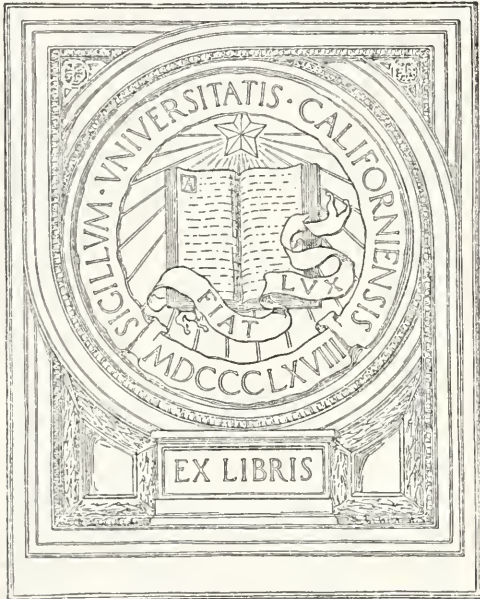


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THE COLLECTED WRITINGS
OF
S A M U E L L O V E R

Treasure Trobe Edition

VOLUME VII

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The Collected Writings of Samuel Lover have been
printed, of which this is Number 124.....



He pulled her on the horn!

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OF
SAMUEL LOVER



TREASURE TROVE EDITION

In Ten Volumes



VOLUME SEVEN

The Collected Writings of
SAMUEL LOVER

LEGENDS *and* STORIES
of IRELAND · *First Series*

TO WHICH IS ADDED

ILLUSTRATIONS OF
NATIONAL PROVERBS



BOSTON · LITTLE, BROWN
AND COMPANY · MDCCCCIII

TO THE
MEMBERS OF THE
FACULTY OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF
CAMBRIDGE

AND TO THE
MEMBERS OF THE
FACULTY OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF
CAMBRIDGE

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UNIVERSITY OF
CAMBRIDGE

UNIVERSITY PRESS · JOHN WILSON
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1872
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1901
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TO
SIR MARTIN ARCHER SHEE, P. R. A.

A PAINTER—A POET—AND AN IRISHMAN

THIS VOLUME

IS VERY RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED

BY

THE AUTHOR

432578

“ An ounce of mirth is worth a pound of sorrow.” — *Chrononhotonthologos*.

“ Qui vit sans folie, n'est pas si sage qu'il le croit.” — *Rochevoucauld*.

“ Legend-i — Legend-o — Legend-um.” — *Hoolé's Terminations*.

PREFACE

THOUGH the sources whence these Stories are derived are open to every one, yet chance or choice may prevent thousands from making such sources available; and, though the village crone and mountain guide have many hearers, still their circle is so circumscribed, that most of what I have ventured to lay before my readers, is, for the first time, made tangible to the greater portion of those who do me the favour to become such.

In one story, alone, (Paddy the Piper,) I have no claim to authorship; and this I take the earliest opportunity of declaring, although I have a distinct note to the same effect, at the end of the article itself; and, as I have entered upon my confessions, it is, perhaps, equally fair to state, that although most of the tales are authentic, there is one, purely my own invention, namely, "The Gridiron."

Many of them were originally intended merely for the diversion of a few friends round my own fire-side — there, recited in the manner of those from whom I heard them, they first made their *début*, and the flattering reception they met on so minor a stage, led to their appearance before larger audiences — subsequently, I was induced to publish two of them in the *Dublin*

Preface

Literary Gazette, and the favourable notice from contemporary prints, which they received, has led to the publication of the present volume.

I should not have troubled the reader, with this account of the “birth, parentage, and education” of my literary bantlings, but to have it understood that some of them are essentially *oral* in their character, and, I fear, suffer materially when reduced to writing. This I mention *en passant* to the critics; and if I meet but half as good natured *readers* as I have hitherto found *auditors*, I shall have cause to be thankful. But, previously to the perusal of the following pages, there are a few observations that I feel are necessary, and which I shall make as concise as possible.

Most of the Stories are given in the manner of the peasantry; and this has led to some peculiarities that might be objected to, were not the cause explained — namely, frequent digressions in the course of the narrative, occasional adjurations, and certain words unusually spelt. As regards the first, I beg to answer, that the stories would be deficient in national character without it; — the Irish are so imaginative, that they never tell a story straight forward, but constantly indulge in episode: for the second, it is only fair to say, that in most cases, the Irish peasant’s adjurations are not meant to be in the remotest degree irreverent, but arise merely from the impassioned manner of speaking, which an excitable people are prone to; and I trust that such oaths as “thunder-and-turf,” or maledictions, as “bad cess to you,” will not be considered very offensive. Nay, I will go farther, and say, that their frequent exclamations of

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“Lord be praised,” — “God betune uz and harm,” etc. have their origin in a deeply reverential feeling, and a reliance on the protection of Providence. As for the orthographical dilemmas into which an attempt to spell their peculiar pronunciation has led me, I have ample and most successful precedent in Mr. Banim’s works. Some general observations, however, it may not be irrelevant to introduce here, on the pronunciation of certain sounds in the English language by the Irish peasantry. And here I wish to be distinctly understood, that I speak only of the midland and western districts of Ireland — and chiefly of the latter.

They are rather prone to curtailing their words; *of*, for instance, is very generally abbreviated into *o’* or *i’*, except when a succeeding vowel demands a consonant; and even in that case they would substitute *v*. The letters *d* and *t*, as finals, they scarcely ever sound; for example, pond, hand, slept, kept, are pronounced *pon, han, slep, kep*. These letters, when followed by a vowel, are sounded as if the aspirate *h* intervened, as tender, letter, *tindher, letther*. Some sounds they sharpen, and *vice versa*. The letter *e*, for instance, is mostly pronounced like *i* in the word litter, as *lind* for lend, *mind* for mend, etc.; but there are exceptions to this rule: — Saint Kevin, for example, which they pronounce *Kavin*. The letter *o* they sound like *a* in some words, as *off, aff* or *av*, thus softening the *f* into *v* — beyond, *beyant*, thus sharpening the final *d* to *t*, and making an exception to the custom of not sounding *d* as a final — in others, they alter it to *ow*, as old, *owld*. Sometimes *o* is even converted into *i*, as spoil, *spile*. In a strange spirit of contrariety,

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while they alter the sound of *e* to that of *i*, they substitute the latter for the former sometimes, as *hinder*, *hendber* — *cinder*, *cendber*; *s* they soften in *z*, as *us*, *uz*. There are other peculiarities which this is not an appropriate place to dilate upon. I have noticed the most obvious. Nevertheless, even these are liable to exceptions, as the peasantry are quite governed by ear, as in the case of the word *of*, which is variously sounded *o'*, *i'*, *ov*, *av*, or *iv*, as best suits their pleasure.

It is unnecessary to remark how utterly unsystematic I have been in throwing these few remarks together. Indeed to classify (if it were necessary) that which has its birth in ignorance, would be a very perplexing undertaking. But I wished to notice those striking peculiarities of the peasant-pronunciation, which the reader will have frequent occasion to observe in the following pages; and, as a further assistance, I have added a short glossary.

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St. Stephen's Green Park

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INTRODUCTION

AFTER my Stories were printed, I began to think what name I should give the volume, and this has puzzled me more than writing it. Though the matter in the following pages is perfectly new, and *unlike any thing that has gone before it*, yet the name that I have been obliged to adopt, might lead the public to infer that a certain resemblance cannot but attach, where a similarity of title exists, and that a family likeness must follow a family name. This, I beg to say, is not the case, and with the extensive family of "Legends," (fairy or otherwise,) "Stories," "Traits," "Sketches," etc. there is not a relationship, even within the seventh degree. So much the worse, perhaps, for its goodness; but I am anxious to plead for its *novelty* only, and therefore has giving it a name been no small trouble to me.

"What 's in a name?"

says Shakespeare; — but did he live in our days, he would know its value. In whatsoever light you view it — in whatsoever scale it may be weighed — name is a most important concern now-a-days. In fashion, (*place aux dames*,) literature, politics, arts, sciences, etc., etc. name does wonders; — it might be almost said, every thing — whether for the introduction of a measure in Parlia-

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ment, or in the length of a waist, for the success of a bad book, a new system, or an old picture.

Name, like the first blow, is half the battle. Impressed with this conviction, every huckster now calls his hovel a PROVISION STORE—a barber's shop is elevated into a *Magasin des Modes*—the long line of teachers, under the names of French master, dancing-master, fencing-master, music-master, and all the other masters, have dignified themselves with the self-bestowed title of "PROFESSOR"—a snuff-and-tobacco shop is metamorphosed, for the benefit of all "true believers," into a "cigar *divan*;"—and, in St. Stephen's-Green, who does not remember the "PANTHEON PHUSITEKNIKON?" which, being rendered into English by Mr. B——, the ironmonger, proprietor of the same, meant—"Pots, pans, and kettles to mend."

Nay, the very venders of soaps, cosmetics, and wig-oil, seem to understand the importance of this pass to public patronage, and storm its difficult heights, accordingly, with the most jaw-breaking audacity. We have Rowlandson's *Kalydor*—Turkish *Sidki*—*Areka*, or Betelnut Charcoal—Milk of Roses, etc., etc. A circumnavigation of the globe is undertaken to replenish their vocabularies, and the Arctic regions are ransacked for "Bears' Grease," and the Tropics are rifled for "*Macassar Oil*."

Enviably name!—Thou shalt live to future ages, when thy ingenious inventor shall be no more!—when the heads thou hast anointed shall have pressed their last pillow! Nay, when the very humbug that bears thy name shall have fallen into disuse—thou, felicitous name, shalt be found embalmed in "immortal verse,"

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for the mighty Byron has enshrined thee in his couplets: —

“ In virtues nothing earthly could surpass her,
Save thine ‘ incomparable oil,’ Macassar.”

So saith Byron of Donna Inez.

Descending still lower than the venders as aforesaid noticed, the *very dogs* are concerned in this all-important thing, a name; for you know the memorable old saying, that declares, “ You may as well kill a dog, as give him a bad name.”

Pardon, then, the anxiety of an unfortunate dog like me, for some name that may lift him out of his own insignificance; or, to pursue the image, may “ help a lame dog over the stile.” — But a name that I could wish for my book is not to be had; so many authors have been before me, that all the good names are gone, like the good hats at a party. I therefore must only put the best that is left on the head of my poor little book, and send it into the world to take its chance. But, lest any prejudice should arise against it, from wearing a CAUBEEN instead of a beaver, I had better tell my readers what they shall find in the following pages. And as, in the Island of Laputa, there were certain functionaries called “ flappers,” whose duty it was to keep people alive to their business, by hitting them in the face with bladders charged with air and a few peas, I am now going to undertake the office of flapper, to awaken people to a notion of what they are to expect in the *terra incognita* before them, though I shall not indulge in so *inflated* a manner of doing so as the Laputans.

But time is a treasure, (though one would not suppose

Introduction

I think so, from the way in which I am now wasting it,) and as its return is beyond our power, we should not take that from others which we cannot restore. Don't be afraid, sweet reader: — I am not going to moralise — it is what I am seldom guilty of; besides, you might, haply, think of Monsieur Jacques, when you hear

“The *fool* thus moralise upon the time;”

and I have no desire that “your lungs begin to crow like Chanticleer” at *me*, however I hope they may at *my stories*.

But to the point. I do not wish, I say, to swindle respectable gentlemen or ladies out of their time; therefore, I beg to recommend all serious persons — your masters of arts, your explorers of science, star-gazing philosophers, and moon-struck maidens, LL. D.'s, F. R. S.'s, and all other *three-letter* gentlemen, to lay down this book, even at this very *period*. But, if you be of the same mind with that facetious gentleman, Rigdum Funidos, and agree with him, that

“An ounce of mirth is worth a pound of sorrow,”

then, I say, you may as well go on, and throw away your time in laughing at my book as in any other way whatsoever.

Deep in the western wilds of Ireland have I been gathering those native productions called *Rigmaroles*, to contribute to your pleasure. If you be a lover of rhodomontade, or, as Paddy calls it, *Rogermontade*, you had better, in true Irish fashion, “take a short stick in your hand,” and trudge away boldly through my duodecimo. As for ladies who are

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“Darkly, deeply, beautifully blue,
As some one somewhere sings about the sea,
(Excuse me, Byron, that I steal from you) —
Do not, like Nanny — do not ‘gang with me’ ;”

for there are no raptures nor Italian quotations for you. But, if you have not outlived the charm which the wonders of the nursery tale produced, or if you are yet willing to commit such a vulgarism as a laugh, pray take my arm, and allow me to lead you into the next page.

I would say a great deal more, but that I fear, instead of fulfilling my office of “flapper,” I should only set people to sleep. I shall therefore conclude, by saying a word or two about the illustrations.

They are my first attempts upon copper; and whatever affinity there may be between that and *brass*, which, thanks to my country, I may not be so much unused to, yet I can assure the critics there is a marvellous difference between etching and impudence. Let me not be accused then of the latter, in having attempted the former, but some indulgence be granted to a *coup d'essai*. So much for the *executive* part; and, for the *designs*, I beg to say a few words more, which I shall offer in the form of a

Notice

to the

Antiquarian Society

Should any such august personage as an Antiquary chance to cast his eyes over the illustrations of this little book, it is humbly requested that his repose be not disturbed in fancied anachronisms in the costumes. We say, *fancied*, for considerable pains have been bestowed in ascertaining the true style of dress in which each of

Introduction

our heroes flourished, from the narrators of their several histories — and who could possibly know so well?

Upon the testimony of the aforesaid credible authority, King O'Toole wore a snuff-coloured, square-cut coat, with hanging sleeves, and silver buttons — black velvet inexpressibles, trunk hose, and high-heeled shoes, with buckles.

This monarch is said to have had a *foible* (what monarch is without?) in paying particular attention to his *queue*, of which he was not a little vain. He constantly, moreover, wore a crown upon his head, which Joe Irwin protested was “full half a hundred weight o' goold.” Had this fact been known to the commentators upon Shakspeare, they might have been better able to appreciate that line of the immortal bard's —

“Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown!”

Saint Kevin had a little failing of his own also, — an inconsiderate indulgence in smoking, which all anti-quaries are aware, is an ancient usage in Ireland. The pipe in his hat, therefore, is especially indicative of the Saint. It is further understood, (such pains have been taken to be accurate,) that the Saint “blew his cloud” from the corner of his mouth, and not directly forwards, as commonly practiced. In what slight things is *character* developed! — It is quite natural that a circumventing person, like Saint Kevin, should have dealt in the *puff oblique*.

GLOSSARY

Alpeen — A cudgel.

Bad Scram — Bad food.

Bad Win' } Malediction. Cess is an abbreviation of suc-
Bad Cess } cess.

*Baitbershin*¹ — It may be so.

Ballyrag — To scold.

Caubeen — An old hat. Strictly, a *little* old hat. *Een*, in Irish, is a diminutive.

Colleen Dbas — Pretty girl.

Comether — Corruption of come hither. Putting his comether means forcing his acquaintance.

Gommoch — A simpleton.

Hard Word — Hint.

Hunkers — Haunches.

Kimmeens — Sly tricks.

Macbree — My dear.

Mavourneen — My darling.

Musba! — An exclamation, as "Oh, my!" "Oh, La!"

Noggin — A small wooden drinking vessel.

Phillelew — An outcry.

¹ This I have spelled as it is pronounced. The correct spelling of the phrase would be a very puzzling concern indeed, as, in the original, it is equally complex in construction to the French *qu'est ce que c'est que cela*. I have pursued the same rule with all the other Irish expressions in the Glossary:— First, because the true spellings are very unlike the sounds; *Weira*, for instance, is written, in Irish, *Mhuira* — and next, because my object is only to give the reader an explanatory reference to the "Stories," not to write an Irish vocabulary, which, indeed, I am not prepared to do.

Glossary

Spalpeen — A contemptible person.

Stravaig — To ramble.

Ulican — The funeral cry.

Wake — Watching the body of the departed previously to interment.

Weirastbru! — Mary, have pity!

LEGENDS AND STORIES
OF IRELAND

FIRST SERIES

VOL. I.— I



KING O'TOOLE AND ST. KEVIN

A LEGEND OF GLENDALOUGH

“By that lake, whose gloomy shore
Sky-lark never warbles o'er,
Where the cliff hangs high and steep,
Young Saint Kevin stole to sleep.”

MOORE.

WHO has not read of Saint Kevin, celebrated as he has been by Moore in the melodies of his native land, with whose wild and impassioned music he has so intimately entwined his name? Through him, in the beautiful ballad whence the epigraph of this story is quoted, the world already knows that the sky-lark, through the intervention of the saint, never startles the morning with its joyous note, in the lonely valley of Glendalough. In the same ballad the unhappy passion which the saint inspired, and the “unholy blue” eyes of Kathleen, and the melancholy fate of the heroine by the saint’s being “unused to the melting mood,” are also celebrated; as well as the superstitious *fnale* of the

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legend, in the spectral appearance of the love-lorn maiden.

“ And her ghost was seen to glide
Gently o'er the fatal tide.”

Thus has Moore given, within the limits of a ballad, the spirit of two legends of Glendalough, which otherwise the reader might have been put to the trouble of reaching after a more round-about fashion. But luckily for those coming after him, one legend he has left to be

“ — touched by a hand more unworthy ” —

and instead of a lyrical essence, the raw material in prose is offered, nearly *verbatim* as it was furnished to me by that celebrated guide and *bore*, Joe Irwin, who traces his descent in a direct line from the old Irish kings, and warns the public in general that “there’s a power of them *spalpeens sthravaigin*’ about, sthrivin’ to put their *comether* upon the quol’ty, (quality,¹) and callin’ themselves Irwin, (knowin’, the thieves o’ the world, how his name had gone far and near, as the rale guide,) for to deceave dacent people; but never for to b’lieve the likes — for it was only mulvatherin people they wor.” For my part, I promised never to put faith in any but himself; and the old rogue’s self-love being satisfied, we set out to explore the wonders of Glendalough. On arriving at a small ruin, situated on the south-eastern side of the lake, my guide assumed an air of importance, and led me into the ivy-covered remains, through a small square doorway, whose simple structure gave evidence of its early date: a lintel of stone lay across two upright supporters, after the fashion of such religious remains in Ireland.

“This, Sir,” said my guide, putting himself in an attitude, “is the chapel of King O’Toole — av coorse y’iv often heerd o’ King O’Toole, your honour?”

¹ The Irish peasantry very generally call the higher orders “quality.”

King O'Toole and St. Kevin

"Never," said I.

"Musha, thin, do you tell me so?" said he; "by gor, I thought all the world, far and near, heerd o' King O'Toole — well! well!! but the darkness of mankind is ontellible. Well, Sir, you must know, as you did n't hear it afore, that there was wonst a king, called King O'Toole, who was a fine ould king in the ould ancient times, long ago; and it was him that ownded the churches in the airly days."

"Surely," said I, "the churches were not in King O'Toole's time?"

"Oh, by no manes, your honour — troth, it's yourself that's right enough there; but you know the place is called 'The churches,' bekase they wor built *afther* by Saint 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 ownded the churches — and why not, Sir, seein' 't was his birthright, 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 partic'lar; and from the risin' o' the sun, up he got, and away he wint over the mountains beyant afther the deer; and the fine times them wor; for the deer was as plinty thin, aye 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 counthry, Sir," added he, speaking parenthetically in an undertone, "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 coorse o' time, the king grown old, by raison he was stiff in his limbs, and when he got stricken in years, his heart failed him, and he was lost intirely for want o' divarshin, bekase he could n't go

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a huntin' no longer; and, by dad, 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 truth 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 cotch fish an 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, by dad, the goose got stricken in years, as well as the king, and grewn stiff in the limbs, like her masher, and could n't divart him no longer; and then it was that the poor king was lost compleat, and did n't know what in the wide world to do, seein' he was done 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 of the lake, lamentin' his cruel fate, an' 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,'

King O'Toole and St. Kevin

says he, 'prince and plennypennytinchery o' these parts,' says he; 'but how kem you to know that?' says he.

"'O, never mind,' says Saint Kevin.

"For you see," said old Joe, in his undertone again, and looking very knowingly, "it *was* Saint 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?' said the king, 'that makes so bowld — who are you at all at all?'

"'Oh, never you mind,' says Saint 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.

"'Troth, you may say that,' says Saint 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.

"'O, no matther; I was given to undherstand it,' says Saint 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 was n't the fairies,' says Saint Kevin; 'for I'd have you to know,' says he, 'that I don't keep the likes of 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.

"'By gor,' says the king, 'barrin' you're a coiner,' says he, 'that's impossible!'

"'I'd scorn to be the like, my lord!' says Saint

Legends and Stories of Ireland

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 Saint Kavin.

"'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 Saint Kavin.

"'Blur-an-ouns, 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' makin' his goose as good as new, you'd think the poor ould king's eyes was ready to jump out iv is head, 'and,' says he — 'troth thin I'd give you more money nor you could count,' says he, 'if you did the like: and I'd be behouden to you into the bargain.'

"'I scorn your dirty money,' says Saint Kavin.

"'Faith then, I'm thinkin' a thrifle o' change would do you no harm,' says the king, lookin' up sly at the ould *caubeen* that Saint Kavin had an him.

"'I have a vow agin it,' says the saint; 'and I am book sworn,' says he, 'never to have gold, 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 Saint 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 Saint 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

King O'Toole and St. Kevin

poor goose, all as one as a hound, waddlin' up to the poor ould cripple, her masher, and as like him as two *pays*. "The minute the saint clapt his eyes an the goose, 'I'll do the job for you,' says he, 'King O'Toole!'"

"'By *faminee*,' says King O'Toole, 'if you do, bud I'll say you're the cleverest fellow in the sivin parishes.'

"'Oh, by dad,' says Saint Kevin, '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 Saint Kevin.

"'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 Saint Kevin.

"'Honour bright!' says King O'Toole, howldin' out his fist."

Here old Joe, after applying his hand to his mouth, and making a sharp, blowing sound, (something like "*thp*,") extended it to illustrate the action.¹

"'Honour bright,' says Saint Kevin, 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'll make you the sportin' bird.'

¹ This royal mode of concluding a bargain has descended in its original purity, from the days of King O'Toole to the present time, and is constantly practised by the Irish peasantry. We believe something of *luck* is attributed to this same sharp blowing we have noticed, and which, for the sake of "ears polite," we have not ventured to call by its right name; for to speak truly, a slight escapement of saliva takes place at the time. It is thus *handsel* is given and received; and many are the virtues attributed by the lower order of the Irish, to "fasting spittle."

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“With that, my dear, he tuk up the goose by the two wings — ‘cris 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 aigles themselves, and cuttin’ as many capers as a swallow before a shower o’ rain. Away she wint down there, right for-ninst you, along the side o’ the clift, and flew over Saint Kavin’s bed, (that is, where Saint Kavin’s bed is *now*, but was not *thin*, by raison it was n’t made, but was con-thrived afther by Saint 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 dhriven 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’ Luganure, (that is, where the lead mines is *now*, but was not *thin*, by raison they worn’t discovered, *but was all goold in Saint Kavin’s time*.) Well, over the ind o’ Luganure, she flew, stout and sturdy, and round the other ind av the *little* lake, by the churches, (that is, *av coorse*, where the churches is *now*, but was not *thin*, by raison they wor not built, but aftherwards by Saint 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 acrass 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 thried 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 suddent and chopped him in

King O'Toole and St. Kevin

two, like a pratee, for the glory of his sowl and owld Ireland) — well — down she flew over the clift, and fluttherin' over the wood there, at Poulanass, (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 coorted her sence, and they wor married, I'm given to undherstand, and indeed a purty couple they wor.) Well — as I said — afther fluttherin' 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 dominions, just as if she had n'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 owld 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 '*ma vourneen,*' says he, 'but you are the *darlint* o' the world.'

“ ‘ And what do you say to me,' says Saint Kavin, 'for makin' her the like?'

“ ‘ By gor,' says the king, 'I say nothin' bates the art o' man, barrin'¹ the bees.'

“ ‘ And do you say no more nor that?' says Saint Kavin.

“ ‘ And that I'm behoulden to you,' says the king.

“ ‘ But will you gi'e me all the ground the goose flew over?' says Saint 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 throe?' says the saint.

“ ‘ As throe as the sun,' says the king.

¹ *Barring* is constantly used by the Irish peasantry for *except*.

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“‘It’s well for you,’ (says Saint Kavin, mighty sharp) — ‘it’s well for you, King O’Toole, that you said that word,’ says he; ‘for if you did n’t say that word, *the divil receive the bit o’ your goose id ever fly agin,*’ says Saint Kavin.

“Oh, you need n’t laugh,” said old Joe, half offended at detecting the trace of a suppressed smile; “you need n’t laugh, *for it’s thruth I’m tellin’ you.*”

“Well, whin the king was as good as his word, Saint 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’ know me,’ says he, ‘bekase I’m disguised.’¹

“‘Troth, then, you’re right enough,’ says the king, ‘I did n’t perceave it,’ says he; ‘for indeed I never seen the sign o’ sper’ts an you.’

“‘Oh! that’s not what I mane,’ says Saint Kavin; ‘I mane, I’m deceavin’ you all out, and that I’m not myself at all.’

“‘Blur-an-agers! thin,’ says the king, ‘if you’re not yourself, who are you?’

“‘I’m Saint Kavin,’ said 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 Saint Kavin,’ says he, ‘that I’ve been discoursin’ all this time, without knowin’ it,’ says he, ‘all as one as if he was a lump of a *gossoon?* — and so you’re a saint?’ says the king.

“‘I am,’ says Saint Kavin.

“‘By gor, I thought I was only talking to a dacent boy,’² says the king.

“‘Well, you know the differ now,’ says the saint.

¹ A person in a state of drunkenness is said to be *disguised*.

² The English reader must not imagine the saint to have been very juvenile, from this expression of the king’s. In Ireland, a man in the prime of life is called a “stout *boy.*”

King O'Toole and St. Kevin

'I'm Saint Kavin,' says he, 'the greatest of all the saints.'

"For Saint Kavin, you must know, Sir," added Joe, treating me to another parenthesis, "Saint Kavin is counted the greatest of all the saints, bekase he went to school with the prophet Jeremiah.

"Well, my dear, that 's the way that the place kem, all at wanst, into the hands of Saint Kavin; for the goose flew round every individyial acre o' King O'Toole's property you see, *bein' let into the saycret* by Saint Kavin, who was mighty *cute*;¹ and so, when he *done* the owld king out iv his property, for the glory o' God, he was *plazed* with him, and he and the king was the best o' friends iver more afther, (for the poor owld 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, after 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;² and, by gor, instead iv the goose's killin' a throuth for the king's supper — by dad the eel killed the king's goose. And small blame to him — but he did n't ate her, bekase he darn't ate what Saint Kavin laid his blessed hand 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 curoosity,) and pre-sarved in a glass case for his own divarshin; and the

¹ Cunning. An abbreviation of acute.

² Eels of uncommon size are said to exist in the upper lake of Glendalough: the guides invariably tell marvellous stories of them: they describe them of forbidding aspect, with manes as large as a horse's; — one of these "slippery rogues" is said to have amused himself by entering a pasture on the borders of the lake, and eating a *cow* — maybe 't was a *bull*.

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poor king died an the next Michaelmas day, which was remarkable. — *Throth, it's thruth I'm tellin' you*;— and when he was gone, Saint Kavin gev him an iligant wake, and a beautiful berrin' ; and more betoken, he *said mass for his sowl, and tuk care av his goose.*"



Lough Corrib

LOUGH CORRIB

“ — These things to hear
Would Desdemona seriously incline.”

OTHELLO.

IT chanced, amongst some of the pleasantest adventures of a tour through the West of Ireland, in 1825, that the house of Mr. — of — received me as a guest. The owner of the mansion upheld the proverbial reputation of his country's hospitality, and his lady was of singularly winning manners and possessed of much intelligence — an intelligence, arising not merely from the cultivation resulting from careful education, but originating also from the attention which persons of good sense bestow upon the circumstances which come within the range of their observation.

Thus, Mrs. —, an accomplished English woman, instead of sneering at the deficiencies which a poorer country than her own laboured under, was willing to be amused by observing the difference which exists in the national character of the two people, in noting the prevalence of certain customs, superstitions, etc.; while the popular tales of the neighbourhood had, for her, a charm which enlivened a sojourn in a remote district, that must otherwise have proved lonely.

To this pleasure was added that of admiration of the natural beauties with which she was surrounded; the noble chain of the Mayo mountains, linking with the majestic range of those of Joyce's country, formed no inconsiderable source of picturesque beauty and savage grandeur; and when careering over the waters of Lough Corrib that foamed at their feet, she never sighed for

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the grassy slopes of Hyde-park, nor that unruffled pond, the Serpentine river.

In the same boat which often bore so fair a charge, have I explored the noble Lough Corrib to its remotest extremity, sailing over the depths of its dark waters, amidst solitudes whose echoes are seldom awakened but by the scream of the eagle.

From this lady I heard some characteristic stories and prevalent superstitions of the country. Many of these she had obtained from an old boatman, one of the crew that manned Mr. ——'s boat; and often, as he sat at the helm, he delivered his "round, unvarnished tale;" and, by the way, in no very measured terms either, whenever his subject happened to touch upon the wrongs his country had sustained in her early wars against England, although his liege lady was a native of the hostile land. Nevertheless the old Corribean (the name somehow has a charmingly savage sound about it) was nothing loth to have his fling at "the invaders" — a term of reproach he always cast upon the English.

Thus skilled in legendary lore, Mrs. —— proved an admirable guide to the "lions" of the neighbourhood; and it was previously to a projected visit to the Cave of Cong, that she entered upon some anecdotes relating to the romantic spot, which led her to tell me, that one legend had so particularly excited the fancy of a young lady, a friend of hers, that she wrought it into the form of a little tale, which, she added, had not been considered ill done. "But," said she, "'t is true we were all friends who passed judgment, and only drawing-room critics. You shall therefore judge for yourself, and hearing it before you see the cave will, at least, rather increase your interest in the visit." And, forthwith, drawing from a little cabinet a manuscript; she read to me the following tale — much increased in its effect by the sweet voice in which it was delivered.

MANUSCRIPT

FROM THE CABINET OF MRS. —

A LEGEND OF LOUGH MASK

“ All things that we ordained festival
Turn from their office to black funeral:
Our instruments, to melancholy bells ;
Our wedding cheer, to a sad burial feast ;
Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change ;
Our bridal flowers serve for a buried corse,
And all things change them to the contrary.”

ROMEO AND JULIET.

THE evening was closing fast as the young Cormac O’Flaherty had reached the highest acclivity of one of the rugged passes of the steep mountains of Joyce’s country. He made a brief pause — not to take breath, fair reader — Cormac needed no breathing time, and would have considered it little short of an insult to have had such a motive attributed to the momentary stand he made, and none that knew the action of the human figure would have thought it ; for the firm footing which one beautifully-formed leg held with youthful firmness on the mountain path, while the other, slightly thrown behind, rested on the half-bent foot, did not imply repose, but rather suspended action. In sooth, young Cormac, to the eye of a painter, might have seemed a living *Antinous* — all the grace of that beautiful antique, all the youth, all the expression of suspended motion were there, with more of vigour and impatience. He paused — not to take breath, Sir Walter Scott ; for like your own Malcolm Græme,

“ Right up Ben Lomond could he press,
And not a sob his toil confess ; ”

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and our young O'Flaherty was not to be outdone in breasting up a mountain side, by the boldest Græme of them all.

But he lingered for a moment to look back upon a scene at once sublime and gorgeous; and cold must the mortal have been who could have beheld and had not paused.

On one side, the Atlantic lay beneath him brightly reflecting the glories of an autumnal setting sun, and expanding into a horizon of dazzling light; on the other lay the untrodden wilds before him, stretching amidst the depths of mountain valleys, whence the sun-beam had long since departed, and mists were already wreathing round the overhanging heights, and veiling the distance in vapoury indistinctness: as though you looked into some wizard's glass, and saw the uncertain conjuration of his wand. On the one side all was glory, light and life — on the other all was awful, still, and almost dark. It was one of Nature's sublimest moments; — such as are seldom witnessed, and never forgotten.¹

Ere he descended the opposite declivity, Cormac once more bent back his gaze; — and now it was not one exclusively of admiration; there was a mixture of scrutiny in his look, and turning to Diarmid, a faithful adherent of his family, and only present companion, he said, “That sunset forebodes a coming storm; does it not, Diarmid?”

“Ay, truly does it,” responded the attendant, “and there's no truth in the clouds, if we have n't it soon upon us.”

“Then let us speed,” said Cormac — “for the high hill and the narrow path must be traversed ere our journey be accomplished.” And he sprang down the steep

¹ The view from the Pass of Salruck in Cunnemara, commanding at once on one side the great Killery harbour, and on the other the Atlantic Ocean, once afforded me just such a magnificent prospect as the one described.

Lough Mask

and shingly pass before him, followed by the faithful Diarmid.

“’T is sweet to know there is an eye to mark
Our coming — and grow brighter when we come.”

And there *was* a bright eye watching for Cormac, and many a love-taught look did Eva cast over the waters of Lough Mask, impatient for the arrival of the O’Flaherty. “Surely he will be here this evening,” thought Eva, “yet the sun is already low, and no distant oar disturbs the lovely quiet of the lake — but may he not have tarried beyond the mountains? he has friends there,” recollected Eva, but soon the maiden’s jealous fancy whispered, “he has friends *here* too” — and she reproached him for his delay; — but it was only for a moment.

“The accusing spirit blushed” — as Eva continued her train of conjecture. “’T is hard to part from pressing friends,” thought she, “and Cormac is ever welcome in the hall, and heavily closes the portal after his departing footsteps.”

Another glance across the lake. — ’T is yet unrippled by an oar. — The faint outline of the dark grey mountains whose large masses lie unbroken by the detail which day-light discovers — the hazy distance of the lake, whose extremity is undistinguishable from the overhanging cliffs which embrace it — the fading of the western sky — the last lonely rook winging his weary way to the adjacent wood, the flickering flight of the bat across her windows — all — all told Eva the night was fast approaching, yet Cormac was not come. She turned from the casement with a sigh. — Oh! only those who love can tell how anxious are the moments we pass in watching the approach of the beloved one.

She took her harp; every heroine, to be sure, has a harp: but this was not the pedal harp, that instrument *par excellence* of heroines, but the simple harp of her country, whose single row of brazen wires had often rung to

Legends and Stories of Ireland

many a sprightly planxty, long, long before the double action of Errard had vibrated to some fantasia, from Rossini or Meyerbeer, under the brilliant finger of a Bochsá or a Labarre.

But now the harp of Eva did not ring forth the spirit-stirring planxty, but yielded to her gentlest touch one of the most soothing and plaintive of her native melodies; and to her woman sensibility, which long expectation had excited, it seemed to breathe an unusual flow of tenderness and pathos, which her heated imagination conjured almost into prophetic wailing. Eva paused, she was alone, the night had closed, her chamber was dark and silent. She burst into tears, and when her spirits became somewhat calmed by this gush of feeling, she arose, and dashing the lingering tear-drops from the long lashes of the most beautiful blue eyes in the world, she hastened to the hall, and sought in the society of others to dissipate those feelings by which she had been overcome.

The night closed over the path of Cormac, and the storm he anticipated had swept across the waves of the Atlantic, and now burst in all its fury over the mountains of Joyce's country. The wind rushed along in wild gusts, bearing in its sweeping eddy heavy dashes of rain, which soon increased to a continuous deluge of enormous drops, rendering the mountain gullies the channels of temporary rivers, and the path that wound along the verge of each precipice, so slippery, as to render its passage death to the timid or unwary, and dangerous even to the firmest or most practised foot. But our hero and his attendant strode on — the torrent was resolutely passed — its wild roar audible above the loud thunder-peals that rolled through the startled echoes of the mountains; the dizzy path was firmly trod, its dangers rendered more perceptible by the blue lightnings, half revealing the depth of the abyss beneath, and Cormac and Diarmid still pressed on towards the shores of Lough Mask, unconscious of

Lough Mask

the interruption that yet awaited them, fiercer than the torrent, and more deadly than the lightning.

As they passed round the base of a projecting crag that flung its angular masses athwart the ravine through which they wound, a voice of brutal coarseness suddenly arrested their progress with the fiercely uttered word of "Stand!"

Cormac instantly stopped, as instantly his weapon was in his hand; and with searching eye, he sought to discover through the gloom, what bold intruder dared cross the path of the O'Flaherty. His tongue now demanded what his eye failed him to make known; and the same rude voice that first addressed him, answered, "Thy mortal foe! — thou seek'st thy bride, fond boy, but never shalt thou behold her — never shalt thou share the bed of Eva."

"Thou liest! foul traitor!" cried Cormac, fiercely, "avoid my path — avoid it, I say, for death is in it!"

"Thou say'st truly," answered the unknown, with a laugh of horrid meaning, "come on, and thy word shall be made good!"

At this moment, a flash of lightning illumined the whole glen with momentary splendour, and discovered to Cormac, a few paces before him, two armed men of gigantic stature, in one of whom he recognised Emman O'Flaherty, one of the many branches of that ancient and extensive family, equally distinguished for his personal prowess and savage temper.

"Ha!" exclaimed Cormac, "is it Emman Dubh?" for the black hair of Emman had obtained for him this denomination of *Black Edward*, a name fearfully suitable to him who bore it.

"Yes," answered he tauntingly, "it is Emman Dubh who waits the coming of his *fair* cousin; you have said death is in your path — come on and meet it."

Nothing daunted, however shocked at discovering the midnight waylayer of his path in his own relative, Cormac

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answered, "Emman Dubh, I have never wronged you, but since you thirst for my blood, and cross my path, on your own head be the penalty. — Stand by me, Diarmid," said the brave youth; and rushing on his Herculean enemy, they closed in mortal combat.

Had the numbers been equal, the colossal strength of Emman might have found its overmatch in the activity of Cormac, and his skill in the use of his weapon. But oh! the foul, the treacherous Emman; he dared his high-spirited rival to advance but to entrap him into an ambuscade; for as he rushed upon his foe past the beetling rock that hung over his path, a third assassin, unseen by the gallant Cormac, lay in wait; and when the noble youth was engaged in the fierce encounter, a blow, dealt him in the back, laid the betrothed of Eva lifeless at the feet of the savage and exulting Emman.

Restlessly had Eva passed that turbulent night — each gust of the tempest, each flash of living flame and burst of thunder awakened her terrors, lest Cormac, the beloved of her soul were exposed to its fury: but in the lapses of the storm, hope ventured to whisper he yet lingered in the castle of some friend beyond the mountains. The morning dawned, and silently bore witness to the commotion of the elements in the past night. The riven branch of the naked tree, that in one night had been shorn of its leafy beauty, the earth strown with foliage half green, half yellow, ere yet the autumnal alchemy had converted its summer verdure quite to gold, gave evidence that an unusually early storm had been a forerunner of the equinox. The general aspect of nature too, though calm, was cold; the mountains wore a dress of sombre grey, and the small scattered clouds were straggling over the face of heaven, as though they had been rudely riven asunder, and the short and quick lash of the waters upon the shore of Lough Mask, might have told, to an accustomed eye, that a longer wave and a whiter foam had broken on its strand a few hours before.



Langh. Alaska.

Lough Mask

But what is that upthrown upon the beach? And who are those who surround it in such consternation? It is the little skiff that was moored at the opposite side of the lakē on the preceding eve, and was to have borne Cormac to his betrothed bride; and they who identify the shattered boat are those to whom Eva's happiness is dear; for it is her father and his attendants, who are drawing ill omens from the tiny wreck. But they conceal the fact, and the expecting girl is not told of the evil-boding discovery. But days have come and gone, and Cormac yet tarries. At length 't is past a doubt; and the father of Eva knows his child is widowed ere her bridal — widowed in heart, at least. And who shall tell the fatal tale to Eva? Who shall cast the shadow o'er her soul, and make the future darkness? — Alas! ye feeling souls that ask it, that pause ere ye can speak the word that blights for ever, pause no longer, for Eva knows it. Yes! from tongue to tongue — by word on word from many a quivering lip, and meanings, darkly given, the dreadful certainty at last arrived to the bewildered Eva.

It was nature's last effort at comprehension; her mind was filled with the one fatal knowledge — Cormac was gone for ever; and that was the only mental consciousness which ever after employed the lovely Eva.

The remainder of the melancholy tale is briefly told. Though quite bereft of reason, she was harmless as a child, and was allowed to wander round the borders of Lough Mask, and its immediate neighbourhood. A favourite haunt of the still beautiful maniac was the Cave of Cong, where a subterranean river rushes from beneath a low, natural arch in the rock, and passing for some yards over a strand of pebbles, in pellucid swiftness, loses itself in the dark recesses of the cavern with the sound of a rapid and turbulent fall. This river is formed by the waters of Lough Mask becoming engulfed at one of its extremities, and hurrying through a subterranean channel, until they rise again in the neighbourhood of Cong, and becomes

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tributary to Lough Corrib. Here the poor girl would sit for hours; and, believing that her beloved Cormac had been drowned in Lough Mask, she hoped, in one of those half-intelligent dreams which haunt a distempered brain, to arrest his body, as she fancied it must pass through the Cave of Cong, borne on the subterranean river.

Month after month passed by; but the nipping winter and the gentle spring found the lovely Eva still watching by the stream, like some tutelary water-nymph beside her sacred fountain. At length she disappeared, and though the strictest search was made, the broken-hearted Eva was never heard of more, and the tradition of the country is, that the fairies took pity on a love so devoted, and carried away the faithful girl to join her betrothed in fairyland!

Mrs. — closed the manuscript, and replaced it in the little cabinet.

“Most likely,” said I, “poor Eva, if ever such a person existed —”

“If!” said the fair reader. “Can you be so ungrateful as to question the truth of my legend, after all the trouble I have had in reading it to you? Get away! A sceptic like you is only fit to hear the commonplaces of the daily press.”

“I cry your pardon, fair lady,” said I. “I am most orthodox in legendary belief, and question not the existence of your Eva. I was only about to say that perchance she might have been drowned in and carried away by the river she watched so closely.”

“Hush, hush,” said the fair chronicler — “As you hope for favour or information in our fair counties of Galway or Mayo, never *dare* to question the truth of a legend — never venture a ‘*perhaps*’ for the purpose of making a tale more reasonable, nor endeavour to substitute the reign of common sense, in hopes of superseding the empire of the fairies. Go to-morrow to the Cave of Cong, and if you return still an unbeliever, I give you up as an irreclaimable infidel.”



THE WHITE TROUT

A LEGEND OF CONG

“ Oh! I would ask no happier bed
Than the chill wave my love lies under :
Sweeter to rest together, dead,
Far sweeter than to live asunder.”

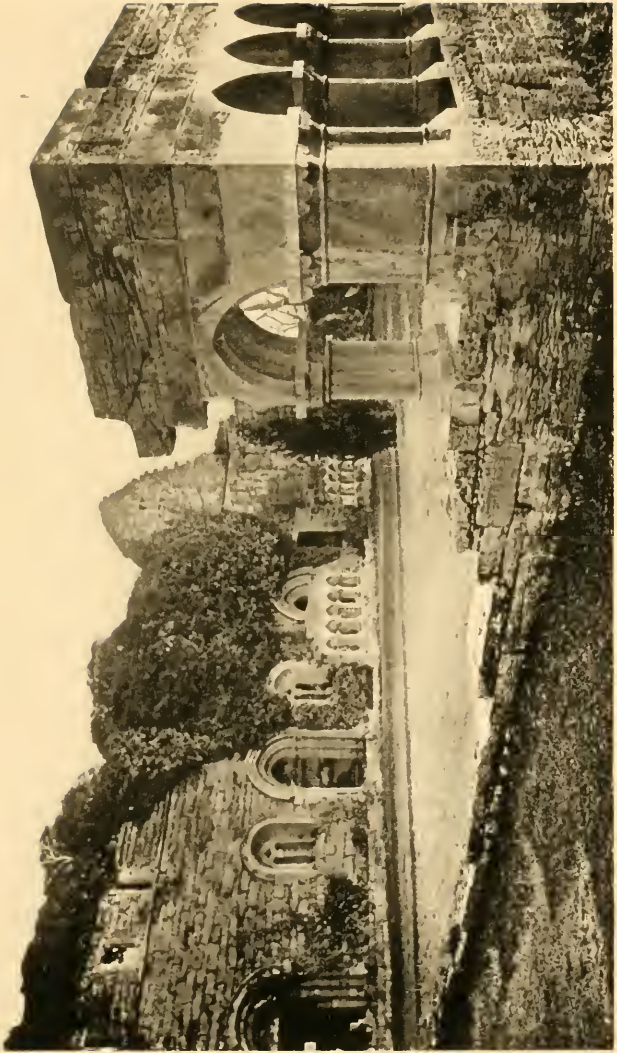
LALLA ROOKH.

THE next morning I proceeded alone to the cave, to witness the natural curiosity of its subterranean river, my interest in the visit being somewhat increased by the foregoing tale. Leaving my horse at the little village

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of Cong, I bent my way on foot through the fields, if you may venture to give that name to the surface of this immediate district of the County Mayo, which, presenting large flat masses of lime-stone, intersected by patches of verdure, gives one the idea much more of a burial ground covered with monumental slabs, than a formation of nature. Yet, (I must make this remark *en 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 lime-stone 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 any thing 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,



Bang Abbey

The White Trout

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 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, nor 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,

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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 owld 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,¹ 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 bog-wood, 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 builds 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 bog-wood 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

¹ Fair little Paddy.

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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 grey hair escaping from the folds of a rather Eastern head-dress, some Sybil 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!

Her light being nearly expired, we retraced our steps, and emerging from the gloom, stood beside the river in the enlightened area I have described.

“Now, Sir,” said my old woman, “we must thry and see the White Throat; and you never seen a throuit o’ that colour yet, I warrant.”

I assented to the truth of this.

“They say it’s a fairy throuit, your honour, and tells mighty quare stories about it.”

“What are they?” I inquired.

“Troth, it’s myself does n’t know the half o’ them — only partly: but sthrive and see it before you go, Sir; for there’s them that says it is n’t lucky to come to the cave, and lave it without seein’ the white throuit; an’ if

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you 're a bachelor, Sir, and did n't get a peep at it, throth you'd never be married; and sure that 'id be a murder!"¹

"Oh," said I, "I hope the fairies would not be so spiteful —"

"Whisht — whisht!"² 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 spake 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 does n'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 throth, 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 owld story about that throth."

"Let me hear it, and you will oblige me."

"Och! it's only laughin' at me you'd be, and call me an owld fool, as the misthiss³ beyant in the big house⁴ 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 minit, Sir," said she, throwing her

¹ A great pity.

³ The Lady.

² Silence.

⁴ A gentleman's mansion.

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apron upon a 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 wor to be married: when, all of a suddent, he was murther’d, the crathur, (Lord help uz) and threwn into the lake abow,¹ and so, of coorse, he could n’t keep his promise to the fair lady, — and more’s the pity.

“Well, the story goes that she wint out iv her mind, bekase av loosin’ the king’s son — for she was tindher-hearted, God help her, like the rest iv us! — and pined away after him, until, at last, no one about seen her, good or bad, and the story wint, that the fairies tuk her away.

“Well, Sir, in coorse o’ time, the white throuth, God bless it, was seen in the sthrame beyant; and sure the people did n’t know what to think av the crathur, seein’ as how a *white* throuth was never heerd av afore nor sence, and years upon years the throuth was there, just where you seen it this blessed minit, longer nor I can tell, aye throth, and beyant the memory o’ th’ ouldest in the village.

“At last the people began to think it must be a fairy; for what else could it be? — and no hurt nor harm was iver put an the white throuth, antil some wicked sinners of sojers² kem to these parts, and laughed at all the people, and gibed and jeered them for thinkin’ o’ the likes; and one o’ them in partic’lar, (bad luck to him! — God forgi’ me for sayin’ it,) swore he’d catch the throuth, and ate it for his dinner — the blackguard!

“Well, what would you think o’ the villiany of the sojer — sure enough he cotch the throuth, and away wid him home, and puts an the fryin’-pan, and into it he pitches the purty little thing. The throuth squealed all as one as a Chrishtan crathur, and, my dear, you’d think the sojer

¹ Above.

² Soldiers.

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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 an it, at all at all; and sure the sojer thought it was a *quare* throu't that could n'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 agin — 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 the divil a sign av the fire was an the purty throu't. ‘Well,’ says the desperate villian — (for sure, 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 o’ the throu't, but, my jew’l, the minit he put his knife into the fish, there was a murtherin’ screech, that you’d think the life id lave you if you heerd it, and away jumps the throu't out av the fryin’-pan into the middle o’ the flure;¹ and an the spot where it fell, up riz² a lovely lady — the beautifulest young crathur that eyes ever seen, dressed in white, with a band o’ goold in her hair, and a sthrame o’ 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.

“‘Could n’t you lave me, cool and comfortable in the river where you snared me, and not disturb me in my duty?’ says she.

¹ Floor.

² Arose.

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“Well, he thrimbled like a dog in a wet sack, and at last he stammered out somethin’, and begged for his life, and ax’d her ladyship’s pardin, and said he did n’t know she was an duty, or he was too good a sojer not to know betther nor to meddle wid her.

“‘I was an duty, then,’ says the lady; ‘I was watchin’ for my throe love, that is comin’ by wather to me,’ says she; ‘an’ if he comes while I am away, an’ that I miss iv him, I’ll turn you into a pinkeen,¹ 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 duty² 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?’

“But before he could say another word, the lady was vanish’d, and there he saw the little throun an the ground. Well, he put it an 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 minit he did, the wather was as red as blood for a little while, by rayson av the cut, I suppose, until the sthrame washed the stain away; and to this day, there’s a little red mark an the throun’s side, where it was cut.³

“Well Sir, from that day out, the sojer was an althered man, and reformed his ways, and wint to his duty reg’lar,

¹ Minnow.

² The Irish peasant calls his attendance at the confessional “going to his duty.”

³ The fish has really a red spot on its side.

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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, God bless us, savin' your presence. But anyhow, he was an althered man, as I said before ; and in coorse o' time he left the army, and turned hermit at last ; and they say he *used to pray evermore for the sowl of the White Trout.*"

THE BATTLE OF THE BERRINS,

OR

THE DOUBLE FUNERAL

“Belong to the gallows and be hanged, you rogue; is this a place to roar in? . . . Fetch me a dozen staves, and strong ones — these are but switches to them — I’ll scratch your heads!”

I WAS sitting alone in the desolate church-yard of —, intent upon my “silent art,” lifting up my eyes from my portfolio only to direct them to the interesting ruin I was sketching, when the deathlike stillness that prevailed was broken by a faint and wild sound, unlike any thing I had ever heard in my life. I confess I was startled — I paused in my occupation, and listened in breathless expectation. Again this seemingly-unearthly sound vibrated through the still air of evening, more audibly than at first, and partaking of the vibratory quality of tone I have noticed, in so great a degree, as to resemble the remote sound of the ringing of many glasses crowded together.

I arose and looked around — no being was near me, and again, this heart-chilling sound struck upon my ear; its wild and wailing intonation reminding me of the Æolian harp. Another burst was wafted up the hill, and then it became discernible that the sound proceeded from many voices raised in lamentation.

It was the *ulican*. I had hitherto known it only by report; for the first time, now, its wild and appalling cadence had ever been heard; and it will not be wondered at by those acquainted with it, that I was startled on hearing it under such circumstances.

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I could now perceive a crowd of peasants of both sexes, winding along a hollow way that led to the church-yard where I was standing, bearing amongst them the coffin of the departed; and ever and anon a wild burst of the *ulican* would arise from the throng, and ring in wild and startling *unison* up the hill, until by a gradual and plaintive descent through an *octave*, it dropped into a subdued wail; and they bore the body onward the while, not in the measured and solemn step that custom (at least our custom) deems decent, but in a rapid and irregular manner, as if the violence of their grief hurried them on, and disdained all form.

The effect was certainly more impressive than that of any other funeral I had ever witnessed, however much the "pride, pomp, and circumstance," of such arrays had been called upon to produce a studied solemnity; for no hearse with sable plumes, nor chief mourners, nor pall-bearers, ever equalled in *poetry* or *picturesque* these poor people, bearing along on their shoulders, in the stillness of evening, the body of their departed friend to its "long home." The women raising their arms above their heads, in the untaught action of grief; their dark and ample cloaks waving wildly about, agitated by the varied motions of their wearers, and their wild cry raised in lament

" Most musical, most melancholy "

At length they reached the cemetery, and the coffin was borne into the interior of a ruin, where the women still continued to wail for the dead, while half a dozen athletic young men immediately proceeded to prepare a grave; and seldom have I seen finer fellows, or men more full of activity: their action, indeed, bespoke so much life and vigour, as to induce an involuntary and melancholy contrast with the object on which that action was bestowed.

Scarcely had the spade upturned the green sod of the burial ground, when the wild peal of the *ulican* again

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was heard at a distance. The young men paused in their work, and turned their heads, as did all the bystanders, towards the point whence the sound proceeded.

We soon perceived another funeral-procession wind round the foot of the hill, and immediately the grave-makers renewed their work with redoubled activity; while exclamations of anxiety on their part, for the completion of their work, and of encouragement from the lookers-on, resounded on all sides; and such ejaculations as "Hurry, boys, hurry!" — "Stir yourself, Paddy!" — "That's your sort, Mike!" — "Rouse your sowl!" etc., etc. resounded on all sides. At the same time, the second funeral party that was advancing, no sooner perceived the church-yard already occupied, than they directly quickened their pace, as the wail rose more loudly and wildly from the train; and a detachment, bearing pick and spade, forthwith sallied from the main body, and dashed with headlong speed up the hill. In the mean time, an old woman, with streaming eyes and dishevelled hair, rushed wildly from the ruin where the first party had borne their coffin, towards the young athletes I have already described as working with "might and main," and addressing them with all the passionate intensity of her country, she exclaimed, "Sure you would n't let them have the advantage of uz, that-a-way, and lave my darlin' boy wandherin' about, dark an' 'lone in the long nights. Work, boys! work! for the bare life, and the mother's blessin' be an you, and let my poor Paudeen have rest."

I thought the poor woman was crazed, as indeed her appearance and vehemence of manner, as well as the (to me) unintelligible address she had uttered, might well induce me to believe, and I questioned one of the bystanders accordingly.

"An' is it why she 's goin' wild about it, you 're axin'?" said the person I addressed, in evident wonder at my question. "Sure then I thought all the world knew that, let alone a gintleman like you, that ought to be knowledgable :

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and sure she does n't want the poor boy to be walkin', as of coorse he must, barrin' they're smart."

"What do you mean?" said I, "I don't understand you."

"Whisht! whisht," said he; "here they come, by the powers, and the Gallaghers at the head o' them," as he looked towards the new-comers' advanced-guard, who had now gained the summit of the hill, and leaping over the boundary-ditch of the cemetery, advanced towards the group that surrounded the grave, with rapid strides and a resolute air.

"Give over there, I bid you," said a tall and ably-built man of the party, to those employed in opening the ground, who still plied their implements with energy.

"Give over, or it'll be worse for you. Didn't you hear me, Rooney?" said he, as he laid his muscular hand on the arm of one of the party he addressed, and arrested him in his occupation.

"I did hear you," said Rooney; "but I did n't heed you."

"I'd have you keep a civil tongue in your head," said the former.

"You're mighty ready to give advice that you want yourself," rejoined the latter, as he again plunged the spade into the earth.

"Lave off, I tell you!" said our Hercules, in a higher tone; "or, by this and that, I'll make you sorry!"

"Arrah! what brings you here at all?" said another of the grave-makers, "breedin' a disturbance?"

"What brings him here, but mischief?" said a grey-haired man, who undertook, with national peculiarity, to answer one interrogatory by making another, — "there's always a quarrel, wherever there's a Gallagher." For it was indeed one of "the Gallaghers" that the peasant I spoke to noticed as being "at the head o' them," who was assuming so bold a tone.

"You may thank your grey hairs, that I don't make

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you repent o' your words," said Gallagher; and his brow darkened as he spoke.

"Time was," said the old man, "when I had something surer than grey hairs to make such as you respect me;" and he drew himself up with an air of patriarchal dignity, and displayed, in his still-expansive chest and commanding height, the remains of a noble figure, that bore testimony to the truth of what he had just uttered. The old man's eye kindled as he spoke — but 't was only for a moment; and the expression of pride and defiance was succeeded by that of coldness and contempt.

"I'd have beat you blind the best day ever you seen," said Gallagher, with an impudent swagger.

"Throth, you would n't, Gallagher!" said a contemporary of the old man; "but your consait bates the world!"

"That's thrue," said Rooney. "He's a great man intirely in his own opinion. I'd make a power of money if I could *buy* Gallagher at *my* price, and *sell* him at his *own*."

A low and jeering laugh followed this hit of my friend Rooney; and Gallagher assumed an aspect so lowering, that a peasant, standing near me, turned to his companion and said, significantly, "By gor, Ned, there'll be wigs an the green afore long!"

And he was quite right.

The far-off speck on the horizon, whence the prophetic eye of a sailor can foretell the coming storm, is not more nicely discriminated by the mariner, than the symptoms of an approaching fray by an Irishman; and scarcely had the foregoing words been uttered, than I saw the men tucking up their long frieze coats in a sort of jacket-fashion — thus getting rid of their *tails*, like game-cocks before a battle. A more menacing grip was taken by the bearer of each stick (a usual appendage of Hibernians); and a general closing-in of the bystanders round the nucleus of dissatisfaction, made it perfectly apparent that hostilities must soon commence.

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I was not long left in suspense about such a catastrophe, for a general outbreaking soon took place, commencing in the centre with the principals already noticed, and radiating throughout the whole circle, until a general action ensued, and the belligerents were dispersed in various hostile groups over the church-yard.

I was a spectator from the topmost step of a stile leading into the burial-ground, deeming it imprudent to linger within the precincts of the scene of action, when my attention was attracted by the appearance of a horseman, who galloped up the little stony road, and was no sooner at my side, than he dismounted, exclaiming, at the top of his voice, "Oh! you reprobates, *lave* off I tell you, you heathens! Are you Christians at all?"

I must here pause a moment to describe the person of the horseman in question. He was a tall, thin, pale man — having a hat, which, from exposure to bad weather, had its broad slouching brim crimped into many fantastic involutions — its crown somewhat depressed in the middle, and the edges of the same exhibiting a napless paleness, very far removed from its original black; no shirt-collar sheltered his angular jaw-bones — a narrow white cravat was drawn tightly round his spare neck — a single-breasted coat, of rusty black, with standing collar, was tightly buttoned nearly up to his chin, and a nether garment of the same, with large silver knee-buckles, meeting a square-cut and buckram-like pair of black leather boots, with heavy, plated spurs, that had seen the best of their days, completed the picture. His horse was a small well-built hack, whose long rough coat would have been white, but that soiled litter had stained it to a dirty yellow; and taking advantage of the liberty which the abandoned rein afforded, he very quietly turned him to the little fringe of grass which bordered each side of the path, to make as much profit of his time as he might, before his rider should resume his seat in the old high-

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pommel saddle, which he had vacated, in uttering the ejaculations I have recorded.

This person, then, hastily mounting the stile on which I stood, with rustic politeness said, "By your leave, Sir," as he pushed by me in haste, and jumping from the top of the wall, proceeded with long and rapid strides towards the combatants, and brandishing a heavy thong whip which he carried, he began to lay about him with equal vigour and impartiality on each and every of the peace-breakers, both parties sharing in the castigation thus bestowed with the most even, and I might add, *heavy-handed* justice.

My surprise was great, on finding, that all the blows inflicted by this new belligerent, instead of being resented by the assaulted parties, seemed taken as if resistance against this potent chastiser were vain, and in a short time they all fled before him, like so many frightened school-boys before an incensed pedagogue, and huddled themselves together in a crowd, which at once became pacified at his presence.

Seeing this result, I descended from my perch, and ran towards the scene that excited my surprise in no ordinary degree. I found this new-comer delivering to the multitude he had quelled, a severe reproof for their "unchristian doings," as he termed them; and it became evident that he was the pastor of the flock, and it must be acknowledged, a very turbulent flock he seemed to have of it.

This admonition was soon ended. It was certainly impressive, and well calculated for the audience to whom it was delivered, as well from the simplicity of its language, as the solemnity of its manner, which was much enhanced by the deep and somewhat sepulchral voice of the speaker. "And now," added the pastor, "let me ask you for what you were fighting like so many wild Indians; for surely your conduct is liker to savage creatures than men that have been bred up in the hearing of God's word?"

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A pause of a few seconds followed this question ; and, at length, some one ventured to answer from amongst the crowd, that it was “ in regard of the berrin.”

“ And is not so solemn a sight,” asked the priest, “ as the burial of the departed, enough to keep down the evil passions of your hearts ? ”

“ Throth then, and plaze your Riverince, it was nothin’ ill-nathured in life, but only a good-nathured turn we wor doin’ for poor Paudeen Mooney, that ’s departed ; and sure it ’s to your Riverince we ’ll be goin’ immadiantly for the masses for the poor boy’s sowl.” Thus making interest in the offended quarter, with an address for which the Irish peasant is pre-eminently distinguished.

“ Tut ! tut ! ” rapidly answered the priest ; anxious, perhaps, to silence this very palpable appeal to his own interest. “ Don’t talk to me about doing a good-natured turn. Not,” added he, in a subdued under-tone, “ but that prayers for the souls of the faithful departed are enjoined by the church ; but what has that to do with your scandalous and lawless doings that I witnessed this minute ? and you yourself,” said he, addressing the last speaker, “ one of the busiest with your alpeen ? I ’m afraid you ’re rather fractious, Rooney — take care that I don’t speak to you from the altar.”

“ Oh, God forbid that your Riverince id have to do the like,” said the mother of the deceased, already noticed, in an imploring tone, and with the big tear-drops chasing each other down her cheeks ; “ and sure it was only they wanted to put my poor boy in the ground *first*, and no wondher sure, as your Riverince *knows*, and not to have my poor Paudeen — ”

“ Tut ! tut ! woman,” interrupted the priest, waving his hand rather impatiently, “ don’t let me hear any folly.”

“ I ax your Riverince’s pardon, and sure it ’s myself that id be sorry to offind my clargy — God’s blessin’ be an them night and day ! But I was only goin’ to put in

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a word for Mikee Rooney, and sure it was n't him at all, nor would n't be any of us, only for Shan Gallagher, that would n't leave us in pace."

"Gallagher!" said the priest, in a deeply-reproachful tone. "Where is he?"

Gallagher came not forward, but the crowd drew back, and left him revealed to the priest. His aspect was that of sullen indifference, and he seemed to be the only person present totally uninfluenced by the presence of his pastor, who now advanced towards him, and extending his attenuated hand in the attitude of denunciation towards the offender, said very solemnly —

"I have already spoken to you in the house of worship, and now, once more, I warn you to beware. Riot and battle are found wherever you go, and if you do not speedily reform your course of life, I shall expel you from the pale of the church, and pronounce sentence of excommunication upon you from the altar."

Every one appeared awed by the solemnity and severity of this address from the outset, but when the word "excommunication" was uttered, a thrill of horror seemed to run through the assembled multitude; and even Gallagher himself I thought betrayed some emotion on hearing the terrible word. Yet he evinced it but for a moment, and turning on his heel, he retired from the ground with something of the swagger with which he entered it. The crowd opened to let him pass, and opened widely, as if they sought to avoid contact with one so fearfully denounced.

"You have two coffins here," said the clergyman, "proceed therefore immediately to make two graves, and let the bodies be interred at the same time, and I will read the service for the dead."

No very great time was consumed in making the necessary preparation. The "narrow beds" were made, and as their tenants were consigned to their last long sleep, the solemn voice of the priest was raised in the

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“De Profundis;” and when he had concluded the short and beautiful psalm, the friends of the deceased closed the graves, and covered them neatly with fresh-cut sods, which is what *Paddy* very metaphorically calls

“Putting the daisy quilt over him.”

The clergyman retired from the church-yard, and I followed his footsteps for the purpose of introducing myself to “his reverence,” and seeking from him an explanation of what was still a most unfathomable mystery to me, namely, the cause of quarrel, which, from certain passages in his address to the people I saw he understood, though so slightly glanced at. Accordingly, I overtook the priest, and, as the Irish song has it,

“To him I obnoxiously made my approaches.”

He received me with courtesy, which, though not savouring much of intercourse with polished circles, seemed to spring whence all true politeness emanates — from a good heart.

I begged to assure him it was not an impertinent curiosity, which made me desirous of becoming acquainted with the cause of the fray which I had witnessed, and he had put a stop to in so summary a manner; and hoped he would not consider it an intrusion if I applied to him for that purpose.

“No intrusion in life, Sir,” answered the priest very frankly, and with a rich *brogue*, whose intonation was singularly expressive of good-nature. It was the specimen of brogue I have never met but in one class, the Irish gentleman of the last century — an accent, which, though it possessed all the characteristic traits of “the brogue,” was at the same time divested of the slightest trace of vulgarity. This is not to be met with now, or at least very rarely. An attempt has been made by those who fancy it genteel, to graft the English accent upon the Broguish stem — and a very bad fruit it has

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produced. The truth is, the accents of the two countries could never be happily blended; and far from making a pleasing amalgamation, it conveys the idea that the speaker is endeavouring to *escape* from his own accent for what he considers a superior one; and it is this attempt to be fine, which so particularly allies the idea of vulgarity with the tone of brogue so often heard in the present day.

Such, I have said, was *not* the brogue of the Rev. Phelim Roach, or Father Roach, as the peasants called him; and his voice, which I have earlier noticed as almost sepulchral, I found derived that character from the feeling of the speaker when engaged in an admonitory address; for when employed on colloquial occasions, it was no more than what might be called a rich and deep manly voice. So much for Father Roach, who forthwith proceeded to enlighten me on the subject of the funeral, and the quarrel arising therefrom.

“The truth is, Sir, these poor people are possessed of many foolish superstitions; and however we may, as *men*, pardon them, looking upon them as fictions originating in a warm imagination, and finding a ready admission into the minds of an unlettered and susceptible peasantry, we cannot, as pastors of the flock, admit their belief to the poor people committed to our care.”

This was quite new to me; to find a clergyman of the religion I had hitherto heard of as being *par excellence*, abounding in superstition, denouncing the very article in question.—But let me not interrupt Father Roach.

“The superstition I speak of,” continued he, “is one of the many, these warm hearted people indulge in, and is certainly very poetical in its texture.”

“But, Sir,” interrupted my newly-made acquaintance, pulling forth a richly chased gold watch of antique workmanship, that at once suggested ideas of the “*bon vieux temps*,” “I must ask your pardon, I have an engagement

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to keep at the little hut I call my home, which obliges me to proceed there forthwith. If you have so much time to spare as will enable you to walk with me to the end of this little road, it will suffice to make you acquainted with the nature of the superstition in question."

I gladly assented; and the priest, disturbing the nibbling occupation of his hack, threw the rein over his arm, and the docile little beast following him on one side as quietly as I did on the other, he gave me the following account of the cause of all the previous riot, as we wound down the little stony path that led to the main road.

"There is a belief amongst the peasantry in this particular district, that the ghost of the last person interred in the church-yard, is obliged to traverse, unceasingly, the road between this earth and purgatory, carrying water to slake the burning thirst of those confined in that 'limbo large;' and that the ghost is thus obliged to walk

' Through the dead waste and middle of the night,'

until some fresh arrival of a tenant to the 'narrow house,' supplies a fresh ghost to 'relieve guard,' if I may be allowed so military an expression; and thus, the supply of water to the sufferers in purgatory is kept up unceasingly."¹

Hence it was that the fray had arisen, and the poor mother's invocation, "that her darling boy should not be left to wander about the church-yard dark and lone in the long nights," became at once intelligible.

Father Roach gave me some curious illustrations of the different ways in which this superstition influenced his "poor people," as he constantly called them; but I

¹ A particularly affectionate husband, before depositing the remains of his departed wife in the grave, placed a pair of new brogues in her coffin, that she might not have to walk all the way to purgatory barefooted. This was vouched for as a fact.

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suppose my readers have had quite enough of the subject, and I shall therefore say no more of other "cases in point," contented with having given them one example, and recording the existence of a superstition, which, however wild, undoubtedly owes its existence to an affectionate heart and a poetic imagination.

FATHER ROACH

I FOUND the company of Father Roach so pleasant, that I accepted an invitation which he gave me, when we arrived at the termination of our walk, to breakfast the next morning at his little hut, as he called the unpretending, but neat cottage he inhabited, a short mile distant from the church-yard where we first met. I repaired, accordingly, the next morning, at an early hour to my appointment, and found the worthy pastor ready to receive me. He met me at the little avenue, (not that I mean to imply any idea of grandeur by the term), which led from the main road to his dwelling — it was a short narrow road, bordered on each side by alder bushes, and an abrupt, awkward turn, placed you in front of the humble dwelling of which he was master: the area before it, however, was clean, and the offensive dunghill, the intrusive pig, and barking cur-dog were not the distinguishing features of this, as unfortunately they too often are of other Irish cottages.

On entering the house, an elderly and comfortably-clad woman curtsied as we crossed the threshold, and I was led across an apartment, whose

“Neatly sanded floor—”

(an earthen one, by the way) — we traversed diagonally to an opposite corner, where an open door admitted us into a small but comfortable *boarded* apartment, where breakfast was laid, unostentatiously but neatly, and inviting to the appetite, as far as that could be stimulated by a white cloth, most promising fresh butter, a plate of

Father Roach

evidently fresh eggs, and the best of cream, whose rich white was most advantageously set off, by the plain blue ware of which the ewer was composed; add to this, an ample cake of fresh griddle bread, and

“Though last, not least,”

the savoury smell that arose from a rasher of bacon, which announced itself through the medium of more senses than one; for its fretting and fuming in the pan, playing many an ingenious variation upon “fiz and whiz!”

“Gave dreadful note of preparation.”

But I must not forget to notice the painted tin tea-canister of mine host, which was emblazoned with the talismanic motto of

“O’Connell and Liberty;”

and underneath the semicircular motto aforesaid, appeared the rubicund visage of a lusty gentleman in a green coat, holding in his hand a scroll inscribed with the dreadful words, “Catholic rent,”

“Unpleasing most to Brunswick ears,”

which was meant to represent no less a personage than the “Great Liberator” himself.

While breakfast was going forward, the priest and myself had made no inconsiderable advances towards intimacy. Those who have mingled much in the world, have often, no doubt, experienced like myself, how much easier it is to enter at once, almost, into friendship with some, before the preliminaries of common acquaintance can be established with others.

Father Roach was one of the former species. We soon sympathized with each other, and becoming, as it were, at once possessed of the keys of each other’s freemasonry, we mutually unlocked our confidence. This led to many an interesting conversation with the good

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father, while I remained in his neighbourhood. He gave me a sketch of his life in a few words. It was simply this: he was a descendant of a family that had once been wealthy and of large possessions in the very county, where, as he said himself, he was "a pauper."

"For what else can I call myself," said the humble priest, "when I depend on the gratuitous contributions of those who are little better than paupers themselves for my support? But God's will be done."

His forefathers had lost their patrimony by repeated forfeitures, under every change of power that had distracted the unfortunate Island of which he was a native;¹ and for him and his brothers, nothing was left but personal exertion.

"The elder boys would not remain here," said he, "where their religion was a barrier to their promotion. They went abroad, and offered their swords to the service of a foreign power. They fought and fell under the banners of Austria, who disdained not the accession of all such strong arms and bold hearts, that left their native soil, to be better appreciated in a stranger land.

¹ This has been too often the case in Ireland. Separated as the country is from the seat of government, it is only lately that the interests of Ireland have been an object to Great Britain. To say nothing of the earlier oppressions and confiscations, the adherents of the first Charles in Ireland were crushed by Cromwell. The forfeitures under the Commonwealth were tremendous—"Hell or Connaught," still lives as a proverb. Charles II. was not careful to repair the wrongs which his subjects suffered for being adherents of his father; and yet their loyalty remained unshaken to the faithless race, in the person of the second James. A new series of forfeitures then ensued under William the Third; and thus, by degrees, the principal ancient families of Ireland had their properties wrested from them, and bestowed upon the troopers of successive invaders; and for what? attachment to the kings to whom they had sworn allegiance. The Irish have been, most unjustly, often denominated rebels. We shall find, the truth is, if we consult history, their great misfortune has been that they were only *too loyal*. But England is, at length, desirous of doing Ireland justice.

Father Roach

“I, and a younger brother, who lost his father ere he could feel the loss, remained in poor Ireland. I was a sickly boy, and was constantly near my beloved mother — God rest her soul! — who early instilled into my infant mind, deeply reverential notions of religion, which at length imbued my mind so strongly with their influence, that I determined to devote my life to the priesthood. I was sent to St. Omer to study, and on my return, was appointed to the ministry, which I have ever since exercised to the best of the ability that God has vouchsafed to his servant.”

Such was the outline of Father Roach’s personal and family history.

In some of the conversations which our intimacy originated, I often sought for information, touching the peculiar doctrines of his church, and the discipline which its followers are enjoined to adopt. I shall not attempt to weary the reader with an account of our arguments; for the good Father Roach was so meek, as to condescend to an argument with one unlearned as myself, and a heretic to boot; nor to detail some anecdotes that to me were interesting on various points in question. I shall reserve but *one fact* — and a most singular one it is — to present to my readers on the subject of confession.

Speaking upon this point, I remarked to Father Roach, that of all the practices of the Roman Catholic Church, that of confession I considered the most beneficial within the range of its discipline.

He concurred with me in admitting it as highly advantageous to the sinner. I ventured to add that I considered it very beneficial also to the person sinned against.

“Very true,” said Father Roach; “restitution is often made through its agency.”

“But in higher cases than those you allude to,” said I; “for instance, the detection of conspiracies, unlawful meetings, etc., etc.”

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“Confession,” said he, somewhat hesitatingly, “does not immediately come into action in the way you allude to.”

I ventured to hint, rather cautiously, that in this kingdom, where the Roman Catholic religion was not the one established by law, that there might be some reserve between penitent and confessor, on a subject where the existing government might be looked upon something in the light of a step-mother.¹

A slight flush passed over the priest's pallid face — “No, no,” said he; “do not suspect us of any foul play to the power under which we live. — No! — But recollect, the doctrine of our church is this, — that whatsoever penance may be enjoined on the offending penitent by his confessor, his crime, however black, must in all cases be held sacred, when its acknowledgment is made under the seal of confession.”

“In all cases?” said I.

“Without an exception,” answered he.

“Then, would you not feel it your duty to give a murderer up to justice?”

The countenance of Father Roach assumed an instantaneous change, as if a sudden pang shot through him — his lip became, suddenly, ashy pale, he hid his face in his hands, and seemed struggling with some deep emotion. I feared I had offended, and feeling quite confused, began to stammer out some nonsense, when he interrupted me.

“Do not be uneasy,” said he. “You have said nothing to be ashamed of, but your words touched a chord,” and his voice trembled as he spoke, “that cannot vibrate without intense pain;” and wiping away a tear that glistened in each humid eye, “I shall tell you a story,” said he, “that will be the strongest illustration of such a case as you have supposed;” and he proceeded to give me the following narrative.

¹ This was previously to the passing of the Roman Catholic relief bill.

THE PRIEST'S STORY

“**I** HAVE already made known unto you, that a younger brother and myself were left to the care of my mother—best and dearest of mothers!” said the holy man, sighing deeply, and clasping his hands fervently, while his eyes were lifted to heaven, as if love made him conscious that the spirit of her he lamented had found its eternal rest there — “thy gentle and affectionate nature sunk under the bitter trial, that an all-wise providence was pleased to visit thee with! — Well, Sir, Frank was my mother’s darling; not that you are to understand by so saying, that she was of that weak and capricious tone of mind which lavished its care upon one at the expense of the others — far from it: never was a deep store of maternal love more equally shared, than among the four brothers; but when the two seniors went away, and I was some time after sent, for my studies, to St. Omer, Frank became the object upon which all the tenderness of her affectionate heart might exercise the little maternal cares, that hitherto had been divided amongst many. Indeed, my dear Frank deserved it all: his was the gentlest of natures, combined with a mind of singular strength and brilliant imagination. In short, as the phrase has it, he was ‘the flower of the flock,’ and great things were expected from him. It was some time after my return from St. Omer, while preparations were making for advancing Frank in the pursuit which had been selected as the business of his life, that every hour which drew nearer to the moment of his departure made him dearer, not only to us, but to all who knew him, and each

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friend claimed a day that Frank should spend with him, which always passed in recalling the happy hours they had already spent together, in assurances given and received of kindly remembrances that still should be cherished, and in mutual wishes for success, with many a hearty prophecy from my poor Frank's friends, 'that he would one day be a great man.'

"One night, as my mother and myself were sitting at home beside the fire, expecting Frank's return from one of these parties, my mother said, in an unusually anxious tone, 'I wish Frank was come home.'

"'What makes you think of his return so soon?' said I.

"'I don't know,' said she; 'but somehow, I'm uneasy about him.'

"'Oh, make yourself quiet,' said I, 'on that subject; we cannot possibly expect Frank for an hour to come yet.'

"Still, my mother could not become calm, and she fidgetted about the room, became busy in doing nothing, and now-and-then would go to the door of the house to listen for the distant tramp of Frank's horse; but Frank came not.

"More than the hour I had named, as the probable time of his return, had elapsed, and my mother's anxiety had amounted to a painful pitch; and I began, myself, to blame my brother for so long and late an absence. Still, I endeavoured to calm her, and had prevailed on her, to seat herself again at the fire, and commenced reading a page or two of an amusing book, when, suddenly she stopped me, and turned her head to the window in the attitude of listening.

"'It is! it is!' said she; 'I hear him coming.'

"And now the sound of a horse's feet in a rapid pace became audible. She arose from her chair, and with a deeply-aspirated 'Thank God!' went to open the door for him herself. I heard the horse now pass by the window; in a second or two more, the door was opened, and

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instantly, a fearful scream from my mother brought me hastily to her assistance. I found her lying in the hall in a deep swoon—the servants of the house hastily crowded to the spot, and gave her immediate aid. I ran to the door to ascertain the cause of my mother's alarm, and there I saw Frank's horse panting and foaming, and the saddle empty. That my brother had been thrown, and badly hurt, was the first thought that suggested itself; and a car and horse were immediately ordered to drive in the direction he had been returning; but in a few minutes, our fears were excited to the last degree, by discovering there was blood on the saddle.

“We all experienced inconceivable terror at the discovery, but, not to weary you with details, suffice it to say, that we commenced a diligent search, and at length arrived at a small by-way that turned from the main road, and led through a bog, which was the nearest course for my brother to have taken homewards, and we accordingly began to explore it. I was mounted on the horse my brother had ridden, and the animal snorted violently, and exhibited evident symptoms of dislike to retrace this by-way, that, I doubted not, he had already travelled that night; and this very fact made me still more apprehensive, that some terrible occurrence must have taken place, to occasion such excessive repugnance on the part of the animal. However, I urged him onward, and telling those who accompanied me, to follow with what speed they might, I dashed forward, followed by a faithful dog of poor Frank's. At the termination of about half a mile, the horse became still more impatient of restraint, and started at every ten paces; and the dog began to traverse the little road, giving an occasional yelp, sniffing the air strongly, and lashing his sides with his tail as if on some scent. At length he came to a stand, and beat about within a very circumscribed space—yelping occasionally, as if to draw my attention. I dismounted immediately, but the horse was so extremely restless,

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that the difficulty I had in holding him prevented me from observing the road by the light of the lantern which I carried. I perceived, however, it was very much trampled hereabouts, and bore evidence of having been the scene of a struggle. I shouted to the party in the rear, who soon came up, and lighted some faggots of bog-wood which they brought with them to assist in our search, and we now more clearly distinguished the marks I have alluded to. The dog still howled, and indicated a particular spot to us; and on one side of the path, upon the stunted grass, we discovered a quantity of fresh blood, and I picked up a pencil-case that I knew had belonged to my murdered brother — for I now was compelled to consider him as such; and an attempt to describe the agonised feelings which at that moment I experienced would be vain. We continued our search for the discovery of his body for many hours without success, and the morning was far advanced before we returned home. How changed a home from the preceding day! My beloved mother could scarcely be roused, for a moment, from a sort of stupor that seized upon her, when the paroxysm of frenzy was over, which the awful catastrophe of the fatal night had produced. If ever heart was broken, hers was. She lingered but a few weeks after the son she adored, and seldom spoke during the period, except to call upon his name.

“But I will not dwell on this painful theme. Suffice it to say — she died; and her death, under such circumstances, increased the sensation which my brother’s mysterious murder had excited. Yet, with all the horror which was universally entertained for the crime, and the execrations poured upon its atrocious perpetrator, still, the doer of the deed remained undiscovered; and even I, who of course was the most active in seeking to develop the mystery, not only could catch no clue to lead to the discovery of the murderer, but failed even to ascertain

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where the mangled remains of my lost brother had been deposited.

“It was nearly a year after the fatal event, that a penitent knelt to me, and confided to the ear of his confessor the misdeeds of an ill-spent life; I say of his whole life — for he had never before knelt at the confessional.

“Fearful was the catalogue of crime that was revealed to me — unbounded selfishness, oppression, revenge, and lawless passion, had held unbridled influence over the unfortunate sinner, and sensuality in all its shapes, even to the polluted home and betrayed maiden, had plunged him deeply into sin.

“I was shocked — I may even say I was disgusted, and the culprit himself seemed to shrink from the recapitulation of his crimes, which he found more extensive and appalling than he had dreamed of, until the recital of them called them all up in fearful array before him. I was about to commence an admonition, when he interrupted me — he had more to communicate. I desired him to proceed — he writhed before me. I enjoined him in the name of the God he had offended, and who knoweth the inmost heart, to make an unreserved disclosure of his crimes, before he dared to seek a reconciliation with his Maker. At length, after many a pause, and convulsive sob, he told me, in a voice almost suffocated by terror, that he had been guilty of bloodshed. I shuddered, but in a short time I recovered myself, and asked how and where he had deprived a fellow creature of life? Never, to the latest hour of my life, shall I forget the look which the miserable sinner gave me at that moment. His eyes were glazed, and seemed starting from their sockets with terror; his face assumed a deadly paleness — he raised his clasped hands up to me in the most imploring action, as if supplicating mercy, and with livid and quivering lips, he gasped out — ‘T was I who killed your brother!’

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“Oh God! how I felt at that instant! Even now, after the lapse of years, I recollect the sensation: it was, as if the blood were flowing back upon my heart, until I felt as if it would burst; and then, a few convulsive breathings, — and back rushed the blood again through my tingling veins. I thought I was dying; but suddenly I uttered an hysterical laugh, and fell back, senseless, in my seat.

“When I recovered, a cold sweat was pouring down my forehead, and I was weeping copiously. Never, before, did I feel my manhood annihilated under the influence of an hysterical affection — it was dreadful.

“I found the bloodstained sinner supporting me, roused from his own prostration by a sense of terror at my emotion; for when I could hear any thing, his entreaties that I would not discover upon him, were poured forth in the most abject strain of supplication. ‘Fear not for your miserable life,’ said I; ‘the seal of confession is upon what you have revealed to me, and so far you are safe: but leave me for the present, and come not to me again until I send for you.’ — He departed.

“I knelt and prayed for strength to Him who alone could give it, to fortify me in this dreadful trial. Here was the author of a brother’s murder, and a mother’s consequent death, discovered to me in the person of my penitent. It was a fearful position for a frail mortal to be placed in: but, as a consequence of the holy calling I professed, I hoped, through the blessing of Him whom I served, to acquire fortitude for the trial into which the ministry of His Gospel had led me.

“The fortitude I needed came through prayer, and when I thought myself equal to the task, I sent for the murderer of my brother. I officiated for him, as our church has ordained — I appointed penances to him, and, in short, dealt with him merely as any other confessor might have done.

“Years thus passed away, and during that time he

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constantly attended his duty; and it was remarked through the country, that he had become a quieter person since Father Roach had become his confessor. But still he was not liked — and indeed, I fear he was far from a reformed man, though he did not allow his transgressions to be so glaring as they were wont to be; and I began to think that terror and cunning had been his motives in suggesting to him the course he had adopted, as the opportunities which it gave him of being often with me as his confessor, were likely to lull every suspicion of his guilt in the eyes of the world; and in making me the depository of his fearful secret, he thus placed himself beyond the power of my pursuit, and interposed the strongest barrier to my becoming the avenger of his bloody deed.

“Hitherto I have not made you acquainted with the cause of that foul act — it was jealousy. He found himself rivalled by my brother in the good graces of a beautiful girl of moderate circumstances, whom he would have wished to obtain as his wife, but to whom Frank had become an object of greater interest, and I doubt not, had my poor fellow been spared, that marriage would ultimately have drawn closer the ties that were so savagely severed. But the ambuscade and the knife had done their deadly work; for the cowardly villain had lain in wait for him on the lonely bog-road he guessed he would travel on that fatal night, and springing from his lurking place, he stabbed my noble Frank in the back.

“Well, Sir, I fear I am tiring you with a story which, you cannot wonder, is interesting to me; but I shall hasten to a conclusion.

“One gloomy evening in March, I was riding along the very road where my brother had met his fate, in company with his murderer. I know not what brought us together in such a place, except the hand of Providence, that sooner or later brings the murderer to justice; for I was not wont to pass the road, and loathed the

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company of the man who happened to overtake me upon it. I know not whether it was some secret visitation of conscience that influenced him at the time, or that he thought the lapse of years had wrought upon me so far, as to obliterate the grief for my brother's death, which had never been, till this moment, alluded to, however remotely, since he confessed his crime. Judge then my surprise, when, directing my attention to a particular point in the bog, he said,

“ ‘T is close by that place that your brother is buried.’

“ I could not, I think, have been more astonished had my brother appeared before me.

“ ‘What brother?’ said I.

“ ‘Your brother Frank,’ said he; ‘’t was there I buried him, poor fellow, after I killed him.’

“ ‘Merciful God!’ I exclaimed, ‘thy will be done,’ and seizing the rein of the culprit's horse, I said, ‘Wretch, that you are, you have owned to the shedding of the innocent blood, that has been crying to heaven for vengeance these ten years, and I arrest you here, as my prisoner.’

“ He turned ashy pale, as he faltered out a few words, to say, I had promised not to betray him.

“ ‘’T was under the seal of confession,’ said I, ‘that you disclosed the deadly secret, and under that seal my lips must have been for ever closed; but now, even in the very place where your crime was committed, it has pleased God that you should arraign yourself in the face of the world, and the brother of your victim is appointed to be the avenger of his innocent blood.’

“ He was overwhelmed by the awfulness of this truth, and unresistingly he rode beside me to the adjacent town of —, where he was committed for trial.

“ The report of this singular and providential discovery of a murder, excited a great deal of interest in the country; and as I was known to be the culprit's confessor, the Bishop of the diocese forwarded a statement to a higher quarter, which procured for me a dispensation as regarded

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the confessions of the criminal; and I was handed this instrument, absolving me from further secrecy, a few days before the trial. I was the principal evidence against the prisoner. The body of my brother had, in the interim, been found in the spot his murderer had indicated, and the bog preserved it so far from decay, as to render recognition a task of no difficulty; and proof was so satisfactorily adduced to the jury, that the murderer was found guilty and executed, ten years after he had committed the crime.

“The judge pronounced a very feeling comment on the nature of the situation in which I had been placed for so many years; and passed a very flattering eulogium upon what he was pleased to call, ‘my heroic observance of the obligation of secrecy, by which I had been bound.’

“Thus, Sir, you see how sacred a trust, that of a fact, revealed under confession, is held by our church, when, even the avenging a brother's murder, was not sufficient warranty for its being broken.”¹

¹ This story is fact, and the comment of the judge upon the priest's fidelity, I am happy to say, is true.



THE KING AND THE BISHOP

A LEGEND OF CLONMACNOISE

Guildestern. — The King, Sir, —

Hamlet. — Ay, Sir, what of him?

Guil. — Is, in his retirement, marvellous distempered.

Ham. — With drink, Sir?

Guil. — No, my lord."

THERE are few things more pleasant to those who are doomed to pass the greater part of their lives in the dust and smoke and din of a city, than to get on

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the top of a stage-coach, early some fine summer morning, and whirl along through the yet unpeopled streets, echoing from their emptiness to the rattle of the welcome wheels that are bearing you away from your metropolitan prison to the

“Free blue streams and the laughing sky”

of the sweet country. How gladly you pass the last bridge over one of the canals, and then, deeming yourself fairly out of town, you look back once only on its receding “groves of chimneys,” and settling yourself comfortably in your seat, you cast away care, and look forward in gleeful anticipation of your three or four weeks in the tranquillity and freedom of a country ramble.

Such have my sensations often been; not a little increased, by the bye, as I hugged closer to my side my portfolio, well stored with paper, and heard the rattle of my pencils and colours in the tin sketching-box in my pocket. Such were they when last I started one fresh and lovely summer’s morning, on the Balinasloe coach, and promised myself a rich treat in a visit to Clonmacnoise, or “the Churches,” as the place is familiarly called by the peasantry. Gladly I descended from my lofty station on our dusty conveyance, when it arrived at Shannon-bridge, and engaging a boat, embarked on the noble river whence the village takes its name, and proceeded up the wide and winding stream, to the still sacred, and once celebrated Clonmacnoise, the second monastic foundation established in Ireland, once tenanted by the learned and the powerful, now scarcely known but to the mendicant pilgrim, the learned antiquary, or the vagrant lover of the picturesque.

Here, for days together, have I lingered, watching its noble “ivy mantled” tower, reposing in shadow, or sparkling in sunshine, as it spired upward in bold relief against the sky; or admiring the graceful involutions of the ample Shannon that wound beneath the gentle acclivity

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on which I stood, through the plashy meadows and the wide waste of bog, whose rich brown tones of colour faded into blue on the horizon ; or in noting the red tanned sail of some passing turf-boat, as it broke the monotony of the quiet river, or in recording with my pencil the noble stone cross, or the tracery of some mouldering ruin,

“ Where ivied arch, or pillar lone —
Plead haughtily for glories gone.”

Though I should not say “haughtily,” for poor old Clonmacnoise pleads with as much humility as the religion which reared her now does ; and which, like her, interesting in the attitude of decay, teaches, and appeals to our sympathies and our imagination, instead of taking the strongholds of our reason by storm, and forcing our assent by overwhelming batteries of irrefragable proof, before it seeks to win our will by tender and impassioned appeals to the heart. But I wander from Clonmacnoise. It is a truly solemn and lonely spot ; I love it almost to a folly, and have wandered day after day through its quiet cemetery, till I have almost made acquaintance with its ancient grave-stones.

One day I was accosted by a peasant, who had watched for a long time, in silent wonder, the draft of the stone cross, as it grew into being beneath my pencil ; and finding the man “apt,” as the ghost says to Hamlet, I entered into conversation with him. To some remark of mine touching the antiquity of the place, he assured me “it was a fine *ould* place, in the *ould* ancient times.” In noticing the difference between the two round towers, for there are *two* very fine ones at Clonmacnoise, one on the top of the hill, and one close beside the plashy bank of the river, he accounted for the difference by a piece of legendary information with which he favoured me, and which may, perhaps, prove of sufficient importance to interest the reader.

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“You see, Sir,” said he, “the one down there beyant, at the river side, was built the first, and finished complete entirely, for the roof is an it, you see; but when that was built, the bishop thought that another id look very purty on the hill beyant, and so he bid the masons set to work, and build up another tower there.

“Well, away they went to work, as busy as nailers; troth it was just like a bee-hive, every man with his hammer in his hand, and sure the tower was completed in due time. Well, when the last stone was laid an the roof, the bishop axes the masons how much he was to pay them, and they ups and tould him their price; but the bishop, they say, was a neygar, (niggard) God forgi’ me for saying the word of so holy a man! and he said, they ax’d too much, and he would n’t pay them. With that, my jew’l, the masons said they would take no less; and what would you think, but the bishop had the cunnin’ to take away the ladthers that was reared up agin the tower.

“‘And now,’ says he, ‘my gay fellows,’ says he, ‘the divil a down out o’ that you’ll come antil you larn manners, and take what ’s offered to yees,’ says he; ‘and when yees come down in your price, you may come down yourselves into the bargain.’

“Well, sure enough, he kep his word, and would n’t let man or mortyel go nigh them to help them; and faiks the masons did n’t like the notion of losing their honest airnins, and small blame to them; but sure they wor starvin’ all the time, and did n’t know what in the wide world to do, when there was a fool chanc’d to pass by, and seen them.

“‘Musha! but you look well there,’ says the innocent, ‘an’ how are you?’ says he.

“‘Not much the betther av your axin’,’ says they.

“‘Maybe you’re out there,’ says he. So he questioned them, and they tould him how it was with them, and how the bishop tuk away the ladthers, and they could n’t come down.

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“‘Tut, you fools,’ says he, ‘sure is n’t it aisier to take down two stones nor to put up one?’”

“Was n’t that mighty cute o’ the fool, Sir? And wid that, my dear sowl, no sooner said nor done. Faiks the masons begun to pull down their work, and whin they went an for some time, the bishop bid them stop, and he’d let them down; but faiks, before he gev in to them they had taken the roof clane off; and that’s the raison that one tower has a roof, Sir, and the other has none.”

But before I had seen Clonmacnoise and its towers, I was intimate with the most striking of its legends, by favour of the sinewy boatman who rowed me to it. We had not long left Shannon-bridge, when, doubling an angle of the shore, and stretching up a reach of the river where it widens, the principal round tower of Clonmacnoise became visible.

“What tower is that?” said I to my Charon.

“That’s the big tower of Clonmacnoise, Sir,” he answered; “an’, if your honour looks sharp a little to the right of it, lower down, you’ll see the ruins of the *ould* palace.”

On a somewhat closer inspection, I did perceive the remains he spoke of, dimly discernible in the distance; and it was not without his indication of their relative situation to the tower, that I could have distinguished them from the sober grey of the horizon behind them, for the evening was closing fast, and we were moving eastward.

“Does your honour see it yit?” said my boatman.

“I do,” said I.

“God spare you your eye-sight,” responded he, “for troth it’s few gintlemen could see the *ould* palace this far off, and the sun so low, barrin’ they were used to *sportin’*, and had a sharp eye for the birds over a bog, or the like o’ that. Oh, then, it’s Clonmacnoise, your honour, that’s the holy place,” continued he; “mighty holy in the *ould* ancient times, and mighty great too,

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wid the sivin churches, let alone the two towers, and the bishop, and plinty o' priests, and all to that."

"Two towers!" said I; "then I suppose one has fallen?"

"Not at all, Sir," said he; "but the other one that you can't see, is beyant in the hollow by the river side."

"And it was a great place, you say, in the *ould ancient times*?"

"Troth it was, Sir, and is still, for to this day it *bates* the world in the regard of pilgrims."

"Pilgrims!" I ejaculated.

"Yes, Sir," said the boatman, with his own quiet manner; although it was evident to a quick observer, that my surprise at the mention of pilgrims had not escaped him.

I mused a moment. Pilgrims, thought I, in the *British* dominions, in the nineteenth century — strange enough!

"And so," continued I aloud, "you have pilgrims at Clonmacnoise?"

"Troth we have, your honour, from the top of the north and the farthest corner of Kerry; and you may see them any day in the week, let alone the pathern (patron) day, when all the world, you'd think, was there."

"And the palace," said I, "I suppose belonged to the bishop of Clonmacnoise?"

"Some says 't was the bishop, your honour, and indeed it is them that has larnin' says so; but more says 't was a king had it long ago, afore the churches was there at all at all; and sure enough it looks far oulder nor the churches, though them is ould enough, God knows. All the knowledgeable people I ever heerd talk of it, says that; and now, Sir," said he, in an expostulatory tone, "would n't it be far more nath'ral that the bishop id live in the churches? And sure," continued he, evidently leaning to the popular belief, "it stands to *raison* that a

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king id live in a palace, and why *shud* it be called a palace, if a king did n't live there?"

Satisfying himself with this most logical conclusion, he pulled his oar with evident self-complacency; and as I have always found I derived more legendary information by yielding somewhat to the prejudices of the narrator, and by abstaining from inflicting any wound on his pride (so Irish a failing) by laughing at, or endeavouring to combat his credulity, I seemed to favour his conclusion, and admitted that a king must have been the *ci-devant* occupant of the palace. So much being settled, he proceeded to tell me that "there was a mighty *quare* story" about the last king that ruled Clonmacnoise; and having expressed an eager desire to hear the *quare* story — he seemed quite happy at being called on to fulfil the office of chronicler; and pulling his oar with an easier sweep, lest he might disturb the quiet hearing of his legend by the rude splash of the water, he prepared to tell his tale, and I, to "devour up his discourse."

"Well, Sir, they say there was a king wanst lived in the palace beyant, and a sportin' fellow he was, and *Cead mile failte*¹ was the word in the palace: no one kem but was welkim, and I go bail the sorra one left it without the *deoch an' doris*,² — well, to be sure, the king av coorse had the best of eatin' and drinkin', and there was bed and boord for the stranger, let alone the welkim for the neighbours — and a good neighbour he was, by all accounts, antil, as bad luck would have it, a crass ould bishop, (the saints forgi' me for saying the word) kem to rule over the churches. Now, you must know, the king was a likely man, and, as I said already, he was a sportin' fellow, and by coorse a great favourite with the women; he had a smile and a wink for the crathers at every hand's turn, and the soft word, and

¹ A hundred thousand welcomes.

² The parting cup.

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the — the short and the long of it is, he was the *divil* among the girls.

“Well, Sir, it was all mighty well, untell the ould bishop I mintioned arrived at the churches; but whin he kem, he tuk great scandal at the goins-an of the king, and he detarmined to cut him short in his coorses all at wanst; so with that, whin the king wint to his duty, the bishop ups and he tells him that he must mend his manners, and all to that; and when the king said that the likes o’ that was never tould him afore by the best priest of them all, ‘more shame for them that *wor* before me,’ says the bishop.

“But to make a long story short, the king looked mighty black at the bishop, and the bishop looked twice blacker at him agin, and so on, from bad to worse, till they parted the bitterest of inimies; and the king, that was the best o’ friends to the churches afore, swore be this an’ be that, he’d vex them for it, and that he’d be even with the bishop afore long.

“Now, Sir, the bishop might jist as well have kept never mindin’ the king’s little *kimmeens* with the girls, for the story goes that he had a little failin’ of his own in the regard of a dhrop, and that he knew the differ betune wine and water, for, poor ignorant crathurs, it’s little they knew about whiskey in them days. Well, the king used often to send *lashins* of wine to the churches, by the way, as he said, that they should have plinty of it for celebrating the mass — although he knew well that it was a little of it went far that-a-way, and that their Rivirences was fond of a hearty glass as well as himself, and why not, Sir? — if they’d let him alone; for, says the king, as many a one said afore and will agin, I’ll make a child’s bargain with you, says he, do you let me alone, and I’ll let you alone; *manin’* by that, Sir, that if they’d say nothin’ about the girls, he would give them plinty of wine.

“And so it fell out a little before he had the *scrim-*

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mage¹ with the bishop, the king promised them a fine store of wine that was comin' up the Shannon in boats, Sir, and big boats they wor, I'll go bail — not all as one as the little *drolleen* (wren) of a thing we're in now, but nigh hand as big as a ship; and there was three of these fine boats-full comin' — two for himself, and one for the churches; and so says the king to himself, 'the divil receive the ddrop of that wine they shall get,' says he, 'the dirty beggarly neygars; bad cess to the ddrop,' says he, 'my big-bellied bishop, to nourish your jolly red nose — I said I'd be even with you,' says he, 'and so I will; and if you spoil my divarshin, I'll spoil yours, and turn about is fair play, as the divil said to the smoke-jack.' So with that, Sir, the king goes and he gives orders to his sarvants how it wid be when the boats kem up the river with the wine — and more especial to one in partic'lar they called Corny, his own man, by raison he was mighty stout, and did n't love priests much more nor himself.

“Now, Corny, Sir, let alone bein' stout, was mighty dark, and if he wanst said the word, you might as well sthrive to move the rock of Dunamaise as Corny, though without a big word at all at all, but as *quite* (quiet) as a child. Well, in good time, up kem the boats, and down runs the monks, all as one as a flock o' crows over a corn-field, to pick up whatever they could for themselves; but troth the king was afore them, for all his men was there, and Corny at their head.

“‘*Dominus vobiscum*,’ (which manes, God save you, Sir,) says one of the monks to Corny, ‘we kem down to save you the throuble of unloading the wine, which the king, God bless him, gives to the church.’

“‘Oh, no throuble in life, plaze your Rivirence,’ says Corny, ‘we'll unload it ourselves, your Rivirence,’ says he.

¹ Evidently derived from the French *escrimer*.



*"Twas as good as a play, the look Curney gave out
at the corner w' his eye."*

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“So with that they began unloading, first one boat and another; but sure enough, every indivyial cashk of it wint up to the palace, and not a one to the churches: so when they seen the second boat a'most empty, quare thoughts began to come into their heads, for before this offer, the first boat-load was always sent to the bishop, afore a dhrop was taken to the king, which, you know, was good manners, Sir; and the king, by all accounts, was a gintlemun every inch of him. So, with that, says one of the monks:

“‘My blessin' an you, Corny, my son,' says he, ‘sure it 's not forgettin' the bishop you 'd be, nor the churches,' says he, ‘that stands betune you and the divil.’

“Well, Sir, at the word divil, 't was as good as a play to see the look Corny gave out o' the corner of his eye at the monk.

“‘Forget yez,' says Corny, ‘troth it 's long afore me or my *masther*,' says he, (nodding his head a bit at the word,) ‘will forget the bishop of Clonmacnoise. Go an with your work, boys,' says he to the men about him, and away they wint and soon finished unloadin' the second boat; and with that they began at the third.

“‘God bless your work, boys,' says the bishop; for sure enough 't was the bishop himself kem down to the river side, having got the *hard word* of what was going on. ‘God bless your work,' says he, as they heaved the first barrel of wine out of the boat.

“‘Go, help them, my sons,' says he, to half a dozen strappin' young priests who was standing by.

“‘No occasion in life, plaze your Rivirence,' says Corny; ‘I'm intirely obleeged to your lordship, but we 're able for the work ourselves,' says he. And without saying another word away went the barrel out of the boat, and up on their shouldhers, or whatever way they wor takin' it, and up the hill to the palace.

“‘Hillo!' says the bishop, ‘where are yiz going with that wine?’ says he.

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“‘Where I tould them,’ says Corny.

“‘Is it to the palace?’ says his Rivirence.

“‘Faith you just hit it,’ says Corny.

“‘And what’s that for?’ says the bishop.

“‘For fun,’ says Corny, no ways *frikened* at all by the dark look the bishop gave him. And sure it’s a wondher the fear of the church did n’t keep him in dread — but Corny was the divil intirely.

“‘Is that the answer you give your clargy, you reprobate?’ says the bishop. ‘I’ll tell you what it is, Corny,’ says he, ‘as sure as you’re standin’ there I’ll excommunicate you, my fine fellow, if you don’t keep a civil tongue in your head.’

“‘Sure it would n’t be worth your Rivirence’s while,’ says Corny, ‘to excommunicate the likes o’ me,’ says he, ‘while there’s the king my masher to the fore, for your holiness to play bell book and candle-light with.’

“‘Do you mane to say, you scruff of the earth,’ says the bishop, ‘that your masher, the king, put you up to what you’re doing?’

“‘Divil a thing else I mane,’ says Corny.

“‘You *villian!*’ says the bishop, ‘the king never did the like.’

“‘Yes, but I did though,’ says the king, puttin’ in his word fair and aisy; for he was lookin’ out of his dhrawin’-room windy, and run down the hill to the river, when he seen the bishop goin’, as he thought, to put his *comether* upon Corny.

“‘So,’ says the bishop, turnin’ round quite short to the king — ‘so, my lord,’ says he, ‘am I to undherstand, this villian has your commands for his purty behavior?’

“‘He has my commands for what he done,’ says the king, quite stout; ‘and more be token, I’d have you to know he’s no villian at all,’ says he, ‘but a thrusty sarvant, that does his masher’s biddin’.’

“‘And don’t you intind sendin’ any of this wine over to my churches beyant?’ says the bishop.

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“ ‘The divil resave the dhrop,’ says the king.

“ ‘And what for?’ says the bishop.

“ ‘Bekase I’ve changed my mind,’ says the king.

“ ‘And won’t you give the church wine for the holy mass?’ says the bishop.

“ ‘The mass!’ says the king, eyein’ him mighty sly.

“ ‘Yes, Sir — the mass,’ says his Rivirence, colouring up to the eyes — ‘the mass.’

“ ‘Oh, *Baithershin!*’ says the king.

“ ‘What do you mane?’ says the bishop, and his nose got blue with the fair rage.

“ ‘Oh, nothin’,’ says the king, with a toss of his head.

“ ‘Are you a gintleman?’ says the bishop.

“ ‘Every inch o’ me,’ says the king.

“ ‘Then sure no gintleman goes back of his word,’ says the other.

“ ‘I won’t go back o’ my word, either,’ says the king. — ‘I promised to give wine for the mass,’ says he, ‘and so I will. Send to my palace every Sunday mornin’, and you shall have a bottle of wine, and that’s plinty; for I’m thinkin’,’ says the king, ‘that so much wine lyin’ beyant there, is neither good for your bodies nor your sowls.’

“ ‘What do you mane?’ says the bishop, in a great passion, for all the world like a turkey-cock.

“ ‘I mane, that when your wine-cellars is so full,’ says the king, ‘it only brings the fairies about you, and makes away with the wine too fast,’ says he, laughin’; ‘and the fairies to be about the churches is n’t good, your Rivirence,’ says the king; ‘for I’m thinkin’,’ says he, ‘that some of the spiteful little divils has given your Rivirence a blast, and burnt the ind iv your nose.’

“ ‘With that, my dear, you could n’t hould the bishop, with the rage he was in; and says he, ‘You think to dhrink all that wine, but you’re mistaken,’ says he —

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‘fill your cellars as much as you like,’ says the bishop, ‘*but you’ll die of drooth yit* ;’ — and with that he went down an his knees and cursed the king, (God betune us and harm,) and shakin’ his fist at him, he gother (gathered) all his monks about him, and away they wint home to the churches.

“Well, Sir, sure enough, the king fell sick of a sudden, and all the docthors in the country round was sent for; — but they could do him no good at all at all — and day by day he was wastin’ and wastin’, and pinin’ and pinin’, till the flesh was wore off his bones, and he was as bare and as yollow as a kite’s claw; and then, what would you think, but the drooth came an him sure enough, and he was callin’ for dhrink every *minit*, till you’d think he’d dhrink the sae dhry.

“Well, when the clock struck twelve that night, the drooth was an him worse nor ever, though he dhrunk as much that day — aye, throth, as much as would turn a mill; and he called to his sarvants for a dhrink of *grule* (gruel).

“‘The grule’s all out,’ says they.

“‘Well, then, give me some *whay*,’ says he.

“‘There’s none left, my lord,’ says they.

“‘Then give me a dhrink of wine,’ says he.

“‘There’s none in the room, dear,’ says the nurse-tindher.

“‘Then go down to the wine-cellar,’ says he, ‘and get some.’

“With that, they wint to the wine-cellar, but, jew’l machree, they soon run back into his room, with their faces as white as a sheet, and tould him there was not one dhrop of wine in all the cashks in the cellar.

“‘Oh, murther! murther!’ says the king, ‘*I’m dyin’ of drooth*,’ says he.

“And then, God help iz! they bethought themselves of what the bishop said, and the curse he laid an the king.

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“ ‘ You ’ ve no grule ? ’ says the king.

“ ‘ No, ’ says they.

“ ‘ Nor *whay* ? ’

“ ‘ No, ’ says the sarvants.

“ ‘ Nor wine ? ’ says the king.

“ ‘ Nor wine, either, my lord, ’ says they.

“ ‘ Have you no *tay* ? ’ says he.

“ ‘ Not a dhrop, ’ says the nurse-tindher.

“ ‘ Then, ’ says the king, ‘ for the tindher marcy of God, gi’ me a dhrink of wather.’

“ And what would you think, Sir, but there was n’t a dhrop of wather in the place.

“ ‘ Oh, murther! murther! ’ says the king, ‘ is n’t it a poor case, that a king can’t get a dhrink of wather in his own house? Go then, ’ says he, ‘ and get me a jug of wather out of the ditch.’

“ For there was a big ditch, Sir, all round the palace. And away they run for wather out of the ditch, while the king was roarin’ like mad, for the drooth, and his mouth like a coal of fire. And sure, Sir, the story goes, they couldn’t find any wather in the ditch!

“ ‘ Millia murther! millia murther! ’ cries the king, ‘ will no one take pity an a king that’s *dyin’ for the bare drooth* ? ’

“ And they all thrimbled agin, with the fair fright, when they heerd this, and thought of the ould bishop’s prophecy.

“ ‘ Well, ’ says the poor king, ‘ run down to the Shannon, ’ says he, ‘ and sure, at all events, you ’ ll get wather there, ’ says he.

“ Well, Sir, away they run with pails and noggins, down to the Shannon, and, (God betune us and harm!) what do you think, Sir, but the river Shannon was dhry! So, av coorse, when the king heerd the Shannon was gone dhry, it wint to his heart; and he thought o’ the bishop’s curse an him — and, givin’ one murtherin’ big *screech*, that split the walls of the palace, as may be seen to this day,

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he died, Sir — makin' the bishop's words good, that '*be would die of drooth yit!*'

“And now, Sir,” says my historian, with a look of lurking humour in his dark grey eye, “is n't that mighty wondherful — *iv it's thrue?*”

AN ESSAY ON FOOLS

“A fool, a fool!—I met a fool i' the forest.”

As You Like It.

AS some allusion has been made in the early part of the foregoing story to a fool, this, perhaps, is the fittest place to say something of fools in general. Be it understood, I only mean fools by profession; for were amateur fools included, an essay on fools in general, would be no trifling undertaking. And, further, I mean to limit myself within still more circumscribed bounds, by treating of the subject only as it regards that immediate part of his Majesty's dominions called Ireland.

In Ireland, the fool, or natural, or innocent, (for by all these names he goes,) as represented in the stories of the Irish peasantry, is very much the fool that Shakspeare occasionally embodies; and even in the present day, many a witticism and sarcasm, given birth to by these mendicant Touchstones, would be treasured in the memory of our *beau monde*, under the different heads of brilliant or biting, had they been uttered by a Bushe or a Plunket. I recollect a striking piece of imagery employed by one of the tribe, on his perceiving the approach of a certain steward, who, as a severe task-master, had made himself disliked amongst the peasantry employed on his master's estate. This man had acquired a nick-name, (Irishmen, by the way, are celebrated for the application of *sobriquets*,) which nick-name was “Danger;” and the fool, standing, one day, amidst a parcel of workmen, who were cutting turf, perceived this same steward crossing the bog

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towards them : “ Ah, ha ! by dad, you must work now, boys,” said he, “ here comes Danger. Bad luck to you, Daddy Danger, you dirty blood-sucker, sure the earth’s heavy with you.” But suddenly stopping in his career of common-place abuse, he looked, with an air of contemplative dislike towards the man, and deliberately said, “ There you are, Danger ! and may I never brake bread, *if all the turf in the bog ’id warm me to you.*”

Such are the occasional bursts of figurative language uttered by our fools, who are generally mendicants ; or perhaps it would be fitter to call them dependants, either on some particular family, or on the wealthy farmers of the district. But they have a great objection that such should be supposed to be the case, and are particularly jealous of their independence. An example of this was given me by a friend, who patronised one, that was rather a favourite of the gentlemen in the neighbourhood, and a constant attendant at every fair within ten or fifteen miles, where he was sure to pick up a good deal of money from his gentlemen friends. Aware of this fact, Mr. — meeting Jimmy¹ one morning on the road, and knowing what errand he was bound on, asked him where he was going ?

“ I ’m goin’ to the fair, your honour.”

“ Why, what can bring *you* there ? ”

“ Oh, I ’ve business there.”

“ What business — ? ”

“ I ’ll tell you to-morrow.”

“ Ah ! Jimmy,” said the gentleman, “ I see how it is — you’re going to the fair to ask all the gentlemen for money.”

“ Indeed I ’m not : I ’m no beggar — Jimmy would n’t be a beggar. Do you think I ’ve nothin’ else to do but beg ? ”

¹ This is the name almost universally applied here to fools. *Tom* seems to be the one in use in England, even as far back as Shakespeare’s time ; but Jimmy is the established name in Ireland.

An Essay on Fools

“Well, what else brings you to the fair?”

“Sure I’m goin’ to sell a cow there,” said Jimmy, quite delighted at fancying he had successfully baffled the troublesome inquiries of the Squire; and, not willing to risk another question or answer, he uttered his deafening laugh, and pursued his road to the fair.

From the same source I heard that they are admirable couriers, which my friend very fairly accounted for, by attributing it to the small capability of comprehension in the constitution of their minds, which, rendering them unable to embrace more than one idea at a time, produces a singleness of purpose, that renders them valuable messengers. As an instance of this, he told me that a gentleman in his neighbourhood once sent a certain fool to the town of —, with a packet of great consequence and value, to his banker, with a direction to the bearer not to hand it to any person but Mr. — himself, and not to return without seeing him.

It so happened Mr. — had gone to Dublin that morning; and no assurances nor persuasion, on the part of that gentleman’s confidential clerk, could induce the fool to hand him the parcel — thus observing strict obedience to the commands of his master. But he adhered still more literally to his commission; for when he was told Mr. — had gone to Dublin, and that, therefore, he could not give him the packet, he said, “Oh, very well, Jimmy ’ill go back agin;” but when he left the office, he took the road to Dublin, instead of homewards, having been bidden *not to return without delivering it*, and ran the distance to the capital, (about one hundred and forty miles,) in so short a time, that he arrived there but a few hours after the gentleman he followed, and never rested until he discovered where he was lodged, and delivered to him the parcel, in strict accordance with his instructions.

They are affectionate also. I have heard of a fool, who, when some favourite member of a family he was attached to died, went to the church-yard, and sat on the

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grave, and there, wept bitterly, and watched night and day ; nor could he be forced from the place, nor could the calls of hunger and thirst induce him to quit the spot for many days ; and such was the intensity of grief on the part of the affectionate creature, that he died in three months afterwards.

But they can be revengeful too, and entertain a grudge with great tenacity. The following is a ridiculous instance of this : — A fool, who had been severely bitten by a gander, that was unusually courageous, watched an opportunity, when his enemy was absent, and getting amongst the rising family of the gander, he began to trample upon the goslings, and was caught in the fact of murdering them, wholesale, by the enraged woman who had reared them.

“Ha ! Jimmy, you villian, is it murtherin’ my lovely goslin’s you are, you thief o’ the world ? Bad scam to you, you thick-headed vagabone.”

“Divil mend them, granny,” shouted Jimmy, with a laugh of idiotic delight, as he leaped over a ditch, out of the reach of the hen-wife, who rushed upon him with a broom-stick, full of dire intent upon Jimmy’s skull.

“Oh, you moroadin’ thief !” cried the exasperated woman, shaking her uplifted broom-stick at Jimmy in impotent rage ; “wait till Maurice ketches you — that ’s all.”

“Divil mend them, granny,” shouted Jimmy — “ha ! ha ! — why did their daddy bite *me* ?”

The peasantry believe a fool to be insensible to fear, from any ghostly visitation ; and I heard of an instance where the experiment was made on one of these unhappy creatures, by dressing a strapping fellow in a sheet, and placing him in a situation to intercept “poor Jimmy” on his midnight path, and try the truth of this generally-received opinion, by endeavouring to intimidate him. When he had reached the appointed spot, a particularly lonely and narrow path, and so hemmed in by high banks

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on each side, as to render escape difficult, Mr. Ghost suddenly reared his sheeted person, as Jimmy had half ascended a broken stile, and with all the usual terrific formula of "Boo," "Fee-faw-fum," etc., etc., demanded who dared to cross that path? The answer, "I'm poor Jimmy," was given in his usual tone. "I'm Raw-head and Bloody-bones," roared the ghost. "Ho! ho! I often heerd o' you," said Jimmy. "Baw," cried the ghost, advancing. "I'll kill you—I'll kill you—I'll kill you." "The divil a betther opinion I had iv you," said Jimmy. "Boo!" says Raw-head. "I'll eat you.—I'll eat you." "The divil do you good with me," says Jimmy. And so the ghost was at a nonplus, and Jimmy won the field.

I once heard of a joint-stock company having been established between a fool and a blind beggar-man, and for whom the fool acted in the capacity of guide. They had share and share alike in the begging concern, and got on tolerably well together, until one day the blind man had cause to suspect Jimmy's honour. It happened that a mail-coach passing by, the blind man put forth all his begging graces to induce the "quality" to "extind their charity," and succeeded so well, that not only some copper, but a piece of silver was thrown by the way-side. Jimmy, I'm sorry to say, allowed "the filthy lucre of gain" so far to predominate, that in picking up these gratuities, he appropriated the silver coin to his own particular pouch, and brought the halfpence only for division to his blind friend; but the sense of hearing was so nice in the latter, that he detected the sound of the falling silver, and asked Jimmy to produce it. Jimmy denied the fact stoutly. "Oh, I heerd it fall," said the blind man. "Then you were betther off than poor Jimmy," said our hero; "for you *heerd* it, but poor Jimmy did n't *see* it." "Well, look for it," says the blind man. "Well, well, but you're cute, daddy," cried Jimmy; "you're right enough, I see it now;" and

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Jimmy affected to pick up the sixpence, and handed it to his companion.

“Now we’ll go an to the Squire’s,” said the blind man, “and they’ll give us somethin’ to eat;” and he and his idiot companion were soon seated outside the kitchen-door of the Squire’s house, waiting for their expected dish of broken meat and potatoes.

Presently Jimmy was summoned, and he stepped forward to receive the plate that was handed him; but, in its transit from the kitchen-door to the spot where the blind man was seated, Jimmy played foul again, by laying violent hands on the meat, and leaving potatoes only on the dish. Again the acute sense of the blind man detected the fraud: he sniffed the scent of the purloined provision; and, after poking with hurried fingers amongst the potatoes, he exclaimed, “Ha! Jimmy, Jimmy, I smelt meat.” “Deed and deed, no,” said Jimmy, who had, in the mean time, with the voracity of brutal hunger, devoured his stolen prey. “That’s a lie, Jimmy,” said the blind man — “that’s like the sixpence. Ha! you thievin’ rogue, to cheat a poor blind man, you villian;” and forthwith he aimed a blow of his stick at Jimmy with such good success, as to make the fool bellow lustily. Matters, however, were accommodated; and both parties considered that the beef and the blow pretty well balanced one another, and so accounts were squared.

After their meal at the Squire’s, they proceeded to an adjoining village; but in the course of their way thither, it was necessary to pass a rapid, and sometimes swollen mountain-stream, and the only means of transit was by large blocks of granite placed at such intervals in the stream, as to enable a passenger to step from one to the other, and hence called “stepping-stones.” Here, then, it was necessary, on the blind man’s part, to employ great caution, and he gave himself up to the guidance of Jimmy, to effect his purpose. “You’ll tell me where I’m to step,” said he, as he cautiously approached

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the brink. "Oh, I will, daddy," said Jimmy; "give me your hand."

But Jimmy thought a good opportunity had arrived, for disposing of one whom he found to be an over-intelligent companion, and leading him to a part of the bank where no friendly stepping-stone was placed, he cried, "Step out now, daddy." The poor blind man obeyed the command, and tumbled plump into the water. The fool screamed with delight, and clapped his hands. The poor deluded blind man floundered for some time in the stream, which, fortunately, was not sufficiently deep to be dangerous; and when he scrambled to the shore, he laid about him with his stick and tongue, in dealing blows and anathemas, all intended for Jimmy. The former Jimmy carefully avoided, by running out of the enraged blind man's reach. "Oh, my curse light an you, you black-hearted thraitor," said the dripping old beggar, "that has just wit enough to be wicked, and to play such a hard-hearted turn to a poor blind man." "Ha! ha! daddy," cried Jimmy, "*you could smell the mate — why did n't you smell the wather?*"

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“I was by at the opening of the fardel.”

“Methought I heard the shepherd say he found a child.”

JOHN DAW, of the County —, Gent. who, from his propensity to look down his neighbours' chimneys, was familiarly called Mr. Jackdaw, was a man, who, (to adopt a figure of speech which he often used himself,) could see as far into a millstone as most people. He could play at politics, as boys play at marbles — and Mr. Daw could be down upon any king's law, as best suited his pleasure, and prove he was quite right, to boot, provided you would only listen to his arguments, and not answer them. Though to say the truth, Mr. Daw seldom meddled with so august a personage as a king — he was rather of Shakspeare's opinion, that

“There 's a divinity doth hedge a king.”

and after the fall of Napoleon, whom he could abuse to his heart's content, with all the hackneyed epithets of tyrant, monster, etc., without any offence to *legitimacy*, his rage against royalty was somewhat curtailed of its “fair proportions.” But still, politics always afforded him a very pretty allowance of hot water to dabble in.

Of course, he who could settle the affairs of nations with so much satisfaction to himself, could also superintend those of his neighbours; and the whole county, if it knew but all, had weighty obligations to Mr. Daw, for the consideration he bestowed on the concerns of every

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man in it, rather than his own. But the world is very ill-natured, and the County — in particular; for while Mr. Daw, thus, exhibited so much interest in the affairs of his acquaintances, they only called him “bore — busy body — meddler,” and other such like amiable appellations.

No stolen “march of intellect,” had ever been allowed to surprise the orthodox outposts of Mr. Daw’s understanding. He was for the good old times — none of your heathenish innovations for him! The word, liberality, was an abomination in his ears, and strongly reminded him of “Popery, slavery, arbitrary power, brass money, and wooden shoes.”

Two things he hated in particular — cold water and papists — he thought them both bad for “the constitution.” Now, the former of the aforesaid, Mr. Daw took special good care should never make any innovation on his — and the bitterest regret of his life, was, that he had it not equally in his power, to prevent the latter from making inroads upon that of the nation.

A severe trial of Mr. Daw’s temper existed, in the situation, which a certain Roman Catholic chapel held, on the road which led from his house to the parochial Protestant church. This chapel was a singularly humble little building, whose decayed roof of straw gave evidence of the poverty and inability of the flock who crowded within it every Sunday, to maintain a more seemly edifice for the worship of God. It was situated immediately on the road side, and so inadequate was it in size, to contain the congregation which flocked to it for admittance, that hundreds of poor people might be seen every Sabbath, kneeling outside the door, and stretching in a crowd so dense across the road, as to occasion considerable obstruction to a passenger thereon. This was always a source of serious annoyance to the worthy Mr. Daw; and one Sunday in particular, so great was the concourse of people, that he was absolutely obliged to stop his

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jaunting car, and was delayed the enormous space of a full minute and a half, before the offending worshippers could get out of the way. This was the climax of annoyance—it was insufferable. That he should have, every Sunday as he went to church, his Christian serenity disturbed by passing so heathenish a temple as a mass-house, and witness the adoration of “damnable idolaters,” was bad enough, but that he, one of the staunchest Protestants in the country, one of the most unflinching of the sons of ascendancy, should be delayed upon his way to church, by a pack of “rascally rebelly papists,” as he charitably called them, was beyond endurance, and he deeply swore he would never go to church by that road again, to be obnoxious to so great an indignity. And he kept his word. He preferred going a round of five miles to the ample and empty church of ——, than again pass the confined and crowded little chapel.

This was rather inconvenient sometimes, to be sure, when autumn rains and winter snows were falling—but no matter. The scene of his degradation was not to be passed for any consideration, and many a thorough drenching and frost-bitten penalty were endured in the cause of ascendancy—but what then?—he had the reward in his own breast, and he bore all with the fortitude of a martyr, consoling himself in the notion of his being “a suffering loyalist.”

If he *went* out of his way to avoid one popish nuisance, he was “*put* out of his way” by another—namely, by having his residence in the vicinity of a convent. Yea, within ear-shot of their vesper music lay his pleasure ground; and a stone wall (a very strong and high one to be sure,) was all that interposed itself, between his Protestant park and the convent garden.

Both of these lay upon the shore of the expansive Shannon; and “many a time and oft,” when our hero was indulging in an evening stroll on the bank of the river, did he wish the poor nuns fairly at the bottom of

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it, as their neighbouring voices, raised perchance in some hymn to the Virgin, smote the tympanum of his offended ear.

He considered, at length, that this proximity to a convent, which at first he deemed such a hardship, might be turned to account, in a way, of all others, congenial to his disposition, by affording him an opportunity of watching the movements of its inmates. Of the nefarious proceedings of such a body — of their numberless intrigues, etc., etc., he himself had no doubt, and he forthwith commenced a system of *espionnage*, that he might be enabled to produce proof for the conviction of others. During the day, there was a provoking propriety preserved about the place, that excited Mr. Daw's wrath — “aye, aye,” would he mutter to himself, “they were always deep as well as dangerous — they 're too cunning to commit themselves by any thing that might be easily discovered; but wait — wait until the moonlight nights are past, and I'll warrant my watching shan't go for nothing.”

Under the dewy damps of night, many an hour did Mr. Daw hold his *surveillance* around the convent bounds; but still fortune favoured him not in his enterprise; and not one of the delinquencies, which he had no doubt were going forward, had he the good fortune to discover. No scarf was waved from the proscribed casements — no ladder of ropes was to be found attached to the forbidden wall — no boat, with muffled oar, stealthily skimming along the waters, could be detected in the act of depositing “a gallant gay Lothario” in this Hesperian garden, where, he doubted not, many an adventurous Jason plucked forbidden fruit.

Chance, however, threw in his way a discovery, which all his premeditated endeavours had formerly failed to accomplish; for one evening, just as the last glimmer of departing day was streaking the west, Mr. Daw, in company with a friend, (a congenial soul,) when returning, after a long day's shooting, in gleeful anticipation of a

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good dinner, heard a sudden splash in the water, apparently proceeding from the extremity of the convent-wall, to which point they both directly hurried. What the noise originated in, we shall soon see ; but a moment's pause must be first given, to say a word or two of Mr. Daw's friend.

He was a little bustling man, always fussing about something or other — eternally making frivolous excuses for paying visits at unseasonable hours, for the purpose of taking people by surprise, and seeing what they were about, and everlastingly giving people advice; and after any unpleasant accident, loss of property, or other casualty, he was always ready with an assurance, that “if that had been his case, he would have done so and so;” and gave ample grounds for you to understand that you were very little more nor less than a fool, and he, the wisest of men since the days of Solomon.

But curiosity was his prevailing foible. When he entered a room, his little twinkling eyes went peering round the chamber, to ascertain if any thing worth notice was within eye-shot ; and when failure ensued, in that case, he himself went on a voyage of discovery into every corner, and with excuses so plausible, that he flattered himself nobody saw what he did. For example, he might commence thus — “Ha ! Miss Emily, you've got a string broken in your harp, I see,” and, forthwith, he posted over to the instrument ; and while he was clawing the strings, and declaring it was “a monstrous sweet harp,” he was reconnoitring the quarter where it stood, with the eye of a lynx. Unsuccessful there, he would proceed, mayhap, to the table, where some recently received letters were lying, and stooping down over one with its seal upwards, exclaim, “Dear me ! what a charming device ! Let me see — what is it ? — a padlock, and the motto ‘honour keeps the key.’ Ah ! very pretty indeed — excellent !” And then he would carelessly turn over the letter, to see the post-mark and superscription, to try

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if he could glean any little *hint* from them — “So! so! a foreign post-mark, I see — ha! I dare say, now, this is from your cousin — his regiment’s abroad, I believe? Eh! Miss Emily?” (rather knowingly). Miss Emily might reply, silyly, “I thought you admired the *motto* on the seal?” “Oh yes — a — very true, indeed — a very pretty motto;” — and so on.

This little gentleman was, moreover, very particular in his dress; the newest fashions were sure to be exhibited on his diminutive person; and from the combined quality of *petit maître* and eavesdropper, he enjoyed a *sobriquet* as honourable as Mr. Daw, and was called *Little Beau Peep*.

Upon one occasion, however, while minding his neighbour’s affairs with an exemplary vigilance, some sheep-stealers made free with a few of his flock, and though so pre-eminently prompt, in the suggestion of preventions, or remedies, in similar cases, when his friends were in trouble, he could not make the slightest successful movement towards the recovery of his own property. All his *dear friends* were, of course, delighted; and so far did they carry their exultation in his mishap, that some one, a night or two after his disaster, pasted on his hall door the following quotation from a celebrated nursery ballad: —

“Little Beau Peep
Has lost his sheep,
And does not know where to find them.”

He had a little dog, too, that was as great a nuisance as himself, and emulated his master in his prying propensities; he was very significantly called “Ferret,” and not unfrequently had he been instrumental in making mischievous discoveries. One in particular I cannot resist noticing: —

Mrs. Fitz-Altamont was a lady of high descent — in short, the descent had been such a long one, that the noble family of Fitz-Altamont had descended very low

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indeed — but Mrs. Fitz-Altamont would never let “the aspiring blood of Lancaster sink in the ground;” and, accordingly, was always reminding her acquaintance, how very noble a stock she came from, at the very moment perhaps she was making some miserable show of gentility. In fact, Mrs. Fitz-Altamont’s mode of living, reminded one very much of worn out plated ware, in which the copper makes a very considerable appearance; or, as Goldsmith says of the French, she

“Trim’d her robe of frieze with copper lace.”

Her children had been reared from their earliest infancy with lofty notions; they started, even from the baptismal font, under the shadow of high sounding names; there were Alfred, Adolphus, and Harold, her magnanimous boys, and Angelina and Iphigenia, her romantic girls.

Judge then of the mortification of Mrs. Fitz-Altamont, when one day seated at a rather homely early dinner, Little Beau Peep popped in upon them. How he contrived such a surprise is not stated; whether by a surreptitious entry through a back window, or, fairy-like, through a key hole, has never been clearly ascertained, but certain it is, he detected the noble family of Fitz-Altamont in the fact of having been dining upon — EGGS! — yes, sympathetic reader — EGGS. The *dénouement* took place thus: — Seated before this unseemly fare, the voice of Beau Peep was heard in the hall by the affrighted Fitz-Altamonts. No herd of startled deer was ever half so terrified by the deep bay of the ferocious stag-hound, as “the present company” at the shrill pipe of the cur, Beau Peep; and by a simultaneous movement of thought and action, they at once huddled every thing upon the table, topsy turvy, into the table-cloth, and crammed it with precipitous speed under the sofa; and scattering the chairs from their formal and indicative position round the table, they met their “*dear friend*” Beau Peep with smiles,

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as he gently opened the door in his own insinuating manner, to say, that, "just as he was in the neighbourhood, he would not pass by his esteemed friend Mrs. Fitz-Altamont, without calling to pay his respects." Both parties were "*delighted*" to see each other, and Mr. Beau Peep seated himself on the sofa, and his little dog "*Ferret*," lay down between his feet; and whether it was from a spice of his master's talent for discovery, or a keen nose that nature gave him, we know not, but after sniffing once or twice, he made a sudden dart beneath the sofa, and in an instant emerged from under its deep and dirty flounce, dragging after him the table-cloth, which, unfolding in its course along the well-darned carpet, disclosed "a beggarly account of empty" egg shells.

We shall not attempt to describe the *finale* of such a scene; but Mrs. Fitz-Altamont, in speaking to a friend on the subject, when the affair had "got wind," and demanded an explanation, declared she never was so "horrid" in her life. It was just owing to her own foolish good nature: she had allowed *all* her servants (she had *one*) to go to the fair in the neighbourhood, and had ordered John to be home at a certain hour from the town with marketing. But John did not return; and it happened so unfortunately — such a thing never happened before in her house: there was not an atom in the larder but eggs; and they just were making a little *lunch*, when that provoking creature, Mr. Terrier, broke in on them.

"My dear Madam, if you had only seen it: Alfred *had* eaten his egg — Adolphus *was* eating his egg — Harold was in the act of *cracking* his egg, and I was just putting some salt in my egg, (indeed I spilt the salt a moment before, and was certain something unlucky was going to happen); and the dear romantic girls, Angelina and Iphigenia, were at the moment boiling their eggs, when that dreadful little man got into the house. It's very laughable, to be sure — he! he! he! when one knows

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all about it; but *really* I never was so provoked in my life."

We ask pardon for so long a digression, but an anxiety to show what sort of person Little Beau Peep was, has betrayed us into it; and we shall now hurry to the development of our story.

We left Beau Peep and Jack Daw, hurrying towards the convent-wall where it was washed by the river, to ascertain what caused the loud splash in the water, which they heard, and has already been noticed. On arriving at the extremity of Mr. Daw's grounds, they perceived the stream yet agitated, apparently from the sudden immersion of something into it; and, on looking more sharply through the dusk, they saw, floating rapidly down the current, a basket, at some distance, but not so far away as to prevent their hearing a faint cry, evidently proceeding from it; and the next moment they heard a female voice say, in the adjoining garden of the convent, "There, let it go; the nasty creature, to do such a horrid thing—"

"Did you hear that?" said Mr. Daw.

"I did," said Beau Peep.

"There's proof positive," said Daw. "The villainous papist jades, one of them has had a child, and some of her dear sisters are drowning it for her, to conceal her infamy."

"No doubt of it," said Beau Peep.

"I knew it all along," said Jack Daw. "Come, my dear friend," added he, "let us hasten back to O'Brien's cottage, and he'll row us down the river in his boat, and we may yet be enabled to reach the basket in time to possess ourselves of the proof of all this popish profligacy."

And off they ran to O'Brien's cottage; and hurrying O'Brien and his son to unmoor their boat, in which the gentlemen had passed a considerable part of the day in sporting, they jumped into the skiff, and urged the two

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men to pull away as fast as they could, after the prize they hoped to obtain. Thus, though excessively hungry, and anxious for the dinner that was awaiting them all the time, their appetite for scandal was so much more intense, that they relinquished the former in pursuit of the latter.

“An’ where is it your honour’s goin’?” demanded O’Brien.

“Oh, a little bit down the river here,” answered Mr. Daw; for he did not wish to let it be known what he was in quest of, or his suspicions touching it, lest the peasants might baffle his endeavours at discovery, as he was sure they would strive to do in such a case, for the honour of the creed to which they belonged.

“Throth then, it’s late your honour’s goin’ an the wather this time o’ day, and the night comin’ an.”

“Well, never mind that, you, but pull away.”

“By my sowl, I’ll pull like a young cowlt, if that be all, and Jim too, Sir, (that’s your sort, Jimmy;) but at this gate o’ goin’ the sorra far off the rapids will be, long, and sure if we go down them now, the dickens a back we’ll get to-night.”

“Oh, never mind that,” said Daw, “we can return by the fields.”

As O’Brien calculated, they soon reached the rapids, and he called out to Jim to “studdy the boat there;” and with skilful management the turbulent descent was passed in safety, and they glided onwards again, under the influence of their oars, over the level waters.

“Do you see it yet?” asked one of the friends to the other, who replied in the negative.

“Maybe it’s the deep hole your honour id be lookin’ for?” queried O’Brien, in that peculiar vein of inquisitiveness which the Irish peasant indulges in, and through which he hopes, by pre-supposing a motive of action, to discover in reality the object aimed at.

“No,” answered Daw, rather abruptly.

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“ Oh, it ’s only bekase it ’s a choice place for settin’ night-lines,” said O’Brien; “ and I was thinkin’ maybe it ’s for that your honour id be.”

“ Oh ! ” said Beau Peep, “ ’t is something more than is caught by night-lines we ’re seeking — eh, Daw ? ”

“ Aye, aye, and, by Jove, I think I see it a little way before us — pull, O’Brien, pull ! ” and the boat trembled under the vigorous strokes of O’Brien and his son, and in a few minutes they were within an oar’s length of the basket, which, by this time, was nearly sinking, and a moment or two later, had deprived Jack Daw and Beau Peep of the honour of the discovery, which they now were on the eve of completing.

“ Lay hold of it,” said Mr. Daw; and Beau Peep, in “ making a long arm,” to secure the prize, so far over-balanced himself, that he went plump, head foremost, into the river; and had it not been for the activity and strength of the elder O’Brien, this our pleasant history must have turned out a tragedy of the darkest dye, and many a subsequent discovery of the indefatigable Beau Peep, have remained in the unexplored depths of uncertainty. But, fortunately for the lovers of family secrets, the inestimable Beau Peep was drawn, dripping, from the river, by O’Brien, at the same moment that Jack Daw, with the boat-hook, secured the basket.

“ I ’ve got it ! ” exclaimed Daw, in triumph.

“ Aye, and *I’ve got it* too,” chattered forth poor Beau Peep.

“ What ’s the matter with you, my dear friend ? ” said Daw, who, in his anxiety to obtain the basket, never perceived the fatality that had befallen his friend.

“ I ’ve been nearly drowned, that ’s all,” whined forth the unhappy little animal, as he was shaking the water out of his ears.

“ Troth it was looky I had my hand so ready,” said O’Brien, “ or faith, maybe it ’s more nor a basket we ’d have to be lookin’ for.”

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“My dear fellow,” said Daw, “let us get ashore immediately, and, by the exercise of walking, you may counteract the bad effects that this accident might otherwise produce. Get the boat ashore, O’Brien, as fast as possible. But we have got the basket, however, and that ’s some consolation for you.”

“Yes,” said the shivering little scandal-hunter, “I don’t mind the drenching, since we have secured that.”

“Why thin,” as he pulled towards the shore, “may I make so bowld as to ax your honour, what curosiety there is in an owld basket, to make yiz take so much throuble, and nigh hand drowndin’ yourselves afore you cotch it?”

“Oh, never you mind,” said Mr. Daw; “you shall soon know all about it. By the bye, my dear friend,” turning to Terrier, “I think we had better proceed, as soon as we get ashore, to our neighbour Sturdy’s — his is the nearest house I know of; there you may be enabled to change your wet clothes, and he, being a magistrate, we can swear our informations against the delinquents in this case.”

“Very true,” said the unfortunate Beau Peep as he stepped ashore, assisted by O’Brien, who, when the gentlemen proceeded some paces in advance, said to his son, who bore the dearly-won basket, that “the poor little whelp (meaning Beau Peep) looked, for all the world, like a dog in a wet sack.”

On they pushed, at a smart pace, until the twinkling of lights through some neighbouring trees announced to them the vicinity of Squire Sturdy’s mansion. The worthy squire had just taken his first glass of wine after the cloth had been drawn, when the servant announced the arrival of Mr. Daw, and his half-drowned friend, who were at once ushered into the dining-room.

“Good heaven!” exclaimed the excellent lady of the mansion, (for the ladies had not yet withdrawn,) on per-

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ceiving the miserable plight of Beau Peep, "what has happened?"

"Indeed, madam," answered our little hero, "an unfortunate accident on the water —"

"Oh, ho!" said the squire; "I should think that quite in your line — just exploring the secrets of the river? Why, my good Sir, if you go on at this rate, making discoveries by water, as well as by land, you'll rival Columbus himself before long." And Miss Emily, of whom we have already spoken, whispered her mamma, that she had often heard of a diving-bell (*belle*), but never before of a diving *beau*.

"Had you not better change your clothes?" said Mrs. Sturdy, to the shivering Terrier.

"Thank you, madam," said he, somewhat loftily, being piqued at the manner of his reception by the squire, "I shall wait until an investigation has taken place in my presence, of a circumstance which I have contributed to bring to light; and my discoveries by water may be found to be not undeserving of notice."

"I assure you, Mr. Sturdy," added Mr. Daw, in his most impressive manner, "we have an information to swear to, before you, of the most vital importance, and betraying the profligacy of *certain people* in so flagrant a degree, that I hope it may, at length, open the eyes of those that are wilfully blind to the interests of their king and their country."

This fine speech was meant as a hit at Squire Sturdy, who was a blunt, honest man — who acted in most cases to the best of his ability, on the admirable Christian maxim of loving his neighbour as himself.

"Well, Mr. Daw," said the squire, "I am all attention to hear your information —"

"May I trouble you," said Daw, "to retire to your study, as the matter is of rather an indelicate nature, and not fit for ladies' ears?"

"No, no. We'll stay here, and Mrs. S. and my

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daughters will retire to the drawing-room. Go, girls, and get the tea ready ;” and the room was soon cleared of the ladies, and the two O’Briens were summoned to wait upon the squire in the dining-room, with the important basket.

When they entered, Mr. Daw, with a face of additional length and solemnity, unfolded to Squire Sturdy, how the attention of his friend and himself had been attracted, by a basket flung from the convent garden — how they ran to the spot — how they heard a faint cry ; “ and then, Sir,” said he, “ we were at once awake to the revolting certainty, that the nuns had thus intended secretly to destroy one of their own illegitimate offspring.”

“ Cross o’ Christ about us !” involuntarily muttered forth the two O’Briens, making the sign of the cross at the same time on their foreheads.

“ But have you any proof of this ?” asked the magistrate.

“ Yes, Sir,” said Beau Peep triumphantly, “ we have proof — proof positive ! Bring forward that basket,” said he to the boatman. “ There, Sir, is the very basket containing the evidence of their double guilt — first, the guilt of unchastity, and next, the guilt of infanticide ; and it was in laying hold of that basket, Mr. Sturdy, that I met the accident, Mr. Sturdy, that has occasioned you so much mirth. However, I believe you will acknowledge now, Mr. Sturdy, that my discoveries by water have been rather important — ?”

Here Mr. Daw broke in, by saying, that the two boatmen were witnesses to the fact of finding the basket.

“ Oh ! by this and that,” roared out O’Brien, “ the devil receive the bit of a child I seen, I ’ll be upon my oath ! and I would n’t say that in a lie — ”

“ Be silent, O’Brien,” said the magistrate. “ Answer me, Mr. Daw, if you please, one or two questions : —

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“ Did one or both of you see the basket thrown from the convent garden ? ”

“ Both of us.”

“ And you heard a faint cry from it ? ”

“ Yes — we heard the cry of an infant.”

“ You then rowed after the basket, in O’Brien’s boat ? ”

“ Yes.”

“ Is this the basket you saw the gentlemen pick up, O’Brien ? ”

“ By my sowl, I can’t exactly say, your honour, for I was picking up Mr. Terrier.”

“ It was you, then, that saved Mr. Terrier from drowning ? ”

“ Yes, Sir, undher God — ”

“ Fortunate that O’Brien was so active, Mr. Terrier. Well, O’Brien, but that is the same basket you have carried here from the river ? ”

“ Troth I don’t know where I could change it an the road, Sir — ”

“ Well, let us open the basket, and see what it contains ; ” and O’Brien commenced unlacing the cords that bound up the wicker tomb of the murdered child ; but so anxious was Mr. Daw for prompt production of his evidence, that he took out his penknife, and cut the fastenings.

“ Now take it out,” said Mr. Daw ; and every eye was riveted on the basket, as O’Brien, lifting the cover, and putting in his hand, said,

“ Oh then, but it’s a beautiful babby ! ” and he turned up a look of the tenderest pity at the three gentlemen.

“ Pull it out here ! ” said Mr. Daw, imperatively ; and O’Brien, with the utmost gentleness, lifting the lifeless body from the basket, produced — A DROWNED CAT !

“ Oh then, is n’t it a darlint ! ” said O’Brien, with the most provoking affectation of pathos in his voice,

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while sarcasm was playing on his lip, and humour gleaming from his eye, as he witnessed with enjoyment the vacant stare of the discomfited Daw and Beau Peep, and exchanged looks with the worthy squire, who had set up a horse-laugh the instant that poor pussy had made her appearance; and the moment he could recover his breath, exclaimed, "Why, by the L—d, it's a dead cat!" and hereupon the sound of smothered laughter reached them from outside the half-closed door, where the ladies, dear creatures, had stolen to listen, having been told that something not proper to hear was going forward.

The two grand inquisitors were so utterly confounded, that neither had a word to say; and as soon as the squire had recovered from his immoderate fit of laughing, he said — "Well, gentlemen, this is a most important discovery you have achieved. I think I must despatch an express to government, on the strength of it."

"Oh, wait a bit, your honour," said O'Brien, "there's more o' them yit;" and he took from out of the basket a handful of dead kittens.

Now, it happened that a cat had kittened in the convent that day, and, as it not unfrequently happens, the ferocious animal had destroyed some of her offspring, which so disgusted the nuns, that they bundled cat and kittens into an old basket, and threw them all into the river; and thus the "faint cry," and the words of the sisters, "the nasty creature, to do such a horrid thing," are at once explained.

"Why, this is worse than you anticipated, gentlemen," said the squire, laughing — "for here, not only one, but several lives have been sacrificed."

"Mr. Sturdy," said Mr. Daw, very solemnly, "let me tell you, that if —"

"Tut! tut! my dear Sir," said the good-humoured squire, interrupting him, "the wisest in the world may be deceived now and then; and no wonder your sym-

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pathies should have been awakened by the piercing cries of the helpless little sufferers."

"Throth the sign's an it," said O'Brien; "it's aisy to see that the gintlemin has no childher of their own, for if they had, by my sowl, it's long before they'd mistake the cry of a dirty cat for a Chrishtan child."

This was a bitter hit of O'Brien's, for neither Mrs. Daw nor Mrs. Terrier had ever been "as ladies wish to be who love their lords."

"I think," said the squire, "we may now dismiss this affair; and after you have changed your clothes, Mr. Terrier, a glass of good wine will do you no harm, for I see no use of letting the decanters lie idle any longer, since this *mysterious* affair has been elucidated."

"Throth then, myself was thinking it a quare thing all along; for though sometimes a girl comes before your worship to sware a child agin a man, by the powers, I never heerd av a gintleman comin' to sware a child agin a woman yit —"

"Come, gentlemen," said the squire, "the wine waits for us, and O'Brien and his son shall each have a glass of whiskey, to drink repose to the souls of the cats."

"Good luck to your honour," said O'Brien, "an' the Misthress too — ah, by dad, it's *she* that knows the differ betune a cat and a child; and more power to your honour's elbow —"

"Thank you, Paddy," said the squire.

But no entreaties on the part of Squire Sturdy could induce the discomfited Daw and Terrier to accept the squire's proffered hospitality. The truth was, they were both utterly crest-fallen, and, as the ladies had overheard the whole affair, they were both anxious to get out of the house as fast as they could; so the squire bowed them out of the hall-door — they wishing him a very civil good-night, and apologising for the trouble they had given him.

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“Oh, don't mention it,” said the laughing squire, “really I have been very much amused; for of all the strange cases that have ever come within my knowledge, I have never met one with so very curious a *cat* — *astrophe!*”

THE DEVIL'S MILL

"His word is more than the miraculous harp :
He hath raised the wall, and houses too."

TEMPEST.

BESIDE the river Liffey, stands the picturesque ruin of a mill, overshadowed by some noble trees that grow in great luxuriance at the water's edge. Here, one day, 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 afther takin' off the ould mill you 'd be, Sir?"

I replied 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; aye, even to 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.

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"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 ould, 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 wonst, in times back, that owned a power o' land about here, but God keep uz, they say he didn't come by it honestly, but did a crooked turn whenever 't was to sarve himself—and sure he *sowld the pass*,¹ 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 counthry."

"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 laste 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 shrivin' for goold evermore, and thirstin' for the lucre of gain.

¹ An allusion to a post of importance that was betrayed in some of the battles between William III. and James II.

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“Well, at last, the story goes, the Divil, (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 Divil, all out; but the villian, he thought he might make a bargain with the *ould 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 ould Nick any day.

“Well, the bargain was struck, and it was this-a-way: The Divil 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 ’t would 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 could n’t do.

“So, when the bargain was made, ‘Now,’ says the Colonel to the Divil, ‘give me all the money I want.’

“‘As much as you like,’ says Ould 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 me that room,’ says he, ‘up to the very ceilin’ with goolden guineas.’

“‘And welkim,’ says the Divil.

“With that, Sir, he began to shovel in the guineas

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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 Divil was as good as his word, and had filled his room with the goolden guineas. So the Colonel went down stairs, and the Ould 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 was n't fillin' faster. Well, after restin' for a while, he began agin, and he put his shouldher to the work in airnest; but still the room was no fuller, at all, at all.

“‘Och! bad luck to me,’ says the Divil, ‘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 could n'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 an my hands yit, and this room no fuller than if I began five minutes ago.’

“By gor, while he was spaakin', he seen the hape o' guineas in the middle of the flure growin' *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 Ould Nick, ‘is that the way wid you?’ says he; and with that, he run over to the hape of goold, and, what would you think, but it was runnin' down through a big hole in the flure, that the Colonel made through the ceilin', in the room below; and that was the work he was at after he left the Divil, though he pertended he was only waitin' for him in his parlour, and there, the Divil, when he looked down through 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

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down. So, puttin' 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: ‘is it sthrivin’ to chate *me* you are,’ says he, ‘you villian?’

“‘Oh! forgive me this wanst,’ says the Colonel, ‘and upon the honour of a gintleman,’ says he, ‘I’ll never —’

“‘Whisht! whisht! you thievin’ rogue,’ says the Divil — ‘I’m not angry with you, at all, at all, but only like you the betther, 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 at command.’

“So, with that, the Divil and he parted for that time; and myself does n’t know whether they used to meet often afther, or not; but the Colonel never wanted money, anyhow, but went on prosperous in the world, and, as the saying is, if he tuk the dirt out o’ the road, it id turn to money wid him; and so, in coorse of time, he bought great estates, and was a great man intirely — 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 account at last.

“Oh, Sir, you’ll hear that all in good time. Sure enough, it’s terrible, and wondherful it is, at the end, 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, afther

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many years of prosperity, that the ould Colonel got stricken in years, and he began to have misgivin's in his conscience for his wicked doin's, and his heart was heavy as the fear of death kem upon him; and sure enough, while he had such murnful thoughts, the Divil 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 Divil, 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* would n't inconvanience 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 Divil 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 could n't do, he was n't obleeged to go.

"That's thrue,' says the Divil.

"I'm glad you're as good as your word, anyhow,' says the Colonel.

"I never bruk my word yit,' says the owld chap, cockin' up his horns consaitedly — 'honour bright,' says he.

"Well, then,' says the Colonel, 'build me a mill,

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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 nick'd Owld Nick at last, and wint to bed quite aasy in his mind.

"But, *jewel machree*, sure the first thing he heerd 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 evenin' before, not a thing at all, at all, but rushes was standin', and all, of coorse, wondherin' what brought it there; and some sayin' 't was not lucky, and many more throubled in their mind, but one and all agreein' it was not *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 coign-stone — that they say the Divil himself laid first, and has the mark of four fingers and a thumb an it, to this day.

"But when the Colonel heerd it, he was more throubled than any, of coorse, and began to conthrive what else he could think iv, to keep himself out of the claws of the *owld one*. Well, he often heerd tell that there was one thing the Divil never could do, and I dar say you heerd it too, Sir — that is, that he could n'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 would n'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 Ould Nick.

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“‘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 sae*,’ says he, lookin’ mighty knowin’ at the *ould 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 ould fellow, grinnin’, with a terrible laugh.

“‘That’s not a sand-rope at all,’ says the Colonel.

“‘Is n’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), the sand went into one of his eyes, and made the tears come with the pain.

“‘That bates all I ever seen or heerd,’ says the Colonel, sthrivin’ to rally, and make another offer — ‘is there any thing you *can’t* do?’

“‘Nothin’ 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 desarve 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 ould sinner.

“‘All fair,’ says the Colonel, and with that, he ax’d him could he stop a woman’s tongue?

“‘Thry me,’ says Ould Nick.

“‘Well, then,’ says the Colonel, ‘make my lady’s tongue be quiet for the next month, and I’ll thank you.’

“‘She’ll never throuble you agin,’ says Ould Nick; and, with that, the Colonel heerd roarin’ and cryin’, and

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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 dropped 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 siven sines, by raison of the sudden death of his poor lady, let alone the jeopardy he was in himself, seein’ how the Divil had *forestall’d* him every way; and after ringin’ his bell, and callin’ in his sarvants, and recoverin’ his daughter out of her faint, he was goin’ away wid her out o’ the room, whin 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 plased — ‘what do you say now?’ says he.

“‘Oh,’ says the Colonel, ‘only lave me alone antil I bury my poor wife,’ says he, ‘and I’ll go with you then, you villian,’ says he.

“‘Don’t call names,’ says the Divil; ‘you had betther keep a civil tongue in your head,’ says he; ‘and it does n’t become a gintleman 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, antil 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 pulling some of her dhress away, he tuk aff a goold chain that was an her neck, and put it in his pocket, and the chain had a diamond crass an 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 *iligant berrin* — and they say, that when the prayers was readin’ over the dead, the ould Colonel took it to heart like any

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thing, and the word o' God kem home to his poor sinful sowl at last.

“ Well, Sir, to make a long story short, the ind iv it was, that for the three days o' grace that was given to him, the poor deluded ould sinner did nothin' at all but read the Bible from mornin' till night, and bit or sup did n't pass his lips all the time, he was so intint upon the holy book, but sat up in an ould room in the far ind iv 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 did n't feel aisy, — and no wondher; and, by dad, 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 shouldher.

“ ‘ Oh, murther ! ’ says he, ‘ who's there ? ’ for he was afeard to look up.

“ ‘ It's me, ’ says the *ould one*, and he stood right foreninst him, and his eyes like coals o' fire, lookin' him through, and he said, with a voice that a'most split his ould heart, ‘ Come ! ’ says he.

“ ‘ Another day, ’ cried out the poor Colonel.

“ ‘ Not another hour, ’ says Sat'n.

“ ‘ Half an hour ? ’

“ ‘ Not a quarther, ’ 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 minutes, ’ says he.

“ ‘ Lave aff your palaverin', you sneakin' ould sinner, ’ says Sat'n; ‘ you know you're bought and sould to me, and a purty bargain I have o' you, you ould 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

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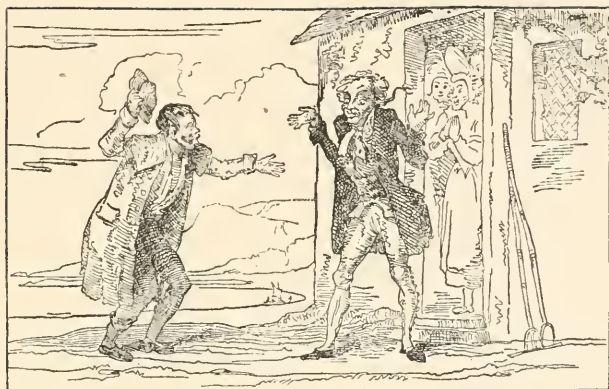
would n't harm him antil the bit o' candle that was just blinkin' in the socket before him, was burned out.

“‘Well, have it so, you dirty coward,’ says Ould Nick, and with that he spit an him.

“But the poor ould Colonel did n't lose a minit, (for he was cunnin' to the ind,) but snatched the little taste o' candle that was foreninst him, out o' the candlestick, and puttin' it an the holy book before him, he shut down the cover an 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 heerd 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 out he was an althered man, and used to have the Bible read to him every day, for he could n't read himself any more, by raison of losin' his eye-sight, 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'?*”¹

¹ The foregoing tale, we believe, is somewhat common to the legendary lore of other countries — at least, there is a German legend built on a similar foundation. We hope, however, it may not be considered totally uninteresting, our effort to show the different styles his sable majesty has of cutting his capers in Germany and in Ireland.



THE GRIDIRON ;

OR,

PADDY MULLOWNEY'S TRAVELS IN FRANCE

Soldier. — *Boskos thromuldo boskos.*

Parolles. — I know you are the Musko's regiment.

Soldier. — *Bokos vauvado :* —

Parolles. — I understand thee, and can speak thy tongue."

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

MATTHEWS, in his "Trip to America," gives a ludicrous representation of an Irishman who has left his own country on the old-fashioned speculation of "seeking his fortune" — and who, after various previous failures in the pursuit, at length goes into the back settlements with the intention of becoming interpreter general between the Yankees and the Indian tribes — but the Indians reject his proffered service, "*the poor ignorant craytures,*" as he himself says, "*just because he did not understand their language.*" We are told, moreover, that Goldsmith visited the land of dykes and dams, for the purpose of teaching the Hollanders *English*, quite overlooking (until his arrival in the country made it obvious,) that he did not know a word of *Dutch* himself.

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I have prefaced the following story thus, in the hope that the "*precedent*," which covers so many absurdities in *law*, may be considered available by the *author*, as well as the *sutor*, and may serve a turn in the court of criticism, as well as in the common pleas.

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 exceeding fond of what he termed his "*thravels*," 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 service — general good conduct — or the delinquent's "wife and childher," 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 bye, 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?"

The Gridiron

“Indeed he was,” cries mine host; and Pat adds, “ay, and farther, please 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 ’re not, Sir,” interrupts Pat.

“Oh, by no means,” adds mine host, shaking his head emphatically.

“I believe, Pat, ’t was 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 Amerikay*, for “a rason 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 boord, at last, and the pumps was choak’d, (divil choak them for that same,) and av coorse the wather gained an us, and troth to be filled with wather is neither good for man or baste; and she was sinkin’ fast, settlin’ down, as the sailors calls it, and faith I never was good at settlin’ down in my life, and I liked it then less nor ever; accordianly 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

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be lost, for my darlint, the *Colleen dhas* went down like a lump o' lead, afore we wor many sthrokes 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 thin we sailed iligant, for we darn't show a stitch o' canvas the night before, bekase it was blowin' like bloody murther, savin' your presence, and sure it's the wondher of the world we worn'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 canophy 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 troth, our provisions began to run low, the bishkits, and the wather, and the rum — troth *that* was gone first of all — God help uz — and, oh ! it was thin that 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 would n't be such bad Christhans 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 suddent,’ says he.

“‘Thrue for you, captain darlint,’ says I — I called

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him darlint, and made free wid him, you see, bekase disthress makes uz 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 by gor the *wather itself* was all gone at last, and we passed the night mighty cowl — 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 cryshthal. But it was only the more crule upon uz, for we wor beginnin’ to feel *terrible* hungry; when all at wanst I thought I spied the land — by gor I thought I felt my heart up in my throat in a minnit, and ‘thundher 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.

“‘Hurra!’ 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?’ says I, ‘maybe it id be in *Roosia*, or *Proosia*, or the Garman Oceant,’ says I.

“‘Tut, you fool,’ says he — for he had that consaited way wid him — thinkin’ himself cleverer nor any one 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 o’ 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

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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, ‘thundher and 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 could n’t ate a gridiron,’ says he, ‘barrin’ you wor a *pelican o’ the wildberness*,’ says he.

“‘Ate a gridiron!’ says I; ‘och, in throth I’m not sitch a *gommoch* all out as that any how. But sure if we had a gridiron we could dress a beef-stake,’ says I.

“‘Arrah! but where ’s the beef-stake?’ says he.

“‘Sure, could n’t we cut a slice aff the pork,’ says I.

“‘By gor, 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 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 by gor the butther’s comin’ out o’ the stir-about in airnist now,’ says he, ‘you *gommoch*,’ says he, ‘sure I towld you before that’s France — and sure they’re all furriners¹ 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.

“‘By dad maybe that’s more nor me, or greater nor me 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 Oceant.

¹ Foreigners.

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“‘Leave 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, by gor, 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.

“‘By gor 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 bellyfull before long.’

“So with that it was no sooner said nor done — they pulled away and got close into shore in less than no time, and run the boat up in a little creek, and a beautiful creek it was, with a lovely white sthrand, 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 conthived to scramble on, one way or the 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 powdhers 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 shew them I knew what good manners was.

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“So I took aff 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 begun to stare at me, and faith they almost look’d 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 I never minded that, in regard of wantin’ 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 of ating,’ says I, ‘that I make bowld to throuble yez, and if you could lind me the loan of a gridiron,’ says I, ‘I’d be intirely obleeged to ye.’

“By gor, they all stared at me twice worse nor before, and with that, says I, (knowing what was in their minds,) ‘indeed it’s thru for you,’ says I; ‘I’m tathered to pieces, and God knows I look quare enough, but it’s by raison of 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 that they tuk me for a poor beggar comin’ to crave charity — 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 plased 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 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 ould 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: are n’t you furriners?’ says I — ‘*Parly voo Frongsay?*’

“‘We munseer,’ says he.

“‘Then would you lind me the loan of a gridiron,’ says I, ‘if you plase?’

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“Oh, it was thin that they stared at me as if I had seven heads; and faith myself began to feel flustered like, and onaisy — and so says I, making a bow and scrape agin, ‘I know it’s a liberty I take, Sir,’ says I, ‘but it’s only in the 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 ould chap began to munseer me, but the divil a bit of a gridiron he’d gi’ me; and so I began to think they were all neygars, for all their fine manners; and throth my blood begun to rise, and says I, ‘By my sowl, if it was you was in disthriss,’ says I, ‘and if it was to ould 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 dthrop o’ dhrink into the bargain, and *cead mile failte*.’

“Well, the word *cead mile failte* seemed to sthreck his heart, and the ould chap cocked his ear, and so I thought I’d give him another offer, and make him sinsible at last; and so says I, wonst 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 scram to you.’

“Well, bad win’ to the bit of it he’d gi’ me, and the ould chap begins bowin’ and scrapin’, and said something or other about a long tongs.¹

“‘Phoo! — 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 howld your prate.’

¹ Some mystification of Paddy’s touching the French *n’entends*.

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“Well, what would you think but he shook his owld noddle as much as to say he would n’t; and so says I, ‘Bad cess to the likes o’ that I ever seen — throth if you wor in my counthry it’s not that-a-way they’d use you; the curse o’ the crows an you, you owld sinner,’ 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 calls so p’lite. Bad luck to you, do you undherstand your own language? — *Parly voo Frongsay?*’ says I.

“‘We munseer,’ says he.

“‘Then thundher 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 villian,’ says I; ‘the back o’ my hand and the sowl o’ my fut to you; that you may want a gridiron yourself yet,’ 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.*”

PADDY THE PIPER

“*Dogberry*. — Marry, Sir, they have committed false report ; — moreover they have spoken untruths ; secondarily, they are slanderers ; sixthly, and lastly, they have belied a lady ; thirdly, they have verified unjust things ; and, to conclude, they are lying knaves.”

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

THE only introduction I shall attempt to the following “*extravaganza*,” is, to request the reader to suppose it to be delivered by a rollicking 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 *ruction*,¹ whin the long summer days, like many a fine fellow’s precious life, was cut short by raison of the martial law, — that would n’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 daar 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 boult, antil the morning kem agin.

“Well, to come to my story : — ’T was afther night-fall, and we wor sittin’ round the fire, and the pratees was boilin’, and the noggins of butther-milk 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,

¹ Insurrection.

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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 hanging an ould sack and my new petticoat agin it, a while ago.’

“‘Well, whisht, any how,’ 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 pertind 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, thundher and turf,’ says I, ‘is it you, Paddy, that’s in it?’

“‘Sorra one else,’ says he.

“‘And what brought you at this hour?’ says I.

“‘By gar,’ says he, ‘I did n’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, bloody wars!’ says I—‘Paddy, I would n’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, ‘God help me; and

Paddy the Piper

that's what I kem to you for,' says he; 'and let me in for ould 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 Husshians or the Yeo's¹ ketches you,' says I — 'they'll murther you, as sure as your name's Paddy.'

"'Many thanks to you,' says he, 'for your good intentions; but, plaze the pigs, I hope it's not the likes o' that is in store for me, any how.'

"'Faix then,' 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 Husshians would be afther givin' you — for they've no justice, and less marcy, the villians!'

"'Faith thin, more's the raison 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, 'behind 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 wint to our hearts to refuse him, and turn him away from the door, more, by token, when the pratees was ready — for sure the bit and the sup is always welkim to the poor thraveller. Well, we all wint 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 was n't mornin' at all, but only the light o' the moon that deceaved him; but at all evints, he wanted to be stirrin' airly, bekase he was goin' off to the town hard by, it

¹ Yeomen.

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bein' fair-day, to pick up a few ha'pence with his pipes — for the divil a better piper was in all the counthry round, nor Paddy; and every one gave it up to Paddy, that he was iligant an 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 horse-men ridin' like mad.

"Well, as I was sayin', he set off to go to the fair, and he wint meandherin' along through the fields, but he did n'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 marciful to uz, but a corpse hangin' out of a branch of a three.

"'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 't was throe for him, for it would make the heart of a stouter man nor Paddy jump, to see the like, and to think of a Christhan crathur being hanged up, all as one as a dog.

"Now, 't was the rebels that hanged this chap — bekase, you see, the corpse had good clothes an him, and that 's the raison that one might know it was the rebels, — by raison that the Husshians and the Orangemen never hanged any body 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, eyein' 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 to see the likes o' me,' says he, 'the best piper in the sivin counties, to be trampin' wid a pair of ould brogues not worth three *traneens*, and a corpse with such an iligant pair o' boots, that wants some one to wear thim.' So, with that, Paddy lays hould of him by the boots, and began a

Paddy the Piper

pullin' at thim, but they wor mighty stiff; and whether it was by rayson of their being so tight, or the branch of the three a-jiggin' up and down, all as one as a weighdee buckettee, and not lettin' Paddy cotch any right houl't o' thim — he could get no *advantage* o' thim at all — and at last he gev it up, and was goin' away, whin lookin' behind him agin, the sight of the iligant fine boots was too much for him, and he turned back, detarmined to have the boots, any how, 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 friends before; and sure 'twas the wondher of every one, that two knowledgable men, that ought to know better, would do the likes, and give and take sharp steel in friendship; but I'm forgettin' — well, he outs with his knife, and what does he do, but he cut off the legs av the corpse; 'and,' says he, 'I can take aff the boots at my convaynience;' and throth it was, as I said before, a dirty turn.

“Well, Sir, he tuck'd the legs undher his arm, and at that minit 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 moon-light deceaved him, and that it was n't the airly dawn, as he conceaved; and bein' friken'd for fear himself might be cotched and trated like the poor corpse he was afther a malthreat-ing, if *he* was found walking the counthry at that time — by gar, he turned about, and walked back agin to the cow-house, and, hidin' the corpse's legs in the

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sthraw, Paddy wint to sleep agin. But what do you think? the divil a long Paddy was there antil the sojers kem in airnest, 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 morning kem, my father says to me, ‘ Go, Shamus,’ says he, ‘ to the shed, and bid poor Paddy come in, and take share o’ the pratees, for I go bail he ’s ready for his breakquest by this, any how.’

“ 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 divil an answer I got still. ‘ Blood-an-agers!’ says I, ‘ Paddy, where are you, at all, at all?’ and so, castin’ my eyes about the shed, I seen two feet sticking out from undher the hape o’ sthraw — ‘ Musha! thin,’ says I, ‘ bad luck to you, Paddy, but you ’re fond of a warm corner, and maybe you have n’t made yourself as snug as a flay 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, whin I recovered myself, there I was, an the broad o’ my back, and two things stickin’ out of my hands, like a pair o’ Husshian’s horse-pist’ls — and I thought the sight ’id lave my eyes, whin I seen they wor two mortal 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 neyger,’ 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.

“ ‘ *Weirastbru! weirastbru!*’ what ’ll the whole coun-

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thry say to such an unnathural murther? and you, lookin' as innocent there as a lamb, and ating your hay, as quite 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 o' brogues,’ says I.

“ ‘Bad luck to the bit she has left iv him, but his two legs.’

“ ‘And do you tell me she ate the pipes too?’ says my father.

“ ‘By gor, 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 cursing the cow, that gives the milk to the childher.’

“ ‘Yis, I will,’ says my father, ‘why should n't I curse sitch an unnath'ral baste?’

“ ‘You ought n'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,’ say I.

“ ‘Well, like or no like,’ says he, ‘you must dhrive her.’

“ ‘Sure, father,’ says I, ‘you could take more care iv her yourself.’

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“‘That ’s mighty good,’ says he, ‘to keep a dog and bark myself;’ and faith I rec’llected 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 any thing to do with sitch a villian of a baste. But, howsomever, I cut a brave long wattle, that I might dhrive the man-ather 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 God knows 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 expec’ for her?’ says he.

“‘Faith thin myself does n’t know,’ says I — and that was throe enough, you see, bekase I was bewil-dhered like, about the baste, intirely.

“‘That’s a quare way to be goin’ to market,’ says he, ‘and not to know what you expec’ for your baste.’

“‘Och,’ says I — not likin’ to let him suspect there was any thing wrong wid her — ‘Och,’ says I, in a careless sort of a way, ‘sure no-one can tell what a baste ’ill 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

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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 will you ax for her?’ says he.

“‘Why thin, I would n’t like to be onraysonable,’ says I — (for the thruth was, you know, I wanted to get rid iv 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 was n’t somethin’ the matther, 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 does n’t feed well?’

“‘Och, by this and that,’ says I, ‘in regard of feedin’ there’s not the likes of 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 till I see how they go in the fair.’

“‘With all my heart,’ says I, purtendin’ to be no ways consarned, but in troth 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 standin’s o’ gingerbread and iligant ribbins, and makins o’ beautiful gownds, and pitch-and-toss, and merry-go-roun’s, and tints with the best av drink in thim, and the fiddles playin’ up t’ incourage the boys and girls; but I never minded them at all, but detarmint to sell the thievin’ rogue of a cow afore I’d mind any divarshin in life, so an I dhriv her into the thick av the

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fair, whin all of a suddint, as I kem to the door av a tint, up sthruck the pipes to the tune av 'Tatherin' 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' thim.

"'Divil 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 marcifful to him.'

"'Who's that takin' my name in vain?'" says a voice in the crowd; and with that, shovin' the throng a one side, who the divil should I see but Paddy Grogan, to all appearance.

"'Oh, hould him too,' says I; 'keep him av 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 towld 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 by gor 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 heerd before nor sence, even from Paddy himself—and av coorse the poor slandhered cow was dhruv home agin, and many a quite day she had wid uz afther that; and whin she died, throth my father had

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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 fam'ly to this day; and is n'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 out, any one 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 is 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, there is the very breeches that's an me now, and a fine pair they are this minit." ¹

¹ The foregoing story I heard related by a gentleman, who said he was not aware to whom the original authorship was attributable.

THE PRIEST'S GHOST

“*Hermione*. — Pray you sit by us,
And tell 's a tale.

Mamilius. — Merry, or sad, shall 't be?

Her. — As merry as you will.

Mam. — A sad tale 's best for winter :
I have one of sprites and goblins.”

WINTER'S TALE.

“**A** SAD tale 's best for winter,” saith the epigraph, and it was by the winter's hearth that I heard the following Ghost story, rendered interesting, from the air of reverential belief with which it was delivered from the withered lips of an old woman.

Masses for the souls of the dead are among the most cherished items of the Roman Catholic peasant's belief; and it was to prove how sacred a duty the mass for the “soul of the faithful departed,” is considered before the eternal judgment-seat, that the tale was told, which I shall endeavour to repeat as nearly as my memory will serve, in the words of the original narrator. It was a certain eve of Saint John, as well as I can remember, that the old dame gave as the date of the supernatural occurrence: —

“Whin Mary O'Malley, a friend of my mother's, (God rest her sowl!) and it was herself tould me the story: Mary O'Malley was in the chapel hearing vespers an the blessed eve o' Saint John, whin, you see, whether it was that she was dhrowsy or tired afther the day's work, for she was all day teddin' the new cut grass, for 't was haymakin' sayson; or whether it was *ordbered*,¹

¹ A reverential mode the Irish have of implying a dispensation of providence.

The Priest's Ghost

and that it was all for the glory of God, and the repose of a throubled sowl, or how it was, it does n't become me to say; but howsomever, Mary fell asleep in the chapel, and sound enough she slep', for never a wink she wakened antil every individhial craythur was gone, and the chapel doors was locked. Well, you may be sure it's poor Mary O'Malley was frekened, and thrimbled till she thought she'd ha' died on the spot, and sure no wondher, considherin' she was locked up in a chapel all alone, and in the dark, and no one near her.

“Well, afther a time, she recovered herself a little, and she thought there was no use in life in settin' up a phillelew, sthrivin' to make herself heerd; for she knew well no livin' sowl was within call, and so, on a little considheration, whin she got over the first fright at being left alone that-a-way, good thoughts kem into her head to comfort her, and sure she knew she was in God's own house, and that no bad sper't daar come there. So with that, she knelt down agin, and repated her credos, and pather-and-aves, over and over, antil she felt quite sure in the purtection of hiv'n, and then, wrappin' herself up in her clcak, she thought she might lie down and thrive to sleep till mornin', whin—may the Lord keep us!” piously ejaculated the old woman, crossing herself most devoutly, “all of a suddint a light shined into the chapel as bright as the light of day, and with that, poor Mary, lookin' up, seen it was shinin' out of the door of the vesthry, and immediately, out walked, out of the vesthry, a priest, dhressed in black vestments, and going slowly up to the althar, he said, ‘Is there any one here to answer this mass?’

“Well, my dear, poor Mary thought the life 'id lave her, for she dhreaded the priest was not of this world, and she couldn't say a word; and whin the priest ax'd three times was there no one there to answer the mass, and got no answer, he walked back again into the vesthry, and in a minit all was dark agin; but before he wint,

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Mary thought he looked towards her, and she said she'd never forget the melancholy light of his eyes, and the look he gave her, quite pityful like; and she said she never heard before nor since such a wondrous deep voice.

“Well, Sir, the poor craythur, the minit the sper't was gone — for it was a sper't, God be good to us — that minit the craythur fainted dead away; and so I suppose it was with her, from one faint into another, for she knew nothin' more about any thing until she recovered and kem to herself in her mother's cabin, afther being brought home from the chapel next mornin' when it was opened for mass, and she was found there.

“I hear thin it was as good as a week before she could lave her bed, she was so overcome by the mortal terror she was in that blessed night, blessed as it was, bein' the eve of a holy saint, and more by token, the manes of givin' repose to a throubled sper't; for you see when Mary tould what she had seen and heard to her clargy, his Riverince, undher God, was enlightened to see the maynin' of it all; and the maynin' was this, that he undherstood from hearin' of the priest appearin' in black vestments, that it was for to say mass for the dead that he kem there; and so he supposed that the priest durin' his lifetime had forgot to say a mass for the dead that he was bound to say, and that his poor sowl could n't have rest until that mass was said; and that he must walk until the duty was done.

“So Mary's clargy said to her, that as the knowledge of this was made through her, and as his Riverince said she was chosen, he ax'd her would she go and keep another vigil in the chapel, as his Riverince said — and thru for him — for the repose of a sowl. So Mary bein' a stout girl, and always good, and relyin' on doin' what she thought was her duty in the eyes of God, she said she'd watch another night, but hoped she would n't be ax'd to stay long in the chapel alone. So the priest

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tould her 'twould do if she was there a little afore twelve o'clock at night; for you know, Sir, that people never appears antil afther twelve, and from that till cock-crow; and so, accordingly, Mary wint, an the night of a vigil, and before twelve, down she knelt in the chapel, and began a countin' of her beads, and the craythur, she thought every minit was an hour antil she 'd be relaysed.

“Well, she was n't kep' long; for soon the dazzlin' light burst from out of the vestry door, and the same priest kem out that appeared afore, and in the same melancholy voice he ax'd when he mounted the althar, ‘Is there any one here to answer this mass?’

“Well, poor Mary sthruv to spake, but the craythur thought her heart was up in her mouth, and not a word could she say, and agin the word was ax'd from the althar, and still she could n't say a word; but the sweat ran down her forehead as thick as the winther's rain, and immediately she felt relieved, and the impression was taken aff her heart, like; and so, whin for the third and last time the appearance said, ‘Is there *no* one here to answer this mass?’ poor Mary mutthered out, ‘yis,’ as well as she could.

“Oh, often I heerd her say the beautiful sight it was to see the lovely smile upon the face of the sper't, as he turned round, and looked kindly upon her, saying these remarkable words — ‘It's twenty years,’ says he, ‘I have been askin' that question, and no one answered till this blessed night, and a blessin' be on her that answered, and now my business on earth is finished;’ and with that, he vanished, before you could shut your eyes.

“So never say, Sir, it's no good praying for the dead; for you see that even the sowl of a priest could n't have pace, for forgettin' so holy a thing as a mass for the sowl of the faithful departed.”



NEW POTATOES,
AN IRISH MELODY

“Great cry and little wool.”

OLD SAYING.

IN the merry month of June, or thereabouts, the afore-said melody may be heard, in all the wailing intonation of its *minor third*, through every street of Dublin.

New Potatoes

We Irish, are conversational, the lower orders particularly so; and the hawkers, who frequent the streets, often fill the lapses that occur between their cries, by a current conversation with some passing friend, occasionally broken by the deponent "labouring in her calling," and yelling out, "Brave lemons," or "Green *pays*," in some awkward interval, frequently productive of very ludicrous effects.

Such was the case, as I happened to overhear a conversation between Katty, a *black-eyed* dealer in "New pittayatees!" and her friend Sally, who had "Fine fresh Dublin-bay herrings!" to dispose of. Sally, to do her justice, was a very patient hearer, and did not interrupt her friend with her own cry in the least; whether it was, from being interested in her friend's little misfortunes, or that Katty was one of those "out-and-outers" in story-telling, who, when once they begin, will never leave off, nor even allow another to edge in a word, as "thin as a sixpence," I will not pretend to say; but certain it is, Katty, in the course of her history, had it all her own way, like "a bull in a chaynee shop," as she would have said herself.

Such is the manner in which the following sketch from nature came into my possession. That it is altogether slang, I premise; and give all fastidious persons fair warning, that if a picture from low life be not according to their taste, they can leave it unread, rather than blame me for too much fidelity in my outline. So here goes at a *scena*, as the Italians say.

"MY NEW PIT'TAYATEES!"

[Enter Katty, with a grey cloak, a dirty cap, and a black eye; a sieve of potatoes *on* her head, and a "thrifle 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?

Legends and Stories of Ireland

Sally. — Throth it 's myself; and what 's the matther 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 owld thing, my dear —

Sal. — Throwin' up his little finger, I suppose?¹

Kat. — Yis, my darlint: he kem home th' other night, blazin' blind dhrunk, cryin' out — “*New pittay-a-tees!*” — roarin' and bawlin', that you 'd think he 'd rise the roof aff o' the house.

“Bad look attind you; bad cess to you, you pot-wallop in' varmint,” says he, (maynin' me, i' you plaze); “wait till I ketch you, you sthrop, and it 's I 'll give you your fill iv — ‘*New pittayatees!*’ — your fill iv a lickin', if ever you got it,” says he.

So with that, I knew the villian was *mulvathered*;² 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 mutton kidney.

Sal. — Musha! God help you, Katty.

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 jewel — wait till you hear what became o' — “*My new pittayatees!*” — wait till I tell you the ind iv it. Where did I lave aff? Oh aye, at the stairs.

Well, as he was comin' up stairs, (knowin' how it 'id be,) I thought it best to take care o' my — “*New pittaya-*

¹ Getting drunk.

² Intoxicated.

New Potatoes

tees!" — to take care o' myself; so with that, I put the bowlt on the door, betune me and danger, and kep' listenin' at the key-hole; 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 come to himself, he gev a thunderin' thump at the door. "Who's there?" says I: says he — "*New pittayatees!*" — "let me in," says he, "you vagabone," (swarein' by what I would n'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 vagabone, darlint?

Kat. — My jew'l, did n't I tell you I thought it best to soother him with a — "*New pittayatee!*" — with a tindher word: so says I, "Mikee, you villian, you're disguised," says I, "you're disguised, dear."

"You lie," says he, "you impident sthrop, 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 ditty breed," says he. Think o' that, Sally, dear, t' abuse my relations.

Sal. — Oh, the ruffin!

Kat. — Dirty breed, indeed! By my sowkins, they're as good as his any day in the year, and was never be-houlden to — "*New pittayatees!*" — to go a beggin' to the mindicity for their dirty — "*New pittayatees!*" — their dirty washin's o' pots, and sarvants' lavins, and

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dogs' bones, all as one as that cruck'd disciple of his mother's cousin's sisther, the ould dhrunken asperseand, as she is.

Sal. — No, in troth, Katty dear.

Kat. — Well, where was I? Oh, aye, 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 sinsible av it, for the first word he said was — “*New pittayatees!*” — the first word he said was to put his shouldher 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 attind 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 an 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 goin' to strek 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 would n't listen to rayson, and was goin' to hit me agin, whin I put up the child that was in my arms be-tune 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!!!)

New Potatoes

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 coorse, 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 jewel, 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 murthur your wife, you villian?” “What's that to you?” says he; “is n't she my own?” says he, “and if I plase 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 any how, so keep your tongue in your jaw, and your toe in your pump, and 't will be betther for your — ‘*New pittayatees!*’ — 't will be betther 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 Mick, “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 pittayatee!*” — 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,”

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says she, "it's I that's used to giv 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 matther if I would n'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, by gor, they all tuk pATTERN afther her, and abused him, my dear, to that degree, that, I vow to the Lord, the very dogs in the sthreet would n't lick his blood.

Sal.—Oh, my blessin' an them.

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 attind your berrin’,” says they, “you vagabone,” as they just tuk him up by the scuff o' the neck, and threwn him down the stairs: every step he'd take, you'd think he'd brake his neck, (Glory be to God!) and 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 was n't desarvin' o' one precious dhrop that fell from my two good-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!*”—was cryin' murther.

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,

New Potatoes

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 I had 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 eye as big as your fist, and as black as the pot, (savin' your presence,) and a beautiful dish iv — “*New pittayatees!*” — dish iv delf, that I bought only last week in Timple 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 screechin' a lock o' savoys, 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 purtection; and may the widdy and the orphin's blessin' 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 attind 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.*]



PADDY THE SPORT

“My lord made himself much sport out of him: by his authority he remains here, which he thinks is a patent for his sauciness.”

“He will lie, Sir, with such volubility, that you would think truth were a fool.—Drunkenness is his best virtue.”

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

DURING a sojourn of some days in the county——visiting a friend, who was anxious to afford as much amusement to his guests as country sports could furnish, “the dog and the gun” were, of course, put into requisition; and the subject of this sketch was a constant attendant on the shooting party.

Paddy the Sport

He was a tall, loose-made, middle-aged man, rather on the elder side of middle age perhaps — fond of wearing an oil-skinned hat and a red waistcoat — much given to lying and tobacco, and an admirable hand at filling a game-bag, or emptying a whiskey-flask ; and if game was scarce in the stubbles, Paddy was sure to create plenty of another sort for his master's party, by the marvellous stories he had ever at his command. Such was "Paddy the Sport," as the country people invariably called him.

Paddy was fond of dealing in mystification, which he practised often on the peasants, whom he looked upon as an inferior class of beings to himself — considering that his office of sportsman conferred a rank upon him that placed him 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

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three-legged stool to offer to "the gintlemen," and "Paddy the Sport" was hailed with welcome by every one 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 on 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 would n'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 cur 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 't was in vain. He ran like a hare from me; and the old lady, seizing a branch of a furze-bush from a heap of them that were stowed 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 every one 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 casting 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,

Paddy the Sport

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 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 upon our view, in advance, decorated by a pendant brace of the same breed.

"By the powers! there 's two more o' thim," shouted Paddy. "Why, at this rate, they 've 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.

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“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.

“By gor, 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.”

“By gor, Sir, I would n’t like offindin’ 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 — by gor, I don’t like tellin’ you.”

“Tut, nonsense, man,” said I.

“Well, Sir, (since you *must* know,) by dad, they tuk you — I beg your honour’s pardon — but, by dad, 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, for to make thim pay for thim; and so, by dad, they thought it best, I suppose, to hang them 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.

“’T was 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.

Paddy the Sport

“Is it the blackguard curs?” said Paddy, in the most sportmanlike wonder, at my commiserating any but a spaniel or a pointer.

“Throth, thin, Sir, to tell you thruth, I let thim go an in their mistake, and I seen all along how ’t would be, and ’pon my conscience, but a happy riddance the counthry will have of sitch riff-raff varmant of cabin curs. Why, Sir, the mangy mongrels goes about airly in the sayson, moroding through the corn, and murders the young birds, and does not let thim 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 o’ fairies used to keep about the place; but sence the *rale* quol’ty — the good old families has left it, and the up-starts has kem into it — the fairies has quitted it all out, and would n’t stay here, but is gone farther back into Connaught, where the ould blood is.”

“But I dare say you have seen them sometimes?”

“No, indeed, Sir. I never saw them, barrin’ wanst, and that was whin I was a boy, but I heerd them often.”

“How did you know it was fairies you heard?”

“Oh, what else could it be? Sure it was crossin’ out over a road I was in the time o’ the ruction, and heerd

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full a thousand men marchin' down the road, and by dad I lay down in the gripe o' the ditch, not wishin' to be seen, nor liken' to be troublesome to them; and I watched who they wor, and was peepin' out iv a tuft 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', that you'd think the infantry, and yeomanthry, and cavalthry was in it, and not a sight iv any thing to be seen, but the brightest o' moonlight that ever kem out o' the hivins."

"And that was all?"

"Divil a more; and by dad 't was 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, would n't be throe, 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 owld Shaughnessy's field, and stale o' 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 some one runnin' afther me, and I thought we wor cotch, myself and the boy, and I turned round, and with that I seen two girls dhressed 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 they wor fairies, and I threw myself down an my face, and by dad 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 an thim, knowin' they wor fairies, I fell down, and darn't look at them twicet."

Paddy the Sport

“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 head, or turned into stones, or stone blind, which is all as one?”

“Then you can scarcely say you saw them,” says I.

“Oh, by dad 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 between ghosts and fairies.”

“You have had experience then in both, I suppose.”

“Faixs you may say that. Oh, I had a wonderful great *appearance* wonst that kem to me, or at laste to the house where I was, for, to be sure, it was n’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?”

“Troth thin 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 then it was a ghost?”

“Oh, sure all the counthry 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 would n’t stay in the place, and it hanted.”

“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;

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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 came to me, and whin I hid my head undher the clothes, sure did n'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 they wor stone stairs, and the latch was riz, but the door was locked, for I turned the key in it myself; and when the sper't seen the latch was fast, by dad 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 went and raked the fire, (for I suppose it was could,) 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 birth-day, and we wor drinkin' his health,) and when it couldn't find any turf in the bucket, bad cess to me but it begun to kick the buckets up and down the room for spite, and devil sitch a clatter I ever heerd as the sper't made, kickin' the turf-bucket like a foot-ball round the place; and when 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 sowl, that id be a quare dhrame! Oh, in throth it was no dhrame it was, but an appearance; but indeed

Paddy the Sport

afther, I often thought it was an appearance for death, for the young lord never lived to see another birth-day. Oh, you may look at me, Sir, but it's thruth. Aye, 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 came in from the stables, through the back yard, and passed through that very room to go up by the back 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 faries and sper'ts, I must tell you about a mighty quare trick the fairies was goin' to play at the lord's house, where 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 fam'ly for many a long day; for they say there was a prophecy standin' agin the fam'ly, 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

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sorts o' charges about takin' care o' the child, she was not long alone, whin the house-keeper 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 did n't like lavin' the child, and all to that, but howsomever, she was beguiled into the thing; and so 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 is safe as Newgate, and thin she wint down, and joined the divarshin, — and merry enough they wor a playing 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 would n'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 sarvant's 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 heerd 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 heerd, but

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still the cry was as plain in her ear as the ear-ring she had in it; and so, at last, she grew so onaisy about the child, that she was goin' up stairs agin — but she was stopt 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 would n'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 heerd the child a screechin', that id go to your heart; and with that she hurried up so fast, that the candle a'most went 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 the child up, (though indeed she was afeared she'd see it with its brains dashed out,) and lo and behowld you, divil a taste av it was there, though she heerd it screechin', as if it was murtherin': and so thin she did n'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 percave, but the fut carpet that wint round the bed, goin' by little and little undher it, as if some one was pullin' it; and so she made a dart at the carpet, and cotch howld o' the ind iv it, and, with that, what should she see, but the babby lyin' in the middle o' the fut carpet, as it was dhrawin' down into the flure,

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undher the bed, and one half o' the babby was out o' sight already, undher the boords, whin the nurse seen it, and it screechin' like a sea-gull, and she laid howl' iv it; and faith, she often towl' myself that she was obleeged to give a good sthrong 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 would n't be runnin' undher the bed itself, if it was n't pulled by the fairies! — besides, I towl' you there was a prophecy stan'in' agin the male boys o' the lord's fam'ly."

"I hope, however, *that* boy lived?"

"Oh, yes, Sir, the charm 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 howlt o' the carpet, and baulk the fairies; for all knowledgable people I ever heerd, says, that if you baulk the fairies *wanst*, they'll lave you alone evermore."

"Pray, did she *see* any of the fairies that were stealing the child?"

"No, Sir; the fairies does n'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 a shafe o' corn, or a big stone, or a hape a' dung, or the like o' that, and never know 't was a sper't at all, antil you wor made sinsible av it, somehow or other; maybe it id be that you wor comin' home from a frind's house late at night, and you might fall down, and could n'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' when you woke."

Paddy the Sport

“I dare say, 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-away; 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 nor 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 could n't make a cock your companion — it would n't be nath'ral to rayson, you know — and therefore a dog is the finest thing in the world for a man to have wid him in throublesome places: but I must tell you, that though sper'ts dhreads a dog, a fairy does n't mind him — for I have heerd o' fairies ridin' a dog, all as one as a monkey — and a lanthorn 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 when he just kem 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 av 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 purtect 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

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down an his head, and three times it was that way, that his hair was risin' the hat aff his head wid 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 you never give over jeerin' me about the dhrop. But, in throth, what I'm tellin' you is thru 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: it's good any way; but indeed, I think it has so good a good 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 could I got, and indeed myself does n't know how I cotch could, barrin' that I slep' in a field last night, and forgot to shut the gate afther me."

"Ah, Paddy," said the squire, "the old story — you

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were drunk, as usual, and could n'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 faster; for is n'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 afther comparin' me to," said Paddy. "Why, Lanigan is the compleatest 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 quettin' 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 he had shot twenty hares before breakfast, his lordship replied, that he *must have fired at a wig*.

Here Paddy declared 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 every one 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'lieve me? Why thin, in throth it's not that I'm proud iv it, I tell you,

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for I don't think it was any grate 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 yiz be quiet, and listen to me, I'll explain it to your satisfaction. You see, it was in one iv the islan's aff the shore there," and he pointed seawards — "it was in one o' the far islan's out there, where the rabbits is so plinty, and runnin' so thick that you can hardly 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 farther out."

"Which of them?"

"Do you know the little one with the black rocks?"

"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 jack-ass for yourself —" and then resumed — "Well, Sir, bud you know the islan' 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 borough is in. How would you steer for it after passing Innismoyle?"

"Why, thin, you shud 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 av, when you run about as far as —"

"Phoo! phoo!" said the squire, "you're dreaming, Paddy; there is no such island at all."

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“By my sowl, there is, beggin’ 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! by dad, it’s as big as ever it’ll be,” said Paddy, chuckling.

This answer turned the laugh against the squire again, who gave up further cross questioning of Paddy, whose readiness at 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’lieve, nor the gintlemen 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 would n’t wait for your back being turned, Paddy, to honour you with that title.”

“Oh, indeed, I’m not sayin’ you would n’t do it as soon forninst 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 gintlemen beforehand that it’s what they’ll be callin’ it a lie, and indeed it is ancommon, sure enough; but you see, gintlemin, you must remimber, that the fox is the cunnin’ist baste in the world, barrin’ the wran — ”

Here Paddy was questioned why he considered the wren as cunning a *baste* as the fox.

“Why, Sir, bekase all birds builds their nest with one hole to it only, excep’n the wran; but the wran builds two holes an the nest, so that if any inimy comes to disturb it upon one door, it can go out on the other;

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but the fox is cute to that degree, that there's many a mortal a fool to him, and by dad, the fox could buy and sell many a Chrishtan, as you'll see by and by, whin I tell you what happened to a wood-ranger that I knew wanst, and a dacent man he was, and would n'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, and he tuk whatever little matther 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 house was on the bordhers o' 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 them; and by dad, 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 forninst it.

“ Now, it was mighty provokin' that all the dogs was out — they wor rovin' about the wood, you see, lookin' for to ketch rabbits to ate, or some other mischief, and it so happened that there was n't as much as one indivyial dog in the place; and by gor, 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

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come home and ketch the chap, and he was loath to stir hand or fut himself, afeard o' freghtenin' away the fox; but, by gor, he could hardly keep his temper 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 forninst the fire, as nath'ral as any other man you ever seen.

“‘Musha, bad luck to your impidince, you long tailed blackguard,’ 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 would n’t bargain for, I’d give you,’ says he. But still he was loath to stir, hopin’ the dogs id come home; and ‘by gor, my fine fellow,’ says he to the fox, ‘if one o’ the dogs comes home, saltpethre would n’t save you, and that’s a sthrong pickle.’

“So, with that, he watched antil the fox was n’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 immediantly afther gettin’ an air o’ the fire and a shaugh 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 mind you,’ says he, ‘for your impidince; for sure, if you had n’t the impidince 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 heerd the whistle, and says the fox to himself, ‘Throth, indeed, you think yourself a mighty great ranger now,’ says he, ‘and you

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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 tuk up one o' the brogues, and wint over to the fire and threw it into it.

"'I think that 'ill 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 cendhers,' 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 th' other brogue, and threw *it* into the fire too.

"'There, now,' says he, 'you may keep th' 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' Blessintown, 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, as he was, could n't help laughin' at the thought o' the fox mockin' him, and, by dad, he tux sitch a fit o' laughin', that he could n't whistle, and that was the cuteness o' the fox to gain time; but whin his first laugh was over,

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the ranger recovered himself, and gev another whistle; and so says the fox, 'By my sowl,' says he, 'I think it would n't be good for my health to stay here much longer, and I must n't be thriflin' with that blackguard ranger any more,' says he, 'and I must make him sinsible that it is time to let me go; and though he has n't undherstan'in' 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 n't 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 iv house and home; so whin the ranger seen that, he gev a shout out iv him —

“‘Hilloo! hilloo! you murdherin' 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' forninst, 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 contimptible 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'.”

NATIONAL MINSTRELSY

BALLADS AND BALLAD-SINGERS

“Give me the making of a people’s *ballads*, and let who will enact their laws.” — FLETCHER OF SALTOUN.

“Valdius oblectat populum, meliusque moratur,
Quam versus inopes rerum, nugæque canoræ.”

HOR. A. P.

IT is well remarked by Mr. Addison, in his justly celebrated paper on the ballad of “The Children in the Wood,” of which Mr. Godwin has lately given us so admirable an amplification in his novel of “Cloudesley,” that “those only who are endowed with a true greatness of soul and genius, can divest themselves of the little images of ridicule, and admire nature in her simplicity and nakedness” of beauty. We trust, therefore, that we shall not only be forgiven, but commended by our most thinking public, for the zeal and diligence with which we have, according to the Horatian precept, devoted sleepless nights and days to the recovery of some of those precious gems of taste and genius, which adorn what may, in the strictest sense, be termed “our national literature,” and which, according to the notion of the grave Scotch politician quoted above, moves and influences the people,

“And wields at will the fierce democracy,”

more than any other species of writing whatever.

Notwithstanding the laborious researches of our countryman, Mr. Edward Bunting, and the elegant adapta-

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tions of Mr. Moore, we confess that we indulge in a pleasing belief that now, for the first time, most of the reliques which will be found embalmed in the following paper, are rescued from the chilling gripe of forgetfulness, and reserved as a *κτημα ες αει*, a possession for ever, to the envy of surrounding nations, and the admiration of the world.

Your ballad-singer, let us tell you, is a person of no despicable renown, whatever you, reader, gentle or simple, may think, aye, or *say* to the contrary. It may be that you rejoice in possessing the luxury of a carriage, and so, rolling along our metropolitan world, escaping the jar and jostle of us wayfaring pedestrians, by the sliding smoothness of patent axles and Macadam, *you* have heard but the distant murmur of the ballad strain, and asked perhaps in wondering tone,

“What means that faint halloo?”

or, haply, you are an equestrian exquisite, and your charger has taken fright at the admiring auditory thronging round the minstrel, and spared your fashionable ears nearly at the expense of your still more fashionable neck, starched into the newest stiffness: or you may chance to be a dandy of inferior grade, and only ride that homely yet handy animal, 'cleped, in the vulgar tongue, *shanks' mare*, and are forced to be contented with “the bare ground,” consoling yourself for this contact with mere citizens, by staring every woman you meet out of countenance, and preserving yourself from the tainted atmosphere of the dross of humanity that surrounds you, by the purifying influence of a cigar. To each and all of you, then, we confidently affirm, that you are not prepared to give any opinion on the subject, and we enjoin you therefore to a sacred silence, while we sing “strains never heard before” to the merry and hearty. You may, if you like it, go on reading this article, and enlighten your benighted understandings, or turn over to

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the next, and remain in your "fat contented ignorance" of the sublimity and beauty of our national minstrelsy.

Your ballad-monger is of great antiquity. Homer himself,

"The blind old man of Scio's rocky shore,
The father of soul-moving poesy!"

sat by the way-side, or roved from town to town, and sang

"His own bright rhapsodies."

But if this be going too far back, and you are inclined to tax us with affectation for so classical an authority for Bartle Corcoran's vocation, we shall jump over a handful of centuries, and bring you down "at one fell swoop" to the middle ages, citing the troubadours and jongleurs as examples of the ballad-monger's craft. To be sure, all sentimental young ladies will cry shame upon us at this, and think of L. E. L. and the Improvisatrice, and remember the fatal fame of Raoul de Couci. But, gentle young ladies, start not — our ballad-singers are the true descendants of those worthies, the troubadours; something the worse for the wear perhaps, just the least in the world degenerated, or so, like many another romantic thing of the same day.

For instance, your gentle page of *fayre ladye* is, in modern times, a pert servant-boy, with a snub nose, vying in brilliancy with the scarlet collar that overflaps his blue jacket. Your faithful bower-woman has rather a poor representative in the roguish *petite maitresse* of a French maid, who is, for all the world, like a milliner's doll, except in the article of silence. Your gallant knight himself, no longer bestrides a proudly-prancing war-horse, sheathed "in complete steel," with spear in rest, ready to "answer all comers" in the lists, at the behest of his lady love. — No. — Your warrior, now-a-days, is no longer a "gentleman in the tin clothes," as Jerry Sullivan



Capel Street from Cross Bridge

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describes him, but a very spruce person, in superfine scarlet, ready to answer all—invitations to dinner. Your warder, or warden, is, in fact, now a mere hall-porter, and the high-sounding “donjon-keep” — nothing more nor less than Newgate.

And now, having, we think, successfully proved that your ballad-singer comes of an “ould ancient family,” we trust we have influenced the aristocratic feelings of our readers in his favour, and hoping for a patient reading, we shall plunge directly into our subject, first asking pardon for this somewhat lengthy introduction, into which our anxiety for the reputation of the ancient and respectable craft of ballad-singing has betrayed us.

When the day begins to wane, and the evening air is fresh, (if any thing can ever be fresh in a city,) and people are sauntering along the streets, as if the business of all were over — of all, save the lamp-lighter, he, the only active being amongst a world of loungers, skipping along from lamp to lamp, which, one by one, “start into light” with perspective regularity, telling of the flight of the “flaming minister” up the long street before you — then, we say, is it pleasant to roam along the quays, for instance, and halt at the foot of each bridge, or branch off into Capel-street or Parliament-street, or proceed further westward to the more vocal neighbourhood of Bridge or Barrack-streets, and listen to the ballad-singers of all denominations that, without fail, are labouring in their vocation in these quarters.

Music, they say, sounds sweetest upon water, and hence the reason, we suppose, of the ballad-singer choosing the vicinity of the river for his trade, and like that other notorious songster the nightingale, he, too, prefers the evening for his strains. Ballad-singers, to be sure, may be heard at all times of the day, making tuneful the corners of every street in the city, and moving the vocal air “to testify their hidden residence;” but, by the initiated in ballads, they are detected at once for scurvy

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pretenders. No ballad-singer of any eminence in his or her profession, ever appears until the sun is well down; your she ballad-singers, in particular, are all "maids that love the moon," and indeed the choicest amongst them, like your *very* fashionable people at a party, do not condescend to favour their friends by their presence, until a good while after the others have made their *entrée*.

The amateur in ballads well knows where he may expect to find good entertainment, just as one calculates the sort of party he may expect to meet by the address on the card of invitation. Your amateur, for instance, would no more lose his time in listening to a performance in Merrion-square, than an officer of the guards would go to a route in Skinner's-row. No, no—Merrion-square is far too genteel for anything good in the ballad line. But oh! sweet High-street and Cornmarket—Cut-purse-row, too,—(by the bye, always leave your watch and sovereigns at home, and carry your *pocket* handkerchief in your hat, when you go a larking in search of ballad minstrelsy,)—and so on to Thomas-street. Your desperate explorer, who, with a Columbian courage, pants for greater and more western discoveries, will push on to the Cross-poddle, (as far as which point we *once* ventured ourselves, and fished for city trout in the Brithogue,) double the *cape* of Tailor's-close, turn the corner of Elbow-alley, and penetrate the mysteries of Fumbally's-lane, rife in the riches of ballad lore, returning to the civilised haunts of men by the purlieus of Patrick's-close, Golden-lane, and so on through Squeeze-gut-alley, until he gets into port—that is, Kevin's-port—and there, at the corner of *Cheater's*-lane, it is hard if he don't get an honest hap'orth of ballad. They are generally loving and pathetic in this quarter, Kevin-street, as if the music of the region were, with an antithetical peculiarity, of a different turn from the hard-hearted saint whose name it bears. Saint Kevin-street is endeared to us by many

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tender recollections, and here it was that the *iron* entered our *sole* as we listened, for the first time, to the following touching effusion:—

“ Oh Jimmi-a Jim-my I lOve yo e well,
i Love you bet^her nor my tonguE Can tell-
I love you well but I dar not show it,
I loVe you well but let no one kNow it.”

What a beautiful union of affection and delicacy in the last line!—the generous confidence of a devoted heart, with the tender timidity of the blushing maid, shrinking at the thought of the discovery of her passion to the multitude: with the sincerity of a Juliet, she openly avows her flame—

“ I love you well.”

But at the same time wishing it to be, as Moore says,

“ ——— Curtain'd from the sight
Of the gross world,”

she cautiously adds,

“ But let no one know it.”

This is, perhaps, an inferior specimen of the amatory ballad, but as it is one of the early impressions made on our young imagination, we hope we may be pardoned for giving it place even before those of loftier pretensions:—

“ On revient toujours
A ses premiers amours.”

The ballad, though coming generally under the denomination of Lyric poetry, may be classified under various heads. First, in order due, we class the amatory; then there are the political and the polemical; though, indeed, we should follow, we are inclined to think, the order adopted in the favourite corporation phrase of “church and state,” and so we shall arrange our ballads more

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fitly by giving the polemicals the *pas*; the order will then stand thus:—

AMATORY,
POLEMICAL,
POLITICAL,
PATRIOTIC,
BACCHANALIAN,
DESCRIPTIVE,
and
NON-DESCRIPTIVE.

Sometimes, in the AMATORY, the bewitching blandishments of the fair are pourtrayed with a force and vivid simplicity which Catullus might envy; thus, in depicting the “taking ways” of Miss Judith O’Reilley, who had, it would seem, a penchant for leading soft-hearted youths “the other way,” as Mr. Moore delicately expresses it, the minstrel describes the progress of the potent spell:—

“Och Judy Riley you use me viley,
And like a child me do coax and decoy,
It’s myself that’s thinkin’ while you do be winkin’
So soft upon me, you will my heart destroy.”

Again, the poet often revels in the contemplation of the joint attractions of his mistress’s beauties and accomplishments; and at the same time that he tells you she is

“As lovely as Diania,”

he exults in announcing that

“She plays on the piania.”

While in the description of a *rurial swain* by his innamorata, we are informed that

“Apollo’s Gooldin hair with his could not compare
Astonished were All the behoulders.”

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Sometimes our ballad bards become enamoured of the simple beauties of nature, and leaving the imagery of the heathen mythology, of which they are so fond, and which they wield with a richness and facility peculiar to themselves, they give us a touch of the natural, as will be seen in the following, "The Star of Sweet Dundalk;" and observe, Dundalk being a sea-port, with a very just and accurate perception of propriety, the poem has been headed with an elegant wood-cut representing a ship in full sail.

THE STAR OF SWEET DUNDALK.

"In beauteous spring when birds do sing,
And cheer each merrle shade,
And shepherd's swains surnades the Planes,
To find their lambs that stRayed."

This novel application of serenading must strike every one with admiration.

"nigh Roden's Grove I chanced to rove
To take a rural walk,
when to my sight appeared in White
The star of sweet dundalk."

The lady having, most luckily for the rhyme, appeared in white, the perambulating lover addresses her; and after having "struggled for to talk" to this most resplendent "Star of sweet Dundalk," he assures her he is bewildered, and that his heart is bleeding, and thus continues:—

"Your beauteous face my wounds encrease
And SKin more white than chaLK,
Makes me regret the Day i met
The STar of sweet dundalk."

But the lady, very prudently replies:—

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“ Now sir if I would but *cum*ply
And give to you my Hand,
Perhaps that you would prove untrue
Be pleased to understand.”

How polite!!—Here she divides our admiration; for we know not whether most to applaud her discretion or her good manners. At length he only requests to become her “slave, poor swain, and friend.” This proposition is listened to, but still she is intent on “minding her business as she ought to do,” like the celebrated O’Rafferty, and insists on first “milking her cow;” after which we are favoured with this information:—

“ When she had done
Then off we come
and carelessly did walk,
and slowly paced
To her sweet pLace
Convaynient to sweet Dundalk.”

She then brings him into her father’s house, which is “as white as chalk,” and (of course) “nigh hand to sweet Dundalk;” and we discover at last that he has a warm shebeen house, and a drop of comfort for the traveller: so our hero calls for a glass to drink the health of this “Star of sweet Dundalk,” and enable him, doubtless, to see her charms double, but she, still “minding her business” O’Rafferty-like, hands him a glass, and very dutifully to her father, though, we regret to say, very unsentimentally to her lover, the aforesaid glass

“ She mark’d it up in chalk;”

and as this must, at once, destroy all romantic interest in the “Star of sweet Dundalk,” we shall say no more about a heroine that so unworthily degenerates into an avaricious bar-maid. But, by way of counterpoise, we

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shall give an example of a "holier flame;" and after the money-loving Dundalker, it is really "refreshing" to meet an instance proving the utter devotedness of the female heart, when once imbued with the tender passion. Can there be a more disinterested love than this?

"Oh Thady Brady you are my darlin,
You are my looking-glass from night till morning,
I love you better without one fardin
Than Brian Gallagher wid house and garden."

What fitness, too, there is in the simile, "you are my looking-glass" — the dearest thing under the sun to a woman.

In the POLEMICAL line, the ballad in Ireland is perfectly national; no other country, we believe, *sings* polemics; but religion, like love, is nourished by oppression; and hence a cause may be assigned why the Roman Catholic population of Ireland enjoyed, with peculiar zest, the ballads that praised their persecuted faith. But of the many fatal results of the relief bill, not the least deplorable is the "dark oblivion" into which this exalted class of composition is fast passing away. We rejoice to rescue from the corroding fangs of time a specimen in praise of the Virgin Mary, and hitting hard at such ultra Protestants as busied themselves "in the convartin' line," for the good of their benighted brethren: —

"The blessed Vergin that we prize
The fairest fair above the skies
On her the Heretics tells lies
When they would make convArsions."

But of the polemical, we candidly confess that we are but ill prepared to speak at large; whether it be that, unlike the gentle Desdemona, we do not "seriously incline," or our early polemico-ballad-hunting essays were not successful, we shall not venture to decide. But one evening, at the corner of Mary's-*abbey* — an

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appropriate place for religious strains—we heard a female ballad-hawker (the men, by the bye, do not deal in this line; the Frenchman was right when he said a woman's life was taken up between love and religion)—and whether it was that we could not fairly hear the lady, in consequence of the windows of Ladly's tavern being open, and letting out, along with a stream of very foul air, some very queer air also, that was let out of a fiddle; or that we chanced to fall upon an infelicitous passage in her chant, we cannot say, but the first audible couplet was

“Tran-a-sub-a-stan-a-si-a-ey-a-shin
Is de fait in which we do Diffind.”

And this fairly *bothered* us. Such a jaw-breaker and peace-breaker as transubstantiation—*quod versu dicere non est*—actually done into verse!!—We took to our heels, and this polysyllabic polemical gave us a distaste for any more controversial cantatas.

In the POLITICAL line, no land abounds in ballads like our own sweet Emerald Isle. In truth, every Irishman is, we verily believe, by birth, a politician. There are many causes assigned for this; and your long-headed philosopher could, no doubt, write a very lengthy article on that head. But it is not our affair at present; suffice it, therefore, to say, politicians they are, and the virus breaks out in divers and sundry ballads, varying in style and subject, according to the strength of the disease in the sufferer. Some abound in laments for Ireland's forlorn condition, but many more are triumphant effusions to the honour and glory of the “men of the people.” We remember one old dowager in particular, rather thick in the wind, who wheezed out many a week's work in asthmatic praises of Richard Sheil and Daniel O'Connell, Esquires; but, after the exertion of puffing out one line, she was obliged to pause for breath before giving the following one; and a comical effect was

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sometimes produced by the lapses, as in the well-known instance of the Scotch precentor. At last, when she did come to the burthen of her song, she threatened, with a significant shake of her head, which one eye, and a bonnet, both black and fiercely cocked, rendered particularly impressive, that

“ They (*the parliament*) had better take care about what they are at

For Shiel is the lad that will give them the chat

With a Ballynamona, eroo ! — Ballynamona, eroo !

Ballynamona, eroo ! — Brave Shiel and O’Connell for me ! ”

There was a Patagonian fair one of the craft, who patronised Mr. O’Connell in particular, always got drunk on the strength of his success, and generally contrived to have a long chorus or burthen to her song, and when, with some difficulty, she picked her way through the difficulties of articulation in each verse, it was very diverting to observe the complacency with which she dropt into the chorus, and seemed to repose herself, as it were, upon its easy monotony, which ran thus : —

“ Consillar och hone ! och hone ! och hone !

consillar och hone ! and och hone-i-o !

ConSillur och hone ! och hone ! och hone !

And it ’s you that can stand alone-i-o ! ! ”

But the “Shan Van Vogh ! ” — was the grand popular effusion in the great agitator’s praise, when he threatened to take the house of commons by storm at the first election. — Of this we may venture to give two verses : —

“ Into parliament you ’ll go, says the Shan Van Vogh,

To extricate our woe, says the Shan Van Vogh ;

Our foes you will amaze,

And all Europe you will Plaze,

And owld Ireland ’s now at *Aise*,

Says the Shan Van Vogh.

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“ Our worthy brave O’Connell, says the Shan Van Vogh,
To have you in we ’re longing, says the Shan Van Vogh ;
Sure you we well have tried,
And you ’re always at our side,
And you never tuk a bribe,
Says the Shan Van Vogh.”

But the following is one which we cannot resist giving in full, — we vouch for its being a true attested copy ; and those who do not like to read it, may adopt the practice of the country schoolmaster when he meets a long word that proves a jaw-breaker, *id est*, to “ *schkip* and go on.”

O’CONNELL’S FAREWELL MEETING IN THE CORN EXCHANGE.

“ As O’Connell and Sheils war conversin about the rent,
Jack lawless stepp’d in and asked him what *news*,
Saying are *you* preparing to go into Parlamint.
Where a loyal Catholic he can’t be refused,
The time is fast approaching when Catholics will take their seats ;
No Laws can prevant tham Bruns-wiekers are deranged
In *the* Defince of Britain their loyalty and aid was lent
This conversation passed in the Corn Exchange.

“ Brave O’Gorman Mahon spoke as the Association did begin,
Saying *GentlemEn* i Pray don’t think me rude,
In *This* month of February how the bigots the will grinn
Like Paul *Pty Daniel* he drops in you think *will* he intrud.
The Lawyers of the Ministry *they* cant prevent his entry,
We know a war *with him* They ’ll wage,
In spite of *their* Dexterity *we* ’ll have religious liberty
This con~~ver~~sation passed *in* the Corn Exchange,

“ Farewell Dearest Danyel Hibernia’s *confidential* frind,
Our blessin Go along wid you *unto* the british shore,
Nobility and Gintery to Parliamint will you attind,
Likewise be accompanied *with* The blessings of The Poor.
Our foes within The house as mute as any *mouse*,
To see The Agitator Triumphantly arranged,
No . . . or factious *clan* shall daunt the people’s man ;
This conversation passed in the Corn Exchange.

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“The worthy’s of Hibernia’s Ile may fortune On those heroes
smile,
And every frind in Parlamint That does support the claims,
Brave Grattan Plunket and Burdet Brave Anglissy.
We’ll never forget this hero’s memory in our brest Shall ever
rEiu.
Here’s to maTchless Sheel’ and gallant Steall, and Noble
Dawson of Dundalk
The foes of religious liberty the will assail
For the rites of millions The contind, may God protect dear
Dan our FrinD.
Pray for his Safe return to ould Ireland again.”

These are no contemptible specimens of the political, but they only bear on our “internal resources,” as the parliamentary phrase is, and evidently were the work of the “secretary for the home department,” in ballad affairs. But be it known unto all men by these presents, that we have had our “secretary for foreign affairs” also, and the political chances and changes of Europe have been descanted upon by the Thomas-street muses of our Balladian Parnassus: BONAPARTE was the “God of their idolatry,” and his victories have been the theme of their hope and triumph, ingeniously conveyed in drollery or sarcasm, as his downfall was of their most doleful ditties, of which we well remember the mournful burthen of one:—

“From his throne, och, hoch, hone,
Like a spalpeen he was hurled.”

Yet even in their “flat despair,” they

“Cast one longing, lingering look behind,”

and each verse of another cantata, we have often listened to with pensive delight, recorded his by-gone glories, although it was wailingly wound up with this dismal though euphonious couplet:—

“But he’s gone over *saes* and the high mount-i-ayn-ya
He is gone far away to the Isle of St. Helenia.”

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We hope our readers properly appreciate the fertility of invention and boldness of execution, that produced for the occasion so novel and so able an example of the *callida junctura* of Horace, upon which Bishop Hurd has written so much, as is evinced in this truly musical variety of the common-place word "mountain."

Subsequently, however, a strain of jubilee for the re-establishment of the Napoleon's dynasty, was long and loudly, though perhaps somewhat prematurely indulged in; and we well remember hearing the detail of anticipated glories, "many a time and oft" in a certain song, whose exultant chorus, "piercing the nights' dull ear," promised great things to the drooping Bonapartists:

"When the young King of roome from the coort of Vienna
Will bring his father back from the isle of St. Helanna!"

As an example of the PATRIOTIC, we picked up a *morceau* in the "west end," one evening while we stood amongst many admiring and apostrophising auditors, which is quite too rich to give *en masse* to our readers; we would not surfeit them with the good things of the ballad world, and they must be content, therefore, with some extracts from the "bran new ballad," called by way of a title, "The Wild Irishman," which a Herculean Hibernian, with a voice like thunder, was pouring from his patriotic throat; he commenced by informing his audience that

"When God made the sowl of a wild Irishman
He fill'd him with love and creation's wide span,
And gev him perfictions that never is seen
In statue he 's matchless — an angel in face.
(Our friend certainly was an exception.)
The invy of mankind in iligance and grace
At foot ball and hurlin' agility's sons
(And her daughters so fair, all as spotless as nuns)
When victorious — all mercy — Oh, Erin the green."

Erin the green's forlorn condition was very feelingly depicted in the two succeeding stanzas; and fearing

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there was no *human* probability of her situation being bettered, the saints were thus characteristically invoked :

“ Oh St. Patrick, a cushla! St. Bridget asthore!
Collum cuill O mavourneen your masther implore,
To look down with compassion on Erin the green.”

This appeal to “*the masther*” is quite irresistible.

But in this it will be perceived there is a mixture of the political mingled with the patriotic ; a tint of devotion to party, tinging the love of country. The poem having its birth in the *Liberty*, it is possible that the poet, influenced by the localities, wrought his verses as the weaver works his stuff, and so his production is *shot*, as the technical phrase is, with two materials, and reminds us of the alternate flickering of green and red that we see in the national tabinet dresses of our fair countrywomen.

Of the BACCHANALIAN, some falsely imagine, “Patrick’s Day” to be an example; English people, in particular, suppose “Patrick’s Day,” in words and music must be the *beau idéal* of an Irish song, whereas, in neither is it a happy specimen; as for the words, there is amongst them a couplet that pronounces, at once, damning sentence against the whole composition.

“ And we will be merry
And drinking of *sherry*.”

Bah! sherry indeed; no Irish ballad laureate ever wrote two such lines, it is the production of a bungler, especially when we consider that any but a thorough blockhead could have so easily rhymed it thus:—

“ And we will be frisky
A drinking of whiskey
On Patrick’s day in the morning.”

“Garryowen,” that much superior air, which, in our opinion, ought to be the *national* one instead, is disfig-

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ured, in like manner, by a *word* which grates harshly upon the ear of the connoisseur: —

“Then come my boys we’ll drink brown *ale*
We’ll pay the reck’ning on the nail
And devil a man shall go to jail
From garryowen my glory.”

We confess we cannot bear this *ale*; something *ails* us at the sound, and it disturbs our association of ideas: *ale*, at once, refers us to England; and portly John Bulls and Bonifaces, instead of muscular Paddies, present themselves to our “mind’s-eye:” it is a pity, for the other lines are good, particularly the third, which displays that noble contempt of the laws, so truly characteristic of our heroes of the south. But here follows a touch of the true Bacchanalian, in which our national beverage is victoriously vindicated: —

“The *ould* ladies love coniac
The sailors all brag of their rum
It’s a folly to talk, Paddy whack
Knows there’s nothing like whiskey for fun
They may talk of two birds in a bush,
But I’d rather have one in the hand,
For if rum is the pride of the *Sae*
'T is whiskey’s the pride of our land.”

What a logical deduction is here drawn from a proverb, that is “somewhat musty,” as our friend Hamlet says — “A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.” Argal, whiskey is much better drinking than rum. The inference is as clear as ditch water.

The bard next proceeds to exult in our superiority over other nations in the native tippie, which he thus felicitously illustrates: —

“The Dutchman he has a big butt
Full of gin, and the munseers drinks port
To the divil I pitch sitch rot-gut,
For to drink it would n’t be any sport

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'T is the juice of the shamrock at home
That is brew'd in brave Bacchus's still,
Bates the world, and it 's of sweet Innishowen
I wish that I now had my fill."

Here is a happy adaptation of classical knowledge to the subject in hand; Bacchus's *still* is a great hit.

Burns himself indulges in a similar liberty, when he uses his national dialect to name the fount of Castaly:—

“Castalia's *burn*, an' a' that.”

But, as the Bacchanalian must be an uninteresting theme to our fair readers, we shall content ourselves with the specimens already given in that line, and hurry on to the next in order of succession, viz. DESCRIPTIVE.

We Irish are fond of dilating on whatsoever subject we treat, (perchance, indeed, at this moment we are giving a practical example,) and in the descriptive line of ballad, there is “ample verge” for indulging in this national propensity, whether it concern places or persons, men or manners, town or country, morning, noon, or night. As a specimen in the *local* line, a brilliant one exists in that far-famed ditty that so pathetically sets forth how

“A Sailor courted a Farmer's daughter
That lived *convaynient* to the Isle of Man.”

Here, though with that native delicacy which always characterises true genius, the name of the false fair one is withheld, her “local habitation” is considered matter of importance; and with admirable precision it is *laid down*, as seamen say, in the most chart-like fashion,

“*Convaynient* to the Isle of Man.”

An additional interest is thus excited for the heroine, who must have been (as far as we could gather from our visit to Douglas, at the late regatta,) either a mermaid, or

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some amphibious charmer, whom, with much critical judgment, the poet has selected as the "decaver" of a naval hero.

Another felicitous specimen exists in a very old and favourite ballad, giving "the whole full, thrue, and part'clar account" of how a certain highway hero fulfils his *criewel* fate. The description of the entire trial, including the examination of witnesses, is very graphically given; and when sentence of death is at length pronounced against him, you are thus most affectingly informed in the *first person*:—

"When they did sintince me to Die,
The judge and the Jury they riz a Murnful cry;
My Tindher Wife she did roar and Bawl
While the bitt'her Tears from her Eyes did fall,
Oh! the curse o' Jasus light an yez all!"

When he comes to the gallows, he gives a very exemplary exhortation to "the throng;" and with a sort of a predictive consciousness that he shall live *in verse*, though he must die *in fact*, he addresses to the multitude, *viva voce*, this posthumous appeal:—

"And now I'm dead, and let my disgrace
Be never threw in my Childher's face,
For they are Young and desarves no blame
Altho' their Father is come to Shame."

This sudden adoption of the first person is, however, by no means a singular species of metabasis; on the contrary, we find it a favourite figure of speech in such compositions; for example, in "*Thamama Hulla*:"

"I have heerd the town clock give its usual warning
I *am asleep* and don't waken me."

And again, in the far-famed "Fanny Blair." The victim of Fanny's false swearing, after giving this admonitory couplet to all "sportin' young blades"—

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“ Beware of young women that folleys (follows) bad rules
For that 's why I'm cut off in the flower of my blume,”

concludes by very piously ejaculating,

“ And now it 's your blessin dear parents I crave
Likewise my dear Mother that did me consave.”

(*He had, it would seem, a supernumerary parent on this occasion.*)

“ And now *I am dead* and laid in the mould
The Lord may have Mércy on my poor sinful Sow!”

The renowned “ Brian O'Lynn ” has been the hero of description to a great extent ; his apparel even has been deemed worthy of note. Few of our readers, we trust, have had their education so utterly neglected, as to be still in ignorance of the *first* stanza of this incomparable effusion : —

“ Brian O'Lynn had no breeches to wear
So he bought him a sheep-skin to make him a pair ;
With the skinny side out and the woolly side in,
They are pleasant and cool, says Brian O'Lynn !”

But Brian is anxious to cut a figure in the world, and laments the want of that most necessary appendage to “ ginteel clothin' ” — a watch : but how to come by it is the question. At last, Brian hits upon an *expagement*, (as a *literary* friend of ours says,) which, for originality of invention, leaves rail-roads and steam-carriages far behind. It is with satisfaction that we claim the modest merit of first introducing to public regard and admiration the following inimitable stanza : —

“ Brian O'Lynn had no watch to *put on*,
So he scooped out a turnip to make him *a one* ;
He next put a cricket clane undher the *shkin*,
Whoo ! they 'll *think it is tickin'*, says Brian O'Lynn !”

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Rarissimus Briney! What can surpass this?

But the personal attractions of the fair, form the most inexhaustible theme for the poet's fancy, and give a wider scope to his invention in the discovery of apt images : *par exemple* : —

“ Her waist is taper,
None is completer
Like the tuneful nine or the lambs at play ;
And her two eyes shinin
Like rowlin diamonds,
And her breath as sweet as the flowers in May.”

We cannot too much admire the richness and perspicuity of this description : rich in the display of the lady's charms, which combine the united beauties of the “ tune-ful nine ” with the innocent frolicsomeness of the “ lambs at play ; ” and perspicuous even to the agreeable fact that she has *two eyes*, and both are bright.

But we must not venture to trespass too far on thy patience, gentle reader. On this subject *we* could never tire of writing, nor shouldst *thou* of reading, hadst thou but the felicity of being tintured, like ourselves, with the true ballad passion. But we must

“ Lure the tassel-gentle back again,”

and therefore shall hasten to a conclusion for the present.

The NON-DESCRIPT last claims our exemplifying notice, and indeed our memory abounds with illustrations in point ; we shall, however, content ourselves with one which we look upon as choice, and deserving to be marked with three R's, as Dominie Sampson says, denoting the rarest excellence : —

“ THE RHYME FOR THE RAM : ”

which rhyme is declared to be a mystery far beyond the poet's comprehension, hitherto undiscovered, and to be

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classed only with the philosopher's stone, or such arcana of nature. We have all heard of the difficulty of finding a rhyme for *silver*, which our countryman overcame at once by adducing *childber* as a satisfactory solution; but the bard on this occasion soars to sublime flights: —

“ No one could discover
From Calais to Dover,
The house of Hanover and the town Dunleer.
Nor they who belie us,
And freedom deny us,
Ould Mr. M——’s could never come near ;
For no Methodist preacher,
Nor nate linen blacher,
The keenest of teachers, nor the wisdom of man
Nor Joanna Southcoat,
Nor FitGarild the *pote* (poet)
Nor *iver yit* wrote a fit rhyme for the Ram.”

What a wide range the muse has taken here in search of this rhythmical treasure! In the depths of the sea, between Calais and Dover, she is too *straitened*: next she throws herself, with as little success, upon the munificence of the house of Brunswick, which, by the most perfect association of ideas in the world, reminds her of the town of Dunleer. The new light is next appealed to unavailingly; and the *wisdom of man* very naturally reminds her of Johanna Southcote, who is surpassed in the climax by that still greater humbug, FitzGerald the *pote*.

This, we fearlessly put forward, as the most brilliant specimen of the non-descript in the world.

ILLUSTRATIONS
OF
NATIONAL PROVERBS



NATIONAL PROVERBS

IT has often struck me that the old sayings of our forefathers would furnish matter not only of amusement, but of utility, were we to apply our minds to the consideration of them, with that laudable object. How frequently a proverb is used merely in the flippancy which habit has engendered, without a thought being given to the meaning it so pungently conveys. The frequency of its usage blunts its point — we disregard what has become so common, in the true spirit of the saying, that “too much familiarity breeds contempt.” But why should we despise proverbs? Should we not rather consider them as legacies bequeathed to us by our ancestors, from their hoarded experience, and if properly applied, perhaps more valuable than legacies of gold? No one would despise the golden legacy, because that would belong to him in particular, but as the world in general are heirs in common to the mental treasure, we

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attach little value to what is so largely divided — this feeling, perhaps, might be traced to a selfish motive, if the argument were pursued, but as I wish to amuse and instruct, and not to sermonize, I shall not loiter into a metaphysical discussion on the occasion, but proceed in the direct course of my observations.

Old sayings, I have called the legacies bequeathed to us by our ancestors, from their hoarded experience. Might we not also consider them as treasures buried under the ruins of antiquity? How many days and nights of toil have infatuated labourers given to digging in some old castle or ancient rath, for a “crock o’ gold,” when their time might have been better spent in obtaining the golden advice often to be found in some of these old sayings we have likened to such treasures.

It is with such a feeling that I take up my literary pick-axe. I have said, that from their being often heard, and being common property proverbs have fallen into disregard, and we are oftener used to “adorn a tale” than to “point a moral;” therefore it is my intention to put forward, occasionally, a literary sketch, to place in palpable shape before the public the pith of some good old sayings. So far for the preface; and now to commence.

THE COUPLE-BEGGAR

PPETER MOLLOY was not more than one-and-twenty, when, from good conduct, he had acquired a considerable degree of his master’s confidence. From the age of fifteen he had been in the same situation, which enabled him to support his mother, who had been left a widow, with three infant children, whose existence depended entirely on her own solitary exertions. She had performed the duties of a mother well, and reared her offspring in principles of honesty and sobriety, and

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they, as they grew up, repaid her in affection and industry that contributed largely to her comfort. But it was the will of heaven that she should lose two of her children by death, and the hand of sickness fell heavily on her soon after, and she became so broken from grief and disease, that at last she was quite dependant on Peter for support. This he gave his mother with a willingness that did him honour. But Peter's head was not quite so good as his heart, and he shared largely in the thoughtlessness that, unfortunately, but too often distinguishes his countrymen. My story commences just at the period up to which Peter had given perfect satisfaction to his master, and well would it have been for Peter, if he had not been minding the pretty face of a servant girl that stood one morning at a door in the city, receiving bread from a baker, instead of attending to his business.—She saw the passing admiration she excited, and took care to let Peter perceive it was not disagreeable. From so slight a beginning as this, an intimacy was established between them, and frequent meetings were contrived, in which the pleasure of Peter and Biddy (for such was the girl's name) was more consulted than the interests of his master or her mistress. Peter became less attentive to his duties; his master complained and he made excuses—but secretly thought “it was mighty hard, so it was, that he could n't have a little bit o' divarshin without a dark look and a hard word from the masher—sure he was seldom neglecting his business.” Peter should have remembered that he ought never to have neglected it.

One night, at the iron palisades of a house in Yorkstreet, a voice was heard calling in a half mumbling half supplicating tone, “Ah! Mrs. Cook, dear, give a bit o' something to the poor woman—God bless you, Mrs. Cook, and extend your charity to the cowld and hungry.” “Who's that?” said a voice in an undertone, from the area—and Biddy (for it was she) advanced from the kitchen door. “Whisht, whisht,” said a man from

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above, who had feigned a beggar-woman's tone and manner, that, if he was heard, the master or mistress of the house might not discover his sex from his voice, and thus find out that a male friend was paying Bidly a nocturnal visit. The conversation dropped into a whisper, and ran thus — "Well, Bidly darlin', may I go down?" "Aye, Tom dear — the misthiss is gone to bed." — And Tom soon crossed the palisades, and dropt into the area, where a kiss from Bidly awaited him; and he was now introduced into the kitchen by this thoughtless girl, who thus broke the faith reposed in her by her employers, in admitting, by stealth, a stranger into their house.

This man was a follower of Bidly's, who had been courting her for some time, and was a rival of Peter's. She had met him at a dance, in the house of a woman of her acquaintance, where she went one night, having obtained permission to go abroad, on the pretence of visiting her mother, thus committing the double crime of deceiving her mistress by a falsehood, and going to a dance without her mother's consent. This friend of hers was, what is commonly called, "no great things," and this man whom she met there was no safe companion for a woman. He made the silly girl believe he was fond of her; he promised her marriage and said he was only waiting for some money he was to get from "an ould uncle of his in America, that died lately and left him somethin' smart, that ud make him up, — and sure you 're the deludher intirely, Bidly," said he to her, with an accompanying action of affection.

"Ah, now, behave yourself, Tom," said Bidly, "deed and deed it's a shame for you — lave off I tell you."

"And what harm," said Tom, "by the hole in my hat but them eyes o' yours ud split a flag — it's you that takes the rag aff o' the bush in airnest."

"Well none o' your palaver," said Bidly, "where 's the ring you promised to show me?"

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“They had n’t one at the jew’lers to-day, that was *nate* enough for you, but they expect some fresh ones in next week!”

“Ah! that’s the way you’re puttin’ me off now,” said Biddy with a frown.

“See, now,” said Tom, “by this and by that and by all the books that never was prented —”

“Whisht!” said Biddy suddenly, and growing pale — “whisht you divil;” and she ran to the foot of the stairs to listen. She returned in a moment.

“Oh! what’ll I do now?” said she, in much terror — “by all that’s good here’s my misthiss comin’ down stairs, and if she sees you I’m ruined!”

“I’ll get up the arya (area) agin!” said Tom, running to the door.

“You have n’t time, and she’d hear the noise,” said Biddy, — “here — run into the coal-hole, and hide;” and accordingly Tom popped into the coal-vault, which stood in the area opposite the kitchen door.

Biddy had hardly returned to the kitchen when her mistress entered.

“Biddy,” said she, “who have you been speaking to?”

“To nobody, ma’am,” said Biddy.

“I thought I heard voices here,” said the mistress, “but certainly there was a noise.”

“Oh! yis, ma’am,” said Biddy, “there was a noise ma’am — ’t was *the cat* ma’am, that knocked down a saucepan ma’am — hish! hish! go along Tom (there was a *Tom* in the case certainly) go along you big thief — he’s always stalin’ butther ma’am and knocking down things.”

But, with all her lies, she could not deceive her mistress, who happened to be so near when the visitor had been secreted, that she knew where he was as well as Biddy herself. So, looking about, she saw a basin of dirty water lying in the kitchen, and said, “I often told you, Biddy, never to leave slops lying about the house in this manner,” and so saying she took the vessel, and going

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to the door of the coal-vault, she flung its filthy contents as far into it as she could, and her random shot was so happily directed, as to drench most completely Biddy's *beau*.

Mister Tom could hardly refrain from shouting aloud when he got the salute of cold and dirty water, but the fear of discovery was greater than the power of the shock, and he bore it silently, and stood dripping in darkness and secrecy.

Having executed this piece of punishment she retired, and Biddy liberated her admirer, and a pretty figure he cut when he came into the light. His air was sadly altered, for the briskness of his gallantry seemed quite to have been drenched out of him by the ducking he got, and Biddy, even in the midst of her own uneasiness, could not help laughing at him, as he came forth, like a river god, dripping at all points. But all mirth was dispelled by the sound of a foot-step on the stairs — not the light step of a woman, but the firm tread of a man, and the kitchen was entered by the master of the house, armed with a case of pistols. — “Quit my house this moment, you ruffian,” said the gentleman to the discomfited Tom, in a decided tone of voice, “and be thankful that I do not send you to the watch-house.”

Biddy was dismissed the next day *without a character*. She told her friend Tom how he had occasioned her the loss of her place, and urged him to marry her at once; but Tom refused, and in a week more was lodged in jail on a charge of robbery. Biddy was now more agreeable than ever to poor Peter Molloy, who still continued to court her, and persisted in neglecting his business, on her account. Peter thought he would never be happy till he was married to Biddy, and he often repeated to himself a saying, that, though good, when *properly* applied, is one much calculated to mislead young and foolish people. — “Sure,” said Peter, “God never sends mouths but he sends bread to fill them.” Thus it was that he looked forward to the support of a future family.

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In a few days Peter “treated” Biddy to Donnybrook-fair. — “Now, my darlin’ step out on the flure,” said Peter, “and we’ll show the world what we can do. Rise it, your sowl!” cried Peter to the piper, and away he and Biddy danced much to their own admiration. — After dancing till they were tired, they went to rest themselves at a show, where a lady decked out in dirt and spangles, and thumping a tambourine, was bellowing her invitation to the public in the following fascinating couplet: —

“Leedies and gintlemin, be plazed to step in,
We’re just goin’ for to commence, for to proceed, for to
begin.—
And you’ll see what you niver yet heerd,
All about Blue Beard,
For the small charge o’ three ha’ pence.”

“This way mem — this way,” said Fatima herself to Biddy, as she was handed up the plank that led to the boxes, where Blue Beard was taking the pence, and murdering the King’s English, before he set about murdering his wives. Biddy was scarcely seated, when she turned round to see who was tapping her on the head, and to her surprise and indignation she found that this tapping proceeded from a pair of feet, hanging down from a plank above her, which was the gallery; Biddy looked up, and in a tone of extreme politeness said, “Young man — young man — I say — I’ll thank you not to be wipin’ your shoes in my new straw bonnet.” “I ax your pardon, ma’am, but I thought ’t was a mat, bekase it’s so coorse.” “Howld your prate,” said Peter Molloy, “or by this and by that” — but here the play commenced and hostilities were prevented. After the play, Peter should *refresh* Biddy with a tumbler, and one tumbler led to another, till between Cupid and Bacchus, or, in plain English, between Biddy’s eyes and the whiskey punch, Peter got so enamoured of his charmer, that he prevailed on that timid and *innocent*

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creature to go at once with him to a couple-beggar, which is one of the means of diversion to be found at Dennybrook-fair. This high-priest of Hymen they found in a filthy hovel; he was all over dirt, snuff and whiskey; his spindle shanks seemed insufficient to support his bloated body, his knees bent inwards under the diseased encumbrance, and his carbuncled nose gave evidence that debauchery had reduced him to so disgusting a spectacle. When Peter and Biddy entered, he welcomed them with a drunken chuckle, — “Well done, my boy,” said he, “you’re a sensible fellow to lose no time in making yourself happy. — By the holy poker, a purty girl she is too, — Hillo! — Darby,” said he to his assistant, “bring me my tools.” Darby brought him a greasy book and a large rusty key. “Kneel down, my beauty — but stop — not yet — where’s the money?” —

“How much is it, Sir?” said Peter.

“Five hogs, and a tester to the clerk.”

“I have only half a crown left,” said Peter.

“And well for you,” said the couple-beggar, “few men can keep a *whole crown* in Donnybrook-fair, — ha! ha! ha! — well, I’ll be generous — give me the cash, and you shall have an equivalent.”

“Oh! that would n’t do at all,” said Peter, “we must be marrid and nothin’ else.”

“Ha! ha! well, I’ll do as much as I can for the money.”

“Oh! Lord!” said Biddy, “do you think I’d do the like as to be half marrid, I’d be no one’s conkurbine; it must be complete, or I’ll not be satisfied.”

“Well, well, kneel down,” said the old rascal, “and I’ll solder you together, equal to the most reverend tinker o’ them all.”

Some mumbled ceremony was then gone through, and Peter was desired to put the ring on Biddy’s finger.

“Oh, murther!” shouted Peter, “by the piper o’ Blessin’town, I have no ring.”

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“Bad luck to you!” said a piper, who was seated on a three-legged stool, in a corner, “how dar’ you have the impudence to talk of any other piper here than me? I’m the finest piper that ever squeezed music out iv a bag, barrin’ the piper that played before Moses,—glory to him!”

“I ax your pardon, Sir,” said Peter.

“’T is granted,” said he of the chanter.

“But what ’ll I do for a ring?” said Peter to the couple-beggar.

“My coadjutor will supply you with one for another shilling.”

“Divil a rap more I have,” said Peter.

“Well,” said Biddy, who did n’t like the work to be interrupted, “here it is,” and she handed out the money.

“You’re a rale lady,” said the clerk, and he put into Peter’s hand the big iron key.

“What am I to do with this?” said Peter.

“Put the loop o’ the kay an her finger, and it’s as good a ring as ever done the job.”

“Oh! I’m afeard it won’t be an honest marriage,” said Biddy.

“Tut, you fool,” said the couple-beggar, “put out your fist, and none of your nonsense!—how nice you are!—may be it’s a *goold* ring you want. I tell you what, you jade, that blessed key has locked up more people in Hyman’s condemned cell than any other jail key in his Majesty’s dominion.—Kiss her now, you dog, and your job’s done.”

Peter gave her a smack as loud as a pistol-shot; and the piper and fiddler struck up the tunes of “Stoney-batter,” and “Go to the Devil and shake yourself.”—“Now be off,” said the drunken old brute—“be off, I say, for there are others waiting who are ordered for immediate execution,” and he tossed off a glass of whiskey to the health of the happy pair.

Next morning, Peter Molloy was rather surprised

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when he awoke to find he had a head-ache and a wife. However, what was done could not be undone; and though Peter was rather startled, he was not, to say, sorry, for he was attached to the girl, and had thought for some time he should never be happy till he was married. Peter went out to his employment, but his master met him at the door of his warehouse, and told him he had no further employment for him. Peter ventured to ask him why, and his master told him that for some time his conduct had been unsatisfactory, he had been neglecting his business, and he feared he was not going on well; he had heard also that the day before he was seen at the fair, in company with a young woman, who did not seem a bit better than she should be. This was a "staggerer" to poor Peter — his heart jumped to his throat at the words, and he could not utter a syllable more; he returned home — no — not home, for he had not dared to go on the preceding night to his mother's, but he returned to Biddy, and we leave the reader to suppose with what appetite he sat down to his breakfast. "What's the matter, Peter," said Biddy. "Oh! nothin'," said Peter, and breakfast passed over rather silently. "Biddy," said Peter, when their meal was finished, "my masher has put me out iv employment this mornin' and I've no money, and I'm afeard to tell my mother I'm married yet; — so darlin', I think you had better thry and excuse yourself to your mistress for being out last night, and go back to your place antil times mend wid uz."

"Oh! thin, is that the way you're goin' to put away your wife! Oh! musha, did I think I'd be used this way," — and Biddy made a capital imitation of crying. — "Why, sure, how can I help it, Biddy dear — you see matters has gone crass wid me." But in the end, Peter discovered that Biddy was out of place as well as himself, and he then began to wish in his heart he had not been in so violent a hurry; besides he had not quite got rid of the sting he felt at the imputation his master

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cast upon Bidy's appearance. It was with a heavy heart that Peter, at last, when he summoned sufficient resolution, told his mother of his circumstances, and the sorrowing woman shook her head and said, "Ah! Peter, my poor foolish boy, why did n't you mind your mother's advice? You often heard me say, Peter dear,

"Marry in haste and repent at leisure."



THE CONTRAST

PPETER MOLLOY was now, what is commonly called, a “happy man;” but there was not so miserable a happy man in the king’s dominions. He had suddenly brought upon him the charge of a wife, without any previous means laid by for supporting her, and he had lost his employment the morning after he had married. This was a black prospect for poor Peter, and when he considered that not only he, who was guilty of the imprudence, should suffer, but that his poor mother, against whose advice he had acted, should feel the consequences of his rashness, also, his conscience rose up against him in judgment, and his heart smote him for being an undutiful child as well as a foolish young man.

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The poor mother did not speak unkindly to her son, but was more silent than usual, and evidently in sorrow. His mother's forbearance and grief were additional loads upon poor Peter's heart, for we have said, already, that his heart was better than his head. But grieving would not get him and his wife and mother a dinner, so Peter set out to look for another situation. He was not a tradesman, therefore, to find a new employment was more difficult for him. He could not leave one workshop and go directly and get wages in another, though this itself is not so easily done at times. He had held a situation of some trust, as a warehouse-man, and had been valued by his master for his attention and trustworthiness; but he failed in the former, and that rendered his employer less sure of the latter quality. To find such another employment as this was not easy, and day after day was consumed in looking for something to do. The support they wanted during these days was derived from pawning various little pieces of comfort that Peter, in his days of industry, had been enabled to get about his poor mother; and as, one by one, necessity forced their being sent to the pawnbrokers, the look of silent sorrow that gleamed from the tearful eyes of the old woman would have touched a harder heart than Peter's. He went with two silver tea-spoons one morning to the pawnbrokers, and it grieved him sorely to pledge this "little bit of decency," that the mother was pleased to have about her, and as he came to the lane where the entrance to this last refuge of struggling necessity was situated, he felt the blush of shame burn on his cheek, and his manly blood rise from his heart, chokingly, into his throat, at the thought of the degradation he suffered, in being obliged to have recourse to such means of support; he looked sharply round at the corner of the lane, to see that no acquaintance was near, to witness his disgrace, and then darted down the filthy place, and turned into the dark entry under the ill-boding sign of the three

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golden balls. It was yet early in the morning, but the strong scent of whiskey was distinguishable amongst other odours that rendered the fœtid atmosphere of this den peculiarly disgusting. As he entered, he overheard the end of a dialogue between the pawnbroker and a miserable wretch who was entreating a further advance than the other would give on a pair of inexpressibles, much the worse for wear.

“Oh, give me another shillin’.”

“I would n’t give you a shilling altogether on them.”

“On them,” said the fellow, with a shrug of his ragged shoulders — “Throth, thin, though you won’t give me a shillin’ *on* them, it’s many a good shillin’ I’ve had *in* them any how.”

“The pockets must have been in better order then, than now,” said the broker, “for he’d be a clever fellow could keep a shilling in them now.”

“By dad,” said the unfortunate wretch, in whom misery had not conquered fun, “by dad ’t was all one to me, whether my pockets was good or bad, the divil a shillin’ I could ever keep in them — come — give uz what I want.”

“No — I’ll give you ten-pence, or go away — you’re delaying other customers.”

“Oh! they need n’t hurry themselves,” said the unfortunate wretch — “you’ll *do their business for them* fast enough — here’s the dudds — give us the brass.”

The exchange was made, and as the broker took the piece of attire — “Thrate them dacently,” said their former owner, “for they belonged to as bowld a woman as ever blackened an eye. Hurra! here goes for another naggin any how, to dhrink confusion to petticoat government.” And he staggered out of the office.

A woman now drew from under her cloak a handsome silver table-spoon — “I’ll throuble you, Sir, for the same on this that you gave me th’ other day.”

The pawnbroker examined it — “I see the crest and

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cypther are the same as the other you pledged. Where do these come from?"

"Oh, Sir, there's nothing wrong in the matter — my misthiss is in want of a trifle, and they'll be redeemed in a few days more, when she hears from the country."

"Oh, very well," said the broker, and he took the spoon and handed her some money in return.

"My misthiss is a very nice lady, Sir, and would n't wish it to be known she done the like."

"You mean," said a gruff voice behind her, "*you* would n't wish it to be known you done the like," and at the same moment she was laid hold of by a policeman. "If your misthiss is n't a nice woman, I think she has *ancommon nice sarvant* at all events. I'll throuble you, sir, for that silver spoon too," said the officer of justice to the pawnbroker, and the money the unfortunate womankind received was given back, as the spoon was identified to be one of many stolen from her mistress. This produced a great commotion in the office, and Peter was anxious to get his pawn effected, and leave a scene, which every moment was becoming more odious to him. He approached the counter and offered his spoons.

"More spoons," said the pawnbroker, and he cast a suspicious look at Peter.

Peter felt indignant at the insinuation the words and look implied, and was going to make an angry answer, but he checked himself and only said, "I'm no thief, Sir."

"I did n't say you were," said the pawnbroker in a rough tone — "you're mighty ready to defend yourself, I think."

"Well if you don't like to take them give them back to me, and somebody else will."

"Oh, no," said the pawnbroker, "I'll advance you the money," and so he did.

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"Please God I'll redeem them soon," said Peter, "and then you'll be sure I'm not a robber."

"Redeem them," said the policeman, looking shrewdly at Peter — "I see you don't know much about such matters. Redeem indeed! — why, did you never hear the maynin' o' the three balls over a pawnbroker's door?"

"No," said Peter.

"Then I'll tell you," said the policeman; "the three balls signify, that whatever you bring here, it's two to one against you that you ever see it again;" and with this comfortable information to Peter he quitted the office with a brother constable bearing the *nice sarvant woman* between them.

Peter went home heavy-hearted, and after a scanty breakfast again went on the search for employment. In the course of his day's walk, he met a friend who invited him to take a tumbler. — "Dhrown care man," said he; and the punch after a slender breakfast had a great effect on Peter, and created in his mind false hope and fortitude.

"Well," said he to his mother on his return, "tomorrow may bring better luck, and maybe it's for the best afther all." "How do you make that out, Peter alanna?" said the sorrowful woman. "Why, maybe I'll meet a betther mather yet." — "Ah! Pether, Mr. Finn was a rale good mather to you." — This stung Peter because it was true, and he answered that he was "cross and dark enough betimes." "He was a good mather, for all that," said his mother, "and who knows, Pether, but you sometimes earned the dark look." "Well, at all events there's as good fish in the say as ever was caught," said Peter, "and maybe I'll have a betther place yit — indeed, I'm partly promised one, and what do you say to that now?" "What you often heerd me say before, Pether, that *a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush*. God send you a good place, and you'll never have betther nor I wish you, but until you got it I wish you had kept 'the bird in the hand.'"

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Peter, for some days after, had cause to feel the truth of the two proverbs his mother had applied to his circumstances. His immediate experience taught him that "a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush;" and in his present state of idleness he had plenty of *leisure* for repenting the *hasty marriage*. At last his hopes of employment became so low, that for immediate relief he undertook to carry the placards of a company of equestrians and tumblers, then exhibiting in the city. These placards were suspended from Peter's neck, one before and another behind him; so that, in fact, the equestrians *yoked* him into their service like one of their beasts. This employment was not at all to Peter's taste — his neck rising from between two pieces of board, struck the little idle boys in the street as ridiculous, and he was much annoyed one day as he heard one of these little vagabonds say to another, with michievous fun twinkling in his eye, and the fore-finger of his little dirty paw pointed at him as he moved, in melancholy, towards them, "Look, Dinny — look — see de chap in de pillory."

"Pillory!" — Peter did not think a little street black-guard could annoy him so much. This increased the shame he felt as the passers-by looked at his placards, while he walked up and down Sackville-street; every look Peter thought was directed at him, and he fancied that instead of reading the placards, everybody said to himself, "Look at that unfortunate devil making a show of himself." This was more particularly the case, when some near-sighted person applied his eye-glass to inspect the "bill of the play" he carried, — and from the nature of the advertisement it bore, the contrast between the bearer and the burden was excessively ludicrous. The bill bore a dazzling wood-cut of a clown's head, grinning from ear to ear, and in large red letters was printed underneath, "LOTS OF FUN," — above these, in striking relief to the red-cheeked grinning clown's face, and

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“lots of fun,” rose poor Peter’s pale and melancholy visage, his eye sunken and averted, as if it feared to meet the look of his fellow-creatures. The effect was too striking to pass observation, and, at last, two young gentlemen, with more of frolic than humanity in their natures, stopped right before Peter, raised their glasses *at him*, and burst into a horse-laugh.

This was cruelty. — The poor fellow whose misery made the contrast laughable, was stung to the heart. — And fun is never worth purchasing at the price of another’s pain!

Peter could carry his placards no longer that day; he went to his wretched home, and told his mother and Biddy he could “stand it no longer.” “I’ll give it up,” said he, “and I’m promised a better employment next week.” “Peter, darlin’,” said his mother, “it is a hard lot you have, my poor boy, I don’t deny, but bear it till you are sure of a better; you’re earnin’ your bread *honestly* any how, and you know it’s true what I told you already, and tell you again now,

“*A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.*”



THE TRIAL

THE pittance that poor Peter earned by carrying the placards was so slender, that he and those dependant on him were barely kept from starvation. Biddy was more discontented than any of the three under this change of circumstances, for she was a selfish creature, and the selfish are seldom good for any thing. There is no vice that does not leave its traces of degradation stamped on the character; but I know of none that so extensively debases human nature, as unbounded selfishness. Other vices are positive in their own action and go no further, but selfishness is not only an active vice, but has the destructive quality of even checking the growth of virtue. Biddy was also a liar; and one person could scarcely possess two worse faults. The wretched life she now led made her more than ever regret the good place she had lost, and she cast about in her own mind how she could obtain another.

She determined to go to her former mistress, and by inventing a pitiful story, endeavour to prevail in obtaining

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a character to enable her to get a new service. Here the two vices of her nature are seen in full play. Selfishness made her regret her present lot, and falsehood was the mode by which she intended to mend it. We shall see how she fared.

She went to Mrs. Bond, accordingly, and, obtaining an interview, she threw herself on her knees before her, and began to cry bitterly, protesting she never was happy since the night she was so guilty in vexing her mistress by letting a man into the house without her knowledge.

“But, oh! ma’am,” said Bidy, sobbing violently, “I would n’t have done the like only we wor goin’ to be marrid.”

“But even if you were married, Bidy, you would have no right to let your husband into the house without my permission.”

“I know that ma’am, but sure we wor coortin’ then, and when people’s coortin’ ma’am, you know they’re never right in their minds; but now that we’re marrid ma’am, Pether’s aisier about me, and would n’t be throublin’ the house ma’am.”

“Then you are married,” said Mrs. Bond, “to that man that was in the kitchen that night I discovered you together.”

“Yes ma’am,” said Bidy, with as much composure as if she had been telling truth.

“I’m glad,” said Mrs. Bond, “that as you hurt your character by your conduct that night, you have been honestly married, but I cannot give you a character notwithstanding, for I could not without telling an untruth. I suppose your husband has means of supporting you, and you must give him what help you can in some other way than going to service.”

Here Bidy burst into a flood of tears. “Oh, mis-thiss dear! have pity on me—poor Pether ma’am has been very sick intirely, and has n’t been able to airn a mouthful o’ bread this three weeks; though it’s he

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would if he was able, and he's the industherous craythur ma'am, but, indeed, your tendher heart id bleed if you seen his face black afther he working in the colliery."

"Then he's a coal-porter, I find," said Mrs. Bond.

"Oh, no ma'am, he'd scorn the like—he's a dacent man, ma'am, and had a good employment in James's-street, but when he got the colliery —"

"What colliery are you talking of, girl?" said Mrs. Bond.

"The colliery morpus, ma'am."

"Oh, now I understand you — the cholera morbus."

"Yes, ma'am — that's what I said — the colliery morpus."

"It was a blue case then?" said Mrs. Bond.

"Oh! indeed it's a blue case enough wid us, ma'am," said Bidy, "and he sick and not able to earn a penny; and won't you give me a characther, ma'am, for the tindher marcy o' heaven, to enable me?"

"No, Bidy, I cannot give you a character, for I should tell a falsehood if I did, but I am going to part with my present servant, and will take you back, and give you another trial. As you are married to the man on whose account you were parted, I have a better opinion of you, and when I tell Mr. Bond, I'm sure he will have no objection to permitting your return to our service."

Bidy was all gratitude, or I should say *affected* it, for no one, base enough to deceive a kind-hearted mistress as she did, could be capable of so generous a sentiment; but she succeeded in her scheme for the moment, and was reinstated in her place.

Mr. Bond, in whose service she lived, was a barrister, and, on a certain morning, was engaged in the criminal court, in Green-street, for the prosecution of some prisoners, indicted for burglary. The case was one that had excited some interest, for the robbery had been extensive, and was traced to a party of marauders who had infested the neighbourhood of the city for some time, without the

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hand of justice being enabled to catch and crush them, and on the present occasion it was one of their own gang who had turned king's evidence, that was to prosecute them.

This ruffian, who, for the sake of preserving his own neck, was going to hang all his old associates, was produced. He mounted the table, and, for a moment, seemed ashamed to lift his eyes to meet the gaze of honest men; but with the hardihood of seasoned villany, he plucked up his impudence and looked round the court with his pale grey cat-like eyes, that twinkled restlessly about under red bushy brows, and a low and narrow forehead. He swore point blank to the facts laid in the indictment, and identified all the prisoners. The cross-examination now commenced, and a twitch of his mouth, and a short quick shrug of his shoulders seemed to imply his consciousness of what he was going to endure.

"Well, my fine fellow," said the counsel for the defence, "you know all the prisoners at the bar you say?"

"I do."

"I believe you don't know them *as well as they know you?*"

"Indeed that's more nor I can tell."

"By the virtue of your oath are you not one of the *oldest hands* about town?"

"Faix I dunna that," said the ruffian, with prodigious effrontery, "but I believe I've one o' the biggest hands in the county," and he put forth a brawny fist of enormous dimension. A laugh followed this repartee, and the counsel was foiled for a moment, while the witness gathered fresh confidence from the success of his reply.

"I dare say you find that big hand of yours useful to you," said the counsel,—"now, for instance, when you throttled the four geese at farmer Toole's, at Kiltiernan?"

"I did n't throttle four geese," said the ruffian, with much complacency.

"By virtue of your oath, did n't you steal four geese?"

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“No,” said the knave with a chuckle, “one of them was a *gandber*.”

Another laugh was excited.

“Oh!” said the counsel, “I see you are nice as to *gender*, though I dare say you are not particular as to *number*.”

“Except when the numbers is against me, Sir.”

“Good again,” said the counsel, “I perceive you are a skilful general, you won’t fight against odds; but the odds were not against you when you robbed the poor old man on the Wicklow road.”

“I done no such thing,” said the scoundrel, with great firmness.

“Gentlemen of the jury,” said the counsel, “I have a witness to produce that can throw some light on this subject, but I will put the question more home to this witty gentleman.” — Then turning to the approver he said, “So you swear you did *not* rob the farmer on the Wicklow road?”

“I did not,” was the answer.

“By the virtue of your oath?”

“By virtue o’ my oath I did n’t rob him an the road — *I robbed him an the car*.”

There was laughter in the court at the reply, but it was mingled with indignation at this fellow’s effrontery.

“You’re a particularly facetious person,” said the counsel.

“The divil a more fassy-aceous chap in the county, though there may be a few honesther.”

“Honest!” said the counsel, “I should suppose you to be a particularly honest gentleman, by the candid way in which you speak of yourself.”

“Oh! indeed, I’m as honest a man as *any I see here*,” said he, looking sharply around at the lawyers, — “begging his lordship’s pardon!”

“Quit the table, sirrah!” said the judge, and the brute sneaked from the witness’s chair.

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But when he looked round in giving his last sarcastic answer, he encountered one eye that made him quail; it was that of Mr. Bond, who then recognized in the features of this hardened ruffian the identical *Tom*, that Biddy had secreted in the coal-vault.

On his return home, therefore, he communicated this fact to his wife, and Biddy was immediately ordered to quit the house; the wife of a robber, which, *from her own account*, they believed her to be, could not be permitted to remain a moment under their roof. Biddy was thunderstruck at the unlucky chance that exposed her to this unlooked-for consequence of her falsehood, and then told her *real* case, and implored forgiveness.

“I thought ma’am,” says she, “’t was no harm to tell you that, as ’t would get me my place again, and sure, ma’am, I’ve behaved myself since I came back to you — but, indeed I’m an honest woman, and I’m marrid to an honest husband, ma’am, and that villian the mather seen is n’t my husband at all.”

“You told your mistress he was,” said Mr. Bond. “Oh! Sir, indeed he’s not — oh! forgive me this once, and I’ll never tell you a lie again, indeed Sir. Oh! mis-thiss dear, I’ll give you every satisfaction in life, to show I’m not marrid to that villian, but to an honest man.”

“No, no, Biddy,” said Mrs. Bond, “we could never have confidence in you again — you must leave the house, and remember for the future, that any thing gained by falsehood is always in danger of being lost. There is an old and a true saying, Biddy —

“Truth stands upon two legs, but a lie stands only on one.”



THE HOT SUPPER

BIDDY was obliged to quit Mrs. Bond's house immediately — half an hour sufficed to make all the necessary arrangements for so doing, and with her scanty bundle of clothes, and the few shillings of wages paid to her, she was again turned forth upon the world from the comfortable home she, a second time, forfeited by her own unworthiness.

As she proceeded towards James's-street, where in a miserable garret, Peter and his mother were living, and whom she had not seen ever since she had recovered her former place, and secured to herself her own immediate comforts, she ruminated, in no very pleasing train of thought, on the unlucky turn that her affairs had taken. Bidy, good-for-nothing as she was, and I am afraid, as Peter's former master said, "no better than she should be," even *she* felt, for the moment, the justice of her

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fate; and the remorse, that even the most hardened, on certain occasions, must feel, visited her indolent conscience with bitterness.

For a while she was so much under its influence, that she had determined to tell Peter the whole truth the moment she should see him, and felt so keenly the evil consequence of telling falsehood, that she was *almost* coming to the resolve of never being guilty of untruth again, when passing through High-street being jostled by a man who had just emerged from a filthy lane, she said in her sauciest tone — “I wish you ’d look before you, good man.”

“Good man,” said the offender, “oh, good woman to you, ma’am, and maybe neither of us tells thruth.”

“Spake to yourself, Sir,” said Bidy indignantly, “I owe you no discourse,” and she was brushing hastily by him, but she was arrested by the forcible grasp of a hand laid on her cloak, and a voice with which she was not unacquainted said —

“Be the hokey, if Bidy Purcell is an the flure o’ God’s creation, that ’s her — I know the sharp side of her tongue.”

“Then, it ’s not Bidy Purcell,” said she, hiding her face.

“Arrah, let us look at you,” said her detainer, catching her under the chin, and turning up her face to the lamp-light — “sure I knew ’t was you an’ nobody else — by the powdhers o’ war I ’d know your shadow an a bush — masha more power to you, and how are you — how is every five fut o’ you?”

“Indeed an’ it ’s bad enough wid me, and more be-token it ’s all along o’ you, bad cess to you, it ’s the bad day I ivir knew you, Tom, for I never was the same woman since.”

“Arrah be aisy, Bidy Purcell.”

“It ’s Mrs. Molloy your spakin’ to, Sir, if you plaze.”

“Oh, murther!” said Tom, “so you’re marrid to

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that poor lantherumswag of a gandher that was afther you like a suckin' calf."

"Oh! indeed he's no witch sure enough," said Biddy, "but he made me an honest woman any how."

"Faith, then, he was a clever fellow that done that same," said the ruffian, with a villainous look and leer.

It would be disgusting to pursue this conversation farther; it is enough to say, that any good resolutions Biddy might have been forming, of confessing the whole and simple truth to Peter on her return, were quite upset by meeting with her old acquaintance *Tom*, and that this *worthy*, having treated Biddy to punch in a neighbouring public house, drowned her care and her conscience together, and persuaded her, that the best thing she could do was to introduce him to her husband, as one of her fellow-servants who had been out of place, "and never mind," said he, "if he won't have more money to spend in a week afther he knows me — by dad I'll do for him I'll engage." This plan having been agreed upon, they separated, and Biddy went home. Even in the midst of her misery Peter was glad to see his unworthy wife again — unhappily for the poor fellow, more unworthy than he could have imagined.

The mother was more observant, and seeing something of an unnatural twinkling about Biddy's eyes, she suspected she had been drinking, and making an occasion to approach her she became more convinced of this fact, and said, "Where were you drinking the punch, Biddy, that the smell of it is so strong upon you?"

"Indeed, then," said Biddy, "an' it was a fellow-sarvant of my own that was out of place, like myself, that I met, and he thrated me, and, indeed, I'm behouliden to him, besides that he promised to come here to-morrow, and put Pether up to a way of doin' better for himself than he has been doin' of late — and a dacent man he is, and a good warrant to help a friend."

In such way she praised *Tom*, and, accordingly, the

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next day he had a meeting with Peter, and told him that he need n't mind carrying placards any more, for that he had an easier and more profitable mode of life to point out to him.

"Ah!" said Peter, "but how am I to do antil I get that betther way of doin'? My Mother tells me, and sure I've good raison to remember every thing she towld me, for it has come thruе — she tells me 'a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush,' and I must n't give up what I have."

"Why then," said Tom, with a look of contempt, which he made as strong as he could, to wound Peter's pride, "why then are you sitch a poor-sperited hound as to mind what a croakin' owld hag says to you?"

"My mother's no hag," said Peter.

"Well, no offince," said Tom, "I only mane every owld woman is a croakin' hag, and crammin' good advice and owld sayings down our throats, as if we had nothin' else to do here but to be larnin' from our mothers always — arrah, man dear, don't be a child all your life."

"But what'll I do for bread if I give up carryin' the boords?"

"Look at this," said Tom, and he produced six shillings in his hand, "here's as much money as you'll get for a week by disgracin' yourself that-a-way, and I go bail that in less than a week you'll have more money than twice that of your own airnin'."

"An' how do *you* make your money?" said Peter.

"I'll tell you then," said Tom, "and the best day ever I saw was the day I lost my place, for I have been betther aff ever since, by lyin' in waitin' about the hotels, and the coach-offices and the like o' that, ready to run iv a message for a gintleman, or carry his port-mantle, or go wid a bit of a note for him, or maybe have his cloak ready for him outside the door whin he's comin' from a party or the likes o' that; and you'll get a shillin' here, and a sixpence there, and maybe nothin'

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an odd time, but it comes to somethin' smart in the end — and the beauty of it is, you 're your own master, for instead of bein' at the will o' one to ordher you here and there, and, biddin' you to do this and that, and hear of no excuse, you have only to do a little turn for one, and a little turn for another, and not obligated to do that same, barrin' it 's plazin' to you, and you have time enough to spare between turns, to smoke a pipe or take share of a pot or glass, and no offince."

Peter was convinced, at last, that the mode of life Tom recommended was better than the one he was engaged in, and he entered upon it accordingly. Tom, to further his own ultimate views, put as much in Peter's way as he could, and Peter was pleased with the change — not so his mother. She did not like the acquaintance he had formed with this man, and still less liked Biddy's friendship with him; besides, from the irregular nature of Peter's employment, his hours became equally irregular, and one, or two, or three in the morning were no unusual hours for Peter's going out or coming home. If the mother objected or questioned, the answer was, that it was a gentleman he was to call at a certain hour, and was to carry his trunks to the coach-office, or the canal-boat, or that he was waiting till some of the coaches came in, and then he had to carry luggage to some distant quarter of the town. These answers did not satisfy the mother, and, at last, her suspicions of Tom were changed to certainty of his villany, by her becoming acquainted with the fact of his having been in jail, and saved his neck by becoming king's evidence.

This she lost no time in communicating to her son, and warned him to have no further intercourse with so base a character. But Peter, by this time, had become infected with a liking for the irregular life he led; it was a strange mixture of idleness and hard work, of indulgence and hardship, and, from its very uncertainty, possessing an excitement that more regular employment

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could not offer; and Tom, too, had contrived to get such an ascendancy over Peter's easy and simple nature, that the latter had not power or resolution to break with him.

"I tell you he's a black-hearted villian," said his mother, "he betrayed his old companions, and he may betray you, poor unfortunate simple boy as you are. Mark my words, Peter, you'll rue the day you met that down-looking dog, if you continue to keep with him."

"Oh, as for bethrayin' me, mother," said Peter, "he can't bethray me, for I never done any thing to put me in the power of him or any other man."

"Oh, thank God! for that same," said the poor woman, "and long may he mark you to grace, and keep you out of harm; but, Peter, don't be temptin' Providence by having any thing more to do with that treacherous-eyed villian — sure he can't look one straight in the face."

"Oh, ma'am," said Bidy, "no one can help their eyes; — his eyes are as God made them."

"I was n't talking to you, ma'am," said the mother, "but if his eyes be as God made them, maybe they wor made for a warnin', and I'm sure no honest man ever had the like."

"Well, mother," said Peter, "he was very good to me any how, and put me in the way of betterin' myself, and sure I'm able to give you the dhrop o' tay agin."

"Oh! Peter," said the poor woman, "I'd rather live an dhry pittaytees, or a crust o' brown bread, and have wather, so they were honestly earned, than eat better bread that had the curse of dishonesty upon it."

"Who says I ever done any thing dishonest?" said Peter.

"I'm only afraid you may, Peter dear — you may — I don't like the hours you keep, and I often said so before."

"Oh, that's only in the regard of my business."

"Honest employment, Peter, keeps honest hours, and

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I tell you again, have nothing more to do with that bad man, for I know he's a bad man."

"He was never bad to me, any how," said Peter, "but gave me money when I wanted it."

"Did n't he sell the blood of his own companions? — how can you get over that?"

"He explained all that to me, and said it was *them* ensnared *him*."

"Oh, the desaver! — but need you go beyant his own talk, and his own ways — have n't they the mark of wickedness and treachery upon them?"

"As for his talk," said Peter, "Tom is a wild blade enough in his talk betimes, and would n't be as particular maybe, as another, but his tongue is worse nor his heart, and whatever he might do, don't be afeard o' me, mother dear, you always reared me too well to let me do any thing that would shame or disgrace you."

"Ah, Peter," said the mother, affected to tears almost by this allusion to her early care of his childhood, "take care — take care — there are few of us able to stand against bad example and temptation, and if you continue to keep with that man, he'll bring you into trouble, if not into guilt. You may have very good intentions of your own, but you're not able for that schemer — keep him at a distance I tell you. — Peter, there's another ould sayin' I have, if you're not tired of them before this, but you know how they've all come true, and this is as true as any of them:

"When you sup with the Devil, — have a long spoon."



THE PORTMANTEAU

IT was one of those cold and damp mornings peculiar to our climate in the early spring months, that a hack jaunting-car drove up Mount-street, just as the watchman was drawling out, in the usual sleepy tone that distinguishes his fraternity, "Five o'cla-u-c-k."

Two men were seated on the car, and whether any appearance about them or their vehicle excited the suspicion of the watchman, I know not, but he called out to the driver, as he passed him, "What 's that you have on the car?"

"Go ax," was the laconic and polite reply.

This indignity stimulated the watchman into activity, and as he started after them, in what was really a very decent run for a watchman, he exclaimed, "A ha, you morodin' villians, I know what you 're afther, you sack-'em-up vagabones, but I'll pin yiz yet if yiz don't stop;" and he was about to spring his rattle when the car was

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pulled up, as if, he flattered himself, in obedience to his mandate. When he came up with it, he poked his pole into the well of the car to ascertain what was there, but some hay and a piece of coarse canvas was all he discovered.

“Well,” said the driver, “you got a power, to be sure — maybe it’s the Lord Mayor you expected to find there.”

“No; it’s not the Lord Mayor I expected to find there,” said the watchman.

“Well, I dare say, you thought you’d recover a *corporation*, any how; but you’re *out* you see, like the lamps,” — which certainly were out before they should have been, and just at the time when light is particularly necessary in a city.

The second man had, during this scolding match jumped from the car, and interrupted further conversation by knocking loudly at the door opposite to which the car stopped, and the driver, as the discomfited watchman walked away, said, “Go home, bulky, — go home to the unfort’nate woman that owns you. — Faix it’s long before you’d be so partic’lar wid a thief that was crassin’ the arya (area) rails.”

Here another loud application of the knocker was made to the hall-door, and the squealing sound of a raised window-sash was heard immediately after, and a head in a night-cap was protruded from the window, with the half-startled, half-sleepy question of “who’s there?”

“Five o’cl-a-u-c-k!!” was the reply of the watchman, as he walked back past the house, with his nose peeping out from the collar of his frieze coat, and his pole tucked under his arm, as his hands had renewed their close acquaintance with each other, under the sleeve of each opposite arm.

“Who’s there?” again was asked from the window.

“It’s the car, your honour,” was the answer.

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“Confound you, why were you not here sooner? The coach starts a quarter before six. I told you to be here before five.”

“Oh, we’ll be there in no time, Sir — I’ve brought you up a rale good car, your honour — the finest car in Dublin — the rale pick o’ the sieve, and a horse that’ll rowl you lively.”

“I’m afraid I’ll be late, and if so I’ll not give you a sixpence;” and the head was withdrawn from the window.

In the course of some time, the drawing of bolts inside the door preceded the appearance of the person who had ordered this car to be in attendance, and he began abusing Peter Molloy, for it was he, for not being with him at the time he promised. — “I would not mind,” said the gentleman, “only I have such a quantity of luggage. I wanted to be at the coach-office early, in time to have it packed; and now I fear I will barely catch the coach before it starts.”

“Oh, never fear, your honour, we’ll be in plenty time,” — which is the universal answer on occasions when it is very doubtful that one may not be late. So the luggage was flung on the car, and the gentleman mounted on one side, and Peter as luggage guard on the other, and away whipped the driver, endeavouring to urge the miserable hack that was dragging them, into a speed beyond its powers.

“What are you beating that unfortunate brute so for?” said the gentleman.

“Oh, Sir, *I’m only takin’ the consait out of her,*” was the answer: — the miserable animal was only fit to throw to hounds. “I thought your honour was in a hurry.”

“Yes, but I don’t want you to cut the flesh off your unfortunate horse.”

“Ah! she’s a rogue, your honour. Hurrup — posey — step out your sowl! — show the blood that’s in you:” and certainly as far as drawing it out of her with a whip

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could effect it, he endeavoured to do so, and some more whipping and stumbling brought them into Sackville-street just as the coach was about to start.

Here, a heavily laden coach was surrounded by the usual quantity of beggars and news-venders, the hurrying coachman, the growling guard, the busy ostlers, and idle lookers-on, notwithstanding the earliness of the hour, and a very extraordinary and disjointed jumble of questions and answers was to be heard on all sides, and I will attempt a sketch of it.

“Hillo there!” shouted the coachman to the guard — “bad luck to you, Norton, what delays you?”

“The Despatch! The Telegraphic Despatch!” was answered by a news-man.

The coach was going to start, as the gentleman already spoken of, jumped off the car and called to the coachman to stop.

“Get up then at once, Sir, if you please, for we’re past our time already.”

“I must get up my luggage first,” said the gentleman.

“Oh! gogs blakey, Sir,” said the coachman, “why worn’t you at the office sooner, and you with luggage?”

“This fellow I desired to call me was late; it’s not my fault, and we drove as quickly as we could.”

“The next time you’re in a hurry, Sir,” said the coachman, “I’d recommend you to get a horse with four legs.”

The driver of the car here stood up for the honour of his horse, and said, “You’re a great judge, to be sure, an’ so you are, of *fore* legs, but be my sowl it would be well for *your* passengers that your horses had n’t *hind* legs, as the gentleman knows that you tumbled off o’ the box-sate last Sathurday among the heels o’ the wheelers, when you set them kickin’ by the dose o’ whip-cord you gave them down by Drumcondra-bridge.”

“You lie, you calumnivatin’ blackguard!” said the coachman, as he made a cut of his whip at him.

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“Oh, yes! — you’re mighty ready wid your whipcord, sure enough, an’ it’s well known o’ you — by gor you kill more every year nor a ’potticary ’almost, by upsettin’ the coach and I wondher Mr. Purcell keeps you.”

“Who wants the Register — The Mornin’ Register, and Counsellor O’Connell’s grand Speech, in answer to the King’s Speech?”

“Bad cess to you, I wish you had lost your speech,” said the guard, as he passed to and fro, “you’re moidherin’ me, so you are, all the mornin’ with your shoutin’.”

“Who wants The Register?” said the news-man.

“I want my place,” said the gentleman.

“Then you had betther buy a Sandhers,¹ from me, and may be you’d find it in that, Sir,” said the fellow, with that readiness of repartee so remarkable in his class.

“Who wants The Freeman?” shouted another.

“Ireland wants every one that’ll stand to her,” returned the former fellow again.

A nervous and lank gentleman, muffled in coats and shawls seated on the box, became very fidgety from the moment the carman had made the allusion to the coachman’s propensity to whipping, and having beckoned to the former to approach, he questioned him further on the subject.

“Oh, Sir, it’s only a little partic’lar he is about the number of his passengers, and as he is innocent o’ larnin’, and divil burn his schoolmaster for that same, he can’t read the way-bill, Sir, to see how many passengers he has, and so when he wants to count them, he’s obliged to *spread them out an the road.*”

“He upsets them you mean,” said the nervous gentleman.

“Oh, I would n’t say that for the world, Sir,” said the carman, with more mischief in the tone of his denial, than the direct assertion would have conveyed.

¹ There is always an extensive collection of advertisements of “Places Wanted,” in the paper so named.

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“Oh, don’t b’lieve him, Sir,” said the coachman, “it’s the blackest o’ lies the vagabone is tellin’ you. I say, Norton,” addressing the guard, “will you dhrive that blackguard out o’ that?”

“Aye, *dhrive* — there it is again, Sir, — you heerd him,” said the fellow, laughing in intense delight as he saw the gentleman’s fear and the coachman’s anger increased. “It’s for dhrivin’ he is — faix he dhrives so hard he sometimes laves his passengers behind, like the sojer last week at Swords.”

“Was he killed?” said the trembling box-seat passenger.

“Oh, no, Sir, he only had his legs broke.”

“Coachman,” said the gentleman, “if you dare to drive too fast I’ll complain of you to your employers.”

“Arrah, Sir, never mind the miscrayant.”

“Oh! it’s thruth I’m tellin’ you, Sir,” said the carman, “and sure he knows himself ’t was only last week he dhruv agin the —”

“Post! Evening Post!” said the news-man.

“He dhruv agin the Widow Waddy’s pig, and made bacon of him, and made jommethry o’ the passengers.”

“Coachman!!” said the nervous man again, “if you drive faster than —”

“The Mail! — The Evenin’ Mail!” shouted the news-man.

Here a beggar-woman put in her word — “Ah! gintleman dear, extind your charity to the poor woman — a little thrifle, your honour, to the poor woman, gintleman dear, that is in disthress.”

The “gintleman dear” was in distress, indeed, for his fears were seriously awakened for his personal safety.

She changed her hand, now, and tried another, whose military cap and cloak bespoke a man of war; he was, however, only a linen-draper, given to finery.

“Ah, Sir dear, with the cap — ah, iligant captain, won’t

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you bestow a thrifle an the poor widdy and the dissolute orphans?"

The *captain* took no notice, but was engaged in endeavouring to light a cigar, which afterwards made him sick.

"Ah, iligant captain wid the goold an your cap —"

"Ah, lave him alone," said an old bitter hag who saw the case was hopeless — "lave him alone, I tell you — by my sowl he 's more goold an his cap than in his pocket."

"Why then," said the guard to Peter, "where do you think I 'm to put all this luggage?"

"Put it in the boot," said the gentleman who owned it.

"The *fore* boot is full," said the guard.

"Well, put it in the hind boot," said the gentleman.

"The *hind* boot is full too," said the guard.

"Well, thry the *top* boot," said Peter, pointing to the roof of the coach.

"May the divil run a huntin' wid you and your top boot," said the guard in a passion.

"Throth an' it 's top boots he 'd have, if he did run a huntin'," said Peter.

"Why bad cess to you, don't you see there 's not room for half o' this thievin' luggage?" said the guard, "by this and that it would puzzle a counsellor to pack another box on it, let alone this heap o' things."

"Bad scran to you," said the coachman, "will you ever let me start? — throw them up any way, and let me be goin'."

"Throth, then, if I was goin' wid you, it 's myself that id like to have some one to tache you your business," said the carman. "Who have you to show you the way?"

"The Pilot! The Pilot!" shouted the news-man.

"Hand me up that other trunk now," said the guard — "by all that 's good the coach is more like a dhray than a coach, wid all the luggage that 's on it — is there any more of it?"

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"No; that's the last," said Peter.

"Are you sure you put up the leather portmanteau?"

"Oh, yes, Sir," said a stander-by, "I seen the guard put that up the first." This person was Tom, who had been talking with the carman for a few seconds previously.

"Now then, we're all right," said the guard. "You may be off when you plaze."

"Oh, musha!" shouted the coachman, "I'm ruined, Norton!"

"What's ruined you?" said the guard.

"The Times! The Times!" shouted the newsman.

"I've broke my whip," said the coachman, "an the head o' that blackguard carman that was tantalizin' me. You must borrow me one o' Tom Toole's out o' the office." This was done accordingly, and the coach rolled heavily away to the music of the guard's horn, as it awoke the echoes of the yet almost empty streets. The little knot of persons dispersed from before the coach-office, and the noise and bustle was succeeded by silence and loneliness.

The scene must now be changed to a cellar, in a remote lane. Three men descended the broken steps that led to the wretched abode, and, entering the dark and smoky den, saluted by the title of Black Bet a woman who welcomed them; and seated themselves at a low table near a bad fire, and called for their "morning."

"An' bitther cowl'd it is, by the same token, and a gum tickler will be as welkim as the flowers in May."

The three men were Peter Molloy, his friend Tom, and the car-driver, who had come hither to get a "dhrop o' somethin'," by way of breakfast. The cellar where they sat was in an obscure place, where secrecy, if required, might be found by those who needed it, and the woman who presided in the sanctuary was a priestess

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worthy of the place. After the bottle had been circulated twice round the company, Tom drew something forward that he had not hitherto brought into notice, and said, "We may as well see what we have got here;" and so saying he pulled from a corner behind him, where he had thrown it on his entrance, a portmanteau.

"Where did you get that?" said Peter, casting a sharp look upon it.

"I found it among the hay in the car," said Tom.

"Oh, murther!" said Peter, "why it's the gentleman's portmantle that he has forgot."

"Well," said Tom, "and why did n't he mind it better?"

"Why," said Peter, "I heerd you yourself tell him you saw it put up first."

"Well, I *thought* I did," said Tom, making a grimace at the same time to the car-driver, "but I never found out the mistake till we got here, and now there's no help for it."

"Oh, but I can lave it at the coach-office for him," said Peter, "for, I suppose, they know who he is."

"Arrah! how would they know who he is?" said Tom, "and besides he'll never miss it out the power o' luggage he has. — Throth he ought to be obliged to us for easing him o' the care of it;" and he proceeded, with great coolness, to cut open the portmanteau with a large clasp knife he drew from his pocket.

"Oh, Tom," said Peter, "by dad, I don't like that at all;" and he endeavoured to prevent the act.

"Who axed you whether you liked it or not," said the ruffian, "sure it's not your doin', you fool — what business have you to know anything about it?"

"Oh! but I had the care o' the gentleman's luggage."

"Ay, and good care you took of it, in throth, — oh, you're a bright *janius*, Pether!" and the villain laughed horribly at the startled Peter, as the portmanteau was ripped asunder and its contents fell on the floor. Peter

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was quite unprepared for such a desperate act as this, though he had no reason, of late, to believe Tom to be overgood, and began to wish he had attended in this, as in all former instances, to his mother's advice. He said he would not have any thing to do in such a transaction, and left the cellar followed by the laughter and curses of Tom and the carman, who was an acquaintance of his, to whom he had introduced Peter, and the two names that Peter heard himself last called, as he gained the top of the cellar steps, were "fool" and "coward."

"I am a fool, indeed," said Peter, as he quitted the lane, "but I'm no coward, as I'll prove to them, nor worse than a coward — and that's an informer. I won't turn an informer any how. Maybe it won't be found out, or maybe it will; but at all events, not through me, but from this blessed hour, though I won't betray him, I'll have no more to do with that bad fellow, Tom. Oh! mother dear, mother dear, you were right, as you always were, in the advice you gave me. I have been supping with the Devil, indeed, and *not* with a long spoon, I'm afraid; but long or short I'll not sup with him again. I'm done with Tom from this out."

In this resolution Peter persevered: but alas! the resolution came too late. Bidy still continued her acquaintance with Tom, and from him she obtained, as presents, some of the plunder of the portmanteau. The loss of this article was of too much importance to its owner to be left unheeded. The police were informed of the robbery, and put on the search, and the articles given to Bidy were found in Peter's room, and identified as some of the missing property.

I shall not attempt to describe the affecting scene that took place when the unfortunate mother saw her son taken away by the police, to be lodged in jail. "Little did I think," said the bereaved woman, "when I had you at my breast, that I was only rearing you to disgrace and

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ruin. Oh! Peter, Peter, why did n't you mind the words of the mother that loved you and watched over you from your cradle? You tell me that you are innocent of all this wickedness, and I believe you are, my poor misguided boy; but oh, Peter! why didn't you mind the cautions I gave you? Often and often I told you what the end of it would be, and you see, Peter alanna, that

“ Long threatening comes at last.”



THE PRISON

PETER was conducted, at once, by the police to one of the divisional offices, and the circumstantial evidence was so clear against him that he was committed to Newgate. Poor Peter shuddered when he heard the heavy iron gate clank as it closed behind him, on his entrance to the prison, and as the bolt of the ponderous lock was turned into its socket, the jarring sound smote on the unfortunate prisoner's heart, while the turnkey, with a hardened composure, rendered more striking by the contrast, drew the massive key from the lock and handed Peter over to the proper authority, to be conducted to his place of confinement. It was well for Peter that his committal to prison occurred just before the opening of the commission; so that he had but a few days to remain in confinement, for it is notoriously true that by intercourse with the prisoners of more experience, and more deeply dyed in crime, a person comparatively innocent on his entrance to a jail often leaves it a finished villain. — This misfortune Peter had not to endure in addition

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to his others, and it was well for one of his easy nature that it was so, for it has been, of course, remarked in the progress of the story, that Peter was rather the victim of others than originally bad himself, and therefore had not strength of character to resist the influence of evil example to be found amongst the inmates of a jail, where, at last, he found himself, by a natural, though somewhat unfortunate course of circumstances, placed. Here, for the few days he was in confinement, he had plenty of time to ruminare over his headlong folly, and its bitter consequences — consequences all arising from one rash step, and that step in direct violation of a parent's advice. Here was enough for reflection and repentance. The neglected words of advice that his mother had spoken in vain, were now continually whispered in his ear by the voice of memory, and, perhaps, an accusing conscience helped to increase their influence upon his mind. — These sayings of his mother became almost the exclusive theme of Peter's sleeping and waking thoughts, it produced almost a ludicrous consequence in his manner and conversation, for he could scarcely be got to return an answer except in the words of some proverb his mother had repeated to him, and that he had so faithfully and unfortunately fulfilled the truth of, in his own experience.

His melancholy looks were subject of mirth to the other prisoners, and even the turnkeys sometimes were attracted in the course of their horrible routine of occupation, to notice the peculiarity of his manner and answers. "By gosh, I b'lieve this chap is married," said one of these Cerberuses to another, noticing Peter's woe-begone countenance. Peter answered him at once, with an appropriate solemnity of manner: — "Marry in haste, and repent at leisure."

Now it happened that this answer of Peter's was particularly appropriate to the person to whom it was made, for the prisoners in the jail were in no less control of the turnkey, than the turnkey was of his wife who ruled

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him not with a *key* but a *rod* of iron, and his brother jailer laughed at him when he heard the application of the proverb that had been made to him.

This incensed the turnkey, who, looking fiercely at Peter, said, "What do you mean by that, you gallows bird?"

Peter returned the look of fierceness by one on his part of greater sadness than before, and replied, "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush;" and with a profound shake of his head turned his back on the turnkey, and resumed his melancholy pace up and down the jail-yard.

The turnkey did not know what to make of him, and having muttered to himself, "By dad I think he's mad," went about his business.

But it was in his intercourse with his mother that Peter's present peculiarity of thought and conversation were most apparent, because most frequently excited; for after the first two or three days the inmates of the jail, when they had worn out the novelty of a new comer of eccentric habits, left Peter to himself as a blockhead, that had no *pluck* in him, that is to say, who was not as wicked and reckless as themselves. But Peter's mother contrived to see her son every day; this favour she obtained through his former master, Mr. Finn, whose intimacy with the sheriff enabled the mother to have an order to see her son constantly. What a touching example is here of the eternal laws of nature surmounting every adverse circumstance to the fulfilment of its duties. None of Peter's companions in his hours of mirth, now sought his prison; even his fellow prisoners who bore him company for two days, only to laugh at him, grew tired, and deserted him on the third. The woman, the worthless woman, by whom he had induced all his subsequent sorrows, came not near his cell; but the mother — the lone, the aged mother, on whom he had drawn down want and sorrow, came in the hour of her offspring's affliction, to return him good for evil, and watch

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over him in his prison, as she had done in his cradle. Oh! how can the child ever sufficiently repay, by duty, the matchless and undying love of a mother?

This excellent woman had gone to Mr. Finn on Peter's arrest by the police, and represented to him how his misfortunes had been induced by bad company, at the same time that his own principles had remained uncontaminated. "For oh, Sir," said the poor woman, while the bitter tears streamed down her wrinkled face, "he never seen the bad turn in father nor mother, nor never heard the wind of the word that would mislead him; and indeed, poor boy, he has the good resolution yit, tho' vagabones and villians got about him, and has ensnared him into throuble, and it was his hard luck to meet with a bad wife, your honour, and indeed the harder luck it is in poor Ireland, for if we're poor every way else, sure we're rich that way, any how, and the poor man has seldom disgrace brought to his home by the wife of his heart. But she *is* bad, Sir — I must own it; and it's along o' that and her bad acquaintances that he is come to harm — but innocently himself, and indeed he has never known the quiet hour since he left your employment, but grieves for the respectable place he lost, through his own foolishness." — Much more said the poor woman, and by touching those natural springs which exist in every good heart, she so influenced Mr. Finn in Peter's favour, that he inquired into the case, and finding that Peter was really innocent of any intentional wickedness, and was but the dupe of others, he interested himself in his affairs, and promised to make every effort to save him from final punishment.

It was with such comfortable information that the mother went to the prison on the fourth day; and after some previous admonitory conversation, "Peter, alanna," said she, "I hope this will be a warning to you, to mind the advice in future of those who know better than you. You know you married against my advice."

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“Yes, mother dear,” said Peter, “Marry in haste and repent at leisure.”

“True for you, honey,” said the mother, “and sure you could n’t expect that any one would care half as much about you as I do, who reared you egg and bird.”

“A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush,” said Peter.

“True for you, honey, mind that, a cushla, for the future, and I’ll come to you again to-night, and bring you a taste of something comfortable for supper.”

“When you sup with the Divil have a long spoon,” said Peter.

“What do you mane, Peter dear, by that?” said the mother, “sure an it’s not comparin’ me to the Divil you’d be, God bless us, Pether, nor sure it’s not threatenin’ me you’d be with the Divil?”

“Long threatening comes at last,” said Peter, very wisely.

“Oh, God help him!” said the mother, internally, “it’s thinkin’ of my owld sayin’s he is, the craythur — well, good-bye Peter, dear — good-bye till I see you in the evenin’.”

I shall now hasten the tale to a conclusion. Mr. Finn was enabled, when Peter was brought to trial, to produce such evidence as to exculpate him from the charge of robbery, and convict *Tom* of the fact. The carman, who has been introduced in the preceding story, was evidence against him, so that *Tom*, who swore against his companions some short time before, was himself convicted by a similar act of treachery of his accomplice. Such will ever be the case. The guilty can never trust one another. I’m sure my readers will be glad to hear that *Biddy*, the remote cause of all poor Peter’s misfortunes, was transported, as well as her friend *Tom*; and so her injured husband got rid of her. Peter was once more taken into Mr. Finn’s employment, but not reinstated in his former high situation of trust.

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“That situation,” said Mr. Finn, “is now possessed by a man who has won it by his good conduct, and deserves to hold it.”

“Sir,” said Peter, “I’d be very sorry to go between any man and his place, and sure it’s bound to pray for you I am, that is good enough to take me back at all.”

“Peter,” said Mr. Finn, “you must begin in a low situation in my employment again. You have lost that character for which I valued you, and you must make another before I can restore you to my confidence. Above all things avoid bad company. I tell you, frankly, the first dislike I ever conceived against you, was seeing you walking with a light-looking woman.”

“Oh! well, Sir,” said Peter, “she’s gone, and God forgive her, you’ll never see her again.”

“No, Peter, but there are plenty of bad companions to be had every day in the year, and believe me whenever I see you in company with such I will instantly discharge you.”

This caution, in addition to Peter’s own sad experience made him guarded ever after, during a long life, of entering into intimacy with any one that he did not know well, and his mother, as usual, backed up his good resolution with as good an old saying; — “And sure enough Mr. Finn is right,” said she, “for it was said before him, or his father, or his grandfather before him was born —

“Shew me your company and I’ll tell you who you are.”



AN OCULAR DEMONSTRATION

HOW easily one may know a "country cousin" in Sackville or Grafton-street — his hat on three hairs — a flashy-coloured pair of trousers — an awfully dazzling waistcoat, fastened only by the two lower buttons, to afford room for the display of a yard and a half of frill, and a brooch the size of a paving-stone; his *new* blue coat still shews the glossy mark of the goose on the seams, the gilt buttons thereof dazzle the eyes of the beholders, and "Day and Martin's," or "Warren's jet," has been applied by the functionary at Home's hotel, where he stopped the night before, to cover the rustic brown of his thick-soled boot, which bears him, creakingly, over the metropolitan flags. Very much such a figure was Philip Doolin, the eldest son of a respectable farmer from the County Meath, when he made his first appearance in Dublin. Mr. Philip Doolin, or as he was called in the county, "*Masther Phil*," had come to town to transact some business for his father, through whose indulgence he was permitted to appropriate a few pounds of some money he was to receive to enjoy himself for some days in Dublin, and Phil cal-

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culated on going home a very superior person for his travels. In one part of his dress "Masther Phil" was not the prototype of the pattern I have given. Instead of trousers, a pair of white corduroys reached his knees, and top-boots, with *spurs* of no contemptible size finished his attire. Thus accoutred he sallied forth, and in the course of his walk through the city he perceived that a great many young gentlemen carried canes, and as he wished to look as "knowing" as possible, he entered the first shop he saw, where such articles were sold, and asked to be supplied with one. He was shewn several of a costly nature. "This is a very handsome one, indeed, Sir," said the shop-keeper, "it is only two guineas." — "Only two guineas!" cried Phil in amazement. "Is it two guineas for a cane?" "Very cheap, Sir, I assure you, — mounted in gold, Sir — very elegant article." "Have you nothing more reasonable?" said Phil. — "Here, Sir, is one very handsome — very nice cane, Sir — cairn goram top — quite the fashion — plain canes quite gone out, Sir."

Phil wished that he had gone out too, before he had been enmeshed by a leech of a shop-keeper, who, seeing his customer was not up to the tricks of town, took advantage of him, and Phil, at last, ashamed to leave without buying something, gave a guinea for a slight black cane with some fanciful top, which he was assured was the most fashionable thing possible. Phil left the shop rather discontented, and cast a very sheepish look every now and then at his cane, and thought of his guinea with regret. "And faix," said he to himself, "I might as well have only a plain switch in my hand, for this fashionable top it has, is hid in my fist." Just then a dandy passed him by, drawing on a kid glove, and his cane held under his arm. "Ho! ho!" said Phil again, "I see that 's the way to carry a cane when you want the head of it to be seen." So he put *his* under his arm and proceeded. He stopped in much admiration oppo-

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site the Bank which he now saw for the first time. — “What place is that?” said he to a news-man who stood near him. The news-man, who twigged the bumpkin, said, “That’s the great rag-shop, Sir.” — “A rag-shop!!” said Phil, in amazement. “Ay, in throth, — faix I’d rather have some of their rags than my own tatters. ’T was the Parliament House in the good ould times. — Augh! God be wid, long ago!” Master Phil now turned round to look at the College, but in the act of turning, his cane, which he most scrupulously kept under his arm, poked an old woman in the face and nearly put out her eye.

“Bad cess to you and your stick,” shouted the old vixen, “is it nothin’ else you have to do than put out people’s eyes? I wish your mother kept you at home in the bog where you come from!”

Phil saw he was known for a stranger, and was much astonished. “I did not intend it, my good woman.” “It’s a pity you did n’t to be sure,” said she. — “Good woman, indeed!! you’re a mighty fine gentleman, to be sure wid your cane — but your nurse ought n’t to let you carry one till you know how to howld it.” The old beldame continued pouring out abuse; and a crowd was rapidly gathering to see the fun, when Phil thought he had better bribe her to silence, so he slipped half a crown into her hand with “I’m very sorry, my poor woman,” and a very sheepish look.

The touch of the coin acted like magic. The imprecations of the hag were converted into blessings, and Phil was now beplastered with praise almost as annoying as the abuse, for she followed him shouting, “It’s you that’s the *rale* gintleman, and who dare say agin it — angels make your bed! — long life to your honour — I’m sure it’s not a gintleman but a *lord* you are!” He was obliged to quicken his pace to escape her, and he said to himself, as he turned into Westmoreland-street, “Now how could that old woman know I was

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not used to carry a cane? How sharp these town people are!" In Westmoreland-street a worse accident befel him — for he poked his cane through a pane of glass in a shop-window. A man ran from the shop. — "'Twas I that did it," said Phil — "I beg your pardon, Sir — 't was all an accident."

"I'll trouble you, Sir, for two pounds," said the man, without taking any notice of Phil's apology.

"For what?" said Phil.

"The pane of glass you broke, Sir." Phil stared. "Two pounds, Sir, if you please," repeated the shopman.

"Is it for a pane of glass? — why a pane of glass in Kinnegad costs only two shillings."

"It is plate-glass you have broken," said the shopman.

Phil cast a melancholy stare at the shattered pane, and finding remonstrance useless put his hand in his pocket, and took out the money at which he gave a more melancholy look; the shopman took it out of his open hand with great alertness, and with a brief "Thank you, Sir," left Phil staring alternately at the broken pane, and his walking cane. "Faith it 's a dear stick you are to me," said Phil, as he walked on towards Carlisle-bridge.

Here he saw a crowd assembled, looking through the balustrades of the bridge. "What's the matter?" said Phil to a by-stander.

"Why then did n't you hear of it?" said the fellow, by whom Phil was, again, known for a flat.

"No," said Phil, in great simplicity.

"Sure it 's the wondherful wager was laid by the Kildare Club, on a race between a pig and a salmon."

"A pig and a salmon!" said Phil in wonder.

"Oh! it's truth I'm tellin' you," said the fellow, winking to a companion who was enjoying the quiz.

"And which is expected to win, Sir," returned the comrade, to help the joke.

"Oh, indeed the salmon *tuck the lade* at first, but the tide is goin' out, and if the pig does n't cut his throat

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before low water, of course *he* will have the advantage *when he comes to the mud.*"

Phil endeavoured to poke his head through the balustrades to see this wonderful race, but could not get a view, and while so engaged he was accosted by a carman, thus :—

"Do you want a car, Sir?"

"No," said Phil.

The carman waited a minute or two and repeated the question. He was once more answered in the negative.

"Do you want a car, Sir?" again said the driver.

"I told you often enough before I did not," answered Phil somewhat angrily.

"So your honour does n't want a car?"

"No!" said Phil like thunder.

"Maybe then," said the carman, casting a knowing look at Phil's boots and spurs, and twisting the lash of his whip between his fingers, — "*maybe your honour wants a horse?*"

"Well, what's that to you," returned the country hero, who began to feel annoyed.

"Oh, nothin', Sir," said the impudent rascal with a grin enough to provoke a philosopher. "Only I thought it was a pity such iligant boots and spurs should have a holy-day." And he turned on his heel, and left Phil in wonder at his assurance.

While Phil was staring after the carman, a little street vagabond picked his handkerchief from his pocket, and before he had recovered from his surprise, he was tapped on the shoulder by a celebrated wag, who said, "Sir, that fellow gone over the bridge has picked your pocket," and he pointed after the delinquent. Phil instinctively applied his hand hastily to his pocket, and perceived his handkerchief was gone. He ran after the depredator that had been pointed out to him, and struck him with his dandy stick so smartly that he broke at once his own cane, and the assaulted man's temper, for, turning

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fiercely round, the person exclaimed, "Who are you, you ruffian who dare to strike me?"

"Oh, you pretend not to know me now," said Phil.

"I'll take care I will know you, you ruffian, and if you are worthy of a gentleman's notice I'll chastise your insolence — give me your card, Sir."

"Give *me* my pocket handkerchief," said Phil.

"What do you mean, you scoundrel?" said Major —, for it was that celebrated fire-eater whom the wag pointed out to Phil as the man who had picked his pocket.

"I mean you picked my pocket," said Phil, "as fine a gentleman as you are — oh, I'm up to your Dublin tricks, as grand as you're dressed."

"You are too contemptible, you clod," said the Major, "for gentlemanly vengeance, but I'll give you a lesson you won't forget in a hurry," and so saying he collared Phil, who, after some resistance, was obliged to submit to go to a police office, where the Major made a heavy charge of assault against him. Phil was called upon for bail, and was not able to procure any, being an utter stranger in town; and it being after the magistrates' sitting hour, he was obliged to remain until the following morning in custody of the police. In this dilemma he had to pay handsomely to the underlings in office, to be allowed any trifling comforts capable of being procured in his state of durance, and Phil thought the afternoon and night he was in captivity would never pass.

The next morning his case did not come on soon either, for the Major was no "starter," and did not hurry himself in going to the office. All this time "Masther Phil" had not had the comfort of a change of clothes, and had been obliged to sit up all night in the lock-up house, and he looked no very prepossessing person, when called before the magistrates. The Major's charge was substantiated, and Phil endeavoured to explain how the mistake occurred.

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“Under these circumstances then, Major,” said the magistrate, “I suppose you will not prosecute?”

“No,” said the Major, “but I think this young spark ought to get a lesson to regulate the use of his cane for the future.”

“Certainly,” said the magistrate.

“Bad luck to it for a cane,” said Phil in his own mind, “’t is trouble enough it has brought me into.”

“Now, Sir,” said the Major, “I will not prosecute you on one condition, if you abide by that.”

“I can’t abide prosecution at all,” said Phil, “if that’s what you mane.”

“I won’t prosecute you, Sir, if you consider my condition reasonable.”

“I know I consider *my* condition very unreasonable,” said Phil, “to be kept here for a day and a night, without laying my side to a bed.”

“You committed a breach of the peace, young man,” said the magistrate.

“’T was in a mistake,” said Phil, — “I took him for a pickpocket.”

The magistrates and the attendants in the office could not help laughing, while the Major adjusted his stock, and ran his fingers through his whiskers as if he did not hear the observation. When the titter subsided, he said, “Young man, do you know such a place as the Mendicity?”

“Oh! murther!” said Phil, “sure you’re not going to send me to the Mendicity — there’s no law in the land for *that* any how.”

“Silence, Sir!” said the magistrate.

“I mean to say,” said the Major, addressing the bench, “that if you approve of it, I shall be willing to withdraw my charge, and relinquish the prosecution if the prisoner pays ten pounds to the Mendicity Institution.”

“Very kind of you, Major,” said the magistrate.

“Very kind,” said Phil, “to pay ten pounds for slap-

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ping a man with a swith, — by dad, I 'd let him thrash me for half a day, with a bigger one, for half the money."

"We cannot lose time, Sir," said the magistrate, "either pay the money or enter into securities to abide the prosecution."

There was no use in debating — Phil had not ten pounds, however, so after some "knuckling down," he was let off for five pounds, and an acknowledgment to the Major for his great forbearance.

Phil's purse was so lessened by this time, that on going back to his hotel he was obliged to call for his bill, which he had barely money enough to discharge, excepting a few shillings to pay his passage in the canal boat back to the country. So poor Phil saw very little of the city, which he ever afterwards abhorred the very name of, and often protested it was the greatest den of abuse, extortion, gambling, pickpocketing, lying, brow-beating, false imprisonment and mulcting, that ever any unfortunate rustic set his foot in.

"I don't believe it, Phil," said his father, "but you 're a fool, Phil, and a fool comes badly off anywhere. Now, what business had you, according to your own account, (for Phil had told a very pitiful story on his return,) what business had you, I say, with a fanciful stick, like a grandee? Now, all your misfortunes were owing to that first foolish thing you did; — here Matty! bring me the pen and ink — there 's nothing like Voster and the figures for making things plain. I 'll make out a bill for you, and a mighty divartin' account it will be — let me see. —

	£	s.	d.
First, there 's a new fangled cane	1	1	0
(God forgive you for throwing away your money!)			
Half a crown to an ould woman you blinded, I dare say she took the worth of it out o' you in abuse, (and sorra mend you) . . .		2	6

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	£	s.	d.
Then there's the pane of glass you broke (I'd glaze my whole house for the money.)	2	0	0
And the Major's plaister to cure his honour (Plaster indeed! — by dad, 't was a blister to you.)	5	0	0

Let me see — that comes to	8	3	6
Oh! I forgot the money screwed out o' you in the watch-house "			
"'T was n't a watch-house, father," said Phil, "in dudgeon, 't was called a police station."			
"Well let it be a station — a station, sure enough — you performed penance there, any how			
Well — the station	0	12	6
That makes	8	16	0

"Eight Pounds Sixteen Shillings! and all in one day.
— Oh! murther, murther, and on account of a dirty
cane — 't was n't a *sugar cane* to you, Phil, any how —
oh! murther — Eight Pound Sixteen, an' all for a stick.
'T was the dearest bit o' timber in the memory o' man,
barrin' the owld ancient tree o' knowledge. Well Phil, all
I can say to you afther your thravels is, that

"A fool and his money are soon parted."



KNOCKED UP AND KNOCKED DOWN

THERE is scarcely anybody free from some peculiarity of habit, either of mind or body, that often renders them ridiculous, and, it maybe, sometimes disagreeable.

The latter, fortunately, is not so often the case as the former, and even *that* we ought to endeavour to correct, if we wish to avoid becoming the jest of our friends. Many a trivial peculiarity of this sort, from being indulged in from childhood, has become so firmly rooted as to defy correction at a later period, and when any such is remarked in young people, it becomes no immaterial duty on the part of parents, or those in charge of them, to correct it. How general a tendency there is in children to protrude the tongue when they are using a scissors, and make *it* as well as the scissors cut very extraordinary figures indeed; this ought to be corrected when observed, for the indulgence in any *one* such peculiarity may lead to the contraction of worse. I knew a lady who, though agreeable enough in other ways, made herself excessively ridiculous by a habit she indulged in to excess, of shutting her eyes when she spoke to any one, and it was

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rendered still more comical by her saying at the same time — “I see, I see.”

A gentleman told her one day that he had just witnessed in passing through the next street a trial of skill between a kicking horse and a carter, and that the stubbornness of the garron was an over-match for the whip of the driver.

“Oh dear me!” said the lady, “I can’t bear to see an animal beaten;” and she kept her eyes shut, as if in support of her attestation to her own tenderness of heart.

“I don’t think you are likely,” said the gentleman, scarcely suppressing a smile. “But the horse, madam, was so ungovernable.”

“Oh! I see, I see,” said the lady, and she shut her eyes closer than before.

I happened to know a very affected gentleman once, who had a similar habit, with this difference, that he always was candid enough to say, “I can’t see.” He was a person much inclined to doubting what most people had not the least doubt about, and in proportion to the universal belief of everybody else, his doubts increased. He was very fond of hearing himself expatiate at length on such matters, and one day, elevating his brows and shutting his eyes, he began with — “Well, I confess I cannot see what a great many philosophers have asserted to exist, that —”

“It would be exceedingly hard for you, Sir,” said a very blunt person who was present, “while you keep your eyes shut.” This put an end to his doubts for that time. I was assured that on one occasion he indulged in the manner described, for such a length of time, that the person to whom he addressed himself stole softly out of the room without the *blind* gentleman perceiving his retreat.

I could give many other comical examples of such sorts of habit; and who is there that could not remember

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many instances in point? But there is one example of a ridiculous consequence attendant upon such a personal peculiarity that fell under my notice, that induced me to touch upon this subject thus slightly, for the purpose of presenting to the readers of THE PENNY MAGAZINE, something that afforded *me* much amusement, and which, I hope, may conduce to theirs.

There was a certain Mr. Carr, who was a particularly conceited person, and fondly imagined that there were very few ladies who had the felicity to see him, who were not in love with him. This gentleman wore the stiffest stock about town, put on his hat in the most knowing manner, had one arm employed in carrying a cane, and the other in being placed a-kimbo, and walked very much as if he were picking his steps amongst china, or as the saying is, as if he were "treading on eggs." — His friends, (and none are so likely to make *ill-natured* remarks upon people as *their friends*) — his friends, from the very elastic tread that distinguished him, (for he seemed as if he were hung upon springs) called him *jaunting* CARR — and others, in consequence of his stiff collar forcing him to wriggle his neck about in an extraordinary manner, giving him the appearance of nodding in whatever direction he looked, protested that "Jaunting Carr" was not so appropriate a name for him as "Noddy."

Mr. Carr, *alias* Jaunting Carr, *alias* Noddy, was very near getting into a serious quarrel one day by giving one of the superfine jerks of his empty head, as he passed along a crowded street; for it happened that a more rash than wise cavalier was escorting a lady at the moment that Mr. Carr came into contact with them, and poked out his chin so much like a salutation to the lady, that her fiery escort thought it a piece of impertinence on the part of Mr. Carr, and it was very ample explanation that saved him from *giving* the gentleman *satisfaction* — that is to say, shooting him the next morning.

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But the ridiculous consequence to which I have previously alluded arose from Mr. Carr having strutted one day into an auction-mart where horses were put up for sale, and, from his continual nodding, he was mistaken by the auctioneer for a bidder.

The persons attending the auction, also, in consequence of his giving a nod for every horse that was produced, considered him a *puffer*, and at last an opportunity offered for punishing him in their own way, for such conduct.

After several good animals had been disposed of, a very wretched hack was produced — a most melancholy specimen of horse-flesh — an over-worked jade, without a leg to stand on, and blind into the bargain. The auctioneer commenced, — “What will you allow me to say, gentlemen, for this horse? well, give me a bidding yourselves — say any thing you like for him.”

“Faix we can’t say much for him,” said a horse-dealer who was present, and sometimes did the facetious, hitting off a “good thing,” while he struck a bargain, and indifferently cracking either his joke or his whip.

“What shall I put him up for?” said the auctioneer.

“He had better put him up for the crows,” said the dealer, in an undertone to the by-standers, “for I think they always *bid fair* for such as him.”

“Well, gentlemen!” reiterated the auctioneer, “what will you allow me to say! — any thing to begin? — Five pounds — four pounds, — three pounds, — two pounds, — dear me! Two pounds and no bidding. — I never saw horses going so badly.”

“Faix an *be’s* not able to go at all,” said the dealer.

“Two pounds and no bidding!!! — well, gentlemen, any thing to begin; — one pound!”

Mr. Carr here gave a fanciful jerk to his head. “Thank you, Sir!” said the auctioneer. — “One pound is bid — one pound one — two — three — four — one pound four — going for one pound four — five — six — seven — one pound eight — one pound nine — ten.” —

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Here a dairy-man came to the rescue — he wanted an old hack to use in a cart for drawing grains to his cows, and he was met in the market by a skinner who wanted a horse to hang his skins on — indeed, the horse's own skin was hanging on him, which, perhaps, gave the idea of a purchase to the skinner. — Between these two candidates the price rose to two pounds fifteen, and a *nod* from Mr. Carr got him up to three pounds.

It was now that some of the knowing ones, the facetious horse-dealer among the rest, thought it a good opportunity for putting the “puffer” in for a *bargain*, and they began to bid against Mr. Carr, raising five shillings or so, at a time, and taking care never to give the auctioneer an opportunity of knocking down the lot to them, for whenever he was about to let his hammer fall, another encrease of bidding was made, until the nodding worthy relieved them from their responsibility, and, at last, they managed matters so well, and Mr. Carr's nods were put in so opportunely, that the horse was knocked down to him at ten pounds.

He was applied to, on the spot, for the money.

“For what?” said Mr. Carr, nodding at the same time.

“For the horse you bought, Sir,” was the answer.

“I bought no horse,” replied Mr. Carr in wonder.

“Faix he's *hardly* a horse sure enough,” said the mischievous wag of a dealer who was one of many who crowded around to enjoy the joke.

“Oh, Sir, excuse me, you are the purchaser of the last lot,” said the auctioneer.

“Ay in throth; and I think you'll have a *dead* bargain of him in about a week,” said the dealer.

“I insist upon it, I never bid for the horse,” said Carr, beginning to be annoyed at the circumstance.

“I appeal to the gentlemen here, Sir,” said the auctioneer, “they all saw you bidding as well as me.”

“Thru for you, faith,” said the waggish dealer, “and I never seen boulder biddin' in my life; and faix it's a

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rale sportin' horse the same horse is, for he's *fit for the bounds*, and nothin' else."

"Why, Sir," said Mr. Carr, very indignant, "do you think *I* would buy such a horse?"

"I declare, Sir, I don't wish to pry into any gentleman's intentions. All I know is, that you bid for the horse."

"Why, Sir," said Carr, "he can't stand."

"He was the more in need of your support, Sir," said the dealer.

"Look at his legs, Sir," said the indignant buyer — "he's all puffed."

"Throth *you may say that*," said the little dealer — "he's *puffed* sure enough."

"All I know is that you bought him, Sir," said the auctioneer, "and I'll thank you for a deposit."

"I'll not submit to it," said Carr, with a fierce nod. "I never bid for the horse. What would I want of such a horse? Why he's blind as well as lame."

"An' well for the poor craythur he is," said the droll dealer, "for if he could see *he'd be ashamed of himself!*"

"Every one gives it against you, Sir," said the auctioneer. — "You certainly bid for the horse, and I must be paid. I am answerable for the money."

The end of it was, Mr. Carr, with a great deal of grumbling and wry faces, was obliged to pay for the horse, that so many were willing to bear witness he had bid for. "But, by all that's sacred," said he, "I never opened my mouth to bid for the horse — I never said a word during the auction."

"No, Sir," said the auctioneer, "but you nodded to me, and every one knows that when a gentleman nods at the auctioneer it is universally understood to imply a bidding."

"To be sure it is," said the horse-dealer, laughing, "and besides, Sir," added he, grinning at the disconsolate purchaser, "you know there's a good owld saying that

"A nod is as good as a wink for a blind horse."



THE RIVALS

THERE is no profession so high, nor occupation so low as to be above or beneath that species of jealousy which is invariably observed to exist between persons of the same pursuit — nor is this feeling confined to profession. The studier of fashion, the virtuoso, the *belle*, and the retailer of anecdote, are equally jealous of

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each other's superiority in their respective spheres. — I have heard a dandy exult in the "horrid tie" that some other exquisite was guilty of in putting on his cravat, (when such things were worn) at the same time passing his hand in evident self-complacency over his own; and I have scarcely ever heard one acknowledged "beauty" praised in presence of another that some remark was not made insinuating a detraction from her charms, such as, "What a pity her hair was not a little darker," or "If she was not quite in such *rude* health, though to be sure some people admire that very high colour." Who has not seen when the hours wax late in a ball-room, that in despite of hair pins, et cetera, curls will fall, and tresses that lately rivalled the tendrils of the vine in their crisp involutions, assume a snaky character, without rendering the wearer a Medusa? — Who has not seen at such a time, the envious glances cast at the least damaged head in the room, and a remark at the same time perhaps, that "it was a wonder Miss —— made such a fright of herself wearing blue."

As for poets it has been said —

"What poet ever liked his brother —
Wits are game cocks to one another."

Painters are prone to look at the *shadowy* side of the qualifications of their brother artists, and musicians are still more jealous — *a-propos* to musicians. A lady once asked Mr. —— what he thought of a certain singer. "Does he not sing very well?" said the lady, putting the question direct at once, which had been so long evaded. "Ahem! — oh! yes indeed — very well, certainly — I've heard many object to his style, but for my own part I must own that I — that is — ahem!"

Seeing that this was not quite his opinion she next said, "Why you'll own, I'm sure, he sings very high?"

"Very high indeed!"

"Well, and he sings very *low*, too."

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“Very low, indeed! — oh, he certainly does — he sings very *high* — and very *low* — and very *middling*.”

But it is not alone in the arts that this illiberal feeling exists. I remember once a gentleman praising a boy who had been first in his employment as a helper in his stables, for his usefulness in many household employments, to which his assiduity had advanced him, and these praises were addressed to a superior in-door servant who did not much admire the way in which the boy was creeping into favour. “That boy, James, is beginning to be useful in the house. He cleans the knives very carefully indeed, now,” said the master. It so happened this servant piqued himself on his power of knife-cleaning, and he answered, “Ah! Sir, sure *he sharpens all the backs*.”

There is a well-known anecdote of an Irish hod-man, that as it serves to illustrate my proverb, I hope I will be pardoned for repeating. Two hod-men, while serving bricklayers who were finishing a very high building, had disputed for some time as to the superiority of each other’s powers, and, at last, the point at issue was to be decided by trying which could carry the other, in his hod, highest up the ladder that was reared against the building.

“In with you there,” said Paddy to his English rival — “Into the hod with you — and the ugliest hod-full it’ll be ever I carried.”

The labourer seated himself in the hod and Pat carried him safely to the very summit of the building. “Fellow me that in John’s-lane,” said he triumphantly, and they descended the ladder again, that the Englishman should endeavour to do the same. He accomplished the feat as well as the Irishman, but as Paddy put his foot on the topmost scaffolding from the hod of his rival, he said — “By gor you done it, sure enough, but I was in hopes you wor bet (beaten) when your *fut slipped nigh-band the top*.” Here was rivalry carried to extraordinary extent

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indeed, when loss of life was overlooked in the desire of superiority.

But I have a better example, still lower in the scale. What do you think of the professional emulation of a *scavenger*?

Tom and Bill were sweeping the streets together, and having a heavy job on hand, Tom said — “I say Bill, I wish we had Jim here.”

“For what?” said Bill.

“Why because he’s a good hand,” said Tom.

“I don’t think he’s any such great things,” said Bill, giving a most contemptuous twitch of his broom at the same time.

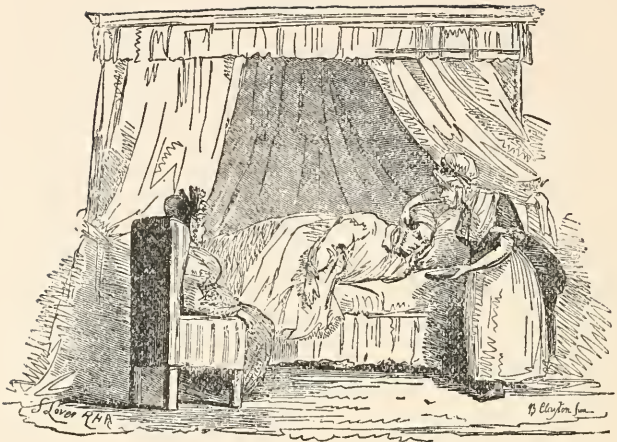
“Not Jim!” said Tom in surprise, and he paused and leaned on his shovel in wonder.

“No, not Jim,” said Bill, confronting him, and leaning on his broom with equal dignity.

“Why,” said Tom, “I never saw a chap could sweep a street faster nor cleaner than Jim, since I have been at the *profession*.”

“Oh yes!” said Bill, “to be sure — he’s well enough at a rough job, but he is nothing at all at fancy work. I’d like to see what hand he’d make of *sweeping round a lamp-post*,” and Bill gave a knowing twirl of his broom as he spoke, a beautiful evidence that —

“*Two of a trade can never agree.*”



WOUNDED IN SPIRIT

SOME men are possessed with a spirit of underrating every thing that others do, or possess. There is no more unamiable quality of mind, nor one more calculated to make a man disliked by his fellows. In some instances it gives rise to his acquaintances seeking means of procuring him annoyance by making other men's successes or perfections their themes of conversation whenever they address him, and in others, it affords ample scope for merrymaking to the mirthful, by piquing this jealous propensity in some ridiculous way, so as to make the man the butt of his own weakness — by the way, the severest, and at the same time the most poetical justice. This propensity is to be found not only in individuals, but in whole nations; and there is no country more possessed of such a spirit than the English. The Englishman most religiously believes England to be the very pearl of the earth, and every thing English to be the very best thing in the world: not content with having his country distinguished for excellence in many

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particulars, John Bull is not content unless the palm be conceded to him for excellence in all. This weakness of Johnny's is very much laughed at on the Continent of Europe, and many a joke on this subject is current there at his expense. Indeed the Continent of Europe has been rather an *expensive* concern to Johnny in more ways than one; but as that does not concern the immediate matter in hand, I will say no more about it.

But before I drop, altogether, the subject of national peculiarity, let me point out a different mode in which Scotch pride exemplifies itself. The Scot does not believe Scotland to be the finest country in the world, but he thinks Scotchmen the cleverest men in the world, and, therefore, Sandy *leaves* Scotland to make his fortune elsewhere, and wherever he meets another Scotchman he makes brotherhood with him, and takes his part through thick and thin; and so they proceed helping one another to the end of the chapter, and the consequence is, you can scarcely visit any portion of the globe in which you do not meet prosperous Scotchmen.

Let me not be mistaken in making these remarks. I do not make them unkindly, and I hope no one will receive or use them in such a spirit. The spirit is a noble one in both instances, it is only the *abuse* of it that becomes ridiculous or offensive. Love of country is as noble a passion as ever expanded the human heart. A great man, (and to the pride of Scotland be it spoken, a Scotchman) has asked —

“Lives there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said —
This is my own, my native land!”

And the wretch whose heart did not vibrate at the thought is unworthy of the being with which heaven has endowed him.

The love of our countrymen, and a desire for their advancement, is not so romantic a feeling, but a more

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kindred one, and to the individual more practically useful, and, as I have before premised, if not *abused*, one to be praised, rather than depreciated.

Now all this time that I am prosing about other people's pride, has not an Irishman a pride of his own too? To be sure he has. But I'm afraid it is not so useful a pride as either the Englishman's or the Scot's. An Irishman will exclaim — "Where's the like o' the Emerald Isle?" and boast of the "Island of Saints;" and remind you how Saint Patrick "dhruv every sarpint and toad and vinimous thing out o' the place," and proud of being descended from some ancient line of kings, whose posterity have neither kingdom nor crown, nor *half-crown*, perhaps; and he will swear that an Irishman will fight "any man out, at all," and, indeed, to do Pat justice, it is only fair to say that he'll be as good as his word as often as any chose to try him; — but he has not that English pride of country which rejoices in the soil that gave him birth taking her suitable position amongst the nations of the earth, *at the present moment*, though Pat prides himself on her ancient glory; nor has he that universal feeling of the Scot to advance a countryman's interest *merely* on the score of compatriotism. Would to God he had both! I hope to see the day when Irishmen shall have entered into such bonds of useful fellowship, and stand by each other for the prosperity of themselves and their native land. — But where am I rambling to? I began with the intention of giving a comic instance of an overweening pride in one's own possessions being made the source of ridicule and loss to him who indulges in so weak and unamiable a propensity. Here I am at the end of a column moralizing. Doing the philosopher. Little claim, or none indeed, have I to such title. Whatever trifle of philosophy may be about me is certainly of the *laughing* order. But I so seldom trespass on philosophic ground that I hope for pardon; and now — to my story.

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Mr. Bull was an Englishman who visited Ireland in the capacity of traveller to a London commercial establishment, and thinking he saw an opening for commencing trade on his own account in Dublin, he forthwith settled in this our Hibernian metropolis. But though he considered that Ireland suited his views better than England, he, notwithstanding, never dreamt of giving up one golden dream of British pre-eminence, and Irish inferiority. Imagination — no — not imagination: — Englishmen are not much troubled with that Irish poetical and unprofitable commodity. It was not imagination but the genius of habit, had settled on his soul like a night-mare, which kept eternally humming to him that good old ditty of “Rule Britannia,” which his father and grandfather before him had lived and died in the belief of, and which he, therefore, conceived to be the best belief in the world. To such a man many practices in Ireland, were displeasing. Our potatoes which he in his economy of language clipped to the cockney standard of “taties,” were, for a long time a source of offence to him by being boiled with their jackets on, and it required some time to convince him that the English plan of peeling them, and soaking them in water before boiling, only made them spongy and unwholesome food. — Next in excellence, however, to all things in England, was every thing in *his house* in Ireland. I believe he even went so far as to say that his servant had the greatest brogue in Ireland, but he invariably protested vociferously that *decidedly* no man in Ireland had such good whiskey as his. — How he continued to monopolise *all* the good whiskey in Ireland he never would explain, but swore stoutly to the *fact*.

He became a member of a club called “the queer fellows,” and a very appropriate name it was; for some of the greatest wags in Dublin belonged to it, and no night passed at this club without some capital bit of whim being put in practice, and as for humour, it was

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the habitual language of the club-room. To such a knot of persons did Mr. Bull attach himself. Ireland, he acknowledged was the land of wit, and he believed himself to be the wittiest person in it. The club received him as a member, merely to laugh *at* him, and many a roar of mirth, which his absurdity often occasioned, he flattered himself were but tributes to his cleverness. One night, at this meeting, he, as usual, began to brag of the excellence of every thing belonging to him, and, on one of the members remarking what excellent whiskey the landlord of the house had supplied them with, Mr. Bull protested it was not good whiskey at all.

“You certainly have a superior judgment in whiskey; I own to that,” said one of the club, winking at the same time to the rest of the company, “and I often wonder how an Englishman could get his tongue round the real taste of it so well.”

“An Englishman! Sir,” said Bull; “and why not an Englishman? Sir, I maintain that the taste of an Englishman in all things is equal if not superior to any other man’s on the face of the earth.”

“In one thing I admit,” replied the other, “you Englishmen have a great taste for *eating*—but as for *drinking* I won’t give up to you. I can’t, Bull. But considering you are a stranger you have a large share in that particular too, but, man alive, you don’t set up, I hope, to know good whiskey better than the natives that were fed on it!”

“I do,” replied Bull. “I will stake a wager on my superior judgment in whiskey; and I repeat that this whiskey you praise so much is *not* so superior—very fair though—fair whiskey—but, Sir, no more to be compared to my whiskey!—”

“Well, now, Johnny, my boy,” said an old hand at humbug, interrupting him, “I’ll show you a way to decide the matter fairly and on the spot. Just send for

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a bottle of this wonderful whiskey, this *aqua mirabilum* of yours, and we'll impanel a jury of 'good men and true,' to try it."

"Well said," cried another of the members, "our facetious friend Bull is only hoaxing us, I believe. He's a deep wag. He merely pretends to have this inimitable whiskey, or I'm sure he would have sent us a specimen of it, of his own accord, long ago."

"No," said Bull, "it is no hoax. I am a *wag*, to be sure, I don't deny it; but 'pon my life it's no hoax. I have the whiskey, but as for sending you a bottle of it, I *cawnt*, because, Sir, as how, I never keeps any whiskey in bottle. I keeps it always in the cask."

"If it's so precious it is worthy of a *casket* instead of a cask."

"No, no, Sir, a cask is better. You'll excuse me; but a cask is the true thing to keep it in."

"So it appears, sure enough," said the senior of the club. — "For 'pon my conscience it *keeps* yours very safe?"

There was a laugh at this rejoinder which Mr. Bull did not perceive the point of, but pursued his discourse, insisting on the efficacy of wood for the better *keeping* of whiskey, which only increased the laugh at his expense.

"Oh, you may laugh if you like," says Mr. Bull, "but I assure you I'm right. It is not all whiskey that is worthy of so much care, but I pick my whiskey."

"Why you told us just now you had it on draught."

"Well, and what then?"

"Why, I suppose you draw it off the cask as you want it?"

"Exactly so."

"Well then, you must take it as it comes."

"Certainly."

"And how can it be *picked* whiskey if you take it as it comes?"

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Here was another laugh at poor Johnny's expense, who, though he fancied himself a wit, could not perceive any of the *equivoke* that was going forward against him, and he said, at last — "I'm sure I don't know what you're all laughing at. — I say my whiskey is in the cask, and I have none in bottles or I would give you one with pleasure, if it was only to convince you that there is n't such whiskey in the world."

"Mr. Bull," said the senior, "I'll settle all that difficulty for you in the twinkling of a bed-post. You have the mistress at home, and if you write a note to her, desiring a bottle to be filled with the stuff, we'll send a messenger and a bottle into the bargain."

There was no getting over this proposition, and as Mr. Bull knew that he did not enjoy the reputation of being the readiest man in the world to part with those good things he was so fond of bragging of, he felt that to hesitate for a moment on the occasion would have been to stamp himself for ever with the character of a niggard, so the note was written, to the effect suggested by his companions, and the waiter despatched with a bottle, and the written authority for its being filled.

The note ran thus : —

"MY DEAR DOLLY — Fill the bottle the bearer takes, with my particular whiskey, and be sure you don't shake the cask. I will be home, my love, very soon.

"Yours till death,

"BENJAMIN BULL."

Now one of the precious pack by whom he was surrounded, saw what poor Bull had written, and leaving the room unnoticed, he went to the proprietor of the tavern and procured from him a bottle of awful dimension which he knew to be in his possession, and *this* enormous vessel was sent by the wag as *the* bottle which poor innocent Bull named in his note. This bottle was absolutely a curiosity in its size, something resembling

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those proudly paraded in an apothecary's shop, whose red and green rotundities, as they glare through the streets at night, are the delight of little boys, and the plague of weak-eyed old women. Such was the bottle sent to Mrs. Bull's house. Such was the bottle filled with many a sigh and groan over her husband's extravagance, by the parsimonious Mrs. Bull, and such was the bottle that was *not* produced in the club-room. No. The perpetrator of the joke waited the messenger's return, and instead of Bull's *superfine*, he sent up stairs by the hands of the messenger, a bottle of downright bad whiskey, which he had procured in the mean time.

"Now, gentlemen," said Mr. Bull, on the appearance of the messenger and bottle, — "now you shall have a treat," and he uncorked the bottle himself, and gave them a good example by mixing a glass of the precious spirit into a tumbler of punch, which he tasted, and pronounced to be unrivalled. The bottle passed round, tumbler after tumbler was made from it, and as Bull saw the first wry face that was made on tasting the mixture, he exclaimed — "What! — you don't mean to say you don't like it?"

"Not much, indeed," said the person he addressed.

"Why you never tasted such whiskey before!"

"Faith I never did, and I hope never will again," was the answer — and similar disapproval of the whiskey was echoed round the table. Poor Mr. Bull, in the mean time, never perceived the trick that had been practised upon him in having another whiskey substituted for his own, and his indignation rose to a great height, when he found that his vaunted whiskey was rejected by every one who tried it, and that he had the remainder of the bottle left all to his own share. This he, in pure despite, drank the greater portion of, and, as they say "anger is dry," perhaps his rage assisted him in disposing of some extra tumblers of bad whiskey punch, which sent him reeling home that night, and left

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him next day in a state of helplessness from burning head-ache. His "dear Dolly," next day asked her dear Ben, how he could think of sending for such a quantity of whiskey. "No wonder you have a head-ache indeed, if you and your friends drank all that."

"It was no such great quantity, my dear," said poor Bull, as he lay in bed, while an old Irish nurse bathed his temples with vinegar and water,—"no such great matter if they had helped me, but I had to drink nearly the whole of it myself."

"Is it three gallons!!!" said Mrs. Bull in terror.

"Three fiddlesticks, woman," said the husband—"what are you talking of?"

"The whiskey you sent for last night," said the wife.

"I only sent for a bottleful."

"Oh, but *such* a bottle, Ben!!!"

"Was n't it a common bottle?"

"Faix no," said the nurse who now chimed in, "but it was the most *ancommon* bottle I ever seen. I'd be upon my affidavit that it held somethin' to the tune o' three gallons and a half."

"How could you do such a thing as give away my matchless whiskey in that manner?" roared out poor Bull, whose rage began to help his head-ache.

"You ordered me, Ben, my love. You wrote to me to fill the bottle the bearer brought."

"I meant a wine bottle. Who ever dreamt of a bottle of whiskey of three gallons."

"Faix that would be the fine dhrame *if it kem thrue*," said the nurse.

"I could n't refuse your order, Ben dear."

"I wonder you did n't see there was a trick in it."

"I think *you* should have taken care of that," said the wife.

"Oh, the rogues! the tricking villains," said the sick wretch, "I see they have hoaxed me."

"Throth, they're up to every schkame in life," said

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the nurse. "They'd thrick the mother that bore them."

"How could any one foresee the trick? No man is safe with such humbuggers. I thought I was secure in ordering a *bottle* of whiskey."

"What a take-in!" said Mrs. Bull, "to send *such* a bottle."

"Aye, indeed, ma'am dear," said the nurse, "there was the cuteness of the vagabones, for it *was* only a bottle afther all."

"But I never meant *such* a bottle, woman!" said poor Bull, in whom the ardour of indignation overcame the lassitude of sickness, and he rose on his elbow in the bed, and repeated—"I never meant *such* a bottle, woman!"

"Stay quiet jew'l, be quiet—you'll disthract your poor head—there now—lie down again—ah, never mind the dirty schkamers—don't compare with them at all—sure you're not aigual to the kimmeens of sitch compleate desceivers at all, at all."

This wounded Bull's vanity, who thought himself a very smart fellow, and replied to the nurse with some tartness—"What do you talk about, woman—they deceived me by a most *unfair* trick—very unfair—if a man's own order in his own handwriting is not security for himself, I don't know what can be."

"Well, master dear, you'll know betther another time—(shut your eye dear, or the vinegar 'ill scald it).—Security, indeed—faix you must be up airley the day you'd get inside o' sitch chaps as them. You must be more partic'lar for the futhur, for b'lieve me, when you dale with sitch schkamers as them, you must—

"*Never bowlt your door with a boiled carrot.*"



LIGHT HEARTS AND LIGHT HEELS

THERE is not a people on the face of the earth who possess a more elastic temperament than the Irish: no circumstances, however adverse, can subdue their cheerfulness; no fatigue break it down, and even hunger, which, as the proverb says, “breaks through stone walls,” even that potent agent, cannot conquer an Irishman’s habitual hilarity. There is certainly no people in Europe, and, perhaps, not in the world, so ill provided with the comforts, I might almost say, the necessaries of life, as the humbler classes of the Irish, and it is a fact they may be proud of, that they do not repine at the want of such bodily enjoyments as their neighbouring countrymen are in the possession of. A peasant, to whom I once spoke on the subject answered me in a proverb — “Sure, Sir,” said he, “‘What the eye never sees the heart never grieves for;’ — and sure we never see anything from year’s end to year’s end but the praties, and well off we are when we have the butther-

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milk along with them, and though we know that there's more cattle and pigs, and sheep, sent out o' the country than id feed nine times over what's in it; yet, as none of *uz* can afford it, why one is n't better off than another, and so as I said afore, 'What the eye never sees the heart never grieves for,' and we're used to the hard living."

Scott apostrophises the hardihood of the Irish soldier, in the midst of the dangers of war, where even the prospect of death cannot impair the mirthfulness of his nature.

“ Hark ! from yon stately ranks what laughter rings,
Mingling wild mirth with war's stern minstrelsy ;
His jest while each blithe comrade round him flings,
And moves to death with military glee.
Boast, Erin, boast them !—”

A friend of mine mentioned to me that in travelling through Scotland, at a period when there was a great scarcity of provisions in that country, he happened to have seated beside him, as fellow-passenger, outside a stage-coach, an Irishman who seemed to be a dependant on one of the inside passengers, and this Irishman seemed very much surprised at seeing large posting-bills stuck upon every prominent wall, pier, and gable, stating the dreadful hardships the lower orders were suffering, and appealing to the humanity of the public for their relief.—The coach-offices and turnpike-gates were studded with these appeals to the charitable, in hopes of inducing travellers to contribute, and at one of these places, the Irishman I have mentioned, had time to read over the contents of this petition. It stated, amongst other grievances, that such was the *uncommon* distress of the poor, that they were absolutely reduced, in some instances, to *two meals a day!*

“ *Two* males a day !” said the Irishman aloud ; “ faith, an' myself often seen them in Ireland with only *one* male a day ; and they never put it in prent as a curosiety. *Two* males a day, — faix an' it's many a strappin' fellow is

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workin' on that same, in poor Ireland. Arrah, then, Sir, do you see that?" said he, turning to my friend; "throth then it's long till they'd put sitch a postscript at the beginnin' of a famine in Ireland; — but it's a folly to talk of comparin' with us at all: — augh! sure, there is *none of them can stand the starvation with uz!*"

What a melancholy ground of national triumph!

Some few days ago I saw a group of Irish labourers near Kingstown; they had, evidently, travelled a long way, and were sitting down on a bank, near the harbour, to rest themselves, while awaiting the time for the sailing of the Liverpool steam-boat, for they were all going to England, to look for work at the ensuing harvest, as the reaping-hook slung over the shoulder declared. I entered into conversation with one of these men, and asked him if he had been in England before. — He told me he had. I asked him if he liked being there.

"Why thin, indeed, your honour, I'm not *covityous* of goin' there at all, only in the regard of makin' the rint, and keepin' the house over the heads of the wife and the childer."

"Then you do make the rent?" said I.

"Oh yis, Sir!" said he, "they give fine wages when the crap is heavy, and the saizon onsartin, — and maybe a scarcity of hands at the same time, — and they know that we'll slave a power to rise the money."

"Then why should you not like to go there?" said I.

"Oh! Sir, sure they despise us, an' look down on us, for laving our own country, an' sure how can we help that? when them that ought to stay at home wid us, and give us work and purtection, goes away from us, and laves us to the marcy of the wide world."

"But if you tell the English people *that* they won't despise but rather pity you."

"Pity is a *cowld* word, Sir, and it's not behowlden I'd be to any man's pity; moreover, far less a sthranger's — and that same a proud sthranger."

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“But the English have cause to be proud,” said I.

“Sure, and that’s true indeed, Sir; but they might take pride out o’ themselves without hurtin’ another man’s feelings; and, indeed, sometimes my blood rises when they go on with their consait, and throw our poverty in our teeth.”

“And are they in the habit of doing that?”

“Throth and they are, but I never let it go wid them without giving them a word or two in exchange, and more, maybe, if they’re saucy.” And he gripped his stick tight as he spoke, and gave it a knowing jerk.

“One thing, Sir, they’re mighty consaited about is, their fine aitin’ and dhrinkin’, and God knows but it’s a poor thing for a christhan to be proud of, for sure a brute baste is as sensible of good aitin’ as a man, and a man ought to know better: but as I was sayin’, Sir, they are consaited about it, and a chap says to me, one day, that I was workin’ task-work, just as he was aitin’ his dinner in the field, undher the shade o’ the hedge, and as I raped up to him, when I kem to the end of the ridge, and says he, ‘Do you know what that is?’ says he, howldin’ up a fine big piece of ham forninst me.

“‘Is n’t it cheese?’ says I, purtendin’ not to know, and humbuggin’ the fellow.

“‘No, it are n’t cheese,’ says he, — he said are n’t, Sir; — indeed, they all say aren’t — not undherstandin’ the jography o’ their own language, which is far greater disgrace than poverty. ‘It are n’t cheese,’ says he, ‘but a *dam* fine piece of ham,’ says he. — Think o’ that, Sir, he said *dam* to the ham! cursin’ the mate that was feedin’ him.

“‘And what is that?’ says he, howldin’ up a brave big mug of fine yolla ale.

“‘Indeed and I don’t know,’ says I. ‘If it be milk,’ says I, ‘it’s very much tanned with the sun,’ says I.

“‘It are n’t milk,’ says he, ‘you poor ignorant *cretter*,’ says he — he wanted to say *craythur*, but they

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can't say them soft words at all, but chops them all short like a snarlin' dog.—'No, it aren't milk,' says he, 'but *dam* fine yale.' You must know they say *yale* instead of ale—they *dunna* how to *convarse* at all! And you see he said *dam* to the dhrink as well as to the mate.

“‘But you harn't no *yale* in Ireland,' says he.

“‘No,' says I, 'glory be to God, we've whiskey!' says I.

“‘And if you harn't ham, nor yale, nor cheese, what do you feed on?' says he. 'Pratees,' says I.—'Is it *taytees*?' says he. 'No; it's *pratees*,' says I;—'don't call them out o' their name and you'll obleege me.' 'And what do you drink?' says he. 'Wather,' says I, 'when we've no better; but sometimes we relish the pratees with a squib of butthermilk.' 'Oh, that's what we feeds our pigs on here,' says he. 'It's well for the pigs,' says I. 'And your poor cretters,' says he, 'have'n't you no better than butthermilk to drink to your *taytees*?' says he. 'We think ourselves well off when we get that same,' says I. 'I wonder then how you can work at all,' says he, 'on such poor victuals.' 'Well you see we can,' says I. 'But you can't be strong,' says he, 'on sitch rubbishy stuff.' Think o' that, Sir, to call the fine pratees, that God's word makes grow in the earth for his craythurs, and the fine milk, rubbishy stuff!! 'Oh, don't talk o' stuff,' says I;—'we don't use them for stuff,' says I:—'we only ate to satisfy wholesome hunger, but it is you that *stuff* yourselves at every hand's turn, making your stomach a'most like a panthry, crammin' all the mate you can get into it, at all hours.' 'Aye!' says he, 'and look at the fine stout fellows we be,' says he—'there be three inches o' fat outside o' my ribs,' says he. 'Aye, and the same inside o' your head,' says I, 'and a power o' sinse *outside*.—And are you the sthronger in arm, or stouter in heart, for all your crammin'?' says I. 'Will

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you cut as much corn in a day?' 'I would n't make a slave o' myself like you,' says he. 'I am a slave, it's throe,' says I; 'but if it was n't God's will that I should be a slave it would n't be, so I'm contint,' says I. 'But tell me, Paddy,' says he, 'how you can work with nothing to eat but taytees and buttermilk?' 'Then I'll tell you,' says I, 'whatever *we* ate, we *bless*, but you *curse* what you ate; and so the few pratees we have does us more good than all your meat.' 'We don't curse what we ate,' says he, in a great rage. 'Oh! but you do,' says I; 'sure you say *damn* to every thing—sure it's only a while ago you said it to your ham, and to your ale, while if it's only on dhry pratees, without even a grain o' salt, we say, God bless it, and av coorse He makes it thrive with us;' so, you see, Sir, I was down on his taw there."

"Well, I hope," said I, "you will always continue in the same humble spirit of contentment, and submit with cheerfulness to whatever lot Providence has been pleased to call you."

"Please God! Sir," said the poor fellow, in the truest spirit of Christian resignation.

"But," said I, "however you may have your temper and forbearance occasionally tried in England, where the comforts of those in the same class of life with yourself are calculated to create comparisons likely to make you jealous, yet, in poor Ireland, so many are obliged to submit to the same lot that it makes it the easier for you to bend your back to the burden."

"Throe, for you, Sir."

"Besides when you see no others enjoying the comforts of life, a great cause of jealousy is removed, for 'What the eye never sees the heart never grieves for,'" said I, thus making use of what I heard one of his own class say on the subject.

"Indeed and a good sayin' that same is, Sir."

"But you seem tired," said I.

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“And no wondher,” said the poor fellow, “I have walked betther nor forty miles since mornin’.”

“That’s a long march.”

“Well, sure I’ll sleep the soundher an the deck o’ the staymer.”

Just at this moment a blind fiddler made his appearance, groping his way by a blank wall, until he arrived at the porch of a house, that stood nearly opposite to where these travel-tired Irishmen were resting, and having ascertained his position in front of a gentleman’s house, he began to rasp his fiddle most furiously, in the hope of making himself heard. — But in vain. With a view to conciliate the tastes of the *quolity* he endeavoured to *scrape* acquaintance with some of the most popular modern airs, but finding these unavailing, he dashed out into an Irish jig — one of those inimitably joyous compositions that might make a man dance at his own wake, as we say in Ireland. The poor wearied fellow, who had walked forty miles that day, exhibited strong marks of excitement, the moment the fiddle had been played, but as soon as the jig commenced he jumped up, ran over to the porch, where the blind man was playing, and stepping up softly, immediately behind him, began to dance, in true Connaught style, to the characteristic music, and as he capered in the rear of the fiddler, he cast a waggish look behind him at his companions, as much as to say, “See all the fine dancing I’m getting for nothing.” Nothing could be more irresistibly comic than the quiescent unconsciousness of the blind man and the active merriment of Paddy ; the example was electric in its effect, for all the reapers got up and began to dance as well as their companion. The blind fiddler never perceived the extensive fraud that was practised upon him, and not having been able to reduce the house he had laid siege to, to a contribution, he decamped.

After having mused in wonder for some time, that any man, of however lively a nature, should *dance*, from choice,

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after a walk of forty miles, I addressed my dancing acquaintance, and said, laughingly, I thought he had taken an unhandsome advantage of the fiddler.

“Not at all, Sir,” said he, “sure he was n’t playin’ for uz at all, but for the *quolity*, that often gives him nothin’ I’m thinkin’ — and sure, when I seen him standin’ over there, with no livin’ craythur to hear him, barrin’ the door he was playin’ forninst, myself thought it was a pity so much good music should be goin’ to waste, and, by dad, I could n’t keep my heels quiet at all at all.”

“But you know there’s an old saying that ‘Those who dance should pay the piper.’”

“Oh! but he’s *only* a fiddler, Sir, and moreover nor that, he’s a *blind* fiddler, — and sure your honour towld me, not ten minutes ago, that —

“*What the eye never sees the heart never grieves for.*”





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