were bent on other matters, and it was no time to indulge his vauntings.

He strove for some time patiently to catch her eye—for she was so situated as to permit of this—but without success. He then made a slight attempt to attract her attention by beckoning with his finger—all in vain. "Oh, murder," said he, "what is this for? I'll have to spake, ather all."

"Four by honours," said his lordship, "and the odd trick. Another double, I believe, Miss O'Dowd."

Miss O'Dowd nodded a graceful assent, while a sharp-looking old dowager at the side of the table called out, "A rubber of four only, my lord;" and now began an explanation from the whole party at once. Nicholas saw this was his time, and thought that in the *mêlée* his hint might reach his mistress unobserved by the remainder of the company. He accordingly protruded his head into the room, and placing his finger on the side of his nose, and shutting one eye knowingly, with an air of great secrecy, whispered out: "Miss Betty—Miss Betty, alanah!" For some minutes the hum of the voices drowned his admonitions; but as, by degrees waxing warmer in the cause, he called out more loudly, every eye was turned to the spot from whence these extraordinary sounds proceeded: and certainly the appearance of Nicholas at the moment was well calculated to astonish the company of a drawing-room. With his one eye fixed eagerly in the direction of his mistress, his red scratch wig pushed back off his forehead, in the eagerness of his endeavour to be heard, there he stood perfectly unmindful of all around, save Miss O'Dowd herself. "It may well be believed that such an apparition could not be witnessed with gravity, and, accordingly, a general titter ran through the room; the whist party, still contending about odd tricks and honours, being the only persons insensible to the mirth around them. "Miss Betty, arrah, Miss Betty," said Nicholas, with a sigh, that con-

verted the subdued laughter of the guests into a perfect burst of mirth.

"Eh," said his lordship, turning round, "what is this? We are losing something excellent, I fear."

At this moment he caught a sight of Nicholas, and, throwing himself back in his chair, laughed immoderately. It was now Miss Betty's turn; she was about to rise from the table, when the well-known accents of Nicholas fell upon her ear. She fell back in her seat—there he was: the messenger of the foul fiend himself would have been more welcome at that moment. Her blood rushed to her face and temples; her hands tingled; she closed her eyes, and when she opened them, there stood the accursed Nicholas glowering at her still.

"Man—man!" said she at length, "what do you mean? What do you want here?"

Poor Nicholas, little guessing that the question was intended to throw a doubt upon her acquaintance with him, and conceiving that the hour for the announcement had come, hesitated for an instant how he should designate the conveyance. He could not call it a coach! it certainly was not a buggy; neither was it a jaunting-car: what should he say? He looked earnestly, and even imploringly, at his mistress, as if to convey some sense of his difficulty, and then, as it were, catching a sudden inspiration, winked once more, as he said: "Miss Betty—the—the—the——"—and here he looked indescribably droll—"the thing *you know* is at the door."

All his lordship's politeness was too little for the occasion, and Miss O'Dowd's tenantry were lost to the Callonby interest for ever.

#### MRS. MULROONEY AT SEA.

One of my fellow-passengers was a gentleman holding a high official appointment in the viceregal court, either comptroller of the household, master of the horse, or something else equally magnificent; however, whatever the nature of the situation, one thing is certain—one possessed of more courtly manners and more polished address cannot be conceived, to which he added all the attractions of a very handsome person and a most prepossessing countenance. The only thing the most scrupulous critic could possibly detect as faulty in his whole air and bearing, was a certain ultra-refinement and fastidiousness, which in a man of acknowledged family and connexions was somewhat unaccountable, and certainly unnecessary. The fastidiousness I speak of extended to everything round and about him; he never ate of the wrong dish nor spoke to the wrong man in his life, and that very consciousness gave him a kind of horror of chance acquaintances, which made him shrink within himself from persons in every respect his equals. Those who knew Sir Stewart Moore, will know I do not exaggerate in either my praise or censure, and to those who have not had that pleasure, I have only to say, theirs was the loss, and they must take my word for the facts.

The very antithesis to the person just mentioned was another passenger then on board. She—even in sex they were different—she was a short,

squat, red-faced, vulgar-looking woman, of about fifty, possessed of a most garrulous tendency, and talking indiscriminately with everyone about her, careless what reception her addresses met with, and quite indifferent to the many rebuffs she momentarily encountered. To me, by what impulse driven heaven knows, this amorphous piece of womanhood seemed determined to attach herself. Whether in the smoky and almost impenetrable recesses of the cabin, or braving the cold and penetrating rain upon deck, it mattered not; she was ever at my side, and not only martyring me by the insufferable annoyance of her vulgar loquacity, but actually, from the appearance of acquaintanceship such constant association gave rise to, frightening anyone else from conversing with me, and rendering me, ere many hours, a perfect Pariah among the passengers. By no one were we—for, alas! we had become Siamese—so thoroughly dreaded as by the refined baronet I have mentioned; he appeared to shrink from our very approach, and avoided us as though we had the plagues of Egypt about us. I saw this—I felt it deeply, and as deeply and resolutely I vowed to be revenged, and the time was not long distant in affording me the opportunity.

The interesting Mrs. Mulrooney (for such was my fair companion called), was on the present occasion making her *début* on what she was pleased to call the “says:” she was proceeding to the Liverpool market as proprietor and supercargo over some legion of swine that occupied the hold of the vessel, and whose mellifluous tones were occasionally heard in all parts of the ship. Having informed me on these, together with some circumstances of her birth and parentage, she proceeded to narrate some of the cautions given by her friends as to her safety when making such a long voyage, and also to detail some of the antiseptics to that dread scourge, sea-sickness, in the fear and terror of which she had come on board, and seemed every hour to be increasing in alarm about.

“Do you think, then, sir, that pork is no good agin the sickness? Mickey—that’s my husband, sir—says it’s the only thing in life for it, av it’s toasted.”

“Not the least use, I assure you.”

“Nor sperits and wather?”

“Worse and worse, ma’am.”

“Oh, thin, maybe oatenmail tay would do? It’s a beautiful thing for the stomick, anyhow.”

“Rank poison on the present occasion, believe me.”

“Oh, thin, blessed Mary, what am I to do—what is to become of me?”

“Go down at once to your berth, ma’am; lie still and without speaking till we come in sight of land; or”—and here a bright thought seized me—“if you really feel very ill, call for that man there, with the fur collar on his coat; he can give you the only thing I ever knew of any efficacy; he’s the steward, ma’am—Stewart Moore;—but you must be on your guard, too, as you are a stranger, for he’s a conceited fellow, and has saved a trifle, and sets up for a *half* gentleman, so don’t be surprised at his manner; though, after all, you may find him very different; some people, I’ve heard, think him extremely civil.”

“And he has a cure, ye say?”

“The only one I ever heard of: it is a little cordial, of which you take, I don’t know how much, every ten or fifteen minutes.”

“And the naygur doesn’t let the saycret out, bad manners to him?”

“No, ma’am; he has refused every offer on the subject.”

“May I be so bowld as to ax his name agin?”

“Stewart Moore, ma’am. Moore is the name, but people always call him Stewart Moore; just say that in a loud, clear voice, and you’ll soon have him.”

With the most profuse protestations of gratitude, and promises of pork “*à discrétion*,” if ever I sojourned at Ballinasloe, my fair friend proceeded to follow my advice, and descended to the cabin.

Some hours after, I also betook myself to my rest, from which, however, towards midnight, I was awoken by the heavy working and pitching of the little vessel, as she laboured in a rough sea. As I looked forth from my narrow crib, a more woebegone picture can scarcely be imagined than that before me. Here and there through the gloomy cabin lay the victims of the fell malady, in every stage of suffering, and in every attitude of misery. Their cries and lamentings mingled with the creakings of the bulk-heads and the jarring twang of the dirty lamp, whose irregular swing told plainly how oscillatory was our present motion. I turned from the unpleasant sight, and was about again to address myself to slumber with what success I might, when I started at the sound of a voice in the very berth next to me, whose tones, once heard, there was no forgetting. The words ran, as nearly as I can recollect, thus:

“Oh, thin, bad luck to ye for pigs, that ever brought me into the like of this. O Lord, there it is again.” And here a slight interruption to eloquence took place, during which I was enabled to reflect upon the author of the complaint, who, I need not say, was Mrs. Mulrooney.

“I think a little tay would settle my stomick, if I only could get it; but what’s the use of talking in this horrid place? They never mind me no more than if I was a pig. Stewart, steward!—oh, then, it’s wishing you well I am for a steward. Stewart, I say!”—and this she really did say, with an energy of voice and manner that startled more than one sleeper. “Oh, you’re coming at last, steward.”

“Ma’am,” said a little dapper and dirty personage in a blue jacket, with a greasy napkin negligently thrown over one arm, “*ex officio*,” “ma’am, did you call?”

“Call!—is it call? No; but I’m roaring for you this half hour. Come here. Have you any of the cordial dhrops agin the sickness?—you know what I mean.”

“Is it brandy, ma’am?”

“No, it isn’t brandy.”

“We have got gin, ma’am, and bottled port-cider, ma’am, if you like.”

“Agh, no!—sure I want the dhrops agin the sickness.”

“Don’t know, indeed, ma’am.”

"Ah, you stupid creature! Maybe you're not the real steward. What's your name?"

"Smith, ma'am."

"Ah, I thought so! Go away, man, go away."

This injunction, given in a diminuendo cadence, was quickly obeyed, and all was silence for a moment or two. Once more was I dropping asleep, when the same voice as before burst out with—

"Am I to die here like a haythen, and nobody to come near me? Steward! steward! Steward Moore, I say."

"Who calls *me*?" said a deep, sonorous voice from the opposite side of the cabin, while at the same instant a tall green silk nightcap, surmounting a very aristocratic-looking forehead, appeared between the curtains of the opposite berth.

"Steward Moore!" said the lady again, with her eyes straining in the direction of the door by which she expected him to enter.

"This is most strange," muttered the baronet, half aloud. "Why, madam, you are calling *me*!"

"And if I am," said Mrs. Mulrooney, "and if ye heard me, have ye no manners to answer your name, eh? Are ye Steward Moore?"

"Upon my life, ma'am, I thought so last night when I came on board; but you really have contrived to make me doubt my own identity."

"And is it there ye're lying on the broad of yer back, and me as sick as a dog forment ye?"

"I concede, ma'am, the fact; the position is a most irksome one on every account."

"Then why don't ye come over to me?" And this Mrs. Mulrooney said with a voice of something like tenderness, wishing, at all hazards, to conciliate so important a functionary.

"Why, really, you *are* the most incomprehensible person I ever met."

"I'm what?" said Mrs. Mulrooney, her blood rushing to her face and temples as she spoke—for the same reason as her fair townswoman is reported to have borne with stoical fortitude every harsh epithet of the language, until it occurred to her opponent to tell her that "the divil a better she was nor a pronoun;" so Mrs. Mulrooney, taking "omne ignotum pro *horribile*," became perfectly beside herself at the unlucky phrase. "I'm what? Repate it, av ye dare, and I'll tear yer eyes out! Ye dirty blaggard, to be lying there at yer ease under the blankets, grinning at me. What's your thrade—answer me that—av it isn't to wait on the ladies, eh?"

"Oh, the woman must be mad!" said Sir Stewart. "The devil a taste mad, my dear, I'm only sick. Now, just come over to me, like a decent creature, and give me the dhrop of comfort ye have. Come, avick."

"Go over to you?"

"Ay, and why not? Or, if it's so lazy ye are, why, then, I'll thry and cross over to *your* side."

These words being accompanied by a certain indication of change of residence on the part of Mrs. Mulrooney, Sir Stewart perceived there was no time to lose, and, springing from his berth, he rushed half dressed through the cabin and up the companion-ladder, just as Mrs. Mulrooney had protruded a pair of enormous legs from her couch, and hung for a moment pendulous before she dropped upon the floor and followed him to the deck. A tremendous shout of laughter from the sailors and deck passengers prevented my hearing the dialogue which ensued; nor do I yet know how Mrs. Mulrooney learned her mistake. Certain it is, she no more appeared amongst the passengers in the cabin, and Sir Stewart's manner the following morning at breakfast amply satisfied me that I had had my revenge.

## THE BEWITCHED PUDDING.

A STORY TOLD AT A WAKE.

BY WILLIAM CARLETON.

"MOLL Roe Rafferty was the son—daughter I mane—of ould Jack Rafferty, who was remarkable for a habit he had of always wearing his head under his lat; but indeed the same family was a quare one, as everybody knew that was acquainted wid them. It was said of them—but whether it was throe or not I won't undhertake to say, for 'fraid I'd tell a lie—that whenever they didn't wear shoes or boots they always went barefooted; but I hard afterwards that this was disputed; so rather than say anything to injure their character, I'll let that pass. Now, ould Jack Rafferty had two sons, Paddy

and Molly—hut! what are you all laughing at?—I mane a son and daughter, and it was generally believed among the neighbours that they were brothem and sither, which you know might be throe or it might not: but that's a thing that, wid the help o' godness, we have nothing to say to. Troth there was many ugly things put out on them that I don't wish to repate, such as that neither Jack nor his son Paddy ever walked a perch widout puttin' one foot afore the other like a salmon; an' I know it was whispered about, that whinever Moll Roe slep', she had an out-of-the-way custom of keepin' her

eyes shut. If she did, however, for that matter the loss was her own; for sure we all know that when one comes to shut their eyes they can't see as far before them as another.

"Moll Roe was a fine young bouncin' girl, large and lavish, wid a purty head o' hair on her like scarlet, that bein' one of the raisons why she was called *Roe*, or red; her arms an' cheeks were much the colour of the hair, an' her saddle nose was the purtiest thing of its kind that ever was on a face. Her fists—for, thank goodness, she was well sarved wid them too—had a strong simularity to two thumpin' turnips, reddened by the sun; an' to keep all right and tight, she had a temper as fiery as her head—for, indeed, it was well known that all the Rafferties were *warm*-hearted. Howandiver, it appears that God gives nothing in vain, and of coorse the same fists, big and red as they were, if all that is said about them is thrue, were not so much given to her for ornament as use. At laist, takin' them in connexion wid her lively temper, we have it upon good authority that there was no danger of their getting blue-moulded for want of practice. She had a twist, too, in one of her eyes that was very becomin' in its way, and made her poor husband, when she got him, take it into his head that she could see round a corner. She found him out in many quare things, widout doubt; but whether it was owin' to that or not, I wouldn't undertake to say *for fraid I'd tell a lie*.

"Well, begad, anyhow, it was Moll Roe that was the *dilay*. It happened that there was a nate vagabone in the neighbourhood, just as much overburdened wid beauty as herself, and he was named Gusty Gillespie. Gusty, the Lord guard us, was what they call a black-mouth Prosbtyarian, and wouldn't keep Christmas-day, the blagard, except what they call "ould style." Gusty was rather good-lookin' when seen in the dark as well as Moll herself; and, indeed, it was purty well known that—accordin' as the talk went—it was in nightly meetings that they had an opportunity of becomin' detached to one another. The quensequence was, that in due time both families began to talk very seriously as to what was to be done. Moll's brother, Pawdien O'Rafferty, gave Gusty the best of two choices. What they were it's not worth spakin' about; but at any rate *one* of them was a poser, an' as Gusty knew his man, he soon came to his senses. Accordianly everything was deranged for their marriage, and it was appointed that they should be spliced by the Rev. Samuel M'Shuttle, the Prosbtyarian parson, on the following Sunday.

"Now this was the first marriage that had happened for a long time in the neighbourhood betune a black-mouth an' a Catholic, an' of coorse there was strong objections on both sides aginst it; an', begad, only for one thing it would never 'a tuck place at all. At any rate, faix, there was one of the bride's uncles, ould Harry Connolly, a fairy-man, who could cure all complaints wid a secret he had, and as he didn't wish to see his niece married upon sich a fellow, he fought bitterly against the match.

All Moll's friends, however, stood up for the marriage, barrin' him, an' of coorse the Sunday was appointed, as I said, that they were to be dove-tailed together.

"Well, the day arrived, and Moll, as became her, went to Mass, and Gusty to meeting, afther which they were to join one another in Jack Rafferty's, where the priest, Father M'Sorley, was to slip up after Mass to take his dinner wid them, and to keep Mистер M'Shuttle, who was to marry them, company. Nobody remained at home but ould Jack Rafferty an' his wife, who stopped to dress the dinner; for, to tell the truth, it was to be a great let-out entirely. Maybe if all was known, too, that Father M'Sorley was to give them a cast of his office over an' above the ministher, in regard that Moll's friends were not altogether satisfied at the kind of marriage which M'Shuttle could give them. The sorrow may care about that—splice here—splice there—all I can say is, that when Mrs. Rafferty was goin' to tie up a big bag pudden, in walks Harry Connolly, the fairy-man, in a rage, and shouts out,—'Blood and blunderbushes, what are yez here for?'

"'Arra, why Harry? Why, avick?'

"'Why, the sun's in the suds and the moon in the high Horick's; there's a clipstick comin' an, an' there you're both as unconcerned as if it was about to rain mether. Go out and cross yourselves three times in the name o' the four Mandromarvins, for as prophecy says:—Fill the pot, Eddy, supernaculum—a blazing star's a rare spectaculum. Go out both of you and look at the sun, I say, an' ye'll see the condition he's in—off!'

"Begad, sure enough, Jack gave a bounce to the door, and his wife leaped like a two-year ould till they were both got on a stile beside the house to see what was wrong in the sky.

"'Arrah, what is it, Jack,' said she; 'can you see anything?'

"'No,' says he, 'sorrow the full o' my eye of anything I can spy, barrin' the sun himself, that's not visible in regard of the clouds. God guard us! I doubt there's something to happen.'

"'If there wasn't, Jack, what 'ud put Harry, that knows so much, in the state he's in?'

"'I doubt it's this marriage,' said Jack: 'betune ourselves, it's not over an' above religious for Moll to marry a black-mouth, an' only for—, but it can't be helped now, though you see not a taste o' the sun is willin' to show his face upon it.'

"'As to that,' says the wife, winkin' wid both her eyes, 'if Gusty is satisfied wid Moll, it's enough. I know who'll carry the whip hand, anyhow, but in the manetime let us ax Harry 'ithin what ails the sun.'

"Well, they accordianly went in an' put the question to him.

"'Harry, what's wrong, ahagur? What is it now; for if anybody alive knows, 'tis yourself?'

"'Ah!' said Harry, screwin' his mouth wid a kind of a dhry smile, 'the sun has a hard twist o' the cholic; but never mind that, I tell you you'll have a merrier weddin' than you think, that's all.'

and havin' said this, he put on his hat and left the house.

"Now, Harry's answer relieved them very much, and so, afther calling to him to be back for the dinner, Jack sat down to take a shough o' the pipe, and the wife lost no time in tying up the pudden and puttin' it in the pot to be boiled.

"In this way things went on well enough for a while, Jack smokin' away, an' the wife cookin' and dhressin' at the rate of a hunt. At last, Jack, while sittin', as I said, contentedly at the fire, thought he could persave an odd dancin' kind of motion in the pot that puzzled him a good deal.

"'Katty,' said he, 'what the dickens is in this pot on the fire?'

"'Nerra a thing but the big pudden. Why do you ax?' says she.

"'Why,' said he, 'if ever a pot tuck it into its head to dance a jig, and this did. Thunder and sparbles, look at it!'

"'Begad, it was thrue enough: there was the pot bobbin' up an' down and from side to side, jiggin' it away as merry as a grig; an' it was quite aisy to see that it wasn't the pot itself, but what was inside of it, that brought about the hornpipe.

"'Be the hole o' my coat,' shouted Jack, 'there's something alive in it, or it would never cut sich capers!'

"'Begorra, there is, Jack; something strange entirely has got into it. Wirra, man alive, what's to be done?'

"'Jist as she spoke, the pot seemed to cut the buckle in prime style, and afther a spring that 'ud shame a dancin'-mather, off flew the lid, and out bounced the pudden itself, hoppin', as nimble as a pea on a drum-head, about the floor. Jack blessed himself, and Katty crossed herself. Jack shouted, and Katty screamed. 'In the name of goodness, keep your distance, no one here injured you.'

"The pudden, however, made a set at him, and Jack lepped first on a chair and then on the kitchen table to avoid it. It then danced towards Katty, who was now repatin' her prayers at the top of her voice, while the cunnin' thief of a pudden was hoppin' and jiggin' it round her, as if it was amused at her distress.

"'If I could get the pitchfork,' said Jack, 'I'd dale wid it—by goxty, I'd thry its mettle.'

"'No, no,' shouted Katty, thinkin' there was a fairy in it; 'let us spake it fair. Who knows what harm it might do. Aisy, now,' said she to the pudden, 'aise, dear; don't harm honest people that never want to offend you. It wasn't us—no, in throtth, it was ould Harry Connolly that betwitched you; spare him if you wish, but spare a woman like me; for, whisper, dear, I'm not in a condition to be frightened—throtth, I'm not.'

"The pudden, bedad, seemed to take her at her word, and danced away from her towards Jack, who, like the wife, believin' there was a fairy in it, an' th' spakin' it fair was the best plan, thought he would give it a soft word as well as her.

"'Plase your honour,' said Jack, 'she only spaiks the truth; an', upon my voracity, we both feels

much oblaiged to your honour for your quietness. Faith, it's quite clear that if you weren't a gentlemanly pudden all out, you'd act otherwise. Ould Harry, the rogue, is your mark; he's jist gone down the road there, and if you go fast you'll overtake him. Beme song, your dancin' mather did his duty, anyhow. Thank your honour! God speed you, an' may you never meet with a parson or alderman in your thravels!'

"'Jist as Jack spoke, the pudden appeared to take the hint, for it quietly hopped out, and as the house was directly on the roadside, turned down towards the bridge, the very way that ould Harry went. It was very natural, of coorse, that Jack and Katty should go out to see how it intended to thtravel; and, as the day was Sunday, it was but natural, too, that a greater number of people than usual were passin' the road. This was a fact; and when Jack and his wife were seen followin' the pudden, the whole neighbourhood was soon up and afther it.

"'Jack Rafferty, what is it? Katty, ahagur, will you tell us what it manes?'

"'Why,' replied Katty, 'it's my big pudden that's betwitched, an' it's now hot foot pursuin'—' here she stopped, not wishin' to mention her brother's name—'someons or other that surely put *pistrogues* an it.\*'

"This was enough; Jack, now seein' that he had assistance, found his courage comin' back to him; so says he to Katty, 'Go home,' says he, 'an' lose no time in makin' another pudden as good, and here's Paddy Scanlan's wife, Bridget, says she'll let you boil it on her fire, as you'll want our own to dress the rest o' the dinner: and Paddy himself will lend me a pitchfork, for purshuin to the morsel of that same pudden will escape till I let the wind out of it, now that I've the neighbours to back an' support me,' says Jack.

"This was agreed to; and Katty went back to prepare a fresh pudden, while Jack and half the townland pursued the other wid spades, graips, pitchforks, scythes, flails, and all possible description of instruments. On the pudden went, however, at the rate of about six Irish miles an hour, and sich a chase never was seen. Catholics, Prodestants, an' Prosbtytarians, were all afther it, armed, as I said, an' bad end to the thing but its own activity could save it. Here it made a hop, and there a prod was made at it; but off it went, and someone, as eager to get a slice at it on the other side, got the prod instead of the pudden. Big Frank Farrell, the miller, of Ballyboulteen, got a prod backwards that brought a hulla-baloo out of him you might hear at the other end of the parish. One got a slice of a scythe, another a whack of a flail, a third a rap of a spade that made him look nine ways at wanst.

"'Where is it goin'?' asked one. 'My life for you, it's on its way to Meeting. Three cheers for it if it turns to Carntaul.' 'Prod the sowl out of it, if it's a Prodestan,' shouted the others; 'if it turns to

\* Put it under fairy influence.

the left, slice it into pancakes. We'll have no Prodestan' puddens here.

"Begad, by this time the people were on the point of beginnin' to have a regular fight about it, when very fortunately, it took a short turn down a little-by-lane, that led towards the Methodist praichin'-house, an' in an instant all parties were in an uproar against it as a Methodist pudden. 'It's a Wesleyan,' shouted several voices; 'an' by this an' by that, into a Methodist chapel it won't put a foot to-day, or we'll lose a fall. Let the wind out of it. Come, boys, where's your pitchforks?'

"The divle purashuin to the one of thim, however, ever could touch the pudden, an' jist when they thought they had it up against the gavel of the Methodist chapel, begad it gave them the elip, and hops over to the left, clane into the river, and sails away before all their eyes as light as an egg-shell.

"Now, it so happened that, a little below this place, the demesne wall of Colonel Bragshaw was built up to the very edge of the river on each side of its banks; and so findin' there was a stop put to their pursuit of it, they went home again, every man, woman, and child of them, puzzled to think what the pudden was at all—what it meant, or where it was goin'! Had Jack Rafferty an' his wife been willin' to let out the opinion they held about Harry Connolly bewitchin' it, there is no doubt of it but poor Harry might be badly trated by the crowd, when their blood was up. They had sense enough, howandiver, to keep that to themselves; for Harry, bein' an ould bachelor, was a kind friend to the Raffertys. So, of coorse, there was all kinds of talk about it—some guessin' this and some guessin' that—one party sayin' the pudden was of their side, another party denyin' it, an' insistin' it belonged to them, an' so on.

"In the manetime, Katty Rafferty, for 'fraid the dinner might come short, went home and made another pudden much about the same size as the one that had escaped, and bringin' it over to their next neighbour, Paddy Scanlan's, it was put into a pot and placed on the fire to boil, hopin' that it might be done in time, espishilly as they were to have the minister, who loved a warm slice of a good pudden as well as e'er a gentleman in Europe.

"Anyhow, the day passed; Moll and Gusty were made man an' wife, an' no two could be more lovin'. Their friends that had been asked to the weddin' were saunterin' about in pleasant little groups till dinner-time, chattin' an' laughin'; but, above all things, athrivin' to account for the figaries of the pudden: for to tell the truth, its adventures had now gone through the whole parish.

"Well, at any rate, dinner-time was dhrawin' near, and Paddy Scanlan was sittin' comfortably wid his wife at the fire, the pudden boilen before their eyes, when in walks Harry Connolly in a flutter, shoutin'—"Blood an' blunderbushes, what are yez here for?"

"'Arra, why, Harry—why, avick!' said Mrs. Scanlan.

"'Why,' said Harry, 'the sun's in the suds an' the moon in the high Horicks! Here's a clipstick comin' an, an' there you sit as unconcerned as if it was about to rain mether! Go out both of you an' look at the sun, I say, an' ye'll see the condition he's in—off!'

"'Ay, but, Harry, what's that rowled up in the tail of your cothamore (big coat)?"

"'Out wid yez,' said Harry, 'an' pray against the clipstick—the sky's fallin'!'

"Begad, it was hard to say whether Paddy or the wife got out first, they were so much alarmed by Harry's wild, thin face, an' piercin' eyes; so out they went to see what was wondherful in the sky, an' kep' lookin' an' lookin' in every direction, but not a thing was to be seen, barrin' the sun shinin' down wid great good humour, an' not a single cloud in the sky.

"Paddy an' the wife now came in laughin', to scould Harry, who, no doubt, was a great wag in his way when he wished. 'Musha, bad scrau to you, Harry——' They had time to say no more, howandiver, for, as they were goin' into the door, they met him comin' out of it, wid a reek of smoke out of his tail like a lime-kiln.

"'Harry,' shouted Bridget, 'my sowl to glory, but the tail of your cothamore's afire—you'll be burned. Don't you see the smoke that's out of it?'

"'Cross yourselves three times,' said Harry, widout stoppin', or even lookin' behind him, 'for as the prophecy says—Fill the pot Eddy——' They could hear no more, for Harry appeared to feel like a man that carried something a great deal hotter than he wished, as anyone might see by the liveliness of his motions, and the quare faces he was forced to make as he went along.

"'What the dickens is he carryin' in the skirts of his big coat?' asked Paddy.

"'My sowl to happiness, but maybe he has stole the pudden,' said Bridget, 'for it's knowa that many a strange thing he does.'

"They immediately examined the pot, but found that the pudden was there as safe as tuppence, an' this puzzled them the more, to think what it was he could be carryin' about wid him in the manner he did. But little they knew what he had done while they were sky gazin'!

"Well, anyhow, the day passed and the dinner was ready, an' no doubt but a fine gatherin' there was to partake of it. The Prosbatarian minister met the Methodist praicher—a divilish stretcher of an appetite he had, in throth—on their way to Jack Rafferty's, an', as he knew he could take the liberty, why he insisted on his dinin' wid him; for, aither all, begad in thim times, the clargy of all descriptions lived upon the best footin' among one another, not all as one as now—but no matter. Well, they had nearly finished their dinner, when Jack Rafferty himself axed Katty for the pudden; but jist as he spoke, in it came as big as a mess-pot.

"'Gentlemen,' said he, 'I hope none of you will refuse tastin' a bit of Katty's pudden—I don't mean the dancin' one that tuck to its travels to-day, but a good solid fellow that she med since.'

"'To be sure we won't,' replied the priest; 'so

Jack, put a thrifle on them three plates at your right hand and send them over here to the clargy, an' maybe,' he said, laughin'—for he was a droll, good-humoured man—'maybe, Jack, we won't set you a proper example.'

"'Wid a heart an' a half, yer reverence an' gentlemen; in throth, it's not a bad example ever any of you set us at the likes, or ever will set us, I'll go bail. An' sure I only wish it was better fare I had for you; but we're humble people, gentlemen, and so you can't expect to meet here what you would in higher places.'

"'Betther a male of herbs,' said the Methodist praicher, 'where pace is——.' He had time to go no farther, however; for much to his amazement; the priest and the minister started up from the table jist as he was goin' to swallow the first spoonful of the pudden, and before you could say Jack Robinson, started away at a lively jig down the floor.

"'At this moment a neighbour's son came runnin' in, an' tould them that the parson was comin' to see the new-married couple, an' wish them all happiness, an' the words were scarcely out of his moutn when he made his appearance. What to think he knew not, when he saw the minister footing it away at the rate of a weddin'. He had very little time, however, to think; for, before he could sit down, up starts the Methodist praicher, and clappin' his two fists in his sides chimes in in great style along wid him.

"'Jack Rafferty,' says he—and, by the way, Jack, was his tenant—'what the dickens does all this mane?' says he; 'I'm amazed!'

"'The not a particle o' me can tell you,' says Jack; 'but will your reverence jist taste a morsel o' pudden, merely that the young couple may boast that you sit at their weddin'; for sure if you wouldn't who would?'

"'Well,' says he, 'to gratify them I will; so just a morsel. But, Jack, this bates Bannagher,' says he again, puttin' the spoonful o' pudden into his mouth; 'has there been drink here?'

"'Oh, the divle a *spudh*,' says Jack; 'for although there's plinty in the house, faith, it appears the gentlemen wouldn't wait for it. Unless they tuck it elsewhere, I can make nothin' of this.

"'He had scarcely spoken when the parson, who was an active man, cut a caper a yard high, an' before you could bless yourself, the three clargy were hard at work dancin', as if for a wager. Begad, it would be impossible for me to tell you the state the whole meetin' was in when they seen this. Some were hoarse wid laughin'; some turned up their eyes wid wondher; many thought them mad, an' others thought they had turned up their little fingers a thrifle too often.

"'Be goxy, it's a burnin' shame,' said one, 'to see three black-mouth clargy in sich a state at this early hour!' 'Thundher an' ounce, what's over them at all?' says others; 'why, one would think they're betwitched. Holy Moses, look at the caper the Methodis cuts!' An' as for the Recther, who would think he could handle his feet at sich a rate! Be this an' be that, he cuts the buckle, and does the

threblin step aiquil to Paddy Horaghan, the dancin' mather himself! An' see! Bad cess to the morsel of the parson that's not hard at *Peace upon a trencher*, an' it of a Sunday, too! Whirroo, gentlemen, the fun's in yez aither all—whish! more power to yez!'

"The sorra's own fun they had, an' no wondher; but judge of what they felt, when all at once they saw ould Jack Rafferty himself bouncin' in among them, and footing it away like the best o' them. Bedad, no play could come up to it, an' nothin' could be heard but laughin', shouts of encouragement, and clappin' of hands like mad. Now the minute Jack Rafferty left the chair where he had been carvin' the pudden, ould Harry Connolly comes over and claps himself down in his place, in order to send it round, of cooree; an' he was scarcely sated, when who should make his appearance but Barney Hartigan, the piper. Barney, by the way, had been sent for early in the day, but bein' from home when the message for him went, he couldn't come any sooner.

"'Begorra,' said Barney, 'you're early at the work, gentlemen!—but what does this mane? But, divle may care, yez shan't want the music while there's a blast in the pipes, anyhow!' So sayin' he gave them Jig Polthogue, an' aither that Kiss my Lady, in his best style.

"'In the manetime the fun went on thick an' three-fold, for it must be remimbered that Harry, the ould knave, was at the pudden, an' maybe he didn't sarve it about in double quick time too. The first he helped was the bride, and, before you could say chop-stick, she was at it hard an' fast before the Methodist praicher, who gave a jolly spring before her that threw them into convulsions. Harry liked this, and made up his mind soon to find partners for the rest; so he accordianly sent the pudden about like lightnin'; an' to make a long story short, barrin' the piper an' himself, there wasn't a pair o' heels in the house but was as busy at the dancin' as if their lives depinded on it.

"'Barney,' says Harry, 'jist taste a morsel o' this pudden, divle the sich a bully of a pudden ever you ett; here, your sowl! thry a snig of it—it's beautiful.'

"'To be sure I will,' says Barney, 'I'm not the boy to refuse a good thing; but, Harry, be quick, for you know my hands is engaged; an' it would be a thousand pities not to keep them in music, an' they so well inclined. Thank you, Harry: begad that is a famous pudden; but, blood an' turnips, what's this for?'

"The word was scarcely out of his mouth when he bounced up, pipes an' all, an' dashed into the middle of the party. 'Hurroo, your sowls, let us make a night of it! The Ballyboulteen boys for ever! Go it, your reverence—turn your partner—heel an' toe, minister. Good! Well done again—Whish! Hurroo! Here's for Ballyboulteen, an' the sky over it!'

"'Bad luck to the sich a set ever was seen together in this world, or will again, I suppose. The worst, however, wasn't come yet, for jist as they were in



the very heat an' fury of the dance, what do you think comes hoppin' in among them but another pudden, as nimble an' merry as the first! That was enough; they all had heard of—the minishers among the rest—an' most o' them had seen the other pudden, and knew that there must be a fairy in it, sure enough. Well, as I said, in it comes to the thick o' them; but the very appearance of it was enough. Off the three clargy danced, and off the whole weddiners danced afther them, every one makin' the best of their way home; but not a sowl of them able to break out of the step, if they were to be hanged for it. Throth, it wouldn't lave a laugh in you to see the parson dancin' down the road on his way home, and the minisher and Methodist praicher cuttin' the buckle as they went along in the opposite direction. To make short work of it, they all danced home at last, wid scarce a puff of wind in them; the bride and bridegroom danced away to bed; an' now, boys, come an' let us dance the *Horo Lheig* in the barn

'flout. But you see, boys, before we go, an' in ordher that I may make everything plain, I had as good tell you, that Harry, in crossing the bridge of Ballyboulteen, a couple of miles below Squire Bragshaw's demense-wall, saw the pudden floatin' down the river—the truth is he was waitin' for it; but be this as it may, he took it out, for the wather had made it as clane as a new pin, and tuckin' it up in the tail of his big coat, contrived, as you all guess, I suppose, to change it while Paddy Scanlan and the wife were examinin' the sky; an' for the other, he contrived to bewitch it in the same manner, by gottin' a fairy to go into it—for, indeed, it was purty well known, that the same Harry was hand and glove wid the *good people*. Others will tell you that it was half a pound of quicksilver he put into it; but that doesn't stand to raison. At any rate, boys, I have tould you the adventures of the Mad Pudden of Ballyboulteen, but I don't wish to tell you many other things about it that has happened—for *fraid I'd tell a lie.*"

## "MY NEW PITTAYATEES!"

BY SAMUEL LOVER.

Enter Katty, with a gray cloak, a dirty cap, and a black eye; a sieve of potatoes on her head, and a "trifle o' sper'ts" in it. Katty meanders down Patrick-street.

KATTY.—"My new pittayatees!—My-a-new pittayatees!—My new—"

(Meeting a friend.)

Sally, darlin', is that you?

SALLY.—Throth, it's myself; and what's the matter, wid you, Katty?

KAT.—'Deed my heart's bruk, cryin'—"New pittayatees"—cryin' afther that vagabone.

SAL.—Is it Mike?

KAT.—Throth, it's himself indeed.

SAL.—And what is it he done?

KAT.—Och! he ruined me with his—"New pittayatees"—with his goins-an—the awld thing, my dear.

SAL.—Throwin' up his little finger, I suppose?

KAT.—Yis, my darlint: he kem home th' other night, blazin' blind dhrunk, cryin' out—"New pittayatees!"—roarin' and bawlin', that you'd think he'd rise the roof aff o' the house.

"Bad luck attend you; bad cess to you, you pot-wallopin' varmint," says he (maynin' me, i' you plaze)—"wait till I ketch you, you sthrap, and it's I 'ill give you your fill iv—"New pittayatees!"—your fill iv a licking, if ever you got it," says he.

So, with that, I knew the villian was *malcathered*; let alone the heavy fut o' the miscrayint an the stairs, that a child might know he was done for—"My new pittayatees!"—Throth, he was done to a turn, like a harrin'.

KAT.—Oh, wait till you hear the ind o' my—"New pittayatees!"—o' my throubles, and it's then you'll open your eyes—"My new pittayatees!"

SAL.—Oh, bud I pity you.

KAT.—Oh, wait—wait, my jew'l—wait till you hear what became o'—"My new pittayatees!"—wait till I tell you the ind of it. Where did I lave aff? Oh, ay, at the stairs.

Well, as he was comin' up stairs (knowin' how it ud be), I thought it best to take care o' my—"New pittayatees!"—to take care o' myself; so with that I put the bowlt an the door, betune me and danger, and kep' listnin' at the keyhole; and, sure enough, what should I hear but—"New pittayatees!"—but the vagabone gropin' his way round the cruked turn in the stair, and tumblin' afther into the hole in the flure an the landin', and whin he corse to a' mself he gev a thunderin' thump at the door. Who's there?" says I: says he—"New pittayatees!" "Let me in," says he, "you vagabone (awarain' b, what I wouldn't mintion), or by this and that, I'll *massacray* you," says he, "within an inch o'—"New pittayatees!"—within an inch o' your life," says he. "Mikee, darlint," says I, sootherin' him.

SAL.—Why would you call sitch a 'tarnal yagabone darlint?

KAT.—My jew'l, didn't I tell you I thought it best to soother him with—"New pittayatees!"—with a tindher word: so, says I, "Mikee, you villian, you're disguised," says I, "you're disguised, dear."

"You lie," says he, "you impudent sthrap, I'm not

disguised; but, if I'm disguised itself," says he, "I'll make you know the differ," says he.

Oh! I thought the life id lave me, when I heerd him say the word; and with that I put my hand an—"My new pittayatees!"—an the latch o' the door, to purvint it from slippin'; and he ups and he gives a wicked kick at the door, and says he, "If you don't let me in this minit," says he, "I'll be the death o' your—"New pittayatees!"—o' yourself and your dirty breed," says he. Think o' that, Sally dear, to abuse my relations.

SAL.—Oh, that's affin.

KAT.—Dirty biéed, indeed! By my sowkins, they're as good as his, any day in the year, and was never behoulden to—"New pittayatees!"—to go a-beggin' to the mendicity for their dirty—"New pittayatees!"—their dirty washins o' pots, and sarvints' lavins, and dogs' bones, all as one as that cruk'd disciple of his mother's cousin's sisther, the owld dhrunken aper-se-and, as she is.

SAL.—No, in throth, Katty dear.

KAT.—Well, where was I? Oh, ay, I left off at—"New pittayatees!"—I left off at my dirty breed. Well, at the word "dirty breed," I knew full well the bad dhrop was up in him—and, faith, it's soon and suddint he made me sensible av it; for the first word he said was—"New pittayatees!"—the first word he said was to put his shoulder to the door, and in he bursted the door, fallin' down in the middle o' the flure, cryin' out—"New pittayatees!"—cryin' out, "bad luck attend you," says he, "how dar' you refuse to lit me into my own house, you sthrap," says he, "agin the law o' the land," says he, scramblin' up on his pins agin, as well as he could; and, as he was risin', says I—"New pittayatees!"—says I to him (screeching out loud, that the neighbours in the flure below might hear me), "Mikee, my darlint," says I.

"Keep the pace, you vagabone," says he; and with that, he hits me a lick av a—"New pittayatees!"—a lick av a stick he had in his hand, and down I fell (and small blame to me), down I fell on the flure, cryin'—"New pittayatees!"—cryin' out, "Murther! murther!"

SAL.—Oh, the hangin' bone villian!

KAT.—Oh, that's not all! As I was risin', my jew'l, he was going to sthrek me agin; and with that I cried out—"New pittayatees!"—I cried out, "Fair play, Mikee," says I "don't sthrek a man down," but he wouldn't listen to rayson, and was goin' to hit me agin, when I put up the child that was in my arms betune me and harm. "Look at your babby, Mikee," says I. "How do I know that, you flag-hoppin' jade," says he. (Think o' that, Sally, jew'l—misdoubtin' my vartue, and I an honest woman, as I am. God help me!!!)

SAL.—Oh! bud you're to be pitied, Katty dear.

KAT.—Well, puttin' up the child betune me and harm, as he was risin' his hand—"Oh!" says I, "Mikee, darlint, don't sthrek the babby;" but, my dear, before the word was out o' my mouth, he sthruk the babby. (I thought the life id lave me.) And, iv course, the poor babby, that never spuk a word, began

to cry—"New pittayatees!"—began to cry, and roar, and bawl, and no wondher.

SAL.—Oh, the haythen, to go sthrek the child.

KAT.—And, my jew'l, the neighbours in the flure below, hearin' the skrimmage, kem runnin' up the stairs, cryin' out—"New pittayatees!"—cryin' out, "Watch, watch! Mikee M'Evoy," says they, "would you murther your wife, you villian?" "What's that to you?" says he; "isn't she my own?" says he, "and if I plaze to make her feel the weight o' my—"New pittayatees!"—the weight o' my fist, what's that to you?" says he; "it's none o' your business, anyhow, so keep your tongue in your jaw, and your toe in your pump, and 'twill be bether for your—"New pittayatees!"—'twill be bether for your health, I'm thinkin'," says he; and with that he looked cruked at thim, and squared up to one o' thim—(a poor definceless craythur, a tailor).

"Would you fight your match?" says the poor innocent man.

"Lave my sight," says Mike, "or, by jingo, I'll put a stitch in your side, my jolly tailor," says he.

"Yiv put a stitch in your wig already," says the tailor, "and that'll do for the present writin'."

And with that, Mikee was goin' to hit him with a—"New pittayatees!"—a lift-hander; but he was cotch howld iv before he could let go his blow; and who should stand up forninst him, but—"My new pittayatees!"—but the tailor's wife (and, by my sowl, it's she that's the sthrapper, and more's the pity she's thrown away upon one o' the sort), and says she; "let me at him," says she; "it's I that used to give a man a lickin' every day in the week; you're bowld an the head now, you vagabone," says she; "but if I had you alone," says she, "no matter if I wouldn't take the consait out o' your—"New pittayatees!"—out o' your braggin' heart," and that's the way she wint an ballyraggin' him; and, begor, they all tuk pathern afther her, and abused him, my dear, to that degree, that I vow to the Lord, the very dogs in the sthreet wouldn't lick his blood.

SAL.—Oh, my blessin' an thim.

KAT.—And with that, one and all, they began to cry—"New pittayatees!"—they began to cry him down; and, at last, they all swore out, "Hell's bells attend your berrin," says they, "you vagabone," as they just tuk him up by the scruff o' the neck, and threw him down the stairs; every step he'd take, you'd think he'd brake his neck (glory be to God!) so I got rid o' the ruffin; and then they left me cryin'—"New pittayatees!"—cryin' afther the vagabone—though the angels knows well he wasn't desarvin' o' one precious dhrop that fell from my twogood-lookin' eyes:—and, oh! but the condition he left me in.

SAL.—Lord look down an you!

KAT.—And a purty sight it id be, if you could see how I was lyin' in the middle o' the flure, cryin'—"New pittayatees!"—cryin' and roarin', and the poor child, with his eye knocked out, in the corner cryin'—"New pittayatees!"—and, indeed, every one in the place was cryin'—"New pittayatees!"

SAL.—And no wondher, Katty dear.

KAT.—Oh, bud that's not all. If you seen the

condition the place was in afther it; it was turned upside down, like a beggar's breeches. Throth, I'd rather be at a bull-bait than at it—enough to make an honest woman cry—" *New pittayatees!*"—to see the daycent room rack'd and ruin'd, and my cap tore aff my head into tatters—throth, you might riddle bull-dogs through it; and bad luck to the hap'orth he left me, but a few—" *New pittayatees!*"—a few coppers; for the morodin' thief spint all his—" *New pittayatees!*"—all his wages o' the whole week in makin' a baste iv himself; and God knows but that comes aisy to him! and divil a thing had I to put inside my face, nor a dhrop to dhrink, barrin' a few—" *New pittayatees!*"—a few grains o' tay, and the ind iv a quarther o' sugar, and my eyes as big as your fist, and as black as the pot (savin' your presence), and a beautiful dish iv—" *New pittayatees!*"—dish iv delft, that I bought only last week in Temple-bar, bruk in three halves, in the middle o' the ruction—and the rint o' the room not ped—and I

dipindin' only an—" *New pittayatees!*"—an' cryin' a sieve-full o' pratees, or schreechin' a lock o' savoye, or the like.

But I'll not brake your heart any more, Sally dear; God's good, and never opens one door but He shuts another, and that's the way iv it; an' strinthins the wake with—" *New pittayatees!*"—with his partecution—and may the widdy and the orphin's biessin' be an his name, I pray!—And my thrust is in Divine Providence, that was always good to me—and sure I don't despair; but not a night that I kneel down to say my prayers, that I don't pray for—" *New pittayatees!*"—for all manner o' bad luck to atind that vagabone, Mikee M'Evoy. My curse light an him this blessid minit; and—

[A voice at a distance calls, "Potatoes."]

KAT.—Who calls?—(Perceives her customer.)—Here, ma'am.—Good-bye, Sally, darlint! good-bye. " *New pittay-a-tees!*"

[Exit Katty by the Cross Poddle.]

## FATHER PHIL BLAKE'S COLLECTION.

FROM "HANDY ANDY."\*

BY SAMUEL LOVER

FATHER BLAKE, or "Father Phil," the name by which he was more familiarly known, had great influence over his parish, and there was a free-and-easy way with him, even in doing the most solemn duties, which agreed wonderfully with the devil-may-care spirit of Paddy; for stiff and starched formality in any way is repugnant to the very nature of Irishmen. He was quite a contrast to his curate. The Rev. Dominick Dowling was austere and long-winded; his Mass had an oppressive effect on his congregation, and from the kneeling multitude might be seen eyes fearfully looking up from under bent brows; and low breathings and subdued groans often rose above the silence of his congregation, who felt like sinners, and whose imaginations were filled with the thoughts of heaven's anger; while the good-humoured face of the light-hearted Father Phil produced a corresponding brightness on the looks of his hearers, who turned up their whole faces in trustfulness to the mercy of that heaven whose propitiatory offering their pastor was making for them in cheerful tones, which associated well with thoughts of pardon and salvation.

Father Dominick poured forth his spiritual influence like a strong, dark stream that swept down the hearer, hopelessly struggling to keep his head above the torrent, and dreading to be overwhelmed at the next word. Father Phil's religion babbled out like

a mountain rill—bright, musical, and refreshing. Father Dominick's people had decidedly need of cork jackets: Father Phil's might drink and be refreshed.

But with all this intrinsic worth he was, at the same time, a strange man in exterior manners; for, with an abundance of real piety, he had an abruptness of delivery and a strange way of mixing up an occasional remark to his congregation in the midst of the celebration of the Mass, which might well startle a stranger; but this very want of formality made him beloved by the people, and they would do ten times as much for Father Phil as for Father Dominick.

On a certain Sunday Father Phil intended delivering an address to his flock from the altar, urging them to the necessity of bestirring themselves in the repairs of the chapel, which was in a very dilapidated condition, and at one end let in the rain through its worn-out thatch. A subscription was necessary, and to raise this among a very impoverished people was no easy matter. The weather happened to be unfavourable, which was most favourable to Father Phil's purpose; for the rain dropped its arguments through the roof upon the kneeling people below in the most convincing manner; and as they endeavoured to get out of the wet, they pressed round the altar as much as they could, for which they were reproved

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very smartly by his reverence in the very midst of the Mass, and these interruptions occurred sometimes in the most serious places, producing a ludicrous effect, of which the worthy Father was quite unconscious in his great anxiety to make the people repair the chapel.

A big woman was elbowing her way towards the rails of the altar, and Father Phil, casting a sidelong glance at her, sent her to the right-about, while he interrupted his appeal to heaven to address her thus:—

"*Agnus Dei*—you'd better jump over the rails of the altar, I think. Go along out o' that, there's plenty o' room in the chapel below there."

Then he would turn to the altar, and proceed with the service, till turning again to the congregation he perceived some fresh offender.

"*Orate fratres!*—will you mind what I say to you and go along out o' that?—there's room below there. Thru for you, Mrs. Finn—it's a shame for him to be thrampin' on you. Go along, Darby Casey, down there, and kneel in the rain; it's a pity you haven't a decent woman's cloak under you, indeed!—*Orate fratres!*"

Then would the service proceed again, and while he prayed in silence at the altar, the shuffling of feet edging out of the rain would disturb him, and, casting a backward glance, he would say:—

"I hear you there; can't you be quiet, and not be disturbin' the Mass, you haythens?"

Again he proceeded in silence, till the crying of a child interrupted him. He looked round quickly.

"You'd better kill the child, I think, thrampin' on him, Lavery. Go out o' that—your conduct is scandalous—*Dominus vobiscum!*"

Again he turned to pray, and after some time he made an interval in the service to address his congregation on the subject of the repairs, and produced a paper containing the names of subscribers to that pious work who had already contributed, by way of example to those who had not.

"Here it is," said Father Phil, "here it is, and no denying it—down in black and white; but if they who give are down in black, how much blacker are those who have not given at all?—but I hope they will be ashamed of themselves when I howl up those to honour who have contributed to the upholding of the house of God. And isn't it ashamed o' yourselves you ought to be, to leave his house in such a condition—and doesn't it rain a'most every Sunday, as if He wished to remind you of your duty?—aren't you wet to the skin a'most every Sunday? Oh, God is good to you! to put you in mind of your duty, giving you such bitter cowlds that you are coughing and sneezin' every Sunday to that degree that you can't hear the blessed Mass for a comfort and a benefit to you; and so you'll go on sneezin' until you put a good thatch on the place, and prevent the appearance of the evidence from heaven against you every Sunday, which is condemning you before your faces, and behind your backs, too, for don't I see this munit a strame o' wather that might turn a mill running down Micky Mackavoy's back, between the collar of his coat and his shirt?"

Here a laugh ensued at the expense of Micky

Mackavoy, who certainly *was* under a very heavy drip from the imperfect roof.

"And is it laughing you are, you haythens?" said Father Phil, reproving the merriment which he himself had purposely created, *that he might reprove it*. "Laughing is it you are—at your backlidings and insensibility to the honour of God—laughing, because when you come here to be *saved* you are *lost* intirely with the wet; and how, I ask you, are my words of comfort to enter your hearts, when the rain is pouring down your backs at the same time? Sure I have no chance of turning your hearts while you are undher rain that might turn a mill—but once put a good roof on the house, and I will inundate you with piety! Maybe it's Father Dominick you would like to have coming among you, who would grind your hearts to powdher with his heavy words." (Here a low murmur of dissent ran through the throng.) "Ha! ha! so you wouldn't like it, I see. Very well, very well—take care, then, for if I find you insensible to my moderate reproofs, you hard-hearted haythens—you malefactors and cruel persecuthors, that won't put your hands in your pockets, because your mild and quiet poor fool of a pasthor has no tongue in his head!—I say your mild, quiet, poor fool of a pasthor (for I know my own faults partly, God forgive me!), and I can't spake to you as you deserve, you hard-living vagabones, that are as insensible to your duties as you are to the weather. I wish it was sugar or salt you were made of, and then the rain might melt you if I couldn't: but no—them naked rathers grin in your face to no purpose—you chate the house of God; but take care, maybe you won't chate the divil so aisy"—(here there was a sensation). "Ha! ha! that makes you open your ears, does it? More shame for you; you ought to despise that dirty enemy of man, and depend on something better—but I see I must call you to a sense of your situation with the bottomless pit undher you, and no roof over you. Oh, dear! dear! dear!—I'm ashamed of you—troth, if I had time and sthraw enough, I'd rather thatch the place myself than lose my time talking to you; sure the place is more like a stable than a chapel. Oh, think of that!—the house of God to be like a stable!—for though our Redeemer, in his humility, was born in a stable, that is no reason why you are to keep his house always like one.

"And now I will read you the list of subscribers, and it will make you ashamed when you hear the names of several good and worthy Protestants in the parish, and out of it, too, who have given more than the Catholics."

He then proceeded to read the following list, which he interlarded copiously with observations of his own; making *videlicet* marginal notes, as it were, upon the subscribers, which were not unfrequently answered by the persons so noticed from the body of the chapel, and laughter was often the consequence of these rejoinders, which Father Phil never permitted to pass without a retort. Nor must all this be considered in the least irreverent. A certain period is allowed between two particular portions of the Mass, when the priest may address his congregation on any public matter: an approaching pattern, or

fair, or the like; in which exhortations to propriety of conduct, or warnings against faction fights, &c., are his themes. Then they only listen in reverence. But when a subscription for such an object as that already mentioned is under discussion, the flock consider themselves entitled to "put in a word," in case of necessity.

This preliminary hint is given to the reader, that he may better enter into the spirit of Father Phil's

**SUBSCRIPTION LIST,  
FOR THE REPAIRS AND ENLARGEMENT OF  
BALLYSLOUGHGUTPHERY CHAPEL,**

PHILIP BLAKE, P.P.

**Micky Hicky . . . 0 7 6** "He might as well have made ten shillings: but half a loaf is better than no bread."

"Pleas your reverence," says Mick, from the body of the chapel, "sure seven-and-sixpence is more than the half of ten shillings." (*A laugh.*)

"Oh! how witty you are. Faith, if you knew your duty as well as your arithmetic, it would be better for you, Micky."

Here the Father turned the laugh against Mick.

**Blity Riley . . . 0 8 4** "Of course he means to subscribe again."

**John Dwyer . . . 0 15 0** "That's something like! I'll be bound he's only keeping back the odd five shillings for a brushful o' paint for the altar; it's as black as a crow, instead o' being as white as a dove."

He then hurried over rapidly some small subscribers as follows:—

- Peter Heffernan . . . 0 1 8
- James Murphy . . . 0 2 6
- Mat Donovan . . . 0 1 8
- Luke Dannelly . . . 0 3 0
- Jack Quigly . . . 0 2 1
- Pat Finnegan . . . 0 2 2
- Edward O'Connor, Esq. . . . . 2 0 0

"There's for you! Edward O'Connor, Esq., a Protestant is the parish—Two pounds!"

"Long life to him," cried a voice in the chapel.

"Amen," said Father Phil; "I'm not ashamed to be clerk to so good a prayer."

**Nicholas Fagan . . . 0 2 6**  
**Young Nicholas Fagan . . . 0 5 0** "Young Nick is better than ould Nick, you see."

The congregation honoured the Father's demand on their risibility.

- Tim Dovic . . . 0 7 8
- Owney Loyla . . . 1 0 0

"Well done, Owney na Coppal—you deserve to prosper, for you make good use of your thrivings."

**Simon Leary . . . 0 2 6**  
**Bridget Murphy . . . 0 10 0** "You ought to be ashamed o' yourself Simon: a lone widow woman gives more than you."

**S. & d.** Simon answered, "I have a large family, sir; and she has no clidhres."

"That's not her fault," said the priest—"and maybe she'll mend o' that yet." This excited much merriment; for the widow was buxom, and had recently buried an old husband, and, by all accounts, was cocking her cap at a handsome young fellow in the parish.

**Judy Moylan . . . 0 5 0** "Very good, Judy; the women are behaving like gentlemen, they have their reward in the next world."

**Pat Finnerty . . . 0 8 4** "I'm not sure if it is 8s. 4d. or 3s. 4d., for the figure is blotted—but I believe it is 8s. 4d."

"It was three-and-four-pence I gave your reverence," said Pat from the crowd.

"Well, Pat, as I said eight-and-fourpence, you must not let me go back o' my word, so bring me five shillings next week."

"Sure you wouldn't have me pay for a blot, sir?"

"Yes, I would—that's the rule of backmannos, you know, Pat. When I hit the blot you pay for it."

Here his reverence turned round, as if looking for someone, and called out, "Rafferty! Rafferty! Rafferty! Who are you, Rafferty?"

An old gray-headed man appeared, bearing a large plate, and Father Phil continued:—

"There now, be active—I'm sending him among you, good people, and such as cannot give as much as you would like to be read before your neighbours, give what little you can towards the repairs, and I will continue to read out the names by way of encouragement to you, and the next name I see is that of Squire Egan. Long life to him!"

**Squire Egan . . . 5 0 0** "Squire Egan—five pounds—listen to that—five pounds—a Protestant in the parish—five pounds! Faith, the Protestants will make you ashamed of yourselves, if we don't take care."

**Mrs. Flanagan . . . 2 0 0** "Not her own parish, either—a kind lady."

**James Milligan of Roundtown . . . 1 0 0** "And here I must remark that the people of Roundtown have not been backward in coming forward on this occasion. I have a long list from Roundtown—I will read it separate." He then proceeded at

S. a. d. a great pace, jumbling the town and the pounds and the people in a most extraordinary manner: "James Milligan of Roundtown, one pound; Darby Daly of Roundtown, one pound; Sam Finnigan of Roundtown, one pound; James Casey of Roundpound, one town; Kit Dwyer of Townpound, one round—pound I mane; Pat Roundpound—Pounden I mane—Pat Pounden a pound of Poundtown also—there's an example for you!—but what are you about, Rafferty? *I don't like the sound of that plate of yours*;—you are not a good gleaner—go up first into the gallery there, where I see so many good-looking bonnets—I suppose they will give something to keep their bonnets out of the rain, for the wet will be into the gallery next Sunday if they don't. I think that is Kitty Crow I see, getting her bit of silver ready; them ribbons of yours cost a trifle, Kitty. Well, good Christians, here is more of the subscription for you.

Matthew Lavery 0 3 "He doesn't belong to Roundtown—Roundtown will be renowned in future ages for the support of the Church. Mark my words—Roundtown will prosper from this day out—Roundtown will be a rising place.

Mark Hennessy 0 2 2  
 Luke Clancy 0 2 0  
 Joan Doolan 0 2 0  
 "One would think they all agreed only to give two-and-sixpence apiece. And they comfortable men, too! And look at their names—Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, the names of the blessed Evangelists, and only ten shillings among them! Oh, they are apostles not worthy of the name—we'll call them the *Poor Apostles* from this out" (here a low laugh ran through the chapel).—"Do you hear that, Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John? Faith! I can tell you that name will stick to you." (Here the laugh was louder.)

A voice, when the laugh subsided, exclaimed, "I'll make it ten shillings, your reverence."

"Who's that?" said Father Phil.

"Hennessy, your reverence."

"Very well, Mark. I suppose Matthew, Luke, and John will follow your example?"

"We will, your reverence."

"Ah! I thought you made a mistake; we'll call you now the *Faithful Apostles*—and I think the change in the name is better than seven-and-sixpence apiece to you.

S. a. d. "I see you in the gallery there, Rafferty. What do you pass that well-dressed woman for?—thry back—ha! see that—she had her money ready if you only asked for it—don't go by that other woman there—oh, oh!—so you won't give anything ma'am. You ought to be ashamed of yourself. There is a woman with an elegant sthraw bonnet, and she won't give a farthing. Well now—afther that—remember—I give it from the althar, that from this day out sthraw bonnets pay fi' penny pieces.

Thomas Durry, Esq. 1 0 0 "It's not his parish and he's a brave gentleman.

Miss Fanny Dawson 1 0 0 "A Protestant out of the parish, and a sweet young lady, God bless her! Oh, faith, the Protestants is shaming you!!!

Deanna Fannin 0 7 6 "Very good, indeed, for a working mason.

Jemmy Riley : 0 5 0 "Not bad for a hedge carpenter.

"I gave you ten, plaze your reverence," shouted Jemmy, and by the same token, you may remember it was on the Nativity of the Blessed Vargin, sir, I gave you the second five shillin's."

"So you did, Jemmy," cried Father Phil—"I put a little cross before it, to remind me of it; but I was in a hurry to make a sick-call when you gave it to me, and forgot it afther; and indeed myself doesn't know what I did with that same five shillings."

Here a pallid woman, who was kneeling near the rails of the altar, uttered an impassioned blessing, and exclaimed, "Oh, that was the very five shillings, I'm sure, you gave to me that very day, to buy some little comforts for my poor husband who was dying in the fever!"—and the poor woman burst into loud sobs as she spoke.

A deep thrill of emotion ran through the flock as this accidental proof of their poor pastor's beneficence burst upon them; and as an affectionate murmur began to rise above the silence which that emotion produced, the burly Father Philip blushed like a girl at this publication of his charity, and even at the foot of that altar where he stood, felt something like shame in being discovered in the commission of that virtue so highly commended by the Holy One to whose worship the altar was raised. He uttered a hasty "Whisht—whisht!" and waved with his outstretched hands his flock into silence.

In an instant one of those sudden changes common

to an Irish assembly, and scarcely credible to a stranger, took place. The multitude was hushed—the grotesque of the subscription list had passed away and was forgotten, and that same man and that same multitude stood in altered relations—they were again a reverent flock, and he once more a solemn pastor; the natural play of his nation's mirthful sarcasm was absorbed in a moment in the sacredness of his office; and with a solemnity befitting the highest occasion, he placed his hands together before his breast, and raising his eyes to heaven he poured forth his sweet voice, with a tone of the deepest devotion, in that reverential call to prayer, "*Orate fratres.*"

The sound of a multitude gently kneeling down followed, like the soft breaking of a quiet sea on a sandy beach; and when Father Philip turned to the altar to pray, his pent-up feelings found vent in tears; and while he prayed, he wept.

I believe such scenes as this are not of unfrequent occurrence in Ireland: that country so long-suffering, so much maligned, and so little understood.

Suppose the foregoing scene to have been only described antecedent to the woman in the outbreak of her gratitude revealing the priest's charity, from which he recoiled—suppose the mirthfulness of the incidents arising from reading the subscription-list—a mirthfulness bordering on the ludicrous—to have been recorded, and nothing more, a stranger would be inclined to believe, and pardonable in the belief,

that the Irish and their priesthood were rather prone to be irreverent; but observe, under this exterior, the deep sources of feeling that lie hidden and wait but the wand of divination to be revealed. In a thousand similar ways are the actions and the motives of the Irish understood by those who are careless of them, or worse, misrepresented by those whose interest, or too often *business*, it is to malign them.

Father Phil could proceed no further with the reading of the subscription list, but finished the list of the Mass with unusual solemnity. But if the president just recorded abridged his address, as the publication of donors' names by way of stimulus to the less active, it produced a great effect on those who had but smaller donations to drop into the plate, and the gray-headed collector, who could have numbered the scanty coin before the bereaved widow had revealed the pastor's charity, had to struggle his way afterwards through the eagerly outstretched hands that showered their hard-earned pence upon the plate, which was borne back to the altar heaped with contributions—heaped as it had not been seen for many a day. The studied excitement of their faith and their shame—and both are active agents in the Irish nature—was less successful than the accidental appeal to their affections.

Oh! rulers of Ireland, why have you not learned to lead that people by love, whom your severity has been unable to drive?

up one  
"Oh my! oh!" says  
"disagreed wid your Hol"  
"Oh my! oh!" says  
all?" gasping for

**TERRIBLE**

BY LIEUTENANT

From the name of our story, some nervous persons may feel disinclined to peruse it. But we can assure them there is nothing at all in Tim's antecedents, or in what we are going to relate of his adventures, calculated to startle or alarm the most sensitive of our readers. For Tim, our hero, is, perhaps, the most harmless individual that might be found in any of the four provinces. Neither in physical proportions nor in mental capacity could the adjective, "terrible," be applied to him. He was diminutive in body and mind, and could not boast of even the common amount of sense allotted to ordinary mortals. There is nothing singular recorded of him from his early years of discretion to the period of our tale, or, to go back farther, from the time he screwed up his little red face as his father kissed his mother, and thanked her for the first and last child she presented him with, in the thirteenth year of her married life. Then, it will be naturally asked, in what way was Tim terrible? Was the name given him after Turko the Terrible, of pantomime celebrity, or by mistake in baptism? No. Then was it a *sobriquet* he was known by, to

distinguish him from some other Tim in the neighbourhood? No. The simple and only reason why Tim was called "terrible" was, because his mother designated him *terrible*, from the moment she laid her pair of gray eyes upon him up to even his twenty-first year. She swore he was a beauty, and that if, through the goodness of God, he was spared through the measles and those other zymotic diseases children are subject to, and arrived at manhood, he would undoubtedly make a name for himself in the world, and be the cause of *terrible* differences amongst the women and jealousies amongst the men. Nothing was surer, in the mind of Judy Casey, our hero's mother; and the word "terrible" being so constantly in her mouth when speaking of her son, it became general in the neighbourhood. Terrible Tim, at the time of our story, was no longer a *gossamer*. The dawn of budding manhood was perceptible about his chin, and was already marking out a line for whiskers on his cheeks. Tim was, in fact, one-and-twenty, and entitled to wear a tall hat and to suspend his trousers by the usual means, and not have them buttoned to

we'll give you a dispensation for absence until supper.  
Well but, my worthy,' says Luther, 'what's your opinion of clerical affairs in general? Don't you think they're in a bad state?'

'I think they're just as they ought to be.'

'I doubt that, says Luther. 'The inferior clergy are under great restrictions, in consequence of their poverty, and not allowed to marry.'

'Then you'd wish to see the clergy married?'

'To be sure I would; an' a nice sight it 'ud be, to see rogues, every man wid a wife undher his arm.'

'I'll hold you a gallon of Roscrea to a gallon of showen,' says the strange monk, 'that I could put a plan of havin' them married in dhroves.'

'If you do,' says Luther, 'I'll say you're a cleverer man than I am.'

'Well,' says the other 'there's Harry the Aighth of England, going' to put away his wife, and to take another. Now's your time,' says he, 'strike while the iron's hot. He's at loggerheads wid the Pope an' the Church in general, an' will defend the right of praying to the last day of his life. Broach the subject now, Luther, an' he's the boy will support it.'

'Come your hand,' says Luther: 'eh, St. Peter, but your palm's burnin'.'

'Not at all,' says the other, 'I'm naturally hot. You take my hint?'

'Would a cat take new milk?' says Luther.

'Well,' says the other, 'I'll give you advice.'

His visitor then instructed Luther at a great tellin' him how he would get on wid his heresy,

an' many other things o' that nature. Luther, however, began to feel unassy where he sat. He first put one finger to his nostril, afther that his thumb to the other, lookin' arnestly at the monk all the time.

'I beg your pardon,' says he, 'but maybe you'd take the other side o' the room; I think you'd find yourself more comfortable in it.'

'Oh, that 'ud be too much throuble,' says the other: 'I'm very well where I am.'

'No throuble in life to me,' says Luther, 'but the conthrary. I'll thank you to take the other side o' the room; or, indeed, for that matther, if you sat on the outside for some time, it 'ud be as well. A thrifle o' fresh air would serve us both.'

'Why, you're delicate entirely,' said the stranger.

'Don't stand on ceremony wid me,' said Luther. 'But, holy St. Pether, what's this at all!'

'He then looked at the monk, and saw a grim sneer upon his face: his eyes, too, began to blaze, an' a circle o' fire played round his head. Another peep undher the table showed Luther the cloven foot, an' a long tail coiled round the chair. Luther, however, was a hardened sinner that there was no puttin' fear into; so he instantly whipped up the poker that had been stickin' between the bars, an', of coorse, red hot: an' the monk, seein' him about to commence the attack, rethrated in double-quick time.

'Ha!' exclaimed Luther, 'there you go, you vagabone; but a sweet perfume you lave behind!'

'Now, that's the way the Protestant Church was invinted by the divil and Martin Luther.'

"Penny hasn't been."

## NIGHT THE POPE TO MIX PUNCH. MAGINN.

WHEN his Riv'rence was in Room, ov coorse the Pope axed him to take pot look wid him, and, as they wor sitting, afther dinner, taking their sup together, says the Pope, "Thomaus a Ianna," says he, "I'm tould you wett them English heretics out ov the fac."

"You may say that," says his Riv'rence. "Be my sowl," says he, "if I put your Holiness undher the table, you won't be the first Pope I floored."

Well, his Holiness laughed like to split; for, you know, Pope was the great Prodesan that Father Tom put down; and ov coorse they knewn all the ins and outs of the conthravarsy at Room. "Faix, Thomaus," says he,—"it's no lie what they tell me, that you're the pleasant man over the dhrop ov good liquor."

"Would you like to thry?" says his Riv'rence.

"Sure, and amn't I thrying all I can?" says the Pope. "Sorra betther bottle ov wine's betuxt this and Salamancha, nor's there fornenst you on the table; it's raal Lachrymalchrysal."

"It's mortal cowl," says Father Tom.

"Well, man alive," says the Pope, "sure and here's the best ov good claret in the out decanther."

"Not maning to make little ov the claret, your

Holiness," says his Riv'rence, "I would prefir some hot wather and sugar, wid a glass of sperits in it."

"Hand me over the bottle of brandy," says the Pope to his butler, "and fetch up the materi'ls."

"Ah, then, your Holiness," says his Riv'rence, mighty eager, "maybe you'd have a dhrop ov the native in your cellar? I dunna how it is, but brandy always plays the puck wid my inside."

"Pon my conscience, then," says the Pope, "It's very sorry I am, Mистер Maguire," says he, "that it isn't in my power to plase you; for I'm sure and certaint that there's not as much whiskey in Room this blessed minit as 'ud blind the eye ov a midge."

"Well, in troth, your Holiness," says Father Tom, "I knewn there was no use in axing; only," says he, "I didn't know how else to exqueese the liberty I tuck," says he, "of bringing a small taste," says he, "of the real stuff," says he, hauling out an imper'il quart bottle out ov his coat-pocket; "that never seen the face of a gauger," says he, setting it down on the table fornenst the Pope: "and if you'll jist thry the full ov a thimble ov it, and it doesn't rise the cockles of your Holiness's heart



why then, my name," says he, "isn't Tom Maguire!" Well, the Pope at first was going to get vexed at Father Tom for fetching dhrink thataway in his pocket, as if there wasn't lashins in the house: so says he, "Misther Maguire," says he, "I'd have you to comprehend the differ betuxt an invitation to dinner from the successor of Saint Pether, and from a common nagur ov a Prodesan squireen that maybe hasn't liquor enough in his cupboard to wet more nor his own heretical whistle. That may be the way wid them that you visit in Leithrim," says he, "and in Roscommon; and I'll let you know the differ in the prisint case," says he, "only that you're a champion ov the Church and entitled to lanieny. So," says he "as the liquors come, let it stay. And in troth I'm curis myself," says he, getting mighty soft when he found the delightful smell ov the *potheem*, "in invistigating the composition ov distilled liquors," says he, taking up the bottle and putting it to his blessed nose. Ah! my dear, the very first snuff he got ov it, he cried out, the dear man, "Oh! but it has the divine smell!"

"Well, sure enough, it's the blessed liquor now," says his Riv'ence, "and so there can be no harm any way in mixing a dandy of punch; and," says he, stirring up the materi'ls wid his golden muddler—"if I might make bould," says he, "to spake on so deep a subjie afore your Holiness, I think it 'ud considherably whacilitate the investigation ov its chemistery and phwarmacentics, if you'd jist thry the laste sup in life ov it inwardly."

"Well, then, suppose I do make the same experiment," says the Pope, in a much more condescending way nor you'd have expected—and wid that he mixes himself a real stiff facor.

"Now, your Holiness," says Father Tom, "thi bein' the first time you ever dispined them chymicals," says he, "I'll just make bould to lay down one rule ov orthography, for compounding them."

"What's that?" says the Pope.

"Put in the sperits first," says his Riv'ence; "and then put in the sugar; and remember, every dhrup ov wather you put in afther that spoils the punch."

"Glory be to God!" says the Pope, not minding a word Father Tom was saying. "Glory be to God!" says he, smacking his lips. "I never knewn what dhrink was afore," says he. "It bates the Lachry-malchrysal out ov the face! it's Necthar itself, so it is!" says he, wiping his mouth wid the cuff ov his coat.

"Pon my secret honour," says his Riv'ence, "I'm raally glad to see your Holiness set so much to your satiswraction; especially," says he, "as, for fear ov accidents, I tuck the liberty of fetching the fellow ov that small vesshel," says he, "in my other pocket. So devil a fear ov our running dhrly, anyhow," says he.

"Dhrav your stool in to the fire, Misther Maguire," says the Pope, "for faix," says he, "I'm bent on analizing the metaphwysics ov this phinomenon. Come, man alive, clear off," says he, "you're not dhrinking at all."

"Is it dhrink?" says his Riv'ence; "by gorra, your Holiness," says he, "I'd dhrink wid you till the cows 'ud be coming home in the morning."

So they tackled to and fell into larned discouras. After a while, says Father Tom, "Will your Holiness take a blast ov the pipe?" says he.

"I never smoke," says the Pope, "but I have the least objection to the smell of the tobaccay."

"Oh, you had better take a dhrav," says his Riv'ence, "it'll relish the dhrank, that 'ud be luscious entirely, widout something to flavo."

"I had thoughts," said the Pope, wid a sign ov a hiccup on him, "ov getting up a bould bone for the same purpose."

"Well," says his Riv'ence, "a broiled bone do no manner ov harm at this present time, and smoke 'ud flavour both the devil and the dhrank."

"What sort o' tobaccay is it that's in it?" says the Pope.

"Raal nagur-head," says his Riv'ence, "it's a mild and salubrious species of the philosophic weed."

"Then, I don't care if I do take a dhrav," says the Pope. Then Father Tom held the coal himself till his Holiness had the pipe lit; and they sat out saying much for about five minutes.

At last the Pope says to his Riv'ence, "I dun what gev me this plaguy hiccup," says he. "Sing us a song, your Riv'ence," says he.

Father Tom then sung him the Bunch o' Bushes, and he was wid both, keeping time wid his hands, and joining the choruses, when his hiccup overtook him. At my dear, he opens the lower buttons ov his waistcoat and the top one of his vest, and calls for Anthony to lift up one what's wrong wid me, a

"I distrust," says his Riv'ence, "I disagreed wid your Holiness."

"Oh my! oh!" says the Pope, "what's this all?" gasping for breath, and as pale as a she-wid a could swate bursting out over his forehead and the palms ov his hands spread out to catch the air. "Oh my! oh my!" says he, "fetch me basin!—Don't spake to me. Oh!—oh!—blew!"

"Oh, my head!—oh!—ubh!—I'm poisoned!"

"It was them plaguy pasthries," says his Riv'ence. "Hould his head hard," says he, "and clap a w cloth over his temples. If you could only th another dhrav o' the pipe, your Holiness, it 'ud do you to rights in no time."

"Carry me to bed," says the Pope, "and never me see that wild Irish priest again. I'm poisoned his manes—abpsich!—ach! ach! My lather en approaching. My head's like to split—so it is!—my! oh my!"

Well, his Riv'ence never thought it worth while to make him an answer; but, when he seen he ungratefully he was used, afther all his trouble making the evening agreeable to the ould man, he put the butt-end ov the second bottle into his pocket and left the house widout once wishing "Good-night an' plaisant dhrames to you;" and, in troth, not ov them axed him to lave them a lock ov his hair.

That's the story as I heard it tould; but mys doesn't b'lieve over one-half of it.