

beautiful consoles. The tower is rather low in proportion to the building, and is supported by a grand arch. The foundation of the cloisters only remains, they were spacious. The western window is of an uncommon form, and the western door under it magnificent, with filigree open work cut in the stone, of which one single bit now survives, and that almost worn smooth by time, but raised enough to put the finger under it.

This view was taken from an original drawing by Baralet, in the collection of the Right Honourable William Conyngham.

GLEANINGS FROM THE WEST.

"Oh, who has not heard of the legends of Clare!"

THE ENGLISHMAN OUTWITTED.

It was a beautiful morning in the harvest of 1834, when the "barge" sailed from the sound of the Galway light-house, not on any of its accustomed cruises in search of flying-dutchmen, or of the reputed pirates which infest the western coast of our isle, but the commodore kindly invited the *élite* of the fair sex of his town, together with some of the young men—of whom, I had the honour to be one, on a party of pleasure to the south islands of Arran, about thirty miles distant from the town of Galway.

The morning was as beautiful as I ever recollect, scarce blew as much wind as would swell our flapping sails, and as we slowly passed along the hills of Clare, the bleating sheep, and the shepherd's wayward song, were audible in the distance. Ever and anon, we could hear the watch-dogs bay, and perceive the reapers busy at their daily toil, with their straw girdles, (the emblems of the season,) bound around their waists, pruning the fruits of the giving earth. All seemed to enjoy the scenery, and to feel raptured at viewing the works of creation.

The breeze began to spring up after the sun had passed the meridian, but not before the God of the winds was often invoked by the fair ladies, and every breath of air that seemed rising off the land, as eagerly whistled for by the small lieutenant who officiated as steersman on the occasion. We soon neared the point of Black-head, where the full breeze coming uninterrupted from the ocean, wafted us merrily along the waves of the Atlantic to the shores of the promised land. There was an awning on the deck for the fair ones to recline in, secured from the heat of the vertical sun, and where all assembled to the noonday feast, except the steersman, who, at one time fixed his eyes intently on a fair maiden, the prototype of Flora Mac Ivor, and again at the flowing wine, which the commodore dealt plentifully around; and lastly, turned his head away with chagrin from the gay and festive scene.

We had approached Straw Island just as the *dejeune* was over. The Baye's arrival was hailed by a shot from the signal gun of the waterguards, who were, of course, all attention to the guests of their commanding officer. The chief accommodated the fair emigrants with the use of his cottage, which was exceedingly neat, and the natives crowded in their peculiar costume around the door, to get a view of the "quality."

While dinner was preparing, we walked some distance through the island, conducted by an intelligent old man, whose hair hung in cues over his shoulders, whitened by the frost of time, and age stamped wrinkles on his brow, which were to be erased by death alone. He wore the costume of the island in every respect. His shoes, which were the most remarkable, were made of horse-skin, untanned, with the hair outside, to prevent slipping on the rocks, which are smooth as if they had been polished. He brought us to the Dripping Well, which he mentioned as being remarkable for its perpetually oozing water from the side of a rock into a smooth basin, about a foot beneath it.

He proposed being our guide to the "Puffen-Holes," and the "Ruins of the Seven Churches," which were some of the greatest curiosities that Arran afforded.

These are stupendous pyramids of rocks hollowed internally, having a narrow communication with the sea, which is the only access to it, and were often likened by

my fair companions to the Acroceraunian peaks of Chimeri. They arise by two projecting cliffs, beetling over the spray of the vasty deep beneath them; and after forming the barriers of an immense chasm, terminate in two rugged projections, within about twenty feet of each other, through which space, at the alternate ebb and flow of the tide, the water rushes with such velocity, that the roar of its waves breaking against the rude rocky shelves which bound it within, effects an echo that adds considerable interest to the surrounding scene, which is beautifully sublime and romantic. The wild sea fowl nestle in its hollow shelves, and there you might see the gull and puffin basking their young on the summit of the cliff, and listen to the sand-lark and curlew, whining their melancholy song, which, borne along by the passing wind, became inaudible in the distance. The evening was particularly serene, and as we stood on the cliffs, the expanse of ocean below seemed smoothened and glassed into a mirror, reflecting the last rays of the setting sun on the opposite Clare mountains.

After visiting these, and other curiosities of the island, until twilight and its congenial languor began to steal over us, we seated ourselves on the cliff, and commenced, "una voce," to demand from old Paucrick, some tale or legend, of other days, wherewith to wile the time, until we should be summoned from our delicious rest, to take the more sensual gratification of a good supper, and after some moments spent, apparently in arranging his thoughts, he proceeded as follows:—

"Well then, above all other days in the year, it was on a Sunday morning, about four years before the French landed in Kilcummin, that I strolled down to this very spot, where we are now sitting, with my dog 'Diver,' by my side, and a sling in my hand, to amuse myself killing the sea-fowl, while the praties were boiling for breakfast. I was not long standing here, when I saw a boat strangely rigged, making towards this very point, and upon its approaching closer towards the shore, perceived that the sailors were dressed in such a manner, as I never saw man or beast in before; even 'Diver's' hair began to curl, as soon as he saw them land.

"Four of the strangers landed first, bearing between them a door, upon which a man was stretched, apparently dead. When I saw this, I concealed myself in one of the nooks of the rock, until they would pass on, that I might see what was to be done with the *corpse*. Scarce was I well concealed from their view, when one of the party, and seemingly their leader, ran along the top of the peak, under which I was hid, and remained some moments there, looking about, to see if they were observed. His face, like those of the rest of the party, was perfectly black; he wore a low broad-leafed hat, and, in place of a good frize coat, like those of the islanders, he had a kind of *petitcoat*, that scarce reached his knees, fastened round his middle with a hairy belt, filled with arrows, and buskins of the same stuff on his legs; besides all these, he had a large bow slung from his shoulders; and to make him still more frightful, a black curly beard on his upper lip. Having found the coast clear, he beckoned to those bearing the door, to advance, and then proceeded along the shore to Straw Island, which you see yonder: when the tide is out, I must tell you, there is a path leading between the two islands, by which they crossed over.*

"I followed as carefully as possible, and unperceived, until we reached the opposite side; but, notwithstanding all the cautions I gave 'Diver,' not to budge, he barked so loudly, that the strangers started round, and perceived me. The dog immediately made off, and never cried stop, (as I was told afterwards,) until he crouched himself into the ash-corner at home, and broke my mother's pipe that was carefully laid on the hob.

"As soon as I was seen, two of these wild-looking fellows, ran towards me, and placing a pistol to my nose, gave me the very same injunctions, as if they were listening to those that I gave the rascally 'Diver.'

"*Pax nobiscum,*' sis I, (being the best Latiner in the parish—barring the priest,) as they kept rubbing the pistol

* This is really the case. The tide at flowing, covers this pathway, and forms the island.

by my nose; but by my faix, there was small need to waste the blessed language on them, for they spoke English as well as myself.

"After swearing me to silence, until they should leave the island, which would be in a few hours, and that I should assist as interpreter between them and the man stretched upon the door, (who, they told me, was not dead, but in a trance, and would awake in a short time,) they unloosed me, and we all proceeded to the centre of the little island, which was surrounded by a hill, and all further view, except the sky, shut out. Here they laid down the apparently lifeless man upon the bent, which grew there in abundance, and each of the bearers placed the staff that he carried in his hand, in the ground, on each side of him, and to the extremity of which, was attached a green flag, bearing the following inscription, 'Washington and Liberty.'

"Bedad I was as bothered a man, that minute, as was within the four seas. I stood by, any-how, looking at their capers, without daring to budge, until I was at length released from this dilemma, by the leader of the party, who called me to a little distance, as he said, to teach me my part, at the same time, leaving the rest standing by the banners.

"When we had withdrawn some distance, he thus spoke to me:—'Come now my gossoon,' says he, 'none of your anticks, but lend an attentive ear to what I'll tell you. That man you see stretched yonder upon the bier, will awake shortly, and for reasons with which you will become acquainted hereafter, we wish to impose on him, that he's now in America, and within thirty miles of New York, for which purpose, it is necessary for us to affect a sort of gibberish, like the language of the Wild Indians, and agreeing with the costume we have adopted; and you are to officiate as interpreter between us. No matter what he says to the contrary, you are to persuade him to it; and, by way of making it more forcible on his mind, mention that the last packet was only eight and twenty days on her passage hither. If he shall ask you how he is to return to New York, you must tell him no packet sails from this, for the next four days; but that, if he'll compensate us, we will convey him there. He'll then produce a bill or draft, on the Bank of England, which you are to undervalue as much as you can, as they are not current in this country, since the commencement of the late war; but, at length, after much hesitation, you will consent to land him in the city of New York, for the whole amount, which is fifty pounds, first making him swear to the bargain, it being the custom of the country, on all such transactions.'

"While he was thus speaking to me, our attention was attracted toward the group, who suddenly commenced a sort of *bog Latin*, babbling to the man on the door. He immediately awoke, and sprung from the ground, and after staring around him, like a madman, he cried out, 'In the name of wonder, where am I?' to which all the black fellows simultaneously commenced answering, in their assumed jargon. The only words at all of it, that he could understand, were "Merica, Merica," and pointing to the inscription on their banners, as explanatory of what they were saying; which, when he perceived, and observed the Indian dress, all tending to remove further doubt of their assertion, in a fit of frenzy he threw himself to the earth, and cried loudly and bitterly, now and then calling on his wife and children, who must think him lost to them for ever. By this time the chief of the party, and myself, advanced toward them, to play our part.

"No sooner had he heard me speak in his native tongue, than he ran toward me, and seemed as rejoiced as if it was 'a voice from heaven' that came to direct him. Having repeated the same questions to me that he was after putting to the make-pretend Indians, I put a grave face on the matter, and in the best manner I could, proceeded to tell him the multiplicity of lies which I was sworn to a few moments before.

"'Musha, your honour's welcome to America, the land of the free,' sis I, 'where every man must get his right; and what's the best news with you from ould Ireland? Sure that was a fast passage you had over—I sup-

pose you come in the "Emerald," for something tells me that you are as fine a lump of a Munstherman as is; and if I am not greatly mistaken, I seen yourself, or some one like you, a *couple of months* ago, standing talking to one Peter Comyn at his own gate in Scotland-Lodge, not twenty miles from Ennis; and that was the very day before I set out for America.'

"I said all this in one breath, and did not give him time to put in a word till I was done; but all the time he kep staring me, as if I was some viper or other that would bite him, or some *pookun* or banshee that came to warn him of his death; for, instead of the hearty welcome, and the 'Cead mille failthe,' that he gave me at the first sight of me, he kep sneaking away toward the wild natives, as he supposed, who were all attention to the *fine hand* I was making of the speech. But at length the poor sowl's brain was so puzzled, and seeing the wild and desert place around him, and not knowing how he came there, he consented to believe what we had told him.

"'And,' says he to me, 'sure enough I was at Scotland Lodge in Clare, and you might have seen me talking to the same redoubted Peter Comyn; but I thought, and am still thinking, it must be last night, for I dined with him, and he paid the bill he owed me this many a long day,' at the same time putting his hand in his pocket, to try if he was right, and showing the money which Peter gave him; 'and by the same token, that Doctor Lee, his right-hand man, was present at the payment. But I was often told of Peter's witcheries, and desired to keep a civil distance from him. This is what I have got for my obstinacy; but if I will ever get home safe to my wife and children, who, poor crathurs, must be crying their eyes out all this time, he'll have good eyes that'll ever see me within fifty miles of Scotland Lodge, looking for bills, even if they were never to be paid. But tell me, my good lad, how I am to get as far as New York.'

"'Not a one of me knows,' sis I, 'for all the packets sailed this morning, and no more will be going down for a week.'

"Well, then he roared twice as loud as before; and I suppose he would not have stopped since, had I not told him that some of the fishermen would take him to the city, if they were well rewarded—as it was very dangerous to go seaward since the wars commenced, in consequence of the numerous pirates that were upon the coast, and they never ventured except upon some great emergency.

"'But you say you have no money except that piece of paper in your hand, which your honour calls a bank-bill, and nothing is current here now but goold; and, your honour, what will become of you at all, or the poor wite and children, who will be all in mourning for you before a week, quite naturally thinking you were dead and gone, or else they would receive some tidings of you since I saw you in Clare.'

"At length I proceeded to inform the crathur that the natives would convey him to New York, if—

"'I know what you mane,' says the poor sowl, throwing them the bill; 'and here is the whole amount for you, for as sure as I'm a livin' man, there is no luck in any of Peter's money.'

"After some babbling in the unknown dialect between myself and the 'snow balls,' by way of telling them of his offer, I told him that they agreed, after much hesitation, but that he should swear to the bargain, according to the custom of the States; which being done, they proceeded to the little skiff in which they came, as it lay in its moorings under the Peak.

"We all proceeded for some distance together, when the chief of the party beckoned to me to stand by a bit, until the rest should pass on; then we both proceeded slowly, and at some distance from the others, when he commenced explaining the whole mystery to me, and sure enough it was a quare notion.

"I must first tell you, that the leader was no other than the very Doctor Lee named by the poor man; but that was only a nickname he had by which the whole county knew him, by *raison* of his being a bonesetter, as he was no other than the head sergant and right-hand man to this Mr. Comyn. But, anyhow, he ups and he tells me how the man they had was only a merchant from Manchester all

the way, that Mr. Comyn had some dealings with as far as fifty pounds, which it wasn't just convenient to him to pay the minute the merchant axed it of him; so he gave him his I. O. U. and his word of honour that it should be settled in a few months. Well, Sir, the other agreed to wait that time; but no sooner was the master set out for home, than a letter came after him demanding immediate payment, which, of course, couldn't be. An' what does my fine merchant do, Sir, but sends down two bailiffs from Limerick to arrest Mr. Comyn. Well, down they came, sure, spying about the house, and walking up to the door as bold as if it was only to chapel they wor going; but I'll be bound it's glad they wor to get back to Limerick agin with whole bones and empty pockets, just what they deserved. This, to be sure, was a great disappointment to the fat Englishman, that in his ignorance had no idea at all why a bailiff wouldn't be let arrest a man when he had the papers right; but, I suppose, he thought they sould him, for on the morning after who should walk into the yard at Scotland Lodge but the Englishman and the bailiffs; and, bedad, before any one could prevent it, the master was a prisoner, not but that the yard was full, an' the min wicked enough, but Mr. Comyn wouldn't let a hair of their heads be touched; and they all knew by the twinkle ov his eye that he had a rod in pickle himself for the Englishman—and sure so he had, an' this was the way he managed it. He paid the bill at once vid that bank-bill he's afther giving us, and the Englishman was mighty thankful, and all that, making excuses, and all that kind of stuff; but the master cut him short by telling him he had no anger whatever agin him, and to prove it, invited him to dine with him that day, which you may guess the Englishman didn't refuse. So a parcel of the regular hard-goers wor gother from all sides, and Docthor Lee dhressed up to be at the dinner too; and between them all they kept the Englishman in chat, till they made the crathur as dhruunk as ever a man 'ud wish to be—not, indeed, without the help of some docthor's stuff, to make him the quieter. Well, Sir, as soon as they had him in that condition, the Docthor, and the men he chose to be with him, dhressed themselves as I tould you, and carried him down on a door to the little skiff they had ready for the thrick, and away they made for Straw Island, and sure you know what luck they had there.

“As he finished telling me the story he had reached the skiff, where the rest were waiting for him. Giving me a crown, as he said, for my trouble, and a hearty shake-hands, he jumped into the boat, and wished me good morning. I made home to the pratics, and as Winny was always uppermost in my thoughts, to present her with the crown-piece I got, and relate this strange story to her.

“Well, when the party arrived in Clare on the opposite coast, the English *cove* began to smell Ireland once more; and as he walked from the beach toward Peter's house, where the ‘Docthor’ was ‘inveigling him again, for the purpose of ridiculing him on the late thrick, he addressed the chief, saying, that this New York had the greatest resemblance to some part of Ireland, ‘and has not that gate opposite some likeness to Mr. Comyn's house?’ whose name he had scarce mentioned, when he saw the very man himself coming down the avenue; and the *blackies* once more getting the use of their tongues, welcomed him to Scotland Lodge, and laughed most immoderately at him. As thunderstruck as he was upon Straw Island when he awoke there, he appeared twice more so now, and fancied himself really beset by dealers in the ‘*black art*.’ Peter soon roused him out of his reverie, by wishing him ‘good morning,’ and showing the bill which he thought was in the possession of the chief; but when they landed in Clare, ‘Docthor’ Lee sent it on by one of the party, while he himself accompanied their dupe. As soon as the English merchant recovered, and found himself in Ireland once more, he demanded back the extorted bill, and threatened to prosecute in case of non-payment. When he thus spoke, the voices of the entire party joined, repeating in the most solemn manner, ‘Remember the oath.’ The other immediately cried, ‘For heaven's sake, let me escape from your hands, and I faithfully promise to forgive all.’ So taking him at his word, they all de-

parted in peace, and neither tale nor tidings were heard of the broad fat Englishman since. The latter part of the story I have been told by one of the party, whom I met by chance upon the island many years after.”

Old Paurick having concluded, he relit his pipe, and we commenced our journey homewards, at times half carrying our fair companions, on account of the dangerous declivity and roughness of parts of the path, while they in return mainly contributed to shorten the walk by the sweet songs of our native land to which, ever and anon, they gave utterance at our request.

We proposed to visit upon the following morning the Ruins of the Seven Churches, which, in my humble estimation, rank foremost as specimens of the old and pure Gothic structure; and if it be pleasing to you, I shall give you a description at some future period.

Galway.

TAMBOURGI.

THE EXECUTION OF A BANDIT.

(TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.)

The morning of the day fixed for the execution of Guiseppe and his party, dawned dark and gloomy, black heavy masses of clouds hung about the sun, and almost intercepted his light, the rain had fallen during the night in torrents, and had now settled into a thick and dingy haze, which almost resembled a palpable veil of darkness spread over the earth, a light wind swept fitfully along, and hurried with it the autumnal leaves that lay strewn around; the prison in which Guiseppe was confined, was a square building with turrets rising at each angle, the windows were small and were strongly secured both inside and outside with iron bars, the gallows was in front as in our modern prisons, and the ropes hung down and were drifted about by the wind, as if waiting for their prey; before the front entrance, two sentinals paced with a slow and measured step.

“I can't think,” said one of them, “what the mischief that woman can want, that has been hanging about this place ever since nightfall, once or twice I had a mind to level my musket at her.”

“Oh,” replied the other, “some poor creature who has never seen an execution, and doesn't like to let so fine an opportunity pass, or it may be, as she seems to be in tears, some relative of the prisoners, may-be, one of their wives,—but see, she approaches, I'll ask her her business.”

It was Juliett, her face was tinged with a death-like paleness, the tears chased each other down her wan and care-worn features; she at once intimated to the centinal, that she was the wife of Guiseppe, and that she hoped to be admitted to see him, for the last time.

It was now near the hour appointed for the execution, crowds of people were beginning to assemble, the soldiers were drawn up before the prison, it was apprehended that a rescue would have been attempted, there were nine of the gang, besides their leader, Guiseppe; it was settled that the nine should be first executed, and that Guiseppe should remain till last, as if to add to his torments, by obliging him to witness the sufferings of his companions: accordingly they were brought forward closely pinioned, and still retaining their dogged fierceness of look.—Things were soon arranged, and without much struggling, their spirits passed into eternity.

Guiseppe now alone remained; more anxiety was manifested by the crowd, all were anxious to get a sight of the man, whose name had so often struck terror to their hearts; he came forward slowly and fearlessly. Juliett hung about his neck, she was the only object that seemed to affect him. Soon as he appeared, there was a half suppressed murmur of horror among the crowd; he gazed around him with a scowl of the most fiendish malignity, his countenance had assumed an unearthly ferocity, as if hurling defiance at all around him. “Juliett,” said he, with a slight tremor in his voice—“farewell; mine has been a life of guilt, fearful, horrible guilt; these hands are stained with the blood of hundreds,—'tis now too late to repent,—a few moments and my soul shall be burning in a lake of fire,—I am too deeply dyed in sin to expect mercy—but, Juliett, (here a tear stood for a moment in his eye, but instantly disappeared as if frightened back by his iron