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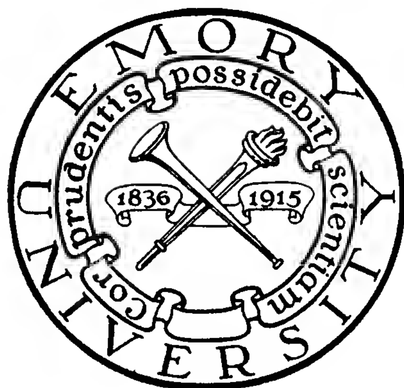

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LEGENDS AND STORIES

OF

IRELAND.

BY

SAMUEL LOVER,

AUTHOR OF "HANDY ANDY," "HE WOULD BE A GENTLEMAN,

ETC., ETC.

Eighth Edition.

LONDON:

CHAPMAN AND HALL,

193, PICCADILLY.

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Legends and Stories.

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 St. 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 *finale* of the 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 lyrieal essenee, the raw material in prose is offered, nearly *verbatim* as it was furnished to me by that eelebrated guide and *bore*, Joe Irwin, who traces his deseent in a direet 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*,) and callin' themselves Irwin (knowin', the thieves o' the world, how his name had gone far and near, as the rale guide), for to deeeave dacent people; but never 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 importanee, and led me into the ivy-covered remains, through a small square doorway, whose simple structure gave evidenee of its early date; a lintel of stone lay across two upright supporters after the fashion of such 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?"

"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 man-

* The Irish peasantry very generally call the higher orders "quality."

kind is ontellible. Well, Sir, you must know as you didn't hear it afore, that there was wanst a king, called King O'Toole, who was a fine ould king in the ould ancient times, long ago; and it was him that owned the Churches in the airly days."

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

"Oh, by no manes, your honor—throth, it's yourself that's right enough there; but you know the place is called 'The Churches,' bekase they wor built *afther* by St. Kavin, and wint by the name o' the Churches iver more; and, therefore, av coorse, the place bein' so called, I say that the king owned the Churches—and why not, Sir, seein' 'twas his 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 under tone, "we think it onlooky to kill the redbreast, for the robin is God's own bird."

Then, elevating his voice to its former pitch, he proceeded:—

"Well, it was all mighty good, as long as the king had his health; but, you see, in coorse o' time, the king grewn owld, by raison he was stiff in his limbs, and when he got sthriken in years, his heart failed him, and he was lost intirely for want o' divarshin, bekase he couldn't go 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 thruth I'm tellin' you; and the way the goose divarted him was this-a-way: you see, the goose used for to swim acrass the lake, and go down divin' for throut (and not finer throut in all Ireland, than the same throut), and cotch fish on a Friday for the king, and flew every other day round about the lake divartin' the poor king, that you'd think he'd break his sides laughin' at the frolicksome 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 sthricken in years, as well as the king, and grewn stiff in the limbs, like her masther, and couldn't divart him no longer; and then it was that the poor king was lost complate, and didn't know what in the wide world to do, seein' he was gone out of all divarshin, by raison that the goose was no more in the flower of her blume.

"Well, the king was nigh hand broken-hearted, and melancholy intirely, and was walkin' one mornin' by the edge 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.'

"'Thrue for you,' says the king, 'I am King O' Toole,' says he, 'prince and plennypennytinchery o' these parts,' says he; 'but how kem ye to know that?' says he.

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

"For you see," said old Joe, in his under tone again, and looking very knowingly, "it *was* Saint Kavin, 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 Kavin, '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 St. Kavin. '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 understand it,' says Saint Kavin.

"'Oh, that's a folly to talk,' says the king; 'bekase myself and my goose is private frinds,' says he, 'and no one could tell you,' says he, 'barrin' the fairies.'

"'Oh thin, it wasn't the fairies,' says Saint Kavin; 'for I'd have you to know,' says he, 'that I don't keep the likes o' sitch company.'

"'You might do worse then, my gay fellow,' says the king; 'for it's *they* could show you a crock o' money as aisy as kiss hand; and that's not to be sneezed at,' says the king, 'by a poor man,' says he.

"'Maybe I've a betther way of making money myself,' says the saint.

"'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 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.

"'Is it a tinker you are?' says the king.

"'No,' says the saint; 'I'm no tinker by thrade, King O'Toole; I've a betther thrade than a tinker,' says he—'what would you say,' says he, 'if I made your ould goose as good as new.'

"My dear, at the word o' making his goose as good as new, you'd think the poor ould king's eyes was ready to jump out iv his head, 'and,' says he—'troth thin I'd give you more money nor you could count,' says he, 'if you did the like: and I'd be behoulden to you into the bargain.'

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

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

"'I have a vow agin it,' says the saint; 'and I am book sworn,' says he, 'never to have goold, silver, or brass in my company.'

"'Barrin' the thrifle you can't help,' says the king, mighty 'cute, and looking 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 poor goose, all as one as a hound, waddlin' up to the poor ould cripple, her masther, 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 *Jaminee*,' 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 Kavin, 'you must say more nor that—my horn's not so soft all out,' says he, 'as to repair your ould goose for nothin'; what'll you gi' me, if I do the job for you?—that's the chat,' says Saint Kavin.

" 'I'll give you whatever you ax,' says the king; 'isn't that fair?'

" 'Divil a fairer,' says the saint; 'that's the way to do business. Now,' says he, 'this is the bargain I'll make with you, King O'Toole: will you gi' me all the ground the goose flies over, the first offer*, afther I make her as good as new?'

" 'I will,' says the king.

" 'You won't go back o' your word?' says Saint Kavin.

" 'Honor 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†.

" 'Honor bright,' says Saint Kavin, back agin, 'it's a bargain,' says he. 'Come here!' says he to the poor ould goose—'come here you unfort'nate ould cripple,' says he, 'and it's *I* that 'ill make you the sportin' bird.'

"With that, my dear, he tuk up the goose by the two wings—'criss o' my crass an you,' says he, markin' her to grace with the blessed sign at the same minute—and throwin' her up in the air, 'whew!' says he, jist givin' her a blast to help her; and with that, my jewel, she

* First effort or attempt.

† 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 *hansel* is given and received; and many are the virtues attributed by the lower order of the Irish to "fasting spittle."

tuk to her heels, flyin' like one o' the aigles themselves, and cuttin' as many capers as a swallow before a shower of rain. Away she wint down there, right forninst 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 wasn't made, but was conthrived 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 studdy, 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 St. Kavin,) and over the big hill here over your head, where you see the big clift—(and that clift in the mountain was made by *Fan Ma Cool* where he cut it acrass with a big swoord, 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 swoord 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 two like a pratie, 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 drownded —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 flutterin' 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 hadn't flew three perch.

"Well, my dear, it was a beautiful sight to see the king standin' with his mouth open, lookin' at his poor ould goose flyin' as light as a lark, and betther nor ever she was: and when she lit at his fut, he patted her an the head, and '*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'* 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 flewn 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 thrue?' says the saint.

"'As thrue as the sun,' says the king.

"'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 didn't say that word, *the divil receave the bit o' your goose id ever fly agin*,' says Saint Kavin.

"Oh, you needn't laugh," said old Joe, half offended

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

at detecting the trace of a suppressed smile; "you needn't laugh, for it's thruth I'm telling 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't know me,' says he, 'bekase I'm disguised* '

"'Troth, then, you 're right enough,' says the king, 'I didn'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.'

'Musha! 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 on his knees before the saint. 'Is it the great Saint Kavin,' says he, 'that I 've been discoorsin' all this time without knowin' it,' says he, 'all as one as if he was a lump iv a *gossoon?*—and so you 're a saint?' says the king.

"'I am,' says Saint Kavin.

"'By gor, I thought I was only talking to a dacent boy†,' says the king.

"'Well, you know the differ now,' says the saint. '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.

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

† 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.*"

"Well, my dear, that's the way that the place kem, all at wanst, into the hands of St. Kavin; for the goose flewn round every individyial acre o' King O'Toole's property you see, *bein' let into the saycret* by St. Kavin, who was mighty *'cute**; and so, when he *done* the ould king out iv his property for the glory of God, he was *plazed* with him, and he and the king was the best o' frinds iver more afther (for the poor ould king was *doatin,'* you see), and the king had his goose as good as new, to divart him as long as he lived: and the saint supported him afther he kem into his property, as I tould you, antil the day iv his death—and that was soon afther; for the poor goose thought he was ketchin' a throut one Friday; but, my jewel, it was a mistake he made—and instead of a throut, it was a thievin' horse-eel†; and, by gor, instead iv the goose killin' a throut for the king's supper,—by dad, the eel killed the king's goose—and small blame to him; but he didn't ate her, bekase he darn't ate what Saint Kavin laid his blessed hands on.

"Howsumdever, the king never recovered the loss iv his goose, though he had her stuffed (I don't mane stuffed with pratees and inyans, but as a curiosity), and presarved in a glass-case for his own divarshin; and the poor king died on the next Michaelmas-day, which was remarkable.—*Throth, it's thruth I'm tellin' you;*—and when he was gone, Saint Kavin gev him an illigant wake and a beautiful berrin'; and more betoken, he *said mass for his sowl and tuk care av his goose.*"

* Cunning—an abbreviation of acute.

† Eels of uncommon size are said to exist in the upper lake of Glendalough: the guides invariably tell marvelous 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 'twas a *bull.*

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 noticing the prevalence of certain customs, superstitions, &c., &c.; 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 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 have 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 had 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, "'tis 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 the 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;

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.*

Ere he descended the opposite declivity, Cormac once more bent back his gaze;—and now it was not one

* 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.

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 forbodes a coming storm; does it not, Diarmid?"

"Ay, truly does it," responded the attendant, "and there's no truth in the clouds, if we haven'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 and shingly pass before him, followed by the faithful Diarmid.

> 'Tis 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 oars disturb 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. "'Tis 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.—'Tis yet unrippled by an oar. The faint outline of the dark grey mountains, whose large masses lie unbroken by the detail which daylight 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 that 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 many a sprightly planxty; long, long before the double action of Erard had vibrated to some fantasia from Rossini or Mayerbeer, under the brilliant finger of a Bochsa 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 channel 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 depths of the abyss beneath, and Cormac and Diarmid still pressed on towards the shores of Lough Mask, unconscious of 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 words 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 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 of 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.

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 lake 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 'tis 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 you 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 that 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 become 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 fairy land!

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 common places of the daily press."

"I cry your pardon, fair lady," said I. "I am most orthodox in legendary belief, and question not the ex-

istence 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 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 limestone, 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 limestone rock, which, closely overgrown with verdure, have not unfrequently occasioned serious accidents to man and beast; and one of these chasms, of larger dimensions than usual, forms the entrance to the celebrated cave in question. Very rude steps of unequal height, partly natural and partly artificial, lead the explorer of its quiet beauty, by an abrupt descent to the bottom of

the cave, which contains an enlightened area of some thirty or forty feet, whence a naturally vaulted passage opens, of the deepest gloom. The depth of the cave may be about equal to its width at the bottom: the mouth is not more than twelve or fifteen feet across; and pendent 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, smooth, and many-coloured pebbles, as I arrived at the bottom; and perceiving at once that I was a stranger, she paused, partly perhaps with the pardonable pride of displaying her local knowledge, but more from the native peasant politeness of her country, to become the temporary *Cicerone* of the cave. She spoke some words of Irish, and hurried forth on her errand a very handsome and active boy, of whom she informed me, she was the great grandmother.

"Great grandmother!" I repeated, in unfeigned astonishment.

"Yes, your honour," she answered, with evident pleasure sparkling in her eyes, which time had not yet deprived of their brightness, or the soul-subduing influence of this selfish world bereft of their kind-hearted expression.

"You are the youngest woman I have ever seen," said I, "to be a great grandmother."

"Troth, I don't doubt you, Sir," she answered.

"And you seem still in good health, and likely to live many a year yet," said I.

"With the help of God, Sir," said she reverently.

"But," I added, "I perceive a great number of persons about here of extreme age. Now, how long generally do the people in this country live?"

"Troth, Sir," said she, with the figurative drollery of her country, "we live here as long as we like."

"Well, that is no inconsiderable privilege," said I; "but you, nevertheless, must have married very young?"

"I was not much over sixteen, your honour, when I had my first child at my breast."

"That was beginning early," said I.

"Thrue for you, Sir; and faith, Noreen—(that's my daughter, Sir)—Noreen herself lost no time either; I suppose she thought she had as good a right as the mother before her—she was married at seventeen, and a likely couple herself and her husband was. So you see, Sir, it was not long before I was a granny. Well, to make the saying good, 'as the ould cock crows, the young bird cherrups,' and faiks, the whole breed, seed, and generation, tuk after the 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*, 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 build in the bushes and the ivy that's round the mouth of the cave, and in here too," said she pointing into the gloomy depth of the interior.

* Fair little Paddy.

"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 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!

Our light having 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 Throut; and you never seen a throut o' that colour yet, I warrant."

I assented to the truth of this.

"They say it's a fairy throut, your honour, and tells mighty quare stories about it."

"What are they?" I inquired.

"Troth, it's myself doesn't know the half o' them—only partly: but sthrive and see it before you go, Sir; for there's them that says it isn't lucky to come to the cave, and lave it without seein' the white throut; and if you're a bachelor, Sir, and didn't get a peep at it, throth you'd never be married; and sure that 'id be a murther*?"

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

"Whisht—whisht†!" said she, looking fearfully around; then, knitting her brows, she gave me an admonitory look, and put her finger on her lip, in token of silence, and then coming sufficiently near me to make herself audible in a whisper, she said, "Never speak ill, your honour, of the good people—beyant all, in sitch a place as this—for it's in the likes they always keep; and one doesn't know who may be listenin'. God keep uz! But look, Sir! look!" And she pointed to the stream—"There she is."

"Who? what?" said I.

"The throut, 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 any where else."

* A great pity. † Silence.

"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 throut."

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

"Och; it's only laughin' at me you'd be, and call me an ould fool, as the misthiss* beyant in the big house† often did afore, when she first kem amoung us—but she knows the differ now."

"Indeed I shall not laugh at your story," said I," but on the contrary, shall thank you very much for your tale."

"Then sit down a minnit, Sir,', said she, throwing her apron upon the rock, and pointing to the seat," and I'll tell you to the best of my knowledge;" and seating herself on an adjacent patch of verdure, she began her legend.

"There was wanst upon a time, long ago, a beautiful young lady that lived in a castle up by the lake beyant, and they say she was promised to a king's son, and they wor to be married: when, all of a suddent, he was murthered, the crathur, (Lord help us,) and threwn into the lake abow‡, and so, of coorse, he couldn't keep his promise to the fair lady,—and more's the pity.

"Well, the story goes, that she went out iv her mind, 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 took her away.

"Well, Sir, in coorse o' time, the white throut, God bless it, was seen in the sthrame beyant; and sure the people didn't know what to think av the crathur, seein' as how a *white* throut was never heerd av afore nor sence; and years upon years the throut was there, just

* The lady. † A gentleman's mansion. ‡ Above.

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 throut, antil some wicked sinner of sojers* 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 throut and ate it for his dinner—the blackguard!

"Well, what would you think o' the villiany of the sojer?—sure enough he cotch the throut; and away wid him home, and puts an the fryin'pan, and into it he pitches the purty little thing. The throut squeeled all as one as a Christian crathur, and, my dear, you'd think the sojer id split his sides laughin'—for he was a harden'd 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* throut that couldn't be briled; 'but,' says he, 'I'll give it another turn by and by'—little thinkin' what was in store for him, the haythen.

"Well, when he thought that side was done, he turns it again—and lo and and behould you, the divil a taste more done that side was nor the other: 'Bad luck to me,' says the sojer, 'but that bates the world,' says he; 'but I'll thry you agin, my darlint', says he, 'as cunnin' as you think yourself,'—and so with that, he turns it over and over; but not a sign av the fire was an the purty throut. "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 throut, may be you're fried enough, though you

* Soldiers.

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 throut—but, my jew'l, the minit he puts 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 throut out av the fryin'-pan into the middle o' the flure*; and an the spot where it fell, up riz† a lovely lady—the beautifullest young crathur that eyes ever seen, dressed in white, and 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.

" Couldn't you lave me cool and comfortable in the river where you snared me, and not disturb me in my duty?' says she.

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

" 'I *was* on duty then,' says the lady; 'I was watchin' for my thrue love, that is comin' by wather to me,' says she; 'an' if he comes while I am away, 'an' that I miss iv him, I'll turn you into a pinkeen‡, and I'll hunt you up and down for evermore, while grass grows or wather runs.'

" Well, the sojer thought the life id lave him, at the thoughts iv his bein' turned into a pinkeen, and begged for marcy: and with that, says the lady—

" 'Renounce your evil coorses,' says she, 'you villian, or you'll repint it too late; be a good man for the futhur, and go to your duty§ reg'lar. And now,' says

* Floor. † Arose ‡ Stickle-back.

§ The Irish peasant calls his attendance at the confessional "going to his duty."

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 vanished, and there he saw the little throut an the ground. Well, he put it in a clane plate, and away he run for the bare life, for fear her lover would come while she was away; and he run, and he run, ever till he came to the cave agin, and threw the throut into the river. The minit he did, the wather was as red as blood for a little while, by the 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 throut's side, where it was cut*.

"Well, Sir, from that day out the sojer was an althered man, and reformed his ways, and wint to his duty reg'lar, and fasted three times a week—though it was never fish he tuk an fastin' days; for, afther the fright he got, fish id never rest an his stomach—savin' your presence. But any how, 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 Throut.*"

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

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 rose 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.

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 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 the 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 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!" &c., &c., resounded on all sides. At the same time, the second funeral party that was advancing, no sooner perceived the church-yard already occupied, then 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 adressing them with all the passionate intensity of her country, she exclaimed, "Sure you wouldn't let them have the advantage of uz, that-a-way, and lave my darlin' boy wanderhin' about, dark an' 'lone in the long nights. Work, boys! work!

for the bare life, and the mother's blessing 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 by-standers 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: and sure she doesn'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 of 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.

"Giv 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 didn'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, whenever 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 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 'twas only for a moment; and the expression of pride and defiance was succeeded by that of coldnesss and contempt.

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

"Troth you wouldn't, Gallagher," said a contemporary of the old man: but your consait bates the world!"

"That's true," 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 on the green afore long!"

And he was quite right.

The far off speck on the horizon, whence the prophetic eye of a sailor can foretel 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.

I was not long left in suspense about such a catastrophe, for a general outbreak 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 churchyard.

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-pommelled saddle which he had vacated, in uttering the ejaculation 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 of 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 as 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?"

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?"

"Troth 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 your'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 a word for Mikee Rooney, and sure it wasn't him at all, nor wauldn't be any of us, only for Shan Gallagher, that wouldn't lave us in peace."

"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 onset, 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 "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 the 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 that 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 time divested of the slighest 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 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 eare."

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, denouneing 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 eertainly very poetieal in its texture.

"But, Sir," interrupted my newly-made acquaintance, pulling forth a richly ehased gold watch of antique workmanship, that at once suggested ideas of the '*bon vieux temps*,' "I must ask your pardon—I have an engagement to keep at the little hut I call my home, whieh obliges me to proeeed 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 suffiee to make you aequainted with the nature of the superstition in question."

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

"There is a belief among the peasantry in this partieular distriet, that the ghost of the last person interred in the ehureh-yard, is obliged to traverse, uneeasingly, the road between this earth and purgatory, earrying water to slake the burning thirst of those eonfined 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* "

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 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.

* 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.

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 the 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 an 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 cottagers.

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 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,"

"Unpleasant most to Brunswick ears,"

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

While breakfast was going foward, 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 sympathised 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 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 for my support, on the gratuitous contributions of those who are themselves little better than paupers? 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*; 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.

"I, and a younger brother, who lost his father ere he could feel the loss, remained in poor Ireland. I was a

* 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 III ; 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 often, most unjustly, been 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.

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, &c. &c."

"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, 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.*

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 confession, 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.

* This was previous 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 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 sometime 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 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 fidgeted 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 rose 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 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, which, 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, 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 in 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, her's 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 develope the mystery, not only could catch no clue to lead to the discovery of the murderer, but failed even to ascertain 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 catalouge 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—''Twas I who killed your brother"

"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 hysteric 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 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 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 depositary 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 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 that 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,

"''Tis close to 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; 'twas 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.

"''Twas 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 were 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 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; the 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 avenging a brother's murder was not sufficient warranty for its being broken."*

* This story is a 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.

Guildenstern—The King, Sir,——
Hamlet—Ay, Sir, what of him?
Guil.—Is, in his retirement, marvellously 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 din, and smoke of a city, than to get on 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 Ballinasloe 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 Shannonbridge, 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 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 ruins,

> 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 decay, appeals to our sympathies and our imagination. 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.

* This was written before the Roman Catholic petitions had achieved "Emancipation."

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.

"You see, Sir," said he, "the one down there beyant, at the river side, was built the first, and finished complate 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 jist like a bee-hive, every man with his hammer in his hand, and sure the tower was complated in due time. Well, when the last stone was laid on the roof, the bishop axes the masons how much he was to pay them, and they ups and towld 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 axed too much, and he wouldn'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 wouldn't let man nor mortyel go nigh them to help them; and faiks the masons didn't like the notion of losing their honest airnins, and small blame to them; but sure they wor starvin' all the time, and didn't know what in the wide world to do, when there was a fool chanced 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 couldn't come down.

"'Tut, you fools,' says he; 'sure isn't it asier to take down two stones nor to put up one?'

"Wasn't that mighty cute o' the fool, sir? And wid that, my dear sowl, no sooner said than done. Faiks the maisons 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 Shannonbridge, 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 eyesight," 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 *spo tin'*; 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, 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 regard o' 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 'twas the bishop, your honour, and indeed it is them that has larnin' says so: but more says 'twas 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 in all conscience. All the knowledgable people I ever heerd talk of it, says that; and now, Sir," said he in an expostulatory tone, "wouldn'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, "id stands to *raison* that a king id live in a palace, and why *shud* it be called a palace if a king didn'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 prejudice 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 conclusions, 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** 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*†,—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 neighbour—and a good neighbour he was by all accounts, until, 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 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 mentioned arrived at the churches; but whin he kem, he tuck great scandal at the goings-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 tell 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 o' 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 again, and so on, from bad to worse, till they parted the bittherest of inimies: and the king that was the best o' friends to the churches afore, swore be this and 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 *kimneens* with the girls, for the story goes that he had a little failin' of his own in regard of a dhrop, and that he knew the differ betune wine and wather, for, poor ignorant crathurs, it's little

* A hundred thousand welcomes. † The parting cup

they knew about whiskey in them days. Well, the king used often to send *lashins* o' 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 Rivcrinces 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 again, 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 *scrimmage** 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 receave the dhrop of that wine they shall get,' says he, 'the dirty beggarly neygars: bad cess to the dhrop,' 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 ordhers 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 didn'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

* Evidently derived from the French *escrimer*.

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 with 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 Riverince,' says Corny, 'we'll unload it ourselves, your Riverince,' says he.

"So with that they began unloading, first one boat, and then another; but sure enough, every individual cashk of it went up to the palace, and not a one to the churches: so whin they seen the second boat a'most empty; quare thoughts began to come into their heads, for before this offer, the first boatload 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 gintleman, 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, 'twas 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, 'throth 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, 'twas the bishop himself kem down to the river side, having got the *hard word* of what was goin' an. '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, turnin' round to half a dozen strappin' young priests as was standing by.

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

"'Hillo!' says the bishop, 'where are yiz goin' with that wine?' says he.

"'Where I tould them,' says Corny.

"'Is it to the palace?' says his Riverince.

"'Faith, you jist hit it,' says Corny.

"'And what's that for?' says the bishop.

"'For fun,' says Corny, no way *frikened* at all by the dark look the bishop gave him. And sure it's a wondher the fear of the church didn'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 your standin' there I'll excommunicate you, my fine fellow, if you don't keep a civil tongue in your head.'

"'Sure it wouldn't be worth your Riverince's while,' says Corny, 'to excommunicate the likes o' me,' says he, 'while there's the king my masther to the fore, for your holiness to play bell, book, and candle-light with.'

"'Do you mane to say, you scruff o' the earth,' says the bishop, 'that your masther, 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 o' 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 understand this villian has your commands for his purty behavor ?'

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

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

" 'Bad luck to 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, eyin' him mighty sly

" 'Yes, Sir—the mass,' says his Riverince, 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 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 wont 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-cellar 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 isn't good, your Rivcrince,' says the king; 'for I'm thinkin',' says he, 'that some of the spiteful little divils has given your Riverince a blast, and burnt the ind of your nose.'

"With that, my dear, you couldn'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—'fill your cellars as much as you like,' says the bishop, '*but you'll die in drooth yit;*—and with that he went down on 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 suddent, 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 worn off his bones, and he was as bare and yallow 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—ay, troth, as much as would turn a mill; and he called to his servants 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' f drooth*,' says he.

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

"'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 heaven, gi' me a dhrink of wather'.

"'And what would you think, Sir, but there wasn't a dhrop of wather in the place.

"'Oh, murther! murther!' says the king, 'isn'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, as 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 thrimbled again, 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 Shonnon, 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, he died, Sir,—makin' the bishop's words good, that '*he would die of drooth yet !*'

"And now, Sir," says my historian, with a look of lurking humour in his dark grey eye, "isn'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 plaee 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 innoeent, (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 nickname (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 steward crossing the bog towards them: "Ah, ah! 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 break 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 Jimmy* 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."

* 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 Shakspeare's time: but Jimmy is the established name in Ireland.

"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 wouldn't be a beggar. Do you think I've nothin' else to do but beg?"

"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 again;" but when

he left the office, he took the road to Dublin, inste
homewards, having been bidden *not to return with delivering it*, and ran the distance to the capital, (abou 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 instruction.

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 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 among the rising family of the gander, he began to trample upon the goslings, and was caught in the act of murdering them wholesale, by the enraged woman who had reared them.

"Ha! Jimmy, you villain, is it murtherin' my lovely goslins you are, you thief of the world? Bad scran to you, you thick-headed vagabond."

"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 on each side, as to render escape difficult, Mr. Ghost suddenly reared his sheeted person, as Jemmy had half ascended a broken stile, and with all the usual terrific formulæ of "Boo," "Fee-fa-fum," &c., &c., 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 beggarman, 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 wayside, 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 half pence only for division to his blind friend; but 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 didn'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 mow;" and 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 kitchin-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 in 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 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 didn't you smell the wather?*"

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 stand the picturesque ruins of a mill, overshadowed by some noble trees that grow in great luxuriance at the water's edge. Here, one day, after making a sketch, I was accosted by a silver-haired old man that for some time had been observing me, and who, when I was about to leave the spot, approached me and said, "I suppose it's after takin' off* the ould mill you'd be, Sir?"

I answered in the affirmative.

"Maybe your honor 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

* "Take off"—to represent pictorially.

the wather-coorse; ay, even the very spot where the gudgeon of the wheel was wanst, let alone the big stone at the corner, that was laid the first by *himself;*" and he gave the last word with mysterious emphasis, and handed the drawing back to me, with a "thankee, sir," of most respectful acknowledgment.

"And who was 'himself,'" said I, "that laid that stone?" feigning ignorance, and desiring "to draw him out," as the phrase is.

"Oh, then, maybe it's what you'd be a stranger here?" said he.

"Almost," said I.

"And did you never hear tell of L——'s mill," said he, "and how it was built?"

"Never," was my answer.

"Throth then I thought young and owld, rich and poor, knew that—far and near."

"I don't, for one," said I; "but perhaps," I added, bringing forth some little preparation for a lunch, that I had about me, and producing a small flask of whiskey—"perhaps you will be so good as to tell me, and take a slice of ham, and drink my health," offering him a dram from my flask, and seating myself on the sod beside the river.

"Thank you kindly, sir," says he; and so, after "warming his heart," as he said himself, he proceeded to give an account of the mill in question.

"You see, sir, there was a man wanst, in times back, that owned a power of land about here—but God keep uz, they said he didn't come by it honestly, but did a crooked turn whenever 'twas to sarve himself—and sure he *sowld the pass*,* and what luck or grace could he have afther that?"

"How do you mean he sold the pass?" said I.

"Oh, sure your honour must have heerd how the pass was sowld, and he bethrayed his king and counthry."

"No, indeed," said I.

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

"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 matther now, and I don't care talkin' about it; and laist said is soonest mended—howsomever, he got a power of money for that same, and lands and what not; but the more he got, the more he craved, and there was no ind to his sthrivin' for goold evermore, and thirstin' for the lucre of gain.

"Well, the story goes that at last, the 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 *owld chap*, and get all he wanted, and keep himself out of harm's way still: for he was mighty 'cute—and throth he was able for owld Nick any day.

"Well, the bargain was struck: and it was 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 'twould be a great while before he'd want him at all at all; and whin that time kem, he was to keep his hands aff him, as long as the other could give him some work he couldn't do.

"So, when the bargain was made, 'Now,' says the Colonel to the Divil, 'give me all the money I want.'

"'As much as you like,' says Owld Nick—'how much will you have?'

"'You must fill me that room,' says he, pointin' into a murtherin' big room that he emptied out on purpose

—'you must fill that room, says he, up to the very ceilin' with goolden guineas.'

"'And welkem,' says the Divil.

"With that, sir, he began to shovel in the guineas into the room, like mad; and the Colonel towld him, that as soon as he was done, to come to him in his own parlour below, and that he would then go up and see if the Divil was as good as his word, and had filled the room with the goolden guineas. So the Colonel went down stairs, and the Owld Fellow worked away as busy as a nailer, shovellin' in the guineas by hundherds and thousands.

"Well, he worked away for an hour, and more, and at last he began to get tired; and he thought it *mighty odd* that the room wasn't fillin' fasther.—Well, afther 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 couldn't cram while a cook would be crammin' a turkey, till now; and here I am,' says he 'losin' my whole day, and I with such a power o' work an my hands yit, and this room no fuller than if I began five minutes ago.'

"By gor, while he was spakin', he seen the hape o' guineas in the middle of the flure growing *littler and littler* every minit; and at last they wor disappearing, for all the world, like corn in the hopper of a mill.

"'Ho! ho!' says Owld Nick, 'is that the way wid you,' says he; and with that, he ran over to the hape of goold—and what would you think, but it was runnin' down through a great big hole in the flure, that the Colonel made through the ceilin' in the room below; and that was the work he was at afther he left the Divil, though he purtended he was only waitin' for him in his parlour; and there the Divil, when he looked down the hole in the flure, seen the Colonel, not content with the *two* rooms full of guineas, but with a big shovel,

throwin' them into a closet a' one side of him, as fast as they fell down. So, putting his head through the hole, he called down to the Colonel—

"'Hillo! neighbour,' says he.

"The Colonel looked up, and grew as white as a sheet, when he seen he was found out, and the red eyes starin' down at him through the hole.

"'Musha, bad luck to your impudence!' says Ould Nick: 'it is sthriven 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 your's to command.'

"So, with that, the Divil and he parted for that time: and myself doesn't know whether they used to meet often afther, or not; but the Colonel never wanted money, any how, but went on prosperous in the world—and, as the saying is, if he took the dirt out o' the road, it id turn to money wid him; and so, in course of time, he bought great estates, and was a great man entirely—not a greater in Ireland, throth."

Fearing here a digression on landed interest, I interrupted him, to ask how he and the fiend settled their accounts at last?

"O, sir, you'll hear that all in good time. Sure enough it's terrible, and wondherful it is at the ind, and mighty improvin'—glory be to God!'

"Is that what you say," said I, in surprise, "because a wicked and deluded man lost his soul to The Tempter!"

"Oh, the Lord forbid, your honour; but don't be

impatient, and you'll hear all. They say, at last, after many years of prosperity, that the owld Colonel got stricken in years, and he began to have misgivings in his conscience for his wicked doings, and his heart was heavy as the fear of death came upon him; and sure enough, while he had such murnful thoughts, the Divil kem to him, and tould 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 par-tic'lar business thin, that he was goin' to a party, and hoped an *owld friend* wouldn't inconvaynience 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 couldn't do, he wasn't obleeged to go.

"'That's thrue,' says the Divil.

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

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

"'Well, then,' says the Colonel, 'build me a mill, down there, by the river,' says he, 'and let me have it finished by to-morrow mornin'.'

"'Your will is my pleasure,' says the owld chap, and away he wint; and the Colonel thought he had nick'd Owld Nick at last, and wint to bed quite aisy 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 evening before, not a thing at all at all but rushes was standin', and all, of coorse, wonderin' what brought it there; and some sayin' 'twas not lucky, and many more throubled in their mind, but one and all agreein' it was no *good;* and that's the very mill forninst you, that you were takin' aff, and the stone that I noticed is a remarkable one—a big 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 iv 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't make a rope out of the sands of the sae; and so when the *owld one* kem to him the next day, and said his job was done, and that now the mill was built, he must either tell him somethin' else he wanted done, or come away wid him.

"So the Colonel said he saw it was all over wid him; 'but,' says he, 'I wouldn't like to go wid you alive, and sure it's all the same to you, alive or dead?'

"'Oh, that won't do,' says his frind; 'I can' wait no more,' says he.

"'I don't want you to wait, my dear frind,' says the

Colonel; 'all I want is, that you'll be plased to kill me, before you take me away.'

"'With pleasure,' says Owld Nick.

"'But will you promise me my choice of dyin' one partic'lar way?' says the Colonel.

"'Half a dozen ways, if it plazes you,' says he.

"'You're mighty obleegin,' says the Colonel; 'and so,' says he, 'I'd rather die by bein' hanged with a rope *made out of the sands of the sae*,' says he, lookin' mighty knowin' at the *owld fellow*.

"'I've always one about me,' says the Divil, 'to obleege my frinds,' says he; and with that, he pulls out a rope made of sand, sure enough.

"'Oh, it's game you're makin',' says the Colonel, growin' as white as a sheet.

"'The *game is mine*, sure enough,' says the owld fellow, grinnin', with a terrible laugh.

"'That's not a sand-rope at all,' says the Colonel.

"'Isn't it?' says the Divil, hittin' him acrass the face with the ind iv of the rope, and the sand (for it *was* made of sand, sure enough) went into one of his eyes, and made the tears come with the pain.

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

"'Nothing you can tell me,' says the Divil, 'so you may as well lave off your palaverin', and come along at wanst.'

"'Will you give me one more offer,' says the Colonel.

"'You dont'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 owld sinner.

"'All fair,' says the Colonel, and with that he ax'd him could he stop a woman's tongue.

"'Thry me,' says Owld Nick.

"'Well then,' says the Colonel, 'make my lady's tongue be quiet for the next month, and I'd thank you.'

"'She'll never throuble you agin,' says Owld Nick; and, with that, the Colonel heerd roarin' and eryin', and the door of his room was thrown open, and in ran his daughter, and fell down at his feet, telling him her mother had just dhropped dead.

"The minit the door opened, the Divil runs and hides himself behind a big elbow chair; and the Colonel was frekened almost out of his siven sinses, 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' to his sarvants, and recoverin' his daughther 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, and all as one as a dog when he's plaised—'what do you say now?' says he.

"'Oh,' says the Colonel, 'only lave me alone until I bury my poor wife,' says he, 'and I'll go with you then, you villian,' says he.

"'Don't call names,' says the Divil; 'you had better keep a civil tongue in your head,' says he; 'and it doesn't become a 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 until 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 off a goold chain that was on her neck, and put it in his pocket, and the chain had a diamond crass on it, (the Lord be praised!) and the Divil darn't touch him while he had *the sign of the crass* about him.

"Well, the poor Colonel (God forgive him!) was

grieved for the loss of his lady, and she had an *illigant berrin*—and they say, that when the prayers was readin' over the dead, the owld Colonel took it to heart like any 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 if it was, that for the three days o' grace that was given to him the poor deluded owld sinner did nothin' at all but read the Bible from mornin' till night, and bit or sup didn't pass his lips all the time, he was so intint upon the Holy Book, but he sat up in an owld room in the far ind of the house, and bid no one disturb him an no account, and struv to make his heart bould with the words iv life; and sure it was somethin' strinthened him at last, though as the time drew nigh that the *inimy* was to come, he didn't feel aisy; and no wondher; and, 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 shoulder.

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

"'It's me,' says the *owld one*, and he stood right forninst him, and his eyes like coals o' fire, lookin' him through, and he said, with a voice that almost split his owld heart, 'Come!' says he.

"'Another day,' cried out the poor Colonel.

"'Not another hour,' says Sat'n.

"'Half an hour?'

"'Not a quarther,' says the Divil, grinnin', with a bitther laugh—'give over your readin', I bid you,' says he, 'and come away wid me.'

"'Only gi' me a few minits,' says he.

"'Lave aff your palaverin',' you snakin' owld sinner,' says Sat'n; 'you know you're bought and sould to me, and a purty bargain I have o' you, you owld baste,' says he—'so come along at wanst,' and he put out his claw

to ketch him; but the Colonel tuk a fast hould o' the Bible, and begg'd hard that he'd let him alone, and wouldn't harm him 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 Owld Nick—and with that he spit an him.

"But the poor owld Colonel didn't lose a minit (for he was cunnin' to the ind), but snatched the little taste o' candle that was forninst him, out o' the candlestick, and puttin' it an the Holy Book before him, he shut down the cover of it, and quinched the light. With that, the Divil gave a roar like a bull, and vanished in a flash o' fire, and the poor Colonel fainted away in his chair; but the sarvants 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 couldn't read himself any more, by raison of losin' his eyesight, when the Divil hit him with the rope of sand in the face, and afther spit an him—for the sand wint into one eye and he lost the other that-a-way, savin' your presence.

"So you see, sir, afther all, the Colonel, undher heaven, was too able for the Divil, and by readin' the good Book his sowl was saved, and (glory be to God) *isn't that mighty improvin'?*"

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 being 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—*Boskos vauvado.*
Parolles—I understand thee, and can speak thy tongue."
ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

MATHEWS, 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 rejected his proffered service, "*the poor ignorant craytures,*" as he himself says, "*just because* he did not understand the 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! 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 *suitor*, 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 exceedingly 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 services, 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 eertain "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?"

"Indeed he was," cries mine host; and Pat adds, "ay, and farther, plaze your honour."

"I assure you, Sir John," continues my host, "Pat told me a story once that surprised me very much, respecting the ignorance of the French."

"Indeed!" rejoins the baronet; "really, I always supposed the French to be a most accomplished people."

"Throth then, they are not, sir," interrupts Pat.

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

"I believe, Pat, 'twas when you were crossing the

Atlantic?" says the master, turning to Pat with a seductive air, and leading into the "full and true account," (for Pat had thought fit to visit *North America*, for a "raison he had," in the autumn of the year 'ninety-eight.)

"Yes, sir," says Pat, "the broad Atlantic,"—a favourite phrase of his, which he gave with a brogue as broad, almost, as the Atlantic itself.

"It was the time I was lost in crassin' the broad Atlantic, a comin' home," began Pat, decoyed into the recital, "whin the winds began to blow, and the sae to rowl, that you'd think the *Colleen dhas* (that was her name) would not have a mast left but what would rowl out of her.

"Well, sure enough, the masts went by the boord, at last, and the pumps were 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 call it; and faith I never was good at settlin' down in my life, and I liked it then less nor ever; accordingly we prepared for the worst, and put out the boat, and got a sack o' bishkets, and a cashk o' pork, and a kag o' wather, and a thrifle o' rum aboord, and any other little matthers we could think iv in the mortial hurry we wor in—and fait there was no time to be lost, for my darlint, the *Colleen dhas* went down like a lump o' lead, afore we wor many strokes o' the oar away from her.

"Well, we dhrifted away all that night, and next mornin' we put up a blanket an the ind av a pole as well as we could, and then we sailed iligant; for we darn't show a stitch o' canvass the night before, bekase it was blowin' like murther, savin' your presence, and sure it's the wondher of the world we 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 throth, our provision began to run low, the bishkits, and the wather, and the rum—throth *that* was gone first of all—God help uz—and, oh! it was thin starvation began to stare us in the face—'Oh, murther, murther, captain darlint,' says I, 'I wish we could see land any where,' says I.

" 'More power to your elbow, Paddy, my boy,' says he, 'for sitch a good wish, and throth it's myself wishes the same.'

" 'Oh,' says I, 'that it may plaze you, sweet queen iv heaven, supposing it was only a *dissolute* island,' says I, 'inhabited wid Turks, sure they wouldn't be such bad 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 suddint,' says he.

" 'Thrue for you, captain darlint,' says I—I called him darlint, and made free wid him, you see, bekase disthress makes uz all equal—'thrue for you, captain jewel—God betune uz and harm, I own 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 cowld.—Well, at the brake o' day the sun riz most beautiful out o' the waves, that was as bright as silver and as clear as crysthal:—but it was only the more cruel upon us, for we wor beginnin' to feel *terrible* hungry; when all at wanst I thought I spied the land—by gor I thought I felt my heart up in my throat in a minit, and 'Thunder an' turf, captain,' says I, 'look to leeward,' says I.

" 'What for?' says he.

" 'I think I see the land,' says I. So he ups with his bring-'m-near—(that's what the sailors call a spy-glass, sir,) and looks out, and, sure enough, it was.

" 'Hurra ' says he, 'we're all right now; pull away, my boys,' says he.

" 'Take eare you're not mistaken,' says I; 'naybe it's only a fog-bank, eaptain 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 Oeeant,' 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 Franee it is; captain dear?' says I.

" 'Bekase this is the Bay o' Bishky we're in now,' says he.

" 'Throth I was thinkin' so myself,' says I, 'by the rowl it has; for I often heerd av it in regard of that same;' and throth the likes av it I never seen before nor since, and with the help o' God, never will.

"Well, with that, my heart began to grow light; and when I seen my life was safe, I began to grow twice hungrier nor ever—'so,' says I, 'captain jewel, I wish we had a gridiron.'

" 'Why then,' says he, 'thunder an turf,' says he, 'what puts a gridiron into your head?'

" 'Bekase I'm starvin' with the hunger,' says I.

" 'And sure, bad luck to you,' says he, 'you couldn't ate a gridiron,' says he, 'barrin' you wor a *pelican o' the wildherness*,' says he.

" 'Ate a gridiron?' says I; 'oeh, in throth I'm not sich a *gommoch* all out as that, any how. But sure, if we had a gridiron, we eould dress a beefstake,' says I.

" 'Arrah! but where's the beefstake?' says he.

" 'Sure, eoudn't we cut a slice aff the pork, says I.

"'Be gor, I never thought o' that,' says the captain. 'You're a clever fellow, Paddy,' says he, laughin'

"'Oh, there's many a thrue word said in a joke,' says I.

"'Thrue 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 stirabout in airnest now,' says he; 'you gommoch,' says he, 'sure I towld you before that's France—and sure they're all furriners* there,' says the captain.

"'Well,' says I, 'and how do you know but I'm as good a furriner myself as any o' thim.'

"'What do you mane?' says he.

"'I mane,' says I, 'what I towld you, that I'm as good a furriner myself as any o' thim.'

"'Make me *sinsible*†,' says he.

"'By dad, maybe that's more nor I could do,' says I —and we all began to laugh at him, for I thought I'd pay him off for his bit o' consait about the Garman Oceant.

"'Lave aff your humbuggin',' says he, 'I bid you, and tell me what it is you mane, at all at all.'

"'*Parly voo frongsay*,' says I.

"'Oh, your humble sarvant,' says he; 'why, 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.

* Foreigners. † That is to say, "make it intelligible to me."

"'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 bellyful before long.'

"So, with that, it was no sooner said nor done—they pulled away, and got close in shore in less than no time, and run the boat up into a little ereek, 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 conthrived to seramble on, one way or t'other, tow'rds a little bit iv a wood that was close to the shore, and the smoke curlin' out of it, quite timptin' like.

"'By the powdhers o' war, I am all right,' says I; 'there's a house there;'—and sure enough there was, and a pareel of men, women, and childher, ating their dinner round a table, quite convaynient. And so I wint up to the door, and I thought I'd be very civil to thim, as I heerd the Frinch was always mighty p'lite intirely—and I thought I'd show them I knew what good manners was.

"So I took 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 eountenanee; 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 o' wanting the gridiron; and so says I, 'I beg your pardon,' says I, 'for the liberty I take, but it's only bein' in disthress in regard 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 entirely obleeged to ye.'

"By gor, they all stared at me twice worse nor

before; and with that says I, (knowin' what was in their minds,) 'indeed, it's thrue for you,' says I—'I'm tatthered to pieces, and God knows I look quare enough —but its 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 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 owld man, with a head of hair as white as silver—'maybe I'm undher a mistake,' says I; 'but I thought I was in France, sir: aren't you 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?'

"Oh, it was thin that they stared at me as if I had siven heads; and, faith, myself began to feel flusthered like, and onaisy—and so says I, makin' a bow and scrape agin, 'I know it's a liberty I take, sir,' says I, 'but it's only in the regard of bein' cast away; and if you plase, sir,' says I, '*Parly voo frongsay?*'

"'We munseer,' says he, mighty sharp.

"'Then would you lind me the loan of a gridiron?' says I, 'and you'll obleege me.'

"Well, sir, the owld chap began to munseer me; but the divil a bit of a gridiron he'd gi'e me; and so I began to think they wor all neygars, for all their fine manners; and throth my blood begun to rise, and says I, 'By my sowl, if it was you was in disthress,' says I,

'and if it was to owld Ireland you kem, it's not only the gridiron they'd give you, if you ax'd it but something to put an it too, and the dhrop o' dhrink into the bargain, and *cead mile failte*.'

"Well, the word *cead mile failte* seemed to sthreck his heart, and the owld ehap cocked his ear, and so I thought I'd give him another offer, and make him sinsible at last; and so says I, wanst more, quite slow, that he might undherstand—'*Parly—voo—frongsay*, munseer?'

"'We munseer,' says he.

"'Then lind me the loan of a gridiron,' says I, 'and bad scran to you.'

"Well, bad win to the bit of it he'd gi' me, and the owld chap begins bowin' and scrapin', and said something or other about a long tongs.*

"'Phoo!—the divil sweep yourself and your tongs,' says 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.'

"Well, what would you think but he shook his owld noddle, as much as to say he wouldn't; and so says I, 'bad cess to the likes o' that I ever seen—throth if you wor in my counthry it's not that a-way they'd use you; the eurse o' the erows 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 eonscience throubled him: and, says I, turnin' back, 'Well, I'll give you one chanee more—you owld thief—are you a Chrishthan at all at all? Are you a furriner?' says I, 'that all the world eall so p'lite. Bad luck to you, do you undherstand your own language?—*Parly voo frongsay?*' says I.

"'We munseer,' says he.

* Some mystification of Paddy's, touching the French *n'entends*.

"'Then thunder an 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 yit,' says I, 'and wherever I go, high and low, rich and poor, shall hear o' you,' says I, and with that I left them there, sir, and kem away—and in throth it's often sence that *I thought that it was remarkable* "

PADDY THE PIPER.

" *Dogberry.*—Marry, sir, they have committed false reports; 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 frolicking Irish peasant, in the richest brogue, and most dramatic manner.

" I'll tell you, sir, a mighty quare story, and it's as thrue as I'm standin' here, and that's no lie:—

" It was in the time of tho *'ruction,** whin the long summer days, like many a fine fellow's precious life, was cut short by raison of the martial law—that wouldn't let a dacent boy be out in the evenin', good or bad; for whin the day's work was over, divil a one of uz dar go to meet a frind over a glass, or a girl at the dance, but must go home, and shut ourselves up,

* Insurrection.

and never budge, nor rise latch, nor dhraw boult, antil the morning kem agin.

"Well, to come to my story:—'Twas afther nightfall, and we wor sittin' round the fire, and the pratics wor boilin', and the noggins of butthermilk was standin' ready for our suppers, whin a nock kem to the door.

"'Whisht!' says my father, 'here's the sojers come upon us now,' says he; 'bad luck to thim, the villians, I'm afeared they seen a glimmer of the fire through the crack in the door,' says he.

"'No,' says my mother, 'for I'm afther hangin' an owld sack and my new petticoat agin it, 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 purtind any more,' says my father—'they're too cute to be put off that-a-way,' says he. 'Go, Shamus,' says he to me, 'and see who's in it.'

"'How can I see who's in it in the dark?' says I.

"'Well,' says he, 'light the candle thin, and see who's in it, but don't open the door, for your life, barrin' they brake it in,' says he, 'exceptin' to the sojers, and spake thim fair, if it's thim.'

"So with that I wint to the door, and there was another knock.

"'Who's there?' says I.

"'It's me,' says he.

"'Who are you?' says I.

"'A frind,' says he.

"'*Baithershin*,' says I,—'who are you at all?'

"'Arrah! don't you know me?' says he.

"'Divil a taste,' says I.

"'Sure I'm Paddy the Piper,' says he.

"'Oh, thunder an turf,' says I, 'is it you, Paddy, that's in it?'

"'Sorra one else,' says he.

"'And what brought you at this hour?' says I.

"'By gar,' says he, 'I didn't like goin' the roun' by

the road,' says he, 'and so I kem the short cut, and that's what delayed me,' says he.

"'Oh, murther!' says I—'Paddy, I wouldn't be in your shoes for the king's ransom,' says I; 'for you know yourself it's a hangin' matther to be cotched out these times,' says I.

"'Sure I know that,' says he, 'and that's what I kem to you for,' says he; 'so let me in for owld acquaintance sake,' says poor Paddy.

"'Oh, by this and that,' says I, 'I darn't open the door for the wide world; and sure you know it; and throth, if the Husshians or the Yeos* ketches you,' says I, 'they'll murther you, as sure as your name's Paddy.'

"'Many thanks to you,' says he, 'for your good intintions; but plase the pigs, I hope it's not the likes o' that is in store for me, 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, 'behin' the house, where the cow is, and there there's an iligant lock o' straw, that you may go sleep in,' says I, 'and a fine bed it id be for a lord, let alone a piper.'

"So off Paddy set to hide in the shed, and throth it wint to our hearts to refuse him, and turn him away from the door, more by token when the praties was ready—for sure the bit and the sup is always welkim to the poor thraveller. Well, we all wint to bed, and Paddy hid himself in the cow-house; and now I must tell you how it was with Paddy:—

* Yeomen.

"You see, afther sleeping for some time, Paddy wakened up, thinkin' it was mornin', but it wasn't mornin' at all, but only the light o' the moon that desaved him; but at all evints, he wanted to be stirrin' airly, bekase he was goin' off to the town hard by, it bein' fair day, to pick up a few ha'penee with his pipes—for the divil a betther 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 horsemen 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 didn't go far, antil elimbin' 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 mareiful to uz, but a corpse hangin' out of a braneh 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 'twas thrue for him, for it would make the heart of a stouter man nor Paddy jump, to see the like, and to think of a Chrishthan crathur being hanged up, all as one as a dog.

"Now, 'twas the rebels that hanged this chap—bekase, you see, the corpse had good clothes an him, and that's the 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, eyin' the corpse, 'by my sowl, thin, but you have a beautiful pair o' boots an you,' says he, 'and it's what I'm thinkin' you won't have any great use for thim no more; and sure it's a

shame for the likes o' me,' says he, 'the best piper in the sivin counties, to be trampin' wid a pair of owld brogues not worth three *traneens,* and a corpse with such an iligant pair o' boots, that wants some one to wear thim. So, with that, Paddy lays hould of him by the boots, and began a pullin' at thim, but they wor mighty stiff; and whether it was by raison of their bein' so tight, or the branch of the three a-jiggin' up an down, all as one as a weighdee buckettee, an not lettin' Paddy cotch any right hoult 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, determined 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 frinds before; and sure t'was the wondher of every one, that two knowledgeable men, that ought to know betther, would do the likes, and give and take sharp steel in frindship; but I'm forgettin'—well, he outs with his knife, and what does he do, but he cuts off the legs of the corpse; 'and,' says he, 'I can take off the boots at my convaynience;' and throth it was, as I said before, a dirty turn.

"Well, sir, he tuck'd the legs undher his arms, 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 wasn't the early dawn, as he conceaved; and bein'

freken'd for fear himself might be cotched and thrated like the poor corpse he was afther a malthreating, if *he* was found walking the counthry at that time—by gar, he turned about, and walked back agin to the cow-house, and, hidin' the corpse's legs in the sthraw, Paddy wint to sleep agin. But what do you think? Paddy was not long there antil the sojers came 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 mornin' kem, my father says to me, 'Go, Shamus,' says he, 'to the shed, and bid poor Paddy come in, and take share o' the praties, 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 dickins an answer I got still. Tatthar-an-agers!' says I, 'Paddy, where are you at all at all?' and so, castin' my eyes about the shed, I seen two feet sticking out from undher the hape o' straw—'Musha! thin, says I, , bad luck to you, Paddy, but you're fond of a warm corner, and maybe you haven't made yourself as snug as a 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 o' my hands like a pair o' Husshian's horse-pist'ls—and I thought the sight 'id lave my eyes, when I seen they wor two mortial 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 ney-

gar, says I; 'and bad luck to you, how dainty you are, that nothin' 'id sarve you for your supper, but the best piper in Ireland. *Weirasthru! weirasthru!* what'll the whole counthry say to such an unnath'ral murther? and you lookin' as innocent there as a lamb, and atin' your hay as quiet as if nothin' happened.' With that, I run out—for, throth, I didn't like to be near her—and, goin' into the house, I tould them all about it.

"'Arrah! be aisy,' says my father.

"'Bad luck to the lie I tell you,' says I.

"'Is it ate Paddy?' says they.

"'Divil a doubt of it,' says I.

"'Are you sure, Shamus?' says my mother.

"'I wish I was as sure of a new pair 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 cursin' the cow, that gives the milk to the childher.'

"'Yis, I will,' says my father, 'why shouldn't I curse sich an unnath'ral baste?'

"'You oughtn't to curse any livin' thing that's undher your roof,' says my mother.

"'By my sowl, thin,' says my father, 'she shan't be undher my roof any more; for I'll sind her to the fair this minit,' says he, 'and sell her for whatever she'll bring. Go aff,' says he, 'Shamus, the minit you've ate your breakquest, and dhrive her to the fair.'

"'Throth I don't like to dhrive her,' says I.

"'Arrah, don't be makin' a gommagh of yourself,' says he.

"'Faith, I don't,' says I.

"'Well, like or no like,' says he, 'you must dhrive her.'

"'Sure, father,' says I, 'you could take more care iv her yourself.'

"'That's mighty good,' says he, 'to keep a dog, and bark myself;' and, faith, I rec'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 sich a villian of a baste. But, howsomever, I cut a brave long wattle, that I might dhrive the man-ater iv a thief, as she was, without bein' near her, at all at all.

"Well, away we wint along the road, and mighty throng it wuz wid the boys and the girls—and, in short, all sorts, rich and poor, high and low, crowdin' to the fair.

"'God save you,' says one to me.

"'God save you kindly,' says I.

"'That's a fine baste you're dhrivin,' says he.

"'Throth she is,' says I; though it wint agin my heart to say a good word for the likes of her.

"'It's to the fair you're goin', I suppose, says he, 'with the baste?' (He was a snug-lookin' farmer, ridin' a purty little gray hack.)

"'Faith, thin you're right enough,' says I, 'it is to the fair I'm goin'."

"'What do you expec' for her?' says he.

"'Faith, thin, mysel doesn't know,' says I—and that was thrue enough, you see, bekase I was bewildhered like about the baste entirely.

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

"'Och,' says I—not likin' to let him suspict there was anything 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

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 'ill you ax for her?" says he.

"'Why, thin, I wouldn't like to be onraysonable,' says I—(for the thruth was, you know I wanted to get rid of her)—'and so I'll take four pounds for her,' says I, 'and no less.'

"'No less!' says he.

"'Why, sure that's chape enough,' says I.

"'Throth it is,' says he; 'and I'm thinking i'ts too chape it is,' says he; 'for if there wasn't somethin' the matter, it's not for that you'd be sellin' the fine milch cow, as she is to all appearance.'

"'Indeed thin,' says I, 'upon my conscience, she is a fine milch cow.'

"'Maybe,' says he, 'she's gone off her milk, in regard that she dosen'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 to see how they go in the fair.'

"'With all my heart,' says I, purtendin' to be no ways consarned—but in throth I began to be afeard that the people was seein' somethin' unnath'ral about her, and that we'd never get rid of her, at all at all. At last we kem to the fair, and a great sight o' people was in it—throth, you'd think the whole world was there, let alone the standins o' gingerbread and iligant ribbins, and makins o' beautiful gownds, and pitch-and-toss, and merry-go-rouns, and tints with the best av dhrink in thim, and the fiddles playin' up t' incourage the boys and girls; but I never minded thim at all, but detarmint to sell the thievin' rogue av a cow afore I'd mind any divarshin in life; so an I dhriv her into the thick av the fair, whin all of a suddint, as I kem to the door av

a tint, up sthruck the pipes to the tune av 'Tather-Jack-Welsh,' and my jew'l, in a minit the cow cock'd her ears, and was makin' a dart at the tint.

"'Oh, murther!' says I, to the boys standin' by, hould her,' says I, 'hould her—she ate one piper already, the vagabone, and, bad luck to her, she wants another now.'

"'Is it a cow for to ate a piper?' says one o' thim.

"'Not a word o' lie in it, for I seen his corpse myself, and nothin' left but the two legs,' says I; 'and it's a folly to be sthrivin' to hide it, for I *see* she'll never lave it aff—as poor Paddy Grogan knows to his cost, Lord be merciful to him.'

"'Who's that takin' my name in vain?' says a voice in the crowd; and with that, shovin' the throng a one side, who 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 quiet day she had wid us afther that; and whin she died, throth my father had sitch a regard for the poor thing, that he had her skinned, and an iligant pair of

breeches made out iv her hide, and it's in the family to this day: and isn't it mighty remarkable it is, what I'm goin' to tell you now, but it's as thrue as I'm here, that from that day out, any one that has thim breeehes an, the minit a pair o' pipes sthrikes up, they can't rest, but goes jiggin' and jiggin' in their sate, and never stops as long as the pipes are playin'—and there," said he, slapping the garment in question that covered his sinewy limb, with a spank of his brawny hand that might have startled nerves more tender than mine—"there, them is the very breeches that's an me now, and a fine pair they are this minit."

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

THE PRIEST'S GHOST

> "*Hermoine.*—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 amongst 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 St. 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 told me the story: Mary O'Malley was in the chapel hearin' 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 'twas haymakin' sayson: or whether it was *ordhered*,* and that it was all for the glory of God, and the repose

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

of a throubled sowl, or how it was, it doesn'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 freken'd, and thrimbl'd till she thought she'd ha' died on the spot, and sure no wondher, considerin' 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 repeated her crados 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 cloak, she thought she might lie down and sthrive 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 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 poor dear 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 agin into the vesthry, and in a minit all was dark agin; but before

he wint, 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 pitiful like; and she said she never heerd before nor sence such a wondherful 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 antil she recovered and kem to herself in her mother's cabin afther being brought home from the chapel next mornin' whin 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 mortial 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 whin Mary tould what she had seen and heerd to her clargy, his Riverence, 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 couldn't have rest antil that mass was said; and that he *must walk** antil the duty was done.

"So Mary's clargy said to her, that as the knowledge of this was made through her, and as his Riverence said she was chosen, he ax'd her would she go and keep

* The appearance of a troubled spirit is expressed, in Ireland, by the phrase "he walks."—This is Shakspearian, as many other peculiar words and phrases are, in Ireland

"I am thy father's spirit;
Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night."
Hamlet.

another vigil in the chapel, as his Rivcrence said—and thrue 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, said she'd watch another night, but hoped she wouldn't be ax'd to stay long in the chapel alone. So the priest 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 on the night of the 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 wasn't kep' long; for soon the dazzlin' light burst from out of the vesthry 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 couldn'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

* Again Shakspearian:

"It was about to speak when the cock crew
And then it started like a guilty thing
Upon a fearful summons."

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 couldn'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 SAYINGS.

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

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 PITTAYATEES!"

Enter Katty, with a gray cloak, a dirty cap, and a black eye; a sieve of potatoes *on* her head, and a "trifle o' sper'ts" *in* it. Katty meanders down Patrick-street.

KATTY—"*My new Pittayatees!—My-a-new Pittayatees!—My new—*"

(*Meeting a friend.*)

Sally, darlin', is that you?

SALLY—Throth, it's myself; and what's the 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*?

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 luck attend you; bad cess to you, you pot-wallopin' varmint," says he, (maynin' me, i' you plaze)—"wait till I ketch you, you sthrap, and it's I'll give you your fill iv"—'*New pittayatees!*'—"your fill iv a licking, if ever you got it," says he.

So, with that, I knew the villian was *mulvathered*†; 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.

* Getting drunk. † Intoxicated.

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 of it. Where did I lave aff? Oh, ay, at the stairs.

Well, as he was comin' up stairs, (knowin' how it ud be,) I thought it best to take care o' my—"*New pittayatees!*"—to take care o' myself; so with that I put the bowlt an the door, betune me and danger, and kep' listnin' at the 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 wouldn't mintion,) or by this and that, I'll *massacray* you," says he, "within an inch o'—'*New pittayatees!*' within an inch o' your life," says he. "Mikee, darlint," says I, sootherin' him.

SAL.—Why would you call sitch a 'tarnal vagabone, darlint?

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

"You lie," says he, "you impident sthrap, I'm not disguised; but, if I'm disguised itself," says he, "I'll make you know the differ," says he.

Oh! I thought the life id lave me, when I heerd him say the word; and with that I put my hand an—"*My new pittayatees!*"—an the latch o' the door, to purvint it from slippin'; and he ups and he gives a wicked kick at the door, and says he, "If you don't let me in this minit," says he, "I'll be the death o' your—"*New*

pittayatees!"—o' yourself and your dirty breed," says he. Think o' that, Sally dear, to abuse my relations.

SAL.—Oh, the ruffin.

KAT.—Dirty breed, indeed! By my sowkins, they're as good as his any day in the year, and was never behoulden to—"*New pittayatees!*"—to go a beggin' to the mendicity for their dirty—"*New pittayatees!*"—their dirty washins o' pots, and sarvints' lavins, and dogs' bones, all as one as that cruk'd disciple of his mother's cousin's sisther, the owld dhrunken aper-se-and, as she is.

SAL.—No, in throth, Katty dear.

KAT.—Well, where was I? Oh, ay, I left off at—"*New pittayatees!*"—I left off at my dirty breed. Well, at the word "dirty breed," I knew full well the bad dhrop was up in him—and, faith it's soon and suddint he made me sensible av it, for the first word he said was—"*New pittayatees!*"—the first word he said was to put his shoulder to the door, and in he bursted the door, fallin' down in the middle o' the flure, cryin' out—"*New pittayatees!*"—cryin' out, "bad luck 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 on the flure, cryin'—"*New pittayatees!*"—cryin' out, "Murther! murther!"

SAL.—Oh, the hangin' bone villian!

KAT.—Oh, that's not all! As I was risin', my jew'l, he was going to sthrek me agin; and with that I cried out—"*New pittayatees!*"—I cried out, "Fair play, Mikee," says I "don't sthrek a man down;" but he

wouldn't listen to rayson, and was goin' to hit me agin, when I put up the child that was in my arms betune me and harm. "Look at your babby, Mikee," says I. "How do I know that, you flag-hoppin' jade," says he. (Think o' that, Sally, jew'l—misdoubtin' my vartue, and I an honest woman, as I am. God help me!!!)

SAL.—Oh! bud you're to be pitied, Katty dear.

KAT.—Well, puttin' up the child betune me and harm, as he was risin' his hand—"Oh!" says I, "Mikee, darlint, don't sthrek the babby;" but, my dear, before the word was out o' my mouth, he sthruk the babby. (I thought the life 'id lave me.) And, iv 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 jew'l, the neighbours in the flure below, hearin' the skrimmage, kem runnin' up the stairs, cryin' out—"*New pittayatees*"—cryin' out, "Watch, watch, Mikee M'Evoy," says they, "would you murther your wife, you villian?" "What's that to you?" says he; "isn't she my own?" says he, "and if I plaze to make her feel the weight o' my—"*New pittayatees*"—the weight o' my fist, what's that to you?" says he; "it's none o' your business, any how, so keep your tongue in your jaw, and your toe in your pump, and 'twill be betther for your—"*New pittayatees*—"'twill 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 Mike, "or, by jingo, I'll put a stitch in your side, my jolly tailor," says he.

"Yiv put a stitch in your wig already," says the tailor "and that'll do for the present writin'."

And with that, Mikee was goin' to hit him with a—

"*New pittayatees*"—a lift-hander; but he was cotch howld iv before he could let go his blow; and who should stand up forninst him, but—"*My new pittayatees*" —but the tailor's wife; (and, by my sowl, it's she that's the sthrapper, and more's the pity she's thrown away upon one o' the sort;) and says she, "let *me* at him," says she, "it's I that used to give a man a lickin' every day in the week; you're bowld an the head now, you vagabone," says she; "but if I had you alone," says she, "no matther if I wouldn't take the consait out o' your—"*New pittayatees*"—out o' your braggin' heart;" and that's the way she wint an ballyraggin' him; and, by gor, they all tuk patthern afther her, and abused him, my dear, to that degree, that I vow to the Lord, the very dogs in the sthreet wouldn't lick his blood.

SAL.—Oh, my blessin' an thim.

KAT.—And with that, one and all, they begun 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 scruff o' the neck, and threw him down the stairs; every step he'd take, you'd think he'd brake his neck, (Glory be to God!) 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 wasn't desarvin' o' one precious drop 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!*"

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 tatthers—throth, you might riddle bull-dogs through it; and bad luck to the hap'orth he left me, but a few—"*New pittayatees!*"—a few coppers; for the morodin' thief spint all his—"*New pittayatees!*"—all his wages o' the whole week in makin' a baste iv himself; and God knows but that comes aisy to him! and divil a thing had I to put inside my face, nor a dhrop to dhrink, barrin' a few—"*New pittayatees!*"—a few grains o' tay, and the ind iv a quarther o' sugar, and my eyes as big as your fist, and as black as the pot, (savin' your presence), and a beautiful dish iv—"*New pittayatees!*"—dish iv delf, that I bought only last week in Temple-bar, bruk in three halves, in the middle o' the ruction—and the rint o' the room not ped—and I dipindin' only an—"*New pittayatees*"—an cryin' a sieve-full o' pratees, or schreechin' a lock o' 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 END'S WELL.

DURING a sojourn of some days in the county of ———, 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.

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; andif 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 three-legged stool to offer to "the gintleman," 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 upon the floor of the cabin, in a small green covered sketching-book that I generally carry about me for less important memoranda. This soon caused a profound silence around me; the silence was succeeded by a broken whispering, and Mr. Paddy, at last approaching me with a timidity of manner I could not account for, said—"Sure, sir, it wouldn't be worth your while to mind puttin' down the pup?" pointing to one that had approached the group of dogs, and had commenced his awkward gambols with his seniors.

I told him I considered the pup as the most desirable thing to notice; but scarcely were the words uttered, until the old woman cried out, "Terry, take that 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 'twas in vain. He ran like a hare from me; and the old lady, seizing a branch of a furse-bush from a heap 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, Mrs. Flannerty,"—and off went Paddy; and I followed immediately, having expressed my thanks to the aforesaid Mrs. Flannerty, making my most engaging adieu, which, however, was scarcely returned.

On coming up with my conductor, I questioned him touching what the cause might be of the strange alteration in the manner of the cottagers, but all his answers were unsatisfactory or evasive.

We pursued our course to the point of destination. The day cleared, as was prophesied—Paddy killed his game—I made my sketch—and we bent our course homeward, as the evening was closing. After proceeding for a mile or two, I pointed to a tree in the distance, and asked Paddy what very large bird it could be that was sitting in it.

After looking sharply for some time, he said, "*It* a bird, is it?—throth, it's a bird that never flew yit."

"What is it then?" said I.

"It's a dog that's hangin'," said he.

And he was right—for as we approached, it became more evident every moment. But my surprise was

excited, when, having scarcely passed the suspended dog, another tree rose up in my view, in advance, decorated by a pendant brace of the same breed.

"By the powers! there's two more o' thim," shouted Paddy. "Why, at this rate, they have had more sportin' nor myself," said he. And I could see an expression of mischievous delight playing over the features of Mr. Paddy, as he uttered the sentence.

As we proceeded, we perceived almost every second bush had been converted into a gallows for the canine race; and I could not help remarking to my companion, that we were certainly in a very hang-dog country.

"Throth, thin, you may thank yourself for it," said he, laughing outright; for, up to this period, his mirth though increasing at every fresh execution he perceived had been smothered.

"Thank myself," said I—"how?"

"By my sowl, you frekened the whole counthry 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 counthry, 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 wouldn'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, 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 innoecnce, that avowed, in the most provoking manner, the inward triumph of Paddy in his own hoax.

"'Twas too much, Paddy," said I, "to practise so far on innocent people."

"Innoeent!" said Paddy. "They're just about as innoeent as a coal o' fire in a bag o' flax."

"And the poor animals, too!" said I.

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

"Throth, thin, sir, to tell you thruth, I let thim go an in their mistake, and I seen all along how 'twould be, and, 'pon my conseience, but a happy riddance the counthry will have o' sich riff-raff varmint of cabin curs. Why, sir, the mangy mongrels goes about airly in the sayson, moroding through the corn, and murthers the young birds, and does not let them come to their full time, to be killed in their nath'ral way, and ruinin' gintlemen's sport into the bargain, and sure hangin' is all that's good for them."

So much for Paddy's mystifying powers. Of this *coup* he was not a little vain, and many a laugh he has made at my expense afterwards, by telling the story of the "painter gintleman that was mistuk for a tax-gatherer."

Paddy being a professed story-teller, and a notorious liar, it may be naturally inferred that he dealt largely in fairy tales and ghost stories. Talking of fairies one

day, for the purpose of exciting him to say something of them, I inquired if there were many fairies in that part of the country.

"Ah! no, sir!" said he, with the air of a sorrowing patriot—"not now. There was wanst a power of fairies used to keep about the place; but sence the *rale* quol'ty—the good owld families—has left it, and the up-starts has kem into it—the fairics has quitted it all out, and wouldn't stay here, but is gone further back into Connaught, where the owld blood is."

"But, I dare say, you have seen them some-times?"

"No, indeed, sir. I never saw thim, barrin' wanst, and that was whin I was a boy; but I heerd them often."

"How did you know it was fairies you heard?"

"Oh, what else could it be? Sure it was crossin' out over a road I was in the time o' the ruction, and heard full a thousand men marchin' down the road, and by dad I lay down in the gripe o' the ditch, not wishin' to be soon, nor liken to be throublesome to thim; and I watched who they wor, and was peepin' out iv a turf o' rishes, when what should I see but nothin' at all, to all appearance, but the thrampin' o' min, and a clashin', and a jinglin', and that you'd think the infanthry, and yeomanthry, and cavalthry was in it, and not a sight iv anything to be seen, but the brightest o' moonlight that ever kem out of the hivins."

"And that was all?"

"Divil a more; and by dad 'twas more nor I'd like to see or to hear agin."

"But you never absolutely saw any fairies?"

"Why, indeed, sir, to say that I seen thim, that is with my own eyes, wouldn't be thrue, barrin' wanst, as I said before, and that's many a long day ago, whin I was a boy, and I and another chap was watchin' turf in a bog; and whin the night was fallin' and we wor goin' home, 'What would you think,' says I, 'Charley, if we

wor to go home by old Shaughnessey's field, and stale a shafe o' pays?' So he agreed, and off we wint to stale the pays; but whin we got over the fince, and was creepin' along the furrows for fear of bein' seen, I heerd 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 that they wor fairies, and I threw myself down an my face, and by dad I was aferad to look up for nigh half an hour."

I inquired of him what sort of faces these fine girls had.

"Oh, the divil a stim o' their faytures I could see, for the minit I clapt my eyes on thim, knowin they wor fairies, I fell down, and darn't look at thim twicet."

"It was a pity you did not remark them," said I.

"And do you think it's a fool I am, to look twicet at a fairy, and maybe have my eyes whipt out iv my 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 betune ghosts and fairies."

"You have had experience then in both, I suppose."

"Faix you may say that. Oh I had a wondherful great *appearance* wanst that kem to me, or at laste to the house where I was, for, to be sure, it wasn't to me it kem, why should it? But it was whin I

was livin' at the lord's in the next county, before I kem to live with his honour here, that I saw the appe^^ranee."

"In what shape did it eome?"

"Throth thin I ean't well tell you what shape; for you see whin I heerd it eomin' I put my head undher the elothes, and never looked up, nor opened my eyes until I heerd it was gone."

"But how do you know that it was a ghost?"

"Oh, sure all the country knew the house was throubled, and, indeed, that was the rayson I had for lavin' it, for whin my lord turned me off, he was expeetin' that I'd ax to be tuk baek agin, and faith sorry he was, I go bail, that I didn't, but I wouldn't stay in the plaee 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 eivil—returning a visit; for I know you are fond of going to the spirits occasionally."

"Musha, bud your honour is always jokin' me about the dhrop. Oh, bud faith the sper't. kem to me, and whin I hid my head undher the elothes, sure didn't I feel the sper't sthrivin' to pull them aff o' me. But wait and I'll tell you how it was.—You see, myself and another sarvant was sleepin' in one room, and by the same token, a thievin' rogue he was the same sarvant and I heerd a step eomin' down the stairs, and the latch was riz, but the door was locked, for I turned the key in it myself; and whin the sper't seen the lateh 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 appearanee walkin' about the plaee, and it kem and shuk me: but as I tould you, I shut my eyes and rowled my head up in the elothes; well with that it wint and raked the fire, (for I suppose it was cowld,) 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 whin it couldn't find any turf in the bucket, bad cess to me but it began to kick the buckets up and down the room for spite, and divil such a clatter I ever heerd as the sper't made, kickin' the turf-bucket like a fut-ball round the place; and whin it was tired plazin' itself that-a-way, the appearance came 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, 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 through the back yard, and passed through that very room to go up by the stairs, and, as he wint in through that very door that the appearance slammed afther it—what would you think, but he slammed the door afther it the very same way; and indeed I thrimbled whin I thought iv it. He was in a hurry to be sure; but I think there was some maynin' in it"—— and Paddy looked mysterious.

After the foregoing satisfactory manner in which Paddy showed so clearly that he understood the difference between a ghost and a fairy, he proceeded to enlighten me with the further distinction of a spirit, from either of them. This was so very abstruse, that I shall not attempt to take the elucidation of the point out of Paddy's own hands; and should you, gentle reader,

ever have the good fortune to make his acquaintance, Paddy, I have no doubt, will clear up the matter as fully and clearly to your satisfaction as he did to mine. But I must allow Paddy to proceed in his own way.

"Well, sir, before I go an to show you the differ betune the fairies and spert's, I must tell you about a mighty quare thrick the fairies were goin' to play at the lord's house, whin the appearance kem to me, only that the nurse (and she was an aunt o' my own) had the good luck to baulk thim. You see the way it was, was this. The child was a man-child, and it was the first boy was in the family for many a long day; for they say there was a propheey standin' agin the family, that there should be no son to inherit: but at last there was a boy, and a lovely fine babby it was, as you'd see in a summer's day; and so, one evenin', that the fam'ly, my lord and my lady, and all o' thim, was gone out, and gev the nurse all sorts o' charges about takin' care o' the child, she was not long alone, whin the housekeeper kem to her, and ax'd her to come down stairs, where she had a party; and they expected to be mighty pleasant, and was to have great goins an; and so the nurse said she didn't like lavin the child, and all to that; but, howsomever, she was beguiled into the thing; and she said at last that as soon as she left the child out iv her lap, where she was hushing it to sleep, forninst the fire, that she'd go down to the rest o' the sarvants, and take share o' what was goin'.

"Well, at last the child was fast asleep, and the nurse laid it an the bed, as careful as if it was goolden diamonds, and tucked the curtains roun about the bed, and made it as safe as Newgate, and thin she wint down, and joined the divarshin—and merry enough they wor, at playin' iv cards, and dhrinkin' punch, and dancin', and the like o' that.

"But I must tell you, that before she wint down at all, she left one o' the housemaids to stay in the room, and charged her, on her apparel, not to lave the place

until she kem back; but, for all that, her fears wouldn't let her be aisy; and, indeed, it was powerful lucky that she had an inklin' o' what was goin' an. For, what id you think, but the blackguard iv a housemaid, as soon as she gets the nurse's back turned, she ups and she goes to another party was in the sarvants' hall, wid the undher-sarvants; for whin the lord's back was turned, you see, the house was all as one as a play-house, fairly turned upside down.

"Well, as I said, the nurse (undher God) had an inklin' o' what was to be: for, though there was all sorts o' divarshin goin' an in the housekeeper's room, she could not keep the child out iv her head, and she thought she 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 still the cry was as plain in her ear as the ear-ring she had in it; and so at last she grewn so onaisy about the child, that she was goin' up stairs agin—but she was stopped by one, and another coaxed her, and another laughed at her, till at last she grew ashamed of doin' what was right, (and God knows, but many a one iv uz is laughed out o' doin' a right thing,) and so she sat down agin—but the cry in her ears wouldn't let her be aisy; and at last she tuk up her candle, and away she wint up stairs.

"Well, afther passin' the two first flights, sure enough she heerd the child a screechin', that id go to your heart; and with that she hurried up so fast, that the candle a'most wint out with the draught; and she run into the room, and wint up to the bed, callin' out *My lanna bawn*, and all to that, to soother the child; and pullin' open the bed-curtain, to take the darlin' up— but what would you think, not a sign o' the child was in the bed, good, bad, or indifferent; and she thought the life id lave her; for thin she was afeard the child dhropped out o' the bed —though she thought the curtains was tucked so fast and so close, that no accident could happen; and so she

run round to the other side, to take up the child, (though, indeed, she was afeard she'd see it with its brains dashed out,) and lo and behould you, divil a taste iv it was there, though she heerd it screechin' as if it was murtherin': and so thin she didn't know what in the wide world to do; and she run rootin' into every corner o' the room, lookin' for it: but bad cess to the child she could find —whin, all iv a suddint, turnin' her eyes to the bed agin, what did she persave, but the fut-carpet that wint round the bed, goin' by little and little undher it, as if some one was pullin' it; and so she made a dart at the carpet, and cotch hould o' the ind iv it—and, with that, what should she see, but the baby lyin' in the middle o' the fut-carpet, as if it was dhrawin' down into the flure, undher the bed; one half o' the babby was out o' sight already, undher the boords, whin the nurse seen it, and it screechin' like a sae-gull, and she laid houl' iv it; and faith, she often towl' myself, that she was obleeged to give a good 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 wouldn't be runnin' undher the bed itself, if it wasn't pulled by the fairies!—besides, I towl' you there was a prophecy stannin' agin the male boys of the lord's family."

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

"Oh yes, sir, the 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 givin (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 doesn't love to be seen, and seldom at all you get a sight iv them; and that's the differ I was speakin' iv to you betune fairies and sper'ts. Now the sper'ts is always seen in some shape or other; and maybe it id be a bird, or shafe o' corn, or a big stone, or a hape o' dung, or the like o' that, and never know 'twas a sper't at all, antil you wor made sinsible av it, some how or other; maybe it id be that you wor comin' home from a friend's house late at night, and you might fall down, and couldn't keep a leg undher you, and not know why, barrin' it was a sper't misled you—and maybe it's in a ditch you'd find yourself asleep in the mornin' whin you woke."

"I 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-a-way; and he'd ha' been murthered, only he had the good loock to have a *rale* dog wid him—and a rale dog is the finest thing in the world agin sper'ts."

"How do you account for that, Paddy?"

"Bekase, sir, the dog's the most sinsible, and the bowldest baste, barrin' the cock, which is bowldher for his size than any o' God's craythurs; and so, whin the cock crows, all evil sper'ts vanishes; and the dog bein', as I said, bowld, and sinsible also, is mighty good; besides, you couldn't make a cock your companion—it wouldn't be nath'ral to rayson, you know—and therefore a dog is the finest thing in the world for a man to have with him in throublesome places: but I must tell you, that though sper'ts dhreads a dog, a fairy doesn't mind him—for I have heerd o' fairies ridin' a dog, all as one as a monkey—and a lanthern also is good, for the sper't o' darkness dhreads the light. But this is not tellin' you about Mooney the miller:—he was comin'

home, you see, from a neighbour's, and had to pass by a rath; and whin he just 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 iv him, all as one as if he was his masther; with that Mooney's own dog growled agin, and runs betune his master'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 down an his head, and three times it was that way, that his hair was risin' the hat aff his head with the fright, and he was obleeged to howld it down, and his dog growlin' all the time, and the black thief iv a dog keepin' dodgin' him along, and his eyes like coals o' fire, and the terriblest smell of sulphur, I hear, that could be, all the time, till at last they came to a little sthrame that divided the road; and there, my dear, the sper't disappeared, not bein' able to pass runnin' wather; for sper'ts, sir, is always waken'd with wather."

"That I believe," said I; "but, I think, Paddy, you seldom put spirits to so severe a trial."

"Ah thin, but your honour will you never give over jeerin' me about the dhrop. But, in throth, what I'm tellin' you is thrue about it—runnin' wather desthroys sper'ts."

"Indeed, Paddy, I know that is your opinion."

"Oh! murther, murther!—there I made a slip agin, and never seen it till your honour had the advantage o' me. Well, no matther, whiskey is good any way; but, indeed, I think it has so good a name iv its own that it's a pity to spile it, baptizin' it any more."

Such were the marvellous yarns that Paddy was constantly spinning. Indeed he had a pride, I rather think, in being considered equally expert at "the long bow" as at the rifle; and if he had not a bouncer to astonish

his hearers with, he endeavoured that his ordinary strain of conversation, or his answer to the commonest question, should be of a nature to surprise them. Such was his reply one morning to his master, when he asked Paddy what was the cause of his being so hoarse.

"Indeed, sir," answered Paddy, "it's a cowld I got, and indeed myself doesn't know how I cotch cowld, 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 were drunk as usual, and couldn't find your way home. You are a shocking fellow, and you'll never get on, as long as you give yourself up to whiskey."

"Why thin, your honour, sure that's the rayson I ought to get an the fasther; for isn't a 'spur in the head worth two in the heel,' as the owld 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 complatest dhrinker in Ireland—by my sowkins—more whiskey goes through Lanigan than any other *worm* in the county. Is it Lanigan? Faiks, that's the lad could take the consait out iv a gallon o' sper'ts, without quittin' it. Throth, Lanigan is just the very chap that id go to first mass every mornin' in the year, if holy wather was whiskey."

This last reply left Paddy in possession of the field, and no further attack was made upon him on the score of his love of "the dhrop!" and this triumph on his part excited him to exert himself in creating mirth for the gentlemen who formed the shooting party. One of the company retailed that well-known joke made by Lord Norbury, viz., when a certain gentleman

declared that he had shot twenty hares before breakfast, his lordship replied, that he *must have fired at a wig.*

Here Paddy declared that he thought "it was no great shootin'" to kill twenty hares, for that he had shot seventy-five brace of rabbits in one day.

"Seventy-five brace!" was laughed forth from 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'live me? Why thin, in throth, it's not that I'm proud iv it, I tell you, for I don't think it was any great things iv shootin' at all at all."

Here a louder burst of merriment than the former hailed Paddy's declaration.

"Well now," said Paddy, "if yiz be quiet, and listen to me, I'll explain it to your satisfaction. You see, it was in one of the islan's aff the shore there, and he pointed seawards—"it was in one o' the far islan's out there, where rabbits are so plinty, and runnin' so thick that you can scarcely see the grass."

"Because the island is all sand," said his master.

"No, indeed, now!—though you thought you had me there," said Paddy, very quietly. "It's not the sandy islan', at all, bud one further out."

"Which of them?"

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

"Yes."

"Well, it's not that. But you know——"

"Arrah! can't you tell his honour," said a peasant who was an attendant on the party, to carry the game —"can't you tell his honour at wanst, and not be delayin'——"

Paddy turned on this plebeian intruder with the coolest contempt, and said, "Hurry no man's cattle, get a jackass for yourself—" and then resumed—

"Well, sir, bud you know the 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 burrow is in. How would you steer for it after passing Innismoyle?"

"Why, thin, you should steer about nor-west, and when you cleared the black rocks you'd have the sandy islan' bearin' over your larboard bow, and thin you'd see the islan' I spake av, when you run about as far as——"

"Pooh! pooh!" said the squire, "you're dreaming, Paddy; there's no such island at all."

"By my sowl, there is, beggin, your hononr'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 of converting his answers into jokes generally frustrated any querist who was hardy enough to engage with Paddy in the hope of puzzling him.

"Paddy," said the squire, "after that wonderful rabbit adventure, perhaps you would favour the gentlemen with that story you told me once, about a fox?"

"Indeed and I will, plaze your honour," said Paddy, "though I know full well the divil a one word iv it you b'live, nor the 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 wouldn't wait for your back being turned, Paddy, to honour you with that title."

"Oh, indeed, I'm not saying you wouldn't do it as soon foreninst my face, your honour, as you often did before, and will agin, plaze God, and welkim——"

"Well, Paddy, say no more about that, but let's have the story."

"Sure I'm losin' no time, only tellin' the gintlemen before hand, that it's what they'll be callin' it, a lie—and indeed it's ancommon, sure enough; but you see, gintlemen, you must remimber that the fox is the cunnin'est baste in the world, barrin' the wran——"

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

"Why, sir, bekase all birds build their nest wid one hole to it only, excep'n the wran; but the wran builds two holes to the nest, and so that if any inimy comes to disturb it upon one door, it can go out an the other. But the fox is 'cute to that degree, that there's many a mortial a fool to him—and, by dad, the fox could buy and sell many a Christian, as you'll soon see by-and-by, when I tell you what happened to a wood-ranger that I knew wanst, and a dacent man he was, and wouldn't say the thing in a lie.

"Well, you see, he kem home one night, mighty tired —for he was out wid a party in the domain, cock-shootin' that day; and whin he got back to his lodge, he threw a few logs o' wood an the fire, to make himself comfortable, an' he tuk whatever little 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 airly; and so he jist wint into bed, and there he divarted himself lookin' at the fire, that was blazin' as merry as a bonfire an the hearth.

"Well, as he was lyin' that-a-way, jist thinkin' o' nothin' at all, what should come into the place but a fox. But I must tell you, what I forgot to tell you before, that the ranger's was on the bordhers 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 thim; 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 foreninst it.

"Now, it was mighty provokin' that all the dogs was out—they wor rovin' about the wood, you see, lookin' for to catch rabbits to ate, or some other mischief, and so it happened that there wasn't as much as one individhial 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 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 timper at all at all, when 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 foreninst the fire, as nath'ral as any other man you ever seen.

"'Musha, bad luck to your impidence, you long-tailed blaguard,' says the ranger, 'and is it smokin' my pipe you are? Oh, thin, by this and by that, if I had my gun convaynient to me, it's fire and smoke of another sort, and what you wouldn't bargain for, I'd give you,' says he. But still he was loath to stir, hopin' the dogs id come home; and, 'by gor, my fine fellow,' says he to the fox, 'if one o' the dogs comes home, salpethre wouldn't save you, and that's a sthrong pickle.'

"So, with that, he watched antil the fox wasn't mindin' him, but was busy shakin' the cindhers out o' the pipe, whin he was done wid it, and so the ranger thought he was goin' to go immediately afther gitten' an air o' the fire and a shough o' the pipe; and so, says he, 'Faiks, my lad, I won't let you go so aisy as all that, as cunnin' as you think yourself;' and with that he made a dart out o' bed, and run over to the door, and got betune it and the fox; and 'now,' says he, 'your bread's baked, my buek, and maybe my lord won't have a fine run out o' you, and the dogs at your brish every yard, you morodin' thief, and the divil pity you,' says he, 'for your impidence—for sure, if you hadn't the impidence of a highwayman's horse, it's not into my very house, undher my nose, you'd daar for to come;' and with that, he began to whistle for the dogs; and the fox, that stood eyein' him all the time while he was spakin', began to think it was time to be joggin' whin he heard the whistle—and says the fox to himself, 'Throth, indeed, you think yourself a mighty great ranger now,' says he, 'and you think you're very cute, but upon my tail, and that's a big oath, I'd be long sorry to let siteh a mallet-headed box-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 'll make you start,' says the fox.

"'Divil resave the start,' says the ranger—'that won't do, my buek,' says he; 'the brogue may burn to cindhers,' says he, 'but out o' this I won't stir;' and thin, puttin' his fingers into his mouth, he gev a blast iv a whistle you'd hear a mile off, and shouted for the dogs.

"'So that won't do,' says the fox. 'Well, I must thry another offer,' says he; and, with that, he tuk up the other brogue, and threw *it* into the fire too.

"'There, now,' says he, 'you may keep the other company, says he; 'and there's a pair o' ye now, as the divil said to his knee-buckles.'

"'Oh, you thievin' varmint,' says the ranger, 'you won't lave me a tack to my feet; but no matther,' says he,' 'your head's worth more nor a pair o' brogues to me, any day;' and, by the Piper o' 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 he was, couldn't help laughin' at the thought o' the fox mockin' him, and, by dad, he tuk sitch a fit o' laughin', that he couldn't whistle, and that was the 'cuteness o' the fox to gain time; but when his first laugh was over, the ranger recovered himself, and gev another whistle; and so says the fox, 'By my sowl,' says he, 'I think it wouldn't be good for my health to stay here much longer, and I mustn't be thriflin' with that blackguard ranger any more,' says he, 'and I must make him sinsible that it is time to let me go; and though he hasn't understanin' to be sorry for his brogues, I'll go bail I'll make him lave that,' says he, 'before he'd say *sparables*'—and, with that, what do you think the fox done? By all that's good—and the ranger himself towld me out iv his own mouth, and said he would never have b'lieved it, only he seen it—the fox tuk a lighted piece iv a log out o' the blazin' fire, and run over wid it to the ranger's bed, and was goin' to throw it into the sthraw, and burn him out of house and home; so when the ranger seen that, he gev a shout out iv him—

"'Hilloo! hilloo! you 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

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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 contemptible look he ever got in his life, and showed every tooth in his head with laughin': and at last he put out his tongue at him, as much as to say—'You've missed me, like your mammy's blessin',' and off wid him!—like a flash o' lightenin'."

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.*

"Validius 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 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 adaptations 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—ay, 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 a 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, yclept in the vulgar tongue, *shank's 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 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 overlaps

his blue jacket. Your faithful bower-woman has rather a poor representative in the roguish *petite maîtresse* 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 ladye love.——No.——Your warrior, now-a-days, is no longer a "gintleman in the tin clothes," as Jerry Sullivan 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 from an "owld 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, in 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 anything 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 lamplighter, 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, it is 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 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 among 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 rout in Skinner's-row. No, no—Merrion-square is far too genteel for any thing good in the ballad line. But oh! sweet High-street, and Corn-market—Cutpurse-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 or 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 Squeezegut-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 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 J*i*mm*i*-a Jim-my I lOve you well,
> i Love *y*ou bet*t*her nor my tonguE Can tell—
> *I* love you well but I da*r* not show it.
> I loVe you well *but* let *no one* kN*ow* 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 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 imaginations, 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 fitly by giving the polemicals the *pas;* the order will then stand thus:—

AMATORY,
POLEMICAL,
PATRIOTIC,
BACCHANALIAN,
DESCRIPTIVE,
POLITICAL,
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'Reilly, 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,
Its myself thats 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 behou*l*ders."

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 seaport, with a very just and accurate perception of propriety, the poem has been headed with a ship in full sail.

THE STAR OF SWEET DUND-ALK.

> "In beauteous spring when birds do sing,
> And cheer each mertle 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 rov
> To take a rur*i*al walk,
> when to my sight appeared in White
> the star of *sw*eet 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 encrase
> And SKin more white than chaLK,
> Makes me regret the day I met
> The STar of sweet dundalk."

But the lady very prudently replies—

> " Now sir if I would but *cu*mply
> 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 diseretion or her good manners. At length he only requests to beeome 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 diseover 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 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 betther without one far*d*in
> Than Brian Gallagher wi*d* 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; and 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 brethren:

> "The blessed V*e*rgin that we prize
> The fairest fair above the skies
> On her the Heretics tells lies
> When they would make couvArsions."

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 polemieo-ballad hunting essays were not successful, we shall not venture to decide. But one evening, at the eorner of Mary's-*abbey*—an appropriate place for religious strains—we heard a female ballad-hawker (the men, by-the-bye, do not deal in this line; the Frenehman 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 ehaneed to fall upon an infelicitous passage in her ehant, we eannot 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. Sueh a jaw-breaker and peaee-breaker as transubstantiation—quod versu dicere non est—aetually done into verse!!——We took to our heels, and this polysyllabic polemical gave us a distaste for any more eontroversial 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 eauses 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; suffiee it, therefore, to say, politieians they are, and the virus breaks out in divers and sundry ballads, varying in style and subjeet, aeeording to the strength of the disease in the sufferer. Some abound in laments for Ireland's forlorn eondition, but many more are triumphant effusions to the honour and glory of the "men of the people." We remember one *owld* 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 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:—

"Consill*ar* och hone! och hone! och hone!
consill*ar* och hone! and och hone-i-o!
ConSillur och hone! och hone! och hone!
And its 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.**

"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 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 Shiels wor convarsin about the rent,
Jack lawless stepp'd in and asked him what ne*w*s.
Saying are yo*u* preparing to So into Parliamint.
Where a lo*y*al Catqolic he can'*t* be re*f*used,
The time is fast a*p*proaching whən Catholios wıll ta*k*e their seats;
No Laws can prevant tham Bruns-wi*ck*ers are deranSed
In t*h*e Defince of Britain their lo*y*alty and aid was lent
T*h*is conversation passed in the Corn Exchange.

"Brave O'Gorman Mahon spoke as the Association did begin,
Saying Ge*n*tlemEn i Pray don't think me rude,
In *T*his month *of* February how the bigots the will grinn
Like Paul *Pr*y *D*anie*l* he drops in you think wi*ll* he intrud.
The Lawyers of the Mi*n*stry *th*ey cant prevent his entry,
We know a war wi*t*h hi*m* They'll wage,
In spite of t*h*eir De*x*terity *w*e'll have religious liberty
This con*v*erSation passed i*n* the Corn Exchange.

"Farewell Dearest Danyel Hibernias *c*Onfidential frind
Our ble*ss*in Go along wid you *u*nto the british shore,
Nobility and Ginter*y* to Parliamint will you attind,
*Lik*ewise be accompanied wit*h* The blessings of the *P*oor.
Our foes within the house a*s* mute as any *m*o*u*se,
To see the Agitator Triumphantly arranged,
No. . or factious cla*n* shall daunt the p*e*ople's man;
This conversation passed in the Corn Exchange.

"The worthys, of Hibernia's Ile may fortune On those heroes smile,
And every frind in Parliamint 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 galant Steall, and Noble Dawson of Dundalk
The foes of religious liberty tha will assail
For the rites of millions The contind, may God protect dear Dan our FrinD.
Pray for his Safe return to ould Ireland agin."

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 downfal 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, recording 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."

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 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 night's dull ear," promised great things to the drooping Bonapartists:

> "When the young King of roome from the court of Vianna
> Will bring his father back from the Isle of St. Helanna!"

As an example of the PATRIOTIC, we picked up a *morçeau* in the "west end," one evening while we stood amongst admiring and apostrophising auditors, which is quite too rich to give *en masse* to our readers; we would 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 title, "The Wild Irishman," which an herculean Hibernian, with a voice like thunder, was pouring from his patriotic throat; he commenced by informing his audience

> "When God made the sowl of a wild Irishman
> He filled him with love and creations 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 football and hurlin' agility's sons
> (And her daughters so fair, all as spotless as nuns)
> When victorious—all mercy—Oh, Erin the green."

And the green's forlorn condition was very feelingly conveyed in the two succeeding stanzas; and fearing

there was no *human* probability of her situation being bettered, the saints were thus characteristically invoked.

> "Oh St. Patrick, acushla! St. Bridget asthore!
> Collum cuil O mavourneen your mast*h*er 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 tinged 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 country-women.

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 ideal* 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 laureat 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 dis-

figured, 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 connot bear this *ale;* 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*
> 'Tis whiskey's the pride of the 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 tipple, which he thus felicitously illustrates:—

> "The Dutchman he has a big but
> Full of gin, and the munseers drinks port
> To the divil I pitch such rot-gut,
> For to drink it wouldn't be any sport
> 'Tis the juice of the shamrock at home
> That is brew'd in brave Bacchus's still,
> Bates the world, and its 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 natural 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 coorted a Farmer's daughter
That lived con*vay*nient 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 some amphibious charmer, whom, with much critical judgment, the poet has selected as the "desaver" of a naval hero.

Another felicitous specimen exists in a very old and favourite ballad, giving "the whole, full, thrue, and partic'lar 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 s*i*ntence me to Die,
> The Judge and the jury they riz a Murnful cry;
> My Tind*h*er Wife she did roar and Bawl
> While the bitt*h*er Tears from her Eyes did fall,
> Oh! the curse o' Jasus light *a*n 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, *vivâ 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"—

> "Beware of young women that follys [follows] bad rules
> For that's why I'm cut off in the flower of my bl*u*me,"

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 mercy on my poor sinful So*w*l!"

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 sheepskin 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 neeessary appendage to "gintcel clothin'"—a wateh: 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 wotch to *put on*,
So he scooped out a turnip to make him *a one;*
He next put a cricket cl*a*ne und*h*er the s*h*kin,
'Whoo! they'll *think it is tickin'*,' says Brian O'Lynn."

Rarissimus Briney! What can surpass this?

But the personal attractions of the fair form the most inexhaustible theme for the poet's faney, 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 "tuneful 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 tinctured, like ourselves, with the true ballad passion. But we must

"Lure the tassel-gentle back agin,"

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 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 *childher* as a satisfactory solution; but the bard on this occasion soars to sublimer flights:

"No one could discover
From Calais to Dover
The house of Hanover and the town of 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 Southco*a*t,
> Nor FitzGarild the *pote* [poet]
> Nor *i*ver y*i*t wrote a fit rhyme for the Ram."

What a wide range the muse has taken here in search of this rhymatical 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 Joanna 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.

BARNY O'REIRDON,

THE NAVIGATOR.

CHAP. I.—OUTWARD-BOUND.

"Well, he went farther and farther than I can tell."
NURSERY TALE.

A VERY striking characteristic of an Irishman is his unwillingness to be outdone. Some have asserted that this arises from vanity, but I have ever been unwilling to attribute an unamiable motive to my countrymen

where a better may be found, and one equally tending to produce a similar result, and I consider a deep-seated spirit of emulation to originate this peculiarity. Phrenologists might resolve it by supposing the organ of the love of approbation to predominate in our Irish craniums, and it may be so; but as I am not in the least a metaphysician, and very little of a phrenologist, I leave those who choose, to settle the point in question, quite content with the knowledge of the fact with which I started, viz., the unwillingness of an Irishman to be outdone. This spirit, it is likely, may sometimes lead men into ridiculous positions; but it is equally probable, that the desire of surpassing one another has given birth to many of the noblest actions, and some of the most valuable inventions; let us, therefore, not fall out with it.

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

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

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

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

"Oh, baithershin," says the stranger.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"The same."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Faith, he has a power o' *blasthogue* about him sure

enough," said the former speaker, "if that could do him any good, but he isn't fit to hould a candle to Michael Coghlan in the regard o' farmin'"

"Why, blur an angers," rejoined the upholder of science, "sure he met the Scotch steward that the Lord beyant has, one day, that I hear is a wondherful edicated man, and was brought over here to show us all a patthern—well, Pether Kelly met him one day, and, by gor, he discoorsed him to that degree that the Scotch chap had'nt a word left in his jaw."

"Well, and what was he the betther o' having more prate than a Scothman?" asked the other.

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

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

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

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

"Well," said O'Reirdon, "and the divil may care if we never seen them; I'd rather dipind an wind and canvass any day then the likes o' them. What are they good for, but to turn good sailors into kitchen-maids, all as one, bilin' a big pot o' wather and oilin' their fire-irons, and throwin' coals an the fire? Augh! thim staymers is a disgrace to the say; they're for all the

world like owld fogies, smokin' frommornin' till night, and doin' no good."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Well, I don't want to go beyant that; but the way

the lord's ingineer goes down is, he has a little bell wid him, and while he has that little bell to ring, hurt nor harm can't come to him."

"Arrah be aisy."

"Divil a lie in it."

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

"No, it is not a blessed bell."

"Why thin now do you think me sitch a born nath'ral as to give in to that; as if the ringin' iv a bell, barrin' it was a blessed bell, could do the like. I tell you it's impossible."

"Ah, nothin's unpossible to God."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Oh! I undherstan' it now," said O'Reirdon, with an inimitable affectation of comprehension in the Oh!— "but to talk of the ringin' iv a bell doin' the like is

* There is a relic in the possession of the Macnamara family, in the county Clare, called the "blessed bell of the Macnamara's" sometimes used to swear upon in cases of extreme urgency, in preference to the Testament: for a violation of truth, when sworn upon the blessed bell, is looked upon by the peasantry as a sacrilege, placing the offender beyond the pale of salvation.

beyant the beyants intirely, barrin', as I said before, it was a blessed bell, glory be to God!"

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

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

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

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

After the introduction of this and *other* quarts, it would not be an easy matter to pursue the conversation that followed. Let us, therefore, transfer our story to the succeeding morning, when Barny O'Reirdon strolled forth from his cottage, rather later than usual, with his eyes bearing *eye*-witness to the carouse of the preceding night. He had not a head-ache, however; whether it was that Barny was too experienced a campaigner under the banners of Bacchus, or that Mrs. Quigley's boast

* Until the assimilation of currency, weights and measures between England and Ireland, the Irish quart was a much smaller measure than the English. This part of the assimilation pleased Pat exceedingly, and he has no anxiety to have *that* repealed.

was a just one, namely, "that of all the drink in her house, there wasn't a head-ache in a hogshead of it," is hard to determine, but I rather incline to the strength of Barny's head.

The above-quoted declaration of Mrs. Quigley is the favourite inducement held out by every boon companion in Ireland at the head of his own table. "Don't be afraid of it, my boys! it's the right sort. There's not a head-ache in a hogshead of it."

This sentiment has been very seductively rendered by Moore, with the most perfect unconsciousness on his part of the likeness he was instituting. Who does not remember—

"Friend of my soul, this goblet sip,
'Twill chase the pensive tear;
'Tis not so sweet as woman's lip,
But, oh, 'tis more sincere:
Like her delusive beam,
'Twill steal away the mind;
But, like affection's dream,
It leaves no sting behind."

Is not this very elegantly saying, "There's not a head-ache in a hogshead of it?" But I am forgetting my story all this time.

Barny sauntered about in the sun, at which he often looked up, under the shelter of compressed bushy brows and long-lashed eyelids, and a shadowing hand across his forehead, to see "what time o' day" it was; and, from the frequency of this action, it was evident the day was hanging heavily with Barny. He retired at last to a sunny nook in a neighbouring field, and stretching himself at full length, basked in the sun, an' began "to chew the cud of sweet and bitter thought." He first reflected on his own undoubted weight in his little community, but still he could not get over the annoyance of the preceding night, arising from his being silenced by O'Sullivan; "a chap," as he said himself, "that lift the place four years agon a brat iv a

boy, and to think of his comin' back and outdoin' his elders, that saw him runnin' about the place, a gassoon, that one could tache a few months before;" 'twas too bad. Barny saw his reputation was in a ticklish position, and began to consider how his disgrace could be retrieved. The very name of Fingal was hateful to him; it was a plague spot on his peace that festered there incurably. He first thought of leaving Kinsale altogether; but flight implied so much of defeat, that he did not long indulge in that notion. No; he *would* stay, "in spite of all the O'Sullivans, kith and kin, breed, seed, and generation." But at the same time he knew he should never hear the end of that hateful place, Fingal; and if Barny had had the power, he would have enacted a penal statute, making it death to name the accursed spot, wherever it was; but not being gifted with such legislative authority, he felt Kinsale was no place for him, if he would not submit to be flouted every hour out of the four-and-twenty, by man, woman, and child, that wished to annoy him. What was to be done? He was in the perplexing situation, to use his own words, "of the cat in the thripe shop," he didn't know which way to choose. At last, after turning himself over in the sun several times, a new idea struck him. Couldn't he go to Fingal himself? and then he'd be equal to that upstart, O'Sullivan. No sooner was the thought engendered, than Barny sprang to his feet a new man; his eye brightened, his step became once more elastic,—he walked erect, and felt himself to be all over Barny O'Reirdon once more. "Richard was himself again."

But where was Fingal?—there was the rub. That was a profound mystery to Barny, which, until discovered, must hold him in the vile bondage of inferiority. The plain-dealing reader will say, "couldn't he ask?" No, no; that would never do for Barny,—that would be an open admission of ignorance his soul was above, and, consequently, Barny set his brains to work to

devise measures of coming at the hidden knowledge by some circuitous route, that would not betray the end he was working for. To this purpose, fifty stratagems were raised and demolished in half as many minutes, in the fertile brain of Barny, as he strided along the shore, and as he was working hard at the fifty-first, it was knocked all to pieces by his jostling against some one whom he never perceived he was approaching, so immersed was he in speculations, and on looking up, who should it prove to be but his friend "the long sailor from the Aysthern Injees." This was quite a godsend to Barny, and much beyond what he could have hoped for. Of all the men under the sun, the long sailor was the man in a million for Barny's net at that minute, and accordingly he made a haul of him, and thought it the greatest catch he ever made in his life.

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

order to put into practice a plan he had formed for the fulfilment of his determination of rivalling O'Sullivan.

He thought it probable that Peter Kelly, being one of the "snuggest" men in the neighbourhood, would be a likely person to join him in a "spec," as he called it, (a favourite abbreviation of his for the word speculation,) and, accordingly, when he reached the "big farm-house," he accosted its owner with the usual "God save you." "God save you kindly, Barny," returned Peter Kelly, "an' what is it brings you here, Barny," asked Peter, "this fine day, instead o' bein' out in the boat?"—"Oh, I'll be in the boat soon enough, and its far enough too I'll be out in her; an' indeed it's partly that same is bringin' me here to yourself."

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

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

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

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

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

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

this much, the divil a betther boat is betune this and herself."

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

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

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

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

But this order Barny refrained to give, and for the

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

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

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

"Well, just keep your thoughts to yourself, i' you plaze, and stay in the boat as I bid you, and don't be out of her on your apperl, by no manner o' manes, for one minit, for you see I don't know when it may be plazin' to me to go aboord an' set sail."

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

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

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

Well, the next day was Friday, and Barny, of course,

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The stars, twinkling in mysterious brightness through the silent gloom of night, were the first encouraging, because *visible* guides to the adventurous mariners of antiquity. Since then, the sailor, encouraged by a bolder science, relies on the *unseen* agency of nature, depending on the fidelity of an atom of iron to the mystic law that claims its homage in the north. This

is one refinement of science upon another. But the beautiful simplicity of Barny O'Reirdon's philosophy cannot be too much admired. To follow the ship that is going to the same place. Is not this navigation made easy?

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

For this purpose he went to windward of the ship and then fell off again, allowing her to pass him, as he did not wish even those on board the ship to suppose he was following in their wake; for Barny, like all people that are quite full of one scheme, and fancy everybody is watching them, dreaded lest any one should fathom his motives. All that day Barny held on the same course as his leader, keeping at a respectful distance, however, "for fear 'twould look like dodging her," as he said to himself; but as night closed in, so closed in Barny with the ship, and kept a sharp look-out that she should not give him the slip in the dark. The next morning dawned, and found the hooker and ship companions still; and thus matters proceeded for four days, during the entire of which time they had not seen land since their first losing sight of it, although the weather was clear.

"By my sowl," thought Barny, "the channel must be mighty wide in these parts, and for the last day or so we've been goin' purty free with a flowin' sheet, and I wondher we aren't closin' in wid the shore by this time; or maybe it's farther off than I thought it was." His companions, too, began to question Barny on the subject, but to their queries he presented an impenetrable front of composure, and said, "it was always the best plan to keep a good bowld offin'." In two days

more, however, the weather began to be sensibly warmer, and Barny and his companions remarked that it was "goin' to be the finest sayson—God bless it—that ever kem out o' the skies for many a long year, and maybe it's the whate wouldn't be beautiful, and a great plenty of it." It was at the end of a week that the ship which Barny had hitherto kept a-head of him, showed symptoms of bearing down upon him, as he thought, and, sure enough, she did; and Barny began to conjecture what the deuce the ship could want with him, and commenced inventing answers to the questions he thought it possible might be put to him in case the ship spoke to him. He was soon put out of suspense by being hailed and ordered to run under her lee, and the captain, looking over the quarter, asked Barny where he was going.

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

"But where?" said the captain.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"D—n me, if I can imagine what you're about, my

fine fellow," said the captain, "and my own notion is, that you don't know where the d—l you're going yourself."

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

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

"Arrah sure, captain, an' don't you know that sometimes vessels is bound to sail *saycret ordher!*" said Barny, endeavouriug to foil the question by badinage.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Thrue for you, Barny," said they. "By dad you're right." And their inquiries being satisfied, the day

passed as former ones had done in pursuing the course of the ship.

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

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

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

"Where?" said the captain.

"Oh, you know yourself," said Barny.

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

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

"I dare say in about three months," said the captain.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

CHAP. II.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

"'Tis an ill wind that blows nobody good."
OLD SAYING.

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

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

"Yes, indeed, Paddy."

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

"A trifle or so, Paddy."

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

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

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

"Then you don't know your course it appears?"

"Oh faix I knew it, iligant, as long as your honor was before me."

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

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

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

"The divil a betther hand at the tiller in all Kinsale," said Barny, with his usual brag.

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

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

"What the plague are you talking about?"

"Wasn't your honor discoorsin' me about the points o' the compasses?"

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

"The cardinal! faix an' its a great respect I have for them, your honor. Sure, ar'n't they belongin' to the Pope?"

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

"By my sowl I do, and more."

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

"By dad it would be a quare thing if a sayfarin' man

didn't know somethin' about the wind any how. Why, captain dear, you must take me for a nath'ral intirely to suspect me o' the like o' not knowin' all about the wind. By gor, I know as much o' the wind a'most as a pig."

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

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

"Well, what about the pig?"

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

"I can't say that I did."

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

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

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

"Well, what if I have?"

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

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

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

"I think it's bad enough," said the captain, "when you are without a compass, and knowing nothing of

your course, and nearly a hundred and eighty leagues from land."

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

"Three times as many."

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

"That is rather more than five hundred miles."

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

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

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

"Let her go adrift," was the answer.

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

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

"In about seven months."

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

"Why, seven months are not long passing."

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

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

"Arrah, sure, sir, what would the woman that owns

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

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

"Yis, sir."

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

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

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

"On the right hand, your honour."

"Well, I see you know that much however. Now," said the captain, "the moment you leave the ship, you must steer a north-east course, and you will make some land near home in about a week, if the wind holds as it is now, and it is likely to do so; but mind me, if you turn out of your course in the smallest degree, you are a lost man."

"Many thanks to your honour!"

"And how are you off for provisions?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Branehes," said Barny, "by gor I think it id take *the whole three o' knowledge* to make it out. And that place you are going to, sir, that *Bin*gal, (oh bad luck

to it for a *Bin*gal, it's the sore *Bin*gal to me,) is it so far off as you say?"

"Yes, Paddy, half round the world."

"Is it round in airnest, eaptain dear? Round about?"

"Aye indeed."

"Oh thin ar'nt you afeard that whin you eome to the top and that you're obleeged to go down, that you'd go sliddherin away intirely, and never be able to stop maybe. It's bad enough, so it is, goin' downhill by land, but it must be the diekens all out by wather."

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

"By dad it's very *flat* any how, and by the same token it's seldom I throuble it; but sure, your honour, if the wather is level, how do you make out that it is *round* you go?"

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

"Musha, bad luek to you, knowledge, but you're a quare thing! and whe're is it Bingal, bad eess to it, would be at all at all?"

"In the East Indies."

"O that is where they make tne *tay*, isn't it, sir?"

"No, where he tea grows is farther still."

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

"Yes, Paddy."

"Is it like hay, your honour?"

"Not exactly, Paddy; what puts hay in your head?

"Oh! only bekase I here them call it Bo*hay*."

"A most logical deduetion, Paddy."

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

"Yes, Paddy, China it is ealled."

"That's, I suppose, what we eall Chaynee, sir!"

"Exaetly, Paddy."

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

"Quite true, Paddy."

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

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

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

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

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

"Why, what's your objection?"

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

"How do you make out that, Paddy?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"The Nor-Aist coorse, your honour, that's the coorse agin the world."

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

"Throth an that id be the dirty turn, seein' that it was yourself that ordered it. Oh no, I'll depend my life an the *Nor-Aist course*, and God help any one that comes betune me an' it—I'd run him down if he was my father."

"Well, good bye, Barny."

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

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

"Oh sure, I'm as good as at home wanst I know the way, barrin the wind is conthrary; sure the Nor-Aist coorse 'ill do the business complate. Good bye, your honour, and long life to you, and more power to your elbow, and a light heart and a heavy purse to you evermore, I pray the blessed Virgin and all the saints, amin!" and so saying, Barny descended the ship's side, and once more assumed the helm of the "hardy hooker."

The two vessels now separated on their opposite courses. What a contrast their relative situations afforded! Proudly the ship bore away under her lofty and spreading canvass, cleaving the billows before her, manned by an able crew, and under the guidance of experienced officers. The finger of science to point the course of her progress, the faithful chart to warn of the hidden rock and the shoal, the log line and the quadrant to measure her march and prove her position. The poor little hooker cleft not the billows, each wave lifted her on its crest like a seabird; but three inex-

perienced fishermen to manage her; no certain means to guide them over the vast ocean they had to traverse, and the holding of the "fickle wind" the only *chance* of their escape from perishing in the wilderness of waters. By the one, the feeling excited is supremely that of man's power. By the other, of his utter helplessness. To the one, the expanse of ocean could scarcely be considered "trackless." To the other, it was a waste indeed.

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

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

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

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

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

"Lay me alone," said Barny, "I'll talk to you when I see her out o' sight, but not a word till thin. I'll look afther him, the rale gintleman that he is, while there's a topsail o' his ship to be seen, and thin I'll send my blessin' afther him, aad pray for his good fortune wherever he goes, for he's the right sort and nothin' else." And Barny kept his word, and when his straining eye

could no longer trace a line of the ship, the captain certainly had the benefit of "a poor man's blessing."

The sense of utter loneliness and desolation had not come upon Barny until now; but he put his trust in the goodness of Providence, and in a fervent mental outpouring of prayer, resigned himself to the care of his Creator. With an admirable fortitude, too, he assumed a composure to his companions that was a stranger to his heart: and we all know how the burden of anxiety is increased when we have none with whom to sympathise. And this was not all. He had to affect ease and confidence, for Barny not only had no dependence on the firmness of his companions to go through the undertaking before them, but dreaded to betray to them how he had imposed on them in the affair. Barny was equal to all this. He had a stout heart, and was an admirable actor; yet, for the first hour after the ship was out of sight, he could not quite recover himself, and every now and then, unconsciously, he would look back with a wistful eye to the point where last he saw her. Poor Barny had lost his leader.

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

"The divil a taste," said Barny, "I'll not quit my *Nor-Aist coorse* for the king of Ingland, nor Bonyparty into the bargain. Bad cess to you, do you think I've nothin' to do but to plaze you?"

Again he was hailed.

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

Another hail.

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

A gun was fired ahead of him.

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

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

"Well, and we'll be lost if we turn out iv our *Nor-Aist coorse*, and that's as broad as it's long. Let them hit iz if they like; sure it 'ud be a pleasanther death nor starvin' at say. I tell you agin I'll turn out o' my *nor-aist coorse* for no man."

A shotted gun was fired. The shot hopped on the water as it passed before the hooker.

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

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

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

Another shot was ineffectually fired.

"I'm thinking that's a Connaughtman that's shootin'," said Barny, with a sneer.* The allusion was so relished by Jemmy and Peter, that it excited a smile in the midst of their fears from the cannonade.

Again the report of the gun was followed by no damage.

"Augh! never heed them!" said Barny, contemptuously. "It's a barkin' dog that never bites, as the

* This is an allusion of Barny's to a prevalent saying in Ireland, addressed to a sportsman who returns home unsuccessful, "So you've killed what the Connaughtman shot at." Besides, Barny herein indulges a provincial pique; for the people of Munster have a profound contempt for Connaught men.

owld sayin' says," and the hooker was soon out of reach of further annoyance.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Arrah, sure, that's part o' the sayerets o' navigation, and the various branches o' knowledge that is requizit for a navigathor; an' that's what the captain, God bless him, and myself was discoorsin' an aboord; and, like a rale gintleman as he is, Barny, says he; Sir, says I; you're come the round, says he. I know that, says I, bekase I like to keep a good bowld offin', says I, in con-

trairy places. Spoke like a good sayman, says he. That's my prenciples, says I. They're the right sort, says he. But, says he (no offince), I think you wor wrong, says he, to pass the short turn in the ladieshoes,* says he. I know, says I, you mane beside the threespike headlan' That's the spot, says he, I see you know it. As well as I know my father, says I."

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

"Whisht, whisht!" said Barny, "bad cess to you, don't thwart me. We passed it in the night, and you couldn't see it. Well, as I was saying, I knew it as well as I know my father, says I, but I gev the preferrince to go the round, says I. You're a good sayman for that same, says he, an' it would be right at any other time than this present, says he, but it's onpossible now, tee-totally, on account o' the war, says he. Tare alive, says I, what war? An' didn't you hear o' the war? says he. Divil a word, says I. Why, says he, the Naygurs has made war on the king o' Chaynee, says he, bekase he refused them any more tay; an' with that, what did they do, says he, but they put a lumbaago on all the vessels that sails the round, an' that's the rayson, says he, I carry guns, as you may see; and I'd rekimmind you, says he, to go back, for you're not able for thim, an' that's jist the way iv it. An' now, wasn't it looky that I kem acrass him at all, or maybe we might be cotch by the Naygurs, and ate up alive."

"O, thin, indeed, and that's thrue," said Jemmy and Peter, "and when will we come to the short turn?"

"Oh, never mind," said Barny, "you'll see it when you get there; but wait till I tell you more about the captain and the big ship. He said, you know, that he carried guns afeard o' the Naygurs, and in throth it's the hoight o' care he takes o' them same guns; and

* Some attempt Barny is making at latitudes.

small blame to him, sure they might be the salvation of him. 'Pon my conscience, they're taken betther care of than any poor man's child. I heer'd him cautionin' the sailors about them, and given them ordhers about their clothes."

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

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

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

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

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

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

"May the divil sweep you," said Barny, "and will nothin' else sarve you than comin' forninst me that away? Brig-a-hoy there!!" shouted Barny, giving the tiller to one of his messmates, and standing at the bow of his boat. "Brig-a-hoy there!—bad luck to you, go 'long out o' my *nor-aist coorse.*" The brig, instead of obeying his mandate, hove to, and lay right ahead of the hooker. "Oh look at this!" shouted Barny, and he stamped on the deck with rage—"look at the blackguards where they're stayin', just a purpose to ruin an unfort'nate man like me. My heavy hathred to you, *quit* this minit, or I'll run down an yes, and if we go to the bottom, we'll hant you for evermore—go 'long out o' that, I tell you. The curse o' Crummil an you, you stupid vagabones that won't go out iv a man's nor-aist coorse!!"

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

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

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

"What brings you here?" was the question.

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

"Where do you come from?"

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

"Where are you bound to?"

"To Fingal."

"Fingal—where's Fingal?"

"Why then ain't you ashiamed o' yourself an' not to know where Fingal is?"

"It is not in these seas."

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

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

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

"What have you eatable?"

"The finest o' scalpeens."

"What are scalpeens?"

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

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

It chanced that the brig was a West India trader, which unfavourable winds had delayed much beyond the expected period of time on her voyage, and though her water had not failed, every thing eatable had been consumed, and the crew reduced almost to helplessness. In such a strait the arrival of Barny O'Reirdon and his scalpeens was a most providential succour to them, and a lucky chance for Barny, for he got in exchange for his pickled fish a handsome return of rum and sugar, much more than equivalent to their value. Barny lamented much, however, that the brig was not bound for Ireland, that he might practice his own peculiar

system of navigation; but as staying with the brig could do no good, he got himself put into his *nor-aist coorse* once more, and ploughed away towards home.

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

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

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

"By dad we wor a great dale longer any how than he towld me he was."

To be sure we wor," said Barny, "he wint skulkin' by the short cut, I tell you, and was afeard to keep a

bowld offin' like me. But come, boys, let uz take a dhrop o' that bottle o' sper'ts we got out o' the brig. By gor it's well we got some bottles iv it: for I wouldn't much like to meddle wid that darlint little kag iv it antil we get home." The rum was put on its trial by Barny and his companions, and in their critical judgment was pronounced quite as good as the captain of the ship had bestowed upon them, but that neither of those specimens of spirit was to be compared to whiskey. "By dad," says Barny, "they may rack their brains a long time before they'll make out a purtier invintion than *potteen*—that rum may do very well for thim that has the misforthin not to know betther; but the whiskey is a more nath'ral sper't accordin' to my idays." In this, as in most other of Barny's opinions, Peter and Jemmy coincided.

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

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

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

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

Let the ancient and the modern hero "repose under the shadow of their laurels," as the French have it,

while Barny O'Reirdon's historian, with a pardonable jealousy for the honour of his country, cuts down a goodly bough of the classic tree, beneath which our Hibernian hero may enjoy his "*otium cum dignitate.*"

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

He was answered by a shrewd Yankee Captain.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Some of us!—how do you mean?"

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

"Yes; and what then?"

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

"Yes."

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

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

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

"What port are you a pilot of?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Fingal! Where's that?"

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

"You know Cove, then?"

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

"Yes."

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

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

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

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

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

"Oh, directly!" said Barny, "faith you're right enough, 'twas the *nor-aist coorse* we wor an sure

enough; but no matther now that we've met wid you —sure we'll have a job home any how."

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

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

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

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

Barny then got aboard the American vessel, and begged of the captain, that as he had been out at sea so long, and had gone through a "power o' hardship intirely," that he would be permitted to go below and turn in to take a sleep, "for in troth it's myself and sleep that is sthrayngers for some time," said Barny, "an' if your honour 'ill be plazed I'll bethankful if you won't let them disturb me antil I'm wanted, for sure till you see the land there's no use for me in life, an' throth I want a sleep sorely."

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

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

The land was soon neared, and Barny put in charge of the ship, when he ascertained the first land mark he was acquainted with; but as soon as the Head of Kinsale hove in sight, Barny gave a "whoo," and cut a caper

that astonished the Yankees, and was quite inexplicable to them, though, I flatter myself, it is not to those who do Barny the favour of reading his adventures.

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

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

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

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

And now, sweet readers, (the ladies I mean,) did you ever think Barny would get home? I would give a hundred of pens to hear all the guesses that have been

made as to the probable termination of Barny's adventure. They would furnish good material, I doubt not, for another voyage. But Barny did make other voyages I can assure you, and perhaps he may appear in his character of navigator once more, if his daring exploits be not held valueless by an ungrateful world, as in the case of his great predecessor, Columbus.

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

All he got in return was the yellow fever.

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

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

THE BURIAL OF THE TITHE.

With the help of a surgeon he might yet recover.
SHAKSPEARE.

It was a fine morning in the autumn of 1832, and the sun had not yet robbed the grass of its dew, as a stout-built peasant was moving briskly along a small by-road in the county of Tipperary. The elasticity of his step bespoke the lightness of his heart, and the rapidity of his walk did not seem sufficient even for the exuberance of his glee, for every now and then the walk was exchanged for a sort of dancing shuffle, which terminated with a short capering kick that threw up the dust about him, and all the while he whistled one of those whimsical jig tunes with which Ireland abounds, and twirled his stick over his head in a triumphal flourish. Then off he started again in his original pace, and hummed a rolicking song, and occasionally broke out into soliloquy—" Why then,

an' isn't it the grate day intirely for Ireland, that is in it this blessed day? Whoo! your sowl to glory but we'll do the job complate—" and here he cut a caper.—"Divil a more they'll ever get, and it's only a pity they ever got any—but there's an ind o' them now—they're cut down from this out," and here he made an appropriate down stroke of his shillelah through a bunch of thistles that skirted the road. "Where will be their grand doin's now?—eh?—I'd like to know that. Where'll be their lazy livery servants?—ow! ow!!"—and he sprang lightly over a stile. "And what will they do for their coaches and four?" Here, a lark sprang up at his feet and darted into the air, with its thrilling rush of exquisite melody.—"Faith, you've given me my answer sure enough, my purty lark—that's as much as to say, they may go whistle for them—oh, my poor fellows, how I pity yiz;"—and here he broke into a "too ra la loo" and danced along the path:—then suddenly dropping into silence he resumed his walk, and applying his hand behind his head, cocked up his caubeen* and began to rub behind his ear, according to the most approved peasant practice of assisting the powers of reflection.—"Faix, an' it's mysef that's puzzled to know what'll the procthers, and the process sarvers, and 'praisers† do at all. By gorra they must go rob *an the road,* since they won't be let to rob any more *in the fields;* robbin' is all that is left for them, for sure they couldn't turn to any honest thrade afther the coorses they have been used to. Oh what a power of miscrayants will be out of bread for the want of their owld thrade of false swearin' Why the vagabones will be lost, barrin' they're sent to *Bot*‡—and indeed if a bridge could be built of false oaths, by my sowkins, they could sware themselves there without

* The *cabhein* was an ancient head-dress of gorgeous material, and the name is applied in derision to a shabby hat.

† The crop being often valued in a *green state* in reland, the appraiser becomes a very obnoxious person.

‡ Botany Bay.

wettin' their feet."—Here he overtook another peasant, whom he accosted with the universal salutation of "God save you!"—"God save you kindly," was returned for answer.—"And is it yourself that's there, Mikee Noonan?" said the one first introduced to the reader.

"Indeed it's mysef and nobody else," said Noonan; "an' where is it you're goin' this fine mornin'?"

"An' is it yourself that's axin' that same, Mikee?—why where is it I would be goin' but to the berrin'?"

"I thought so in throth. It's yoursef that is always ripe and ready for fun."

"And small blame to me."

"Why then it was a mighty complate thing, whoever it was that thought of makin' a berrin out of it."

"And don't you know?"

"Not to my knowledge."

"Why then who 'ud you think now laid it all out."

"Faix I dunna—maybe 'twas Pether Conolly."

"No it wasn't, though Pether's a cute chap—guess again."

"Well, was it Phil Mulligan?"

"No it wasn't, though you made a good offer at it sure enough, for if it wasn't Phil, it was his sisther—"

"'Tare alive, is it Biddy, it was?"

"'Scure to the one else.—Oh she's the quarest craythur in life.—There's not a thrick out, that one's not up to and more besides. By the powdhers o' war, she'd bate a field full o' lawyers at schkamin'—she's the divil's Biddy."

"Why thin but it was a grate iday intirely."

"You may say that in throth—maybe it's we wont have the fun—but see who's before us there. Isn't it that owld Coogan?"

"Sure enough by dad."

"Why thin isn't he the rale fine owld cock to come so far to see the rights o' the thing."

"Faix he was always the right sort—sure in Nointy-eight, as I hear he was malthrated a power, and his

place rummaged, and himself a'most kilt, bekase he wouldn't inform an his neighbours."

"God's blessin' be an him an the likes av him that wouldn't prove thraitor to a friend in disthress."

Here they came up with the old man to whom they alluded—he was the remains of a stately figure, and his white hair hung at some length round the back of his head and his temples, while a black and well marked eyebrow overshadowed his keen grey eye—the contrast of the dark eyebrow to the white hair rendered the intelligent cast of his features more striking, and he was, altogether, a figure that one would not be likely to pass without notice. He was riding a small horse at an easy pace, and he answered the rather respectful salutation of the two foot passengers with kindness and freedom. They addressed him as "*Mr.* Coogan," while to them he returned the familiar term "boys."

"And av coorse its goin' to the berrin you are, Mr. Coogan, and long life to you."

"Aye, boys.—It's hard for an owld horse to leave off his thricks."

"Owld is it?—faix and it's yourself that has more heart in you this blessed mornin' than many a man that's not half your age."

"By dad I'm not a cowlt, boys, though I kick up my heels sometimes."

"Well, you'll never do it younger, sir,—but sure why wouldn't you be there when all the counthry is goin' I hear, and no wondher sure.—By the hole in my hat it's enough, so it is, to make a sick man lave his bed to see the fun that'll be in it, and sure its right and proper, and shows the sperit that's in the counthry, when a man like yourself, Mr. Coogan, joins the poor people in doin' it."

"I like to stand up for the right," answered the old man.

"And always was a good warrant to do that same," said Larry, in his most laudatory tone.

"Will you tell us who's that forninst us an the road there?" asked the old man, as he pointed to a person that seemed to make his way with some difficulty, for he laboured under an infirmity of limb that caused a grotesque jerking action in his walk, if walk it might be called.

"Why, thin, don't you know him, Mr. Coogan? by dad I thought there wasn't a parish in the country that didn't know poor Hoppy Houligan."

It has been often observed before, the love of *soubriquet* that the Irish possess; but let it not be supposed that their nicknames are given in a spirit of unkindness—far from it. A sense of the ridiculous is so closely interwoven in an Irishman's nature, that he will even jest upon his *own* misfortunes; and while he indulges in a joke, (one of the few indulgences he can command,) the person that excites it may as frequently be the object of his openheartedness as his mirth.

"And is that Hoppy Houligan?" said old Coogan; "I often heerd of him, to be sure, but I never seen him before."

"Oh, then, you may see him before and behind now," said Larry; "and, indeed, if he had a match for that odd skirt of his coat, he wouldn't be the worse iv it; and in throth the cordheroys themselves arn't a bit too good, and there's the laste taste in life of his—"

"Whisht," said the old man, "he is looking back, and maybe he hears you."

"Not he in throth. Sure he's partly bothered."

"How can he play the fiddle then, and he bothered?" said Coogan.

"Faix an that's the very raison he *is* bothered; sure he moidhers the ears off of him intirely with the noise of his own fiddle. Oh he's a powerful fiddler."

"So I often heerd, indeed," said the old man.

"He bangs all the fiddlers in the counthry."

"And is in the greatest request," added Noonan.

"Yet he looks tatthered enough," said old Coogan.

"Sure you never seen a well dhrest fiddler yet," said Larry.

"Indeed, and now you remind me, I believe not," said the old man. "I suppose they all get more kicks than ha'pence, as the saying is."

"Divil a many kicks Houligan gets; he's a great favourite intirely."

"Why is he in such distress then?" asked Coogan.

"Faith he's not in disthress at all: he's welkim every where he goes, and has the best of atin' and dhrinkin' the place affords, wherever he is, and picks up the coppers fast at the fairs, and is no way *necessiated* in life; though indeed it can't be denied as he limps along there, that he has a great many *ups* and *downs* in the world."

This person, of whom the preceding dialogue treats, was a celebrated fiddler in "these parts," and his familiar name of Hoppy Houligan was acquired, as the reader may already have perceived, from his limping gait. This limp was the consequence of a broken leg, which was one of the consequences of an affray, which is the certain consequence of a fair in Tipperary. Houligan was a highly characteristic specimen of an Irish fiddler. As Larry Lanigan said, "You never seen a well dressed fiddler yet;" but Houligan was a particularly ill fledged bird of the musical tribe. His corduroys have already been hinted at by Larry, as well as his coat, which had lost half the skirt, thereby partially revealing the aforesaid corduroys; or if one might be permitted to indulge in an image, the half skirt that remained served to produce a partial eclipse of the disc of the corduroy. This was what we painters call *picturesque*. By the way, the vulgar are always amazed that some tattered remains of any thing is more prized by the painter than the freshest production in all its gloss of novelty. The fiddler's stockings, too, in the neglected falling of their folds round his leg, and the wisp of straw that fringed the opening of his gaping

brogues, were valuable additions to the picture; and his hat——But stop,—let me not presume; his hat it would be a vain attempt to describe. There are two things not to be described, which, to know what they are you must see.

Those two things are Taglioni's dancing, and an Irish fiddler's hat. The one is a wonder in *action;*—the other, an enigma in *form.*

Houligan's fiddle was as great a curiosity as himself, and like its master, somewhat the worse for wear. It had been broken some scores of times, and yet, by dint of glue, was continued in what an antiquary would call "a fine state of preservation;" that is to say, there was rather more of glue than wood in the article. The stringing of the instrument was as great a piece of patchwork as itself, and exhibited great ingenuity on the part of its owner. Many was the knot above the finger-board and below the bridge; that is, when the fiddle was in its *best* order; but in case of fractures on the field of action, that is to say, at wake, patron,* or fair, where the fiddler, unlike the girl he was playing for, had not two strings to his bow; in such case, I say, the old string should be knotted, wherever it might require to be, and I have heard it insinuated that the music was not a bit the worse of it. Indeed, the only economy that poor Houligan ever practised was in the strings of his fiddle, and those were an admirable exemplification of the proverb of "making both ends meet." Houligan's waistcoat, too, was a curiosity, or rather, a cabinet of curiosities; for he appropriated its pockets to various purposes;—snuff, resin, tobacco, a claspknife with half a blade, a piece of flint, a *doodeen,*† and some bits of twine and ends of fiddle-strings were all huddled together promiscuously. Houligan himself called his waistcoat Noah's ark; for, as he said himself, there was a little of every thing in it, barring‡ money,

* A festival held on a saint's day; and is by the Irish peasant pronounced *pattern* or *patthern.*

† The stump of a pipe. ‡ Excepting.

and that would never stay in his company. His fiddle, partly enfolded in a scanty bit of old baize, was tucked under his left arm, and his right was employed in helping him to hobble along by means of a black-thorn stick, when he was overtaken by the three travellers already named, and saluted by all, with the addition of a query as to where he was going.

"An where would I be goin' but to the berrin," said Houligan.

"Throth, it's the same answer I expected," said Lanigan. "It would be nothing at all without you."

"I've played at many a weddin'," said Houligan, "but I'm thinkin' there will be more fun at this berrin' than any ten weddin's."

"Indeed you may say that, Hoppy, aghra," said Noonan.

"Why thin, Hoppy jewel," said Lanigan, "what did the skirt o' your coat do to you that you left it behind you, and wouldn't let it see the fun?"

"'Deed then I'll tell you, Larry, my boy. I was goin' last night by the by-road that runs up at the back o' the owld house, nigh hand the Widdy Casey's, and I heerd that people was livin' in it since I thravelled the road last, and so I opened the owld iron gate that was as stiff in the hinge as a miser's fist, and the road ladin' up to the house lookin' as lonely as a churchyard, and the grass growin' out through it, and says I to myself, I'm thinkin' it's few darkens your doors, says I; God be with the time the owld squire was here, that staid at home and didn't go abroad out of his own counthry, lettin' the fine stately owld place go to rack and ruin; and faix I was turnin' back, and I wish I did, whin I seen a man comin' down the road, and so I waited till he kem near to me, and I axed if any one was up at the house; Yis, says he, and with that I heerd terrible barkin' intirely, and a great big lump of a dog turned the corner of the house and stud growlin' at me; I'm afeard there's dogs in it, says I to the man; Yis,

says he, but they're quite (quiet); so, with that, I wint my way, and he wint his way; but my jew'l, the minit I got into the yard, nine great vagabones of dogs fell an me, and I thought they'd ate me alive; and so they would I b'lieve, only I had a cowld bone o' mate and some praties that Mrs. Magrane, God bless her, made me put in my pocket whin I was goin' the road as I was lavin' her house that mornin' afther the christenin' that was in it, and sure enough lashings and lavings was there; O that's the woman has a heart as big as a king's, and her husband too, in throth; he's a daeent man and keeps mighty fine dhrink in his house. Well, as I was sayin', the cold mate and praties was in my poeket, and by gor the thievin' morodin' villians o' dogs made a dart at the pocket and dragged it clane aff; and thin, my dear, with fightin' among themselves, sthrivin' to come at the mate, the skirt o' my coat was in smidhereens in one minit—divil a lie in it—not a tatther iv it was left together; and it's only a wondher I came off with my life."

"Faith I think so," said Lanigan; "and wasn't it mighty providintial they didn't get at the fiddle; sure what would the counthry do then?"

"Sure enough you may say that," said Houligan; "and then my *bread* would be gone as well as my *mate*. But think o' the unnathural vagabone that towld me the dogs was quite; sure he came back while I was there, and I ups and towld him what a shame it was to tell me the dogs was quite. So they are quite, says he; sure there's nine o' them, and *only seven o' them bites.* Thank you, says I."

There was something irresistibly comic in the quiet manner that Houligan said, "Thank you, says I;" and the account of his canine adventure altogether excited mueh mirth amongst his auditors. As they pursued their journey, many a joke was passed and repartee returned, and the laugh rang loudly and often from the merry little group as they trudged along. In the course

of the next mile's march their numbers were increased by some half dozen, that, one by one, suddenly appeared, by leaping over the hedge on the road, or crossing a stile from some neighbouring path. All these new comers pursued the same route, and each gave the same answer when asked where he was going. It was universally this—

"Why, then, where would I be goin' but to the berrin'?"

At a neighbouring confluence of roads straggling parties of from four to five were seen in advance, and approaching in the rear, and the highway soon began to wear the appearance it is wont to do on the occasion of a patron, a fair, or a market day. Larry Lanigan was in evident enjoyment at this increase of numbers; and as the crowd thickened his exultation increased, and he often repeated his ejaculation, already noticed in Larry's opening soliloquy, "Why then, an' isn't it a grate day intirely for Ireland!!!"

And now, horsemen were more frequently appearing, and their numbers soon amounted to almost a cavalcade; and sometimes a car, that is to say, the car common to the country for agricultural purposes, might be seen, bearing a cargo of women; videlicet, "the good woman" herself, and her rosy-cheeked daughters, and maybe a cousin or two, with an *aide-de-camp* aunt to assist in looking after the young ladies. The roughness of the motion of this primitive vehicle was rendered as accomodating as possible to the gentler sex, by a plentiful shake down of clean straw on the car, over which a feather bed was laid, and the best quilt in the house over that, to make all smart, possibly a piece of hexagon patch-work of "the misthriss" herself, in which the tawdriest calico patterns served to display the taste of the rural sempstress, and stimulated the rising generation to feats of needlework. The car was always provided with a driver, who took such a care upon himself "for a rayson he had:" he was almost universally what is

called in Ireland, "a clane boy," that is to say, a well made, good-looking young fellow, whose eyes were not put into his head for nothing; and these same eyes might be seen wandering backwards occasionally from his immediate charge, the dumb baste, to "take a squint" at some, or maybe *one*, of his passengers. This explains the "rayson he had" for becoming driver. Sometimes he sat on the crupper of the horse, resting his feet on the shafts of the car, and bending down his head to say something *tindher* to the *colleen* that sat next him, totally negligent of his duty as guide. Sometimes when the girl he wanted to be sweet on was seated at the back of the car, this relieved the horse from the additional burthen of his driver, and the clane boy would leave the horse's head and fall in the rear to *deludher* the craythur, depending on an occasional "hup" or "wo" for the guidance of the *baste*, when a too near proximity to the dyke by the road side warned him of the necessity of his interference. Sometimes he was called to his duty by the open remonstrance of either the mother or aunt, or maybe a mischievous cousin, as thus: "Why then, Dinny, what are you about at all at all? God betune me and harm, if you warn't within an inch o' puttin' uz all in the gripe o' the ditch, —arrah, lave off your gostherin' there, and mind the horse, will you; a purty thing it 'ud be if my bones was bruk; what are you doin' there at all at the back o the car, when it's at the baste's head you ought to be?"

"Arrah sure, the baste knows the way herself."

"Faix, I b'lieve so, for it's little behowlden to you she is for showin' her. Augh!!—murther!!!—there we are in the gripe a'most."

"Lave off your screeching, can't you, and be quiet Sure the poor craythur only just wint over to get a mouthful o' the grass by the side o' the ditch."

"What business has she to be atin' now?"

"Bekase she's hungry, I suppose;—and why isn't she fed betther?"

"Bekase rogues stales her oats, Dinny. I seen you in the stable by the same token yistherday."

"Sure enough, ma'ma, for I wint there to look for my cowlt that was missin'"

"I thought it was the *filly* you wor afther, Dinny," said a cousin with a wink; and Dinny grinned, and his sweatheart blushed, while the rest of the girls tittered, the mother pretending not to hear the joke, and bidding Dinny go mind his business by attending to the horse.

But lest I should tire my reader by keeping him so long on the road, I will let him find the rest of his way as well as he can to a certain romantic little valley, where a comfortable farm-house was situated beside a small mountain stream that tumbled along noisily over its rocky bed, and in which some ducks, noisier than the stream, were enjoying their morning bath. The geese were indulging in dignified rest and silence upon the bank; a cock was crowing and strutting with his usual swagger amongst his hens; a pig was endeavouring to save his ears, not from this rural tumult, but from the teeth of a half-terrier dog, who was chasing him away from an iron pot full of potatoes with which the pig had dared to attempt some impertinent liberties; and a girl was bearing into the house a pail of milk which she had just taken from the cow that stood placidly looking on, an admirable contrast to the general bustle of the scene.

Every thing about the cottage gave evidence of comfort on the part of its owner, and, to judge from the numbers without and within the house, you would say he did not want for friends; for all, as they arrived at its door, greeted Phelim O'Hara kindly, and Phelim welcomed each new comer with a heartiness that did honour to his grey hairs. Frequently passing to and fro, busily engaged in arranging an ample breakfast in the barn, appeared his daughter, a pretty round-faced girl, with black hair and the long and silky-lashed dark grey eyes of her country, where merriment loves to

dwell, and a rosy mouth whose smiles served at once to display her good temper and her fine teeth; her colour gets fresher for a moment, and a look of affectionate recognition brightens her eye, as a lithe young fellow springs briskly over the stepping-stones that lead across the stream, and trips lightly up to the girl, who offers her hand in welcome. Who is the happy dog that is so well received by Honor O'Hara, the prettiest girl in that parish or the next, and the daughter of a "snug man" into the bargain?—It is the reader's old acquaintance, Larry Lanigan;—and maybe Larry did not give a squeeze extraordinary to the hand that was presented to him. The father received him well also; indeed, for that matter, the difficulty would have been to find a house in the whole district that Larry would *not* have been welcome in.

"So here you are at last, Larry," said old O'Hara; "I was wondering you were not here long ago."

"An' so I would, I thank you kindly," said Larry, "only I overtook owld Hoppy here, on the road, and sure I thought I might as well take my time, and wait for poor Hoppy, and bring my welkim along with me;" and here he shoved the fiddler into the house before him.

"The girls will be glad to see the pair o' yiz," said the old man, following.

The interior of the house was crowded with guests, and the usual laughing and courting so often described, as common to such assemblages, were going forward amongst the young people. At the farther end of the largest room in the cottage, a knot of the older men of the party were engaged in the discussion of some subject that seemed to carry deep interest along with it, and at the opposite extremity of the same room, a coffin of very rude construction lay on a small table, and around this coffin stood all the junior part of the company, male and female, and the wildness of their mirth, and the fertility of their jests, over this tenement of

mortality and its contents, might have well startled a stranger for a moment, until he saw the nature of the deposit the coffin contained.

Enshrouded in a sheaf of wheat lay a pig, between whose open jaws a large potato was placed, and the coffin was otherwise grotesquely decorated.

The reader will wonder, no doubt, at such an exhibition, for certainly never was coffin so applied before; and it is therefore necessary to explain the meaning of all this, and I believe Ireland is the only country in the world where the facts I am about to relate could have occurred.

It may be remembered that some time previously to the date at which my story commences, his majesty's ministers declared that there should be a "total extinction of tithes."

This declaration was received in Ireland by the great mass of the people with the utmost delight, as they fancied they should never have tithes to pay again. The peasantry in the neighbourhood of Templemore formed the very original idea of BURYING THE TITHE. It is only amongst an imaginative people that such a notion could have originated; and indeed there is something highly poetical in the conception. The tithe—that which the poor felt the keenest; that which they considered a tax on their industry; that which they looked upon as an hereditary oppression; that hateful thing, they were told, was to be extinct, and, in joyous anticipation of the blessing, they determined to enact an emblematical interment of this terrible enemy.—I think it is not too much to call this idea a fine one; and yet, in the execution of it, they invested it with the broadest marking of the grotesque. Such is the strange compound of an Irish peasant, whose anger is often vented in a jest, and whose mirth is sometimes terrible.

I must here pause for a moment, and request it to be distinctly understood, that, in relating this story, in

giving the facts connected with it, and in stating what the Irish peasant's feelings are respecting tithe, I have not the most distant notion of putting forward any opinions of my own on the subject. In the pursuit of my own quiet art, I am happily far removed from the fierce encounter of politics, and in my little volume I do not wish to offend against the feelings or opinions of any one ; and I trust, therefore, that I may be permitted to give a sketch of a characteristic incident, as it came to my knowledge, without being mistaken for a partisan.

"I tell the tale as 'twas told to me.

I have said a group of seniors were collected at one end of the room, and, as it is meet to give precedence to age, I will endeavour to give some idea of what was going forward amongst them.

There was one old man of the party whose furrowed forehead, compressed eyebrows, piqued nose, and mouth depressed at the corners, at once indicated to a physiognomist a querulous temper. He was one of your doubters upon all occasions, one of the unfailing elements of an argument ;—as he said himself he was "dubersome" about everything, and he had hence earned the name of Daddy Dubersome amongst his neighbours. Well Daddy began to doubt the probability that any such boon as the extinction of tithes was to take place, and said he was "sartin sure 'twas too good news to be thrue."

"Tare anounty," said another, who was the very antithesis of Daddy in his credulous nature, "sure didn't I see it myself in *prent*."

"I was towld often that things was in prent," returned Daddy, drily, "that comes out lies afther, to my own knowledge."

"But sure," added a third, "sure, didn't the Prime Ear himself lay it all out before the Parleymint?"

"What Prime Ear are you talking about man, dear?" said Daddy, rather testily.

"Why the Prime Ear of his Majesty, and no less. Is that satisfaction for you, eh?"

"Well, and who is the Prime Ear?"

"Why, the Prime Ear of his Majesty, I towld you before. You see, he is one that hears of everything that is to be done for the whole impire in partic'lar; and bekase he *hears* of everything, that's the rayson he is called the Prime *Ear*—and a good rayson it is."

"Well, but what has that to do with the tithes? I ask you again," said Daddy with his usual pertinacity.

Here he was about to be answered by the former speaker, whose definition of "The Premier" had won him golden opinions amongst the by-standers,—when he was prevented by a fourth orator, who rushed into the debate with this very elegant opening—

"Arrah! tare-an-ouns, yiz are settin' me mad, so yiz are. Why, I wondher any one id' be sitch a fool as to go arguefy with that crooked owld disciple there."

"Meanin' me?" said Daddy.

"I'd be sorry to contheradict you, sir," said the other with an admirable mockery of politeness.

"Thank you, sir," said Daddy, with a dignity more comical than the other's buffoonery.

"You're kindly welkim, Daddy," returned the aggressor. "Sure, you never b'lieved any thing yit; and I wondher any one would throw away their time sthrivin' to rightify you."

"Come, boys," said O'Hara, interrupting the discourse, with a view to prevent further bickering, "there's no use talking about the thing now, for whatever way it is, sure we are met to bury the Tithe, and it's proud I am to see you all here to make merry upon the stringth of it, and I think I heerd Honor say this minit that every thing is ready in the barn without, so you'll have no difference of opinion about tackling to the breakfast, or I'm mistaken. Come, my hearties, the mate and the praties is crying 'Who'll ate me?'—away wid you, that's your sort;"—and he enforced his summons to the feast

by pushing his guests before him towards the scene of action.

This was an ample barn, where tables of all sorts and sizes were spread, loaded with viands of the most substantial character: wooden forms, three-legged stools, broken-backed chairs, &c. &c., were in requisition for the accommodation of the female portion of the company, and the men attended first to their wants with a politeness which, though deficient in the external graces of polished life, did credit to their natures. The eating part of the business was accompanied with all the clatter that might be expected to attend such an affair; and when the eatables had been tolerably well demolished, O'Hara stood up in the midst of his guests and said he should propose to them a toast, which he knew all the boys would fill their glasses for, and that was, to drink the health of the king, and long life to him, for seeing into the rights of the thing, and doing "such a power" for them, and "*more* power to his elbow."—This toast was prefaced by a speech to his friends and neighbours upon the hardships of tithe in particular, spiced with the *laste taste in life* of polititics in general: wherein the Repeal of the Union and Daniel O'Connell cut no inconsiderable figure; yet in the midst of the rambling address, certain glimpses of good sense and shrewd observation might be caught; and the many and powerful objections he advanced against the impost that was to be "extinct" so soon, were put forward with a force and distinctness that were worthy of a better speaker, and might have been found difficult to reply to by a more accustomed hand. He protested that he thought he had lived long enough when he had witnessed in his own life-time two such national benefits as the Catholic Emancipation Bill and the Abolition of Tithes. O'Hara further declared, he was the happiest man alive that day only in the regard "of one thing, and that was, that his reverence, Father Hely (the priest) was not there amongst them;" and, certainly, the

absence of the pastor on an occasion of festivity in the house of a snug farmer, is of rare occurrence in Ireland. "But you see," said O'Hara, "whin his rivirince heerd what it was we wor goin' to do, he thought it would be *purtier* on his part for to have nothin' whatsomivir to do with it, in hand, act, or part; and, indeed, boys, that shews a great deal of good breedin' in Father Hely."

This was quite agreed to by the company; and, after many cheers for O'Hara's speech, and some other toasts pertinent to the occasion, the health of O'Hara, as the founder of the feast, with the usual addenda of long life, prosperity, &c., to him and his was drunk, and then preparations were entered into for proceeding with the ceremony of the funeral.

"I believe we have nothing to wait for now," said O'Hara, "since you won't have any more to drink, boys; so let us set about it at once, and make a *clane* day's work of it."

"Oh, we're not quite ready yit," said Larry Lanigan who seemed to be a sort of master of the ceremonies on the occasion.

"What's the delay?" asked O'Hara.

"Why, the chief *murners* is not arrived yit."

"What murners are you talkin' about man?" said the other.

"Why, you know, at a *grand* berrin they have always chief murners, and there's a pair that I ordhered to be brought here for that same."

"Myself doesn't know any thing about murners," said O'Hara, "for I never seen any thing finer than the *keeners** at a berrin; but Larry's up to the ways of the quolity, as well as of his own sort."

"But you wouldn't have keeners for the Tithe, would you? Sure, the keeners is to say all the good they can of the departed, and more if they can invint it; but,

* Keeners are persons who sing the Ulican, or death wail round the coffin of the deceased, and repeat the good deeds of the departed.

sure, the devil a good thing at all they could say of the Tithe, barrin' it was lies they wor tellin', and so it would only be throwin' away throuble."

"Thrue for you, Lanigan."

"Besides, it is like a grand berrin belongin' to the qual'ty to have chief murners, and you know the Tithe was aiqual to a lord or a king a'most for power."

In a short time the "murners," as Larry called them, arrived in custody of half a dozen of Larry's chosen companions, to whom he had entrusted the execution of the mission. These chief mourners were two tithe proctors, who had been taken forcibly from their homes by the Lanigan party, and threatened with death unless they attended the summons of Larry to be present at "The Berrin."

Their presence was hailed with a great shout, and the poor devils looked excessively frightened; but they were assured by O'Hara that they had nothing to fear.

"I depend an you, Mr. O'Hara, for seeing us safe out of their hands," said one of them, for the other was dumb from terror.

"So you may," was the answer O'Hara returned. "Hurt nor harm shall not be put an you; I give you my word o' that."

"Divil a harm," said Larry. "We'll only put you into a shoot o' clothes that is ready for you, and you may look as melancholy as you plaze, for it is murners you are to be. Well, Honor," said he, addressing O'Hara's daughter, "have you got the mithres and vestments ready, as I towld you?"

"Yes," said Honor; "here comes Biddy Mulligan with them from the house, for Biddy herself helped me to make them."

"And who had a betther right?" said Larry, "when it was herself that laid it all out complate, the whole thing from the beginnin', and sure enough but it was a bright thought of her. Faix, he'll be the *looky* man that gets Biddy, yet."

"You had betther have her yourself, I think," said Honor, with an arch look at Larry, full of meaning.

"An it's that same I've been thinking of for some time," said Larry, laughing and returning Honor's look with one that repaid it with interest. "But where is she at all? Oh, here she comes with the duds, and Mike Noonan afther her; throth, he's following her about all this mornin' like a sucking calf. I'm afeard Mikee is going to *sarcumvint* me wid Biddy; but he'd betther mind what he's at."

Here the conversation was interrupted by the advance of Biddy Mulligan, "and Mikee Noonan afther her," bearing some grotesque imitation of clerical vestments made of coarse sacking, and two enormous head-dresses made of straw, in the fashion of mitres; these were decorated with black rags hung fantastically about them while the vestments were smeared over with black stripes in no very regular order.

"Come here," said Larry to the tithe proctors; "come here, antil we put you into your *regimentals*."

"What are you goin' to do with us, *Mr*. Lanigan?" said the frightened poor wretch, while his knees knocked together with terror.

"We are just goin' to make a pair o' bishops of you," said Lanigan; "and sure that's promotion for you."

"Oh, Mr. O'Hara," said the proctor, "sure you won't let them tie us up in them sacks."

"Do you hear what he calls the iligant vestments we made a' purpose for him? They are sackcloth, to be sure, and why not—seeing as how that you are to be the chief murners? and sackcloth and ashes is what you must be dhressed in, accordin' to rayson. Here, my buck,," said the rolicking Larry, "I'll be your vally de sham myself," and he proceeded to put the dress on the terrified tithe proctor. "Oh, Mr. Lanigan, dear!" said he, "don't murther me, *if you plaze*."

"Murthur you!—arrah, who's going to murthur you? Do you think I'd dirty my hands with killin' a snakin' tithe procthor?"

"Indeed, that's thrue, Mr. Lanigan; it would not be worth your while."

"Here now," said Larry, howld your head till I put the mithre an you, and make you a bishop complate. But wait a bit; throth, I was nigh forgettin' the ashes, and that would have been a great loss to both o' you, bekase you wouldn't be right murners at all without them, and the people would think you wor only *pur tendin'*." This last bit of Larry's waggery produced great merriment amongst the bystanders, for the unfortunate tithe proctors were looking at that moment most doleful examples of wretchedness. A large shovelful of turf ashes was now shaken over their heads, and then they were decorated with their mitres. "Tut, man," said Larry to one of them, "don't thrimble like a dog in a wet sack. Oh, thin, look at him how pale he's turned, the dirty coward that he is. I tell you, we're not goin' to do you any hurt, so you needn't be lookin' in sitch mortial dhread. By gor, you're as white as a pen'orth o' curds in a sweep's fist.

With many such jokes at the expense of the tithe proctors, they were attired in their caricature robes and mitres, and presented with a pair of pitchforks by way of crosiers, and were recommended at the same time to make hay while the sun shone, "bekase the fine weather would be lavin' them soon;" with many other bitter sarcasms, conveyed in the language of ridicule.

The procession was now soon arranged, and as they had chief mourners, it was thought a good point of contrast to have their chief rejoicers as well. To this end, in a large cart they put a sow and her litter of pigs, decorated with ribands, a sheaf of wheat standing proudly erect, a bowl of large potatoes, which at Honor O'Hara's suggestions, were *boiled*, that they might be *laughing** on the occasion, and over these was hung a

* To English readers it is necessary to explain that, in Ireland, potatoes are not peeled before being boiled, and when the outside skin is broken by expansion in boiling, it produces a fanciful likeness to parted lips, and the potatoe is said to be "laughing."

rude banner, on which was written "We may stay at home now."

In this cart, Hoppy Houligan, the fiddler, with a piper as a coadjutor, rasped and squeaked their best to the tune of "Go to the devil and shake yourself," which was meant to convey a delicate hint to the tithes for the future.

The whole assemblage of people, and it was immense, then proceeded to the spot where it was decided the tithe was to be interred, as the most fitting place to receive such a deposit, and this place was called by what they considered the very appropriate name of "The Devil's Bit."*

In a range of hills, in the neighbourhood, where this singular occurrence took place, there is a sudden gap occurs in the outline of the ridge, which is stated to have been formed by his sable majesty taking a bite out of the mountain; whether it was spite or hunger that had made him do so, is not ascertained, but he evidently did not consider it a very savoury morsel; for it is said, he spat it out again, and the rejected *morçeau* forms the rock of Cashel. Such is the wild legend of this wild spot, and here was the interment of the tithe to be achieved, as an appropriate addition to the "Devil's Bit."

The procession now moved onward, and, as it proceeded, its numbers were considerably augmented. Its approach was looked for by a scout on every successive hill it came within sight of, and a wild halloo, or the winding of a cow's horn immediately succeeded, which called forth scores of fresh attendants upon "the berrin." Thus, their numbers were increased every quarter of a mile they went, until, on their arriving at the foot of the hill which they were to ascend, to reach their final destination, the multitude assembled presented a most imposing appearance. In the course of their march,

* I think Ware mentions an ancient crown being dug up at "The Devil's Bit."

the great point of attraction for the young men and women was the cart that bore the piper and fiddler, and the road was rather danced than walked over in this quarter. The other distinguished portion of the train was where the two tithe proctors played their parts of chief mourners. They were the delight of all the little ragged urchins in the country; the half-naked young vagabonds hung on their flanks, plucked at their vestments, made wry faces at them, called them by many ridiculous names, and an occasional lump of clay was slily flung at their mitres, which were too tempting a "cock shot" to be resisted. The multitude now wound up the hill, and the mingling of laughter, singing, and shouting, produced a wild compound of sound that rang far and wide. As they doubled an angle in the road which opened the Devil's Bit full upon their view, they saw another crowd assembled there, which consisted of persons from the other side of the hills, who could not be present at the breakfast, nor join the procession, but who attended upon the spot where the interment was to take place. As soon as the approach of the funeral train was perceived from the top of the hill, the mass of people there sent forth a shout of welcome, which was returned by those from below.

Short space now served to bring both parties together, and the digging of a grave did not take long with such a plenty of able hands for the purpose. "Come, boys," said Larry Lanigan to two or three of his companions, "while they are digging the grave here, we'll go cut some sods to put over it when the thievin' tithe is buried; not for any respect I have for it in partic'lar, but that we may have the place smooth and clane to dance over aftherwards; and may I never shuffle the brogue again, if myself and Honor O'Hara won't be the first pair that'll set you a patthern."

All was soon ready for the interment; the tithe coffin was lowered into the pit, and the shouting that rent the air was terrific.

As they were about to fill up the grave with earth, their wild hurra, that had rung out so loudly, was answered by a fierce shout at some distance, and all eyes were turned towards the quarter whence it arose, to see from whom it proceeded, for it was, evidently, a solitary voice that had thus arrested their attention.

Toiling up the hill, supporting himself with a staff, and bearing a heavy load in a wallet slung over his shoulders, appeared an elderly man whose dress proclaimed him at once to be a person who depended on eleemosynary contributions for his subsistence? and many, when they caught the first glimpse of him, proclaimed, at once, that it was "Tatther the Road" was coming.

"Tatther the Road" was the very descriptive name that had been applied to this poor creature, for he was always travelling about the highways; he never rested even at nights in any of the houses of the peasants, who would have afforded him shelter, but seemed to be possessed by a restless spirit, that urged him to constant motion. Of course the poor creature sometimes slept, but it must have been under such shelter as a hedge, or cave, or gravel pit might afford, for in the habitation of man he was never seen to sleep; and indeed, no one was ever known to discover this strange being in the act of sleep. This fact attached a sort of mysterious character to the wanderer, and many would tell you that "he wasn't right," and firmly believed that he never slept at all. His mind was unsettled, and though he never became offensive in any degree from his mental aberration, yet the nature of his distemper often induced him to do very extraordinary things, and whenever the gift of speech was upon him (for he was habitully taciturn), he would make an outpouring of rhapsody, in which occasional bursts of very powerful language and striking imagery would occur. Indeed the peasant said that "sometimes 'twould make your hair stand an end to hear Tatther the Road make a *noration*."

This poor man's history, as far as I could learn, was a very melancholy one. In the rebellion of 98 his cabin had been burned over his head by the yeomanry, after every violation that could disgrace his hearth had been committed. He and his son, then little more than a boy, had attemped to defend their hut, and they were both left for dead. His wife, and his daughter, a girl of sixteen, were murdered. The wretched father, unfortunately, recoved his life, but his reason was gone for ever. Even in the midst of his poverty and madness, there was a sort of respect attached to this singular man. Though depending on charity for his meat and drink, he could not well be called a beggar, for he never asked for any thing—even on the road, when some passenger, ignorant of his wild history, saw the poor wanderer, a piece of money was often bestowed to the silent appeal of his rags, his haggard features, and his grizly hair and beard.

Thus eternally up and down the country was he moving about, and hence his name of "Tatther the Road."

It was not long until the old man gained the summit of the hill, but while he was approaching, many were the "wonders" what in the name of fortune could have brought Tatther the Road there.—"And by dad," said one, "he's pullin' fut* at a great rate, and its wondherful how an owld cock like him can clamber up the hill so fast."

"Aye," said another, "and with the weighthe's carrying too."

"Sure enough," said a third. "Faix he's got a fine lob in his wallet to-day."

"Whisht!" said O'Hara.—"Here he comes, and his ears are as sharp as needles."

"And his eyes too," said a woman. "Lord be good to me, did you ever see poor Tatther's eyes look so terrible bright afore?"

* *Pull fut* is a figurative expression signifying to make haste.

And indeed this remark was not uncalled for, for the eyes of the old man almost gleamed from under the shaggy brows that were darkly bent over them, as, with long strides, he approached the crowd which opened before him, and he stalked up to the side of the grave and threw down the ponderous wallet, which fell to the ground with a heavy crash.

"You were going to close the grave too soon," were the first words he uttered.

"Sure, when the tithe is wanst buried, what more have we to do?" said one of the by-standers.

"Aye, you have put the tithe in the grave—but will it stay there?"

"Why indeed," said Larry Lanigan, "I think he'd be a bowld resurrection man that would come to rise it."

"I have brought you something here to lie heavy on it, and 'twill never rise more," said the maniac, striking forth his arm fiercely, and clenching his hand firmly.

"And what have you brought us, Agrah?" said O'Hara kindly to him.

"Look here," said the other, unfolding his wallet and displaying five or six large stones.

Some were tempted to laugh, but a mysterious dread of the wild being before them, prevented any outbreak of mirth.

"God help the craythur!" said a woman, so loud as to be heard. "He has brought a bag full o' stones to throw a top o' the tithes to keep them down—O wisha! wisha! poor craythur!"

"Aye—stones!"—said the maniac; "but do you know what stones these are! Look woman—" and his manner became intensely impressive from the excitement even of madness, under which he was acting. —"Look, I say—there's not a stone there that's not a curse—aye a curse so heavy that nothing can ever rise that falls under it."

"Oh I don't want to say against it, dear," said the woman.

The maniac did not seem to notice her submissive answer, but pursuing his train of madness, continued his address in his native tongue, whose figurative and poetical construction was heightened in its effect, by a manner and action almost theatrically descriptive.

"You all remember the Widow Dempsy. The first choice of her bosom was long gone, but the son she loved was left to her, and her heart was not quite lonely. And at the widow's hearth there was still a welcome for the stranger—and the son of her heart made his choice, like the father before him, and the joy of the widow's house was increased, for the son of her heart was happy —And in due time the widow welcomed the fair-haired child of her son to the world, and a dream of her youth came over her, as she saw the joy of her son and her daughter, when they kissed the fair-haired child.—But the hand of God was heavy in the land, and the fever fell hard upon the poor—and the widow was again bereft,—for the son of her heart was taken, and the wife of his bosom also—and the fair-haired child was left an orphan. And the widow would have laid down her bones and died, but for the fair-haired child that had none to look to but her. And the widow blessed God's name and bent her head to the blow—and the orphan that was left to her was the pulse of her heart, and often she looked on his pale face with a fearful eye, for health was not on the cheek of the boy—but she cherished him tenderly.

"But the ways of the world grew crooked to the lone woman, when the son, that was the staff of her age, was gone, and one trouble followed another, but still the widow was not quite desitute.—And what was it brought the heavy stroke of distress and disgrace to the widow's door?—The tithe! The widow's cow was driven and sold to pay a few shillings; the drop of milk was no longer in the widow's house, and the tender child that needed the nourishment, wasted away before the widow's eyes, like snow from the ditch, and died; and fast the

widow followed the son of her heart and his fair-haired boy.

"And now the home of an honest race is a heap of rubbish, and the bleak wind whistles over the hearth where the warm welcome was ever found; and the cold frog crouches under the ruins.

"These stones are from that desolate place, and the curse of God that follows oppression is on them.—And let them be cast into the grave, and they will lie with the weight of a mountain on the monster that is buried for ever."

So saying, he lifted stone after stone, and flung them fiercely into the pit; then, after a moment's pause upon its verge, he suddenly strode away with the same noiseless step with which he had approached, and left the scene in silence.

THE WHITE HORSE OF THE PEPPERS.

A LEGEND OF THE BOYNE.

CHAP. I.

A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!

It was the night of the 2nd of July, in the year 1690, that a small remnant of a discomfited army was forming its position, in no very good order, on the slope of a wild hill on the borders of the county of Dublin. In front of a small square tower, a sentinel was pacing up and down, darkly brooding over the disastrous fight of the preced-

ing day, and his measured tread was sometimes broken by the fierce stamp of his foot upon the earth, as some bitter thought and muttered curse arose, when the feelings of the man overcame the habit of the soldier. The hum of the arrival of a small squadron of horse came from the vale below, borne up the hill on the faint breeze that sometimes freshens a summer's night, but neither the laugh, nor the song, which so often enlivens a military post, mingled with the sound. The very trumpet seemed to have lost the inspiring tingle of its tone, and its blast sounded heavily on the ear of the sentinel.

"There come more of our retreating comrades," thought he, as he stalked before the low portal it was his duty to guard.—"Retreating,—curse the word!—shall we never do any thing but fall back and back before this d—d Dutchman and his followers? And yesterday too, with so fine an opportunity of cutting the rascals to pieces,— and all thrown away, and so much hard fighting to go for nothing. Oh, if Sarsefield had led us! we'd have another tale to tell." And here he struck the heavy heel of his war boot into the ground, and hurried up and down. But he was roused from his angry musing by the sound of a horse's tramp which indicated a rapid approach to the tower, and he soon preceived through the gloom, a horseman approaching, at a gallop. The sentinel challenged the cavalier, who returned the countersign, and was then premitted to ride up to the door of the tower. He was mounted on a superb charger, whose silky coat of milk-white was much travel-stained, and the heaviness of whose breathing told of recent hard riding. The horseman alighted: his dress was of a mixed character, implying that war was not his profession, though the troubled nature of the times had engaged him in it. His head had no defensive covering, he wore the slouched hat of a civilian common to the time, but his body was defended by the cuirass of a trooper, and a heavy sword, suspended by a broad cross belt, was at his side—these alone bespoke the soldier, for the large and massively

mounted pistols that protruded from the holsters at his saddle-bow, were no more than any gentleman, at the time, might have been provided with.

"Will you hold the rein of my horse," said he to the sentry, "while I remain in the castle?"

"I am a sentinel, sir," answered the soldier, "and cannot."

"I will not remain more than a few minutes."

"I dare not, sir, while I'm on duty—but I suppose you will find some one in the castle who will take charge of your horse."

The stranger now knocked at the door of the tower and after some questions and answers in token of amity had passed between him and those inside, it was opened.

"Let some one take charge of my horse," said he; "I do not want him to be stabled, as I shall not remain here long, but I have ridden him hard, and he is warm, so let him be walked up and down until I am ready to get into the saddle again." He then entered the tower, and was ushered into a small and rude apartment, where a man of between fifty and sixty years of age, seated on a broken chair, though habited in a rich *robe de chambre*, was engaged in conversation with a general officer, a man of fewer years, whose finger was indicating certain points upon a map, which, with many other papers, lay on a rude table before them. Extreme dejection was the prevailing expression that overspread the countenance of the elder, while there mingled with the sadness that marked the noble features of the other, a tinge of subdued anger, as certain suggestions he offered, when he laid his finger, from time to time, on the map, were received with coldness, if not with refusal.

"Here at least we can make a bold stand," said the general, and his eye flashed, and his brow knit as he spoke.

"I fear not, Sarsefield," said the king, for it was the unfortunate James the Second who spoke.

Sarsefield withdrew his hand suddenly from the map, and folding his arms, became silent.

"May it please you, my liege," said the horseman, whose entry had not been noticed by either Sarsefield or his sovereign. "I hope I have not intruded on your majesty."

"Who speaks?" said the king, as he shaded his eyes from the light that burned on the table, and looked into the gloom where the other was standing.

"Your enemies, my liege," said Sarsefield, with some bitterness, "would not be so slow to discover a tried friend of your majesty—'tis the White Horseman;" and Sarsefield, as he spoke, gave a look full of welcome and joyous recognition towards him.

The horseman felt, with the pride of a gallant spirit, all that the general's look and manner conveyed, and he bowed his head, respectfully, to the leader, whose boldness and judgment he so often had admired.

"Ha! my faithful White Horseman," said the king.

"Your majesty's poor and faithful subject, Gerald Pepper," was the answer.

"You have won the name of the White Horseman," said Sarsefield, "and you deserve to wear it."

The Horseman bowed.

"The general is right," said the king. "I shall never choose to remember you by any other name. You and your white horse have done good service."

"Would that they could have done more, my liege," was the laconic and modest reply.

"Would that every one," laying some stress on the word, "had been as true to the cause *yesterday!*" said Sarsefield.

"And what has brought you here?" said the king, anxious perhaps to escape from the thought which his general's last words had suggested.

"I came, my liege, to ask permission to bid your ma-

jesty farewell, and beg the privilege to kiss your royal hand."

"Farewell?" echoed the king, startled at the word. "Are *you*, too, going?—every one deserts me!" There was intense anguish in the tone of his voice, for, as he spoke, his eye fell upon a ring he wore, which encircled the portrait of his favourite daughter, Anne, and the remembrance that she, *his own child*, had excited the same remark from the lips of her father—that bitter rememberance came across his soul and smote him to the heart. He was suddenly silent—his brow contracted—he closed his eyes in anguish, and *one* bitter tear sprang from under either lid at the thought. He passed his hand across his face, and wiped away the womanish evidence of his weakness.

"Do not say I desert you, my liege," said Gerald Pepper. "I leave you, 'tis true, for the present, but I do not leave you until I see no way in which I can be longer useful. While in my own immediate district, there were many ways in which my poor services might be made available; my knowledge of the county, of its people and its resources, its passes and its weak points, were of service. But here, or farther southward, where your majesty is going, I can no longer do any thing that might win the distinction with which your majesty and General Sarsefield are pleased to honour me."

"You have still a stout heart, a clear head, a bold arm, and a noble horse," said Sarsefield.

"I have also, a weak woman and helpless children, general," said Gerald Pepper.

The appeal was irresistible—Sarsefield was silent.

"But though I cannot longer aid with my arm—my wishes and my prayers shall follow your majesty—and whenever I may be thought an agent to be made useful, my king has but to command the willing services of his subject."

"Faithfully promised," said the king.

"The promise shall be faithfully kept," said his follower; "but before I leave, may I beg the favour of a moment's conversation with your majesty."

"Speak anything you have to communicate before Sarsefield," said the king.

Gerald Pepper hesitated for a moment; he was struggling between his sovereign's command and his own delicacy of feeling; but overcoming the latter, in deference to the former, he said:

"Your majesty's difficulties with respect to money supplies,—"

"I know, I know," said the king somewhat impatiently, "I owe you five hundred pieces."

"Oh! my liege," said the devoted subject dropping on his knee before him, "deem me not so unworthy as to seek to remind your majesty of the trifle you did me the honour to allow me to lay at your disposal; I only regret I had not the means of contributing more. It is not that; but I have brought here another hundred pieces, it is all I can raise at present, and if your majesty will furthur honour me by the acceptance of so poor a pittance, when the immediate necessities of your army may render every trifle a matter of importance, I shall leave you with a more contented spirit, conscious that I have done all within my power for my king." And, as he spoke, he laid on the table a purse containing the gold.

"I cannot deny that we are sorely straitened,' said the king, "but I do not like,—"

"Pray do not refuse it my liege," said Gerald still kneeling—"do not refuse the last poor service your subject may ever have it in his power to do in your cause."

"Well," said the king, "I accept it—but I would not do so if I were not sure of having, one day, the means of rewarding your loyalty and generosity." And thus allowing himself to be the dupe of his own fallacious hopes, he took from poor Gerald Pepper the last hundred guineas he had in his possession, with that happy

facility kings have always exhibited, in accepting sacrifices from enthusiastic and self-devoted followers.

"My mission here is ended now," said Gerald. "May I be permitted to kiss my sovereign's hand?"

"Would that all my subjects were as faithful," said James, as he held out his hand to Gerald Pepper, who kissed it respectfully, and then arose.

"What do you propose doing when you leave me?" said the king.

"To return to my home as soon as I may, my liege.'

"If it be my fate to be driven from my kingdom by my unnatural son-in-law, I hope he may be merciful to my people, and that none may suffer from their adherence to the cause of their rightful sovereign."

"I wish, my liege," said Gerald, "that he may have half the consideration for his *Irish* subjects which your majesty had for your *English* ones;" and he shook his head doubtfully as he spoke, and his countenance suddenly fell.*

A hard-drawn sigh escaped from Sarsefield, and then, biting his lip, and with knitted brow, he exchanged a look of bitter meaning with Gerald Pepper.

"Adieu then," said the king, "since you will go. See our good friend to his saddle, Sarsefield. Once more, good night; King James will not forget the White Horseman." So saying, he waved his hand in adieu. Gerald Pepper bowed low to his sovereign, and Sarsefield followed him from the chamber. They were both silent till they arrived at the portal of the tower, and when the door was opened, Sarsefield crossed the threshold with the visitor, and stepped into the fresh air, which he inhaled audibly three or four times, as if it were a relief to him.

"Good night, General Sarsefield," said Gerald.

* At the battle of the Boyne, when the Irish were driving the enemy with great slaughter before them, James was heard often to exclaim, "Oh! spare my English subjects."

"Good night, my gallant friend," said Sarsefield, in a voice that expressed much vexation of spirit.

"Be not so much cast down, general," said Gerald, "better days may come, and fairer fields be fought."

"Never, never!" said Sarsefield. "Never was a fairer field than that of yesterday, never was a surer game if it had been rightly played. But there is a fate, my friend, hangs over our cause, and I fear that destiny throws against us."

"Speak not thus, general,—think not thus."

"Would that I could think otherwise—but I fear I speak prophetically."

"Do you then give up the cause?" said Gerald in surprise.

"No;" said Sarsefield, firmly, almost fiercely. "Never—I *may* die in the cause, but I will never desert it, as long as I have a troop to follow me—but I must not loiter here. Farewell! Where is your horse?"

"I left him in the care of one of the attendants."

"I hope you are well mounted."

"Yes; here comes my charger.'

"What!" said Sarsefield, "the white horse!"

"Yes, surely," said Gerald; "you never saw me back any other."

"But after the tremendous fatigue of yesterday," said Sarsefield, in surprise, "is it possible he is still fresh?"

"Fresh enough to serve my turn for to-night," said Gerald, as he mounted into the saddle. The white horse gave a low neigh of seeming satisfaction as his master resumed his seat.

"Noble brute!" said Sarsefield, as he patted the horse on the neck, which was arched into the proud bend of a bold steed who knows a bold rider is on his back.

"And now farewell, general," said Gerald, extending his hand.

"Farewell, my friend. Fate is unkind to deny the charm of a victorious cause to so gallant a spirit."

"There is more gallantry in remaining unshaken under defeat; and you, general, are a bright example of the fact."

"Good night, good night," said Sarsefield, anxious to escape from hearing his own praise, and wringing the hand that was presented to him with much warmth: he turned towards the portal of the tower, but before he entered, Gerald again addressed him.

"Pray tell me general, is your regiment here? Before I go, I would wish to take leave of the officers of that gallant corps, in whose ranks I have had the honour to draw a sword."

"They are not yet arrived. They are on the road, perhaps, by this time; but I ordered they should be the last to leave Dublin, for as, yesterday, they suffered the disgrace of being led the first out of the battle,* I took care they should have the honour of being the last in the rear to-night, to cover our retreat."

"Then remember me to them," said Gerald.

"They can never forget the White Horseman," said Sarsefield; "and they shall hear you left the kind word of remembrance for them. Once more, good night."

"Good night, general; God's blessing be upon you!"

"Amen!" said Sarsefield; "and with you."

They then wrung each other's hand in silence. Sarsefield re-entered the tower, and Gerald Pepper giving the rein to his steed, the white horse left the spot as rapidly as he had approached it.

For some days, Gerald Pepper remained in Dublin, where he had ridden the night after his interview with the king. The house of a friend afforded him shelter, for he did not deem it prudent to be seen in public, as his person was too well known, and his services to King

* Sarsefield's regiment, after having repeatedly repulsed the enemy, was obliged to leave the field in order to protect the person of the king, who chose to fly unnecessarily soon.

James too notorious, not to render such a course dangerous. He, therefore, was obliged to submit to being cooped up in an attic in his friend's house, while he stayed in the city. His sojourn in Dublin originated in his anxiety to hear what was going forward at head-quarters; for there was but too much reason to fear, from all former examples in Ireland, that forfeitures to a great extent would take place, and to ascertain whether his name should be amongst the proscribed was the object that detained him from his home. His patience, however, became exhausted, and one morning, when his friend came to speak with him previously to going forth into the city to see and hear what was stirring, Gerald said he could bear the restraint of his situation and the separation from his family no longer. "My poor Magdalene," said he, "can but ill endure the suspense attendant upon my protracted absence, and I fear her gentle nature will sink under so severe a trial; therefore, my excellent, my kind friend, to-morrow morning I will leave you."

"Perhaps a day or two more may set your mind at rest; or, at least, will end your suspense respecting the course about to be pursued with the adherents of the king."

"I wait no longer than to-day," said Gerald, "I am resolved."

His friend sallied forth, with this parting assurance from his guest, and had not been absent more than an hour or two, when he returned; a low tap at the door of Gerald's apartment announced his presence; the bolt was drawn, and he entered.

"Gerald!" said his friend, grasping his hand, and remaining silent.

"I understand," said Gerald; "I am a ruined man."

How deeply expressive of meaning mere voice and action become under the influence of feeling! Here the uttering of a name, and the grasping of a hand, were more potent than language; for words could not so soon

have expressed the fatal truth, as the electric sympathy that conveyed to Gerald's mind the meaning of his friend. How mysterious the influence between thought and action! I do not mean the action that is the result of mere habit, but the action which we cannot avoid, being a law of nature, and which every one indulges in, under the influence of strong affection of the mind. Grief and joy, hope and despair, fear and courage, have each an action to distinguish them, as strongly marked as the distinctions which separate different species.

His friend made no other answer to Gerald's ejaculation, than a suppressed groan, and then another fierce grasp of the hand and a melancholy look into each other's eyes passed between them. They then parted palms, and each took a seat, and sat opposite each other, for some minutes, in perfect silence. In that interval the minds of both were busily engaged. Gerald's thoughts flew back, at once, to his home, his dear home; he thought of his sweet Magdalene and his darling children. He saw Magdalene deprived of the comforts of life, without a roof to shelter her, and heard his babes cry for food, as they shivered in the cold; the thought overcame him, and he hid his face in his hands. The mind of his friend had been engaged, at the moment, as to what was the best course Gerald could pursue under existing circumstances, and his case, though hard, seemed not hopeless. Therefore, when he saw Gerald sink as he had done, unconscious of the bitter thought that overcame him, he rose from his seat, and laying his hand kindly on the shoulder of his friend, he said:

"Cheer up, cheer up, man! matters are not so desperate as to reduce you to despair at once. You are not the man I take you for, if such a blow as this, heavy though it be, overcome you."

Gerald looked up; his eye was bright and his countenance serene, as he met the compassionating look that was cast upon him; he had recovered all his self-posses-

sion. The voice of his friend had dispelled the terrible vision that fancy had presented him with, and recalled his ideas from home, where his affectionate nature first prompted them to fly.

"I do not despair," he said. "But there was a dreadful thought arose, which quite unmanned me for the moment, but you see I am calm again."

"Yes, you look like yourself now."

"And will not relapse, I promise you. When once I know the worst, I am equal to meet my destiny, whatever it may be: and having said so much, tell me what that fate is. Ruined, I know I am; but tell me in what degree. Is my person denounced, as well as my patrimony plundered from me?"

"No. Your life and freedom are not menaced, but your property is forfeited, and, in all probability, many days will not elapse until you may be dispossessed by some new master."

"Days!" said Gerald, "hours you mean; these gentry make quick work of such matters. I must hasten home directly."

"Will not to-morrow answer?" asked his friend; "to day may be profitably spent here, in consulting as to your best mode of proceeding, regarding the future."

"The lapse of one day might produce a loss of some consequence to a man who is robbed of every acre he has in the world."

"How?" asked his friend.

"I would like to be beforehand with the plunderers, that I might secure any small articles of value such as jewels or plate, from their clutches."

"Surely, *these* are not included in the forfeiture of a man's lands."

"The troopers of the Prince of Orange will not be very nice in making such legal distinctions; therefore I will hasten home, and save all I can from the wreck."

"Before you go, one word more," said his friend. "If your property happen to fall to the lot of a trooper,

as you say; one of these fellows would rather have a round sum of hard cash, than be encumbered with lands; and if you manage matters well, a few hundred pieces may buy off the invader. I have heard of thousands of broad acres being so saved, in Cromwell's time."

"That hope of rescue is debarred me," said Gerald; "all the disposable cash I had, I gave to the king."

"What! not a rouleau left?"

"The last hundred I could command I gave him."

"That's unfortunate;" said his friend; "the more so, as it is beyond my power to supply the want."

"I know it—I know it," said Gerald, impatiently, "don't name it. If Heaven be pleased to spare me life and health, I shall be able to weather the storm. I have as much plate and other valuables as, when converted into cash, will enable me to carry my family to France, and still leave something in my purse. At the French court, I hope I can reckon on a good reception, and I have my sword to offer to the service of the French King, and I doubt not, from the interest I think I can command, that I should find employment in the ranks of the gallant Louis."

"You have decided soon on your course of proceeding, Gerald," said his friend, somewhat surprised at the coolness and consideration he exhibited.

"Yes; and you wonder at it," said Gerald, "because you saw me cast down for a moment; but the bitter thought that overcame me is past. I see distinctly the path before me which will save my wife and children from want, and that once secured, I repine not, nor shall cast one regret after the property I have lost in so noble a cause. Farewell, my friend! Thanks and blessings be your's, from me and mine, for all your care for me. Before I leave Ireland you shall see me again, but for the present, farewell!"

In ten minutes more, Gerald Pepper was in his saddle, and his trusty steed was bearing him to the home which cost him so much anxiety.

As he pushed his way rapidly along the road, his thoughts were so wholly engrossed by his present calamitous circumstances, that he heeded no outward object, nor even uttered one cheering word, or sound of encouragement, to his favourite horse; and it was not until the noble round tower of Swords rose upon his view, that he became conscious of how far he had progressed homewards, and of the speed with which he had been going; he drew the bridle when he had arrived at the summit of the hill that commands the extensive plain which lies at the foot of the mountain range that skirts the counties of Dublin and Kildare, and stretches onward into Meath and Lowth, and the more northern counties. The mountains of Carlingford and Mourne spired upwards in their beautiful forms, where the extreme distance melted into blue haze, and the sea could scarcely be distinguished from the horizon: but nearer, on his right, its level line of blue was distinctly defined, as glimpses of it appeared over the woods of Feltrum and Malahide, occasionally broken by the promontory of Howth, the grotesque pinnacles of Ireland's Eye, and the bold island of Lambay.

As he was leisurely descending the hill into the village beneath him, a figure suddenly appeared on a bank that overhung the road, and leaped into the highway; he ran over towards Gerald, and clasping his knee with both hands, said, with fervour—

"God save you, Masther Gerald, dear! oh then is that yourself safe and sound again?"

"What!" said Gerald in surprise, "Rory Oge!—by what chance are you here?"

"You may say chance, sure enough—wait a minit, and I'll tell you, for it's out o' breath I am with the race I made across the fields, without, when I seen you powdherin' down the road at the rate of a hunt, and afear'd I was you would be gone past and out o' call before I could get to the ditch."

"Is my family well?" said Gerald, "can you tell me?"

"They're all hearty."

"Thanks be to God," said Gerald, devoutly.

"Amen," responded Rory.

"My poor wife I suppose has been fretting?"

"Throth to be sure, an' no wondher; the poor misthriss; but she keeps up wondherful, and I was goin' to Dublin myself to look for you."

"You, Rory?"

"Yis, me, and why not? and very nigh missin' you I was, and would, only for Tareaway here," putting his hand on the neck of the horse; "for you wor so far off when I first got a sight o' you, that I think I wouldn't have minded you, but I knew the proud toss of Tareaway's head, more betoken the white coat of him makes him so noticeable."

"But who sent you to Dublin, to look for me?"

"Myself, and nobody else—it was my own notion; for I seen the misthriss was onaisy, and I had a misgivin' somehow that I'd come upon you, and sure enough I did, for here you are."

"But not in Dublin, Rory," said Gerald, who could not forbear a smile even in his sadness.

"Well, it's all one, sure," said Rory, "for here you are, and I found you, as I said before; and now, Masther Gerald, dear, that I see you're safe yourself, will you tell me how matthers goes on wid the king and his cause?"

"Badly enough, I fear, Rory, and worse with his friends," said Gerald, with a heavy sigh.

Rory caught at his meaning with native intelligence, and looking up into his face with the most touching expression of affection and anxiety, said, "God keep us from harm, Masther Gerald, dear, and sure it's not yourself that is come to throuble, I hope."

"Yes, Rory," said Gerald, "I am a ruined man."

"Oh Masther Gerald dear, don't say that," said Rory, with much emotion. "Who dar' ruinate you?" said he, indignantly; and then, his voice dropping into a tone of

tenderness, he added, "Who'd have the heart to ruinate you?"

"Those who have nothing to fear nor love me for, Rory," answered Gerald.

"Is it them vagabone Williamites—them thraitors to their king and their God and their counthry—them outlandish villians! The Peppers o' Ballygarth ruinated! Oh what will the counthry come to at all at all!! But how is it they *can* ruinate you, Masther Gerald."

"By leaving me without house or land."

"You don't want to make me believe they'll dhrive you out o' Ballygarth?"

"Ballygarth is no longer mine, Rory. I shall not have an acre left me."

"Why, who *dar* for to take it from you?"

"Those who have the power to do so now, Rory; the conquerors at the Boyne."

"Why, bad cess to them, sure they won the day there, and more's the pity," said Rory, "and what do they want more? Sure, when they won the day, that's enough;—we don't deny it; and sorry I am to say that same;—but sure that should contint any raisonable faction, without robbin' the people afther. Why, suppose a chap was impident to me, and that I gev him a wallopin' for it, sure that 'ud be no raison why I should take the clothes aff his back, or rob him iv any thrifle he might have about him; and isn't it *all one?* Sure, instid of havin' a crow over him for being the best man, I'd only be a common robber, knockin' a man down for what I could get. And what differ is there betune the cases?"

"That you are only an humble man, Rory, and that the other person is a king."

"Well, and sure if he is a king, shouldn't he behave as *sitch*, and give a good example instead of doin' a dirty turn like that? Why should a king do what a poor man, like me, would be ashamed of?"

Here, Rory broke out into a mingled strain of indignation against the oppressor, and lament for the oppressed, and wound up by this very argumentative and convincing peroration—

"And so that furrin moroder, they call a king, is goin' to rob and plundher and murdher you intirely,—and for what, I'd like to know? Is it bekase you stud up for the rale king, your own king, and your counthry, it is? Bad fortune to him, sure, if he had any honour at all, he'd only like you the betther iv it; and, instead of pursuin' you with his blackguard *four-futted* laws,* it's plazed he ought to be that you didn't come acrass him yourself when your swoord was in your hand, and the white horse undher you. Oh, the yellow-faced thief! he has no gratitude!!"

A good deal more of equally good *reasoning* and abuse was indulged in by Rory, as he walked beside the white horse and his rider. Gerald remained silent until they arrived at the foot of the hill, and were about to enter the village, when he asked his companion what he intended doing, now he had found the object of his search.

"Why, I'll go back to be sure," said Rory, "and be of any use I can to you; but you had betther make no delay in life, Masther Gerald, but make off to the misthriss as fast as you can, for it's the heart of her will leap for joy when she claps her two good looking eyes on you."

"I intend doing so, Rory; and I will expect to see you to-morrow."

"It may be a thrifle later nor that, Masther Gerald, for I intend stoppin' in Swoords to-night; but you'll see me afore long, any how."

"Then, good bye, Rory, for the present," said Gerald, as he put spurs to his horse, and sweeping at a rapid pace round one of the angles of the picturesque castle

* Some mystification of Rory's about "*forfeited*."

that formerly commanded the entrance to the village, he was soon lost to the sight of Rory Oge, who sent many an affectionate look and blessing after him.

The appearance of Rory Oge was too sudden to permit any explanation to be given to the reader of who he was, when first introduced into the story; but now that the horseman's absence gives a little breathing time, a word or two on the subject may not be inapposite.

Rory Oge was foster-brother to Gerald Pepper, and hence the affection and familiarity of address which existed and was permitted between them. In Ireland, as in Scotland, the ties thus originating between two persons who have been nurtured at the same breast, are held very dear, and were even more so formerly than now. Rory Oge might thus, as foster-brother to Gerald, have had many advantages, in the way of worldly comfort, which he not only did not seek for, but had even shunned. Making use of such advantages must have involved, at the same time, a certain degree of dependence, and this, the tone of his character would have rendered unpleasing to him. There was a restlessness in his nature, with which a monotonous state of being would have been incompatible; an independence of mind also, and a touch of romance, which prompted him to be a free agent. To all these influences was added a passionate love of music; and it will not therefore be wondered at, that Rory Oge had determined on becoming an erratic musician. The harp and the bagpipes he had contrived, even in his boyhood, to become tolerably familiar with; and when he had taken up the resolution of becoming a professed musician, his proficiency upon both instruments increased rapidly, until at length he arrived at a degree of excellence, as a performer, seldom exceeded. Ultimately, however, the pipes was the instrument he principally practised upon: his intuitive love of sweet sounds would have prompted him to the use of the harp, but the wandering life he

led rendered the former instrument so much more convenient, from its portability, that it became his favourite, from fitness, rather than choice.

In the cool of the evening, Rory Oge was seated at the back of a cottage on the skirts of a village, and in the rear of it a group of young people of both sexes were dancing on the green sod, to the inspiring music of his pipes. More than an hour had been thus employed, and the twilight was advancing, when a fresh couple stood up to dance, and Rory, after inflating his bag and giving forth the deep hum of his drone, let forth his chaunter into one of his best jigs, and was lilting away in his merriest style; but the couple, instead of commencing the dance, joined a group of the bystanders, who seemed to have got their heads together upon some subject of importance, and listened to the conversation, instead of making good use of their own time, the day's declining light, and Rory's incomparable music.

At length they turned from the knot of talkers, and were going to dance, when the girl told her partner she would rather have another jig than the one Rory was playing. The youth begged of Rory to stop.

"For what?" said Rory.

"Aggy would rather have another jig," said her beau, "for she doesn't like the one you're playin'"

"Throth, it's time for her to think iv it," said Rory, "and I playin' away here all this time for nothin', and obleeged now to *put back the tune.* Bad cess to me, but it's too provokin', so it is;—and why couldn't you tell me so at wanst?"

"Now don't be angry, Rory," said Aggy, coming forward herself to appease his anger;—"I ax your pardon, but I was just listenin' to the news that they wor tellin."

"What news?" said the piper. "I suppose they havn't fought another battle?"

[illegible] one would think you wor a witch, Rory; [illegible]tle, there's a sojer in it."

"What sojer?" said Rory, with earnestness.

"Why, a sojer a' horseback rode into the town awhile agon, jist come down from Dublin, and is stoppin' down below at the Public."

A thought at once flashed across Rory's mind that the visit of a soldier at such a time might have some connexion with the events he had become acquainted with in the morning, and, suddenly rising from his seat, he said, "Faix, and I don't see why I shouldn't see the sojer as well as every body else, and so I'll go down to the Public myself."

"Sure, you won't go, Rory, until you give us the tune, and we finish our dance?"

"Finish, indeed," said Rory; "why, you didn't begin it yet."

"No, but we will, Rory."

"By my sowl, you won't," said Rory, very sturdily unyoking his pipes at the same time.

"Oh, Rory," said Aggy, in great dismay,—"Rory—if you plaze—"

"Well, I don't plaze; and there's an end iv it. I was bellowsing away there for betther nor ten minutes, and the divil a toe you'd dance, but talking all the time, and then you come and want to put back the tune. Now, the next time you won't let good music be wasted; throth, it's not so plenty."

"Not such as your's, in throth, Rory," said Aggy, in her own little coaxing way.—Ah, now Rory!"

"'Twont do, Aggy; you think to come over me now with the blarney; but you're late, says Boyce:"* and so saying, off he trudged, leaving the dancers in dudgeon.

* When the Lord Thomas Fitzgerald discovered that treason was within his castle of Maynooth, the traitor (Parese, I believe) was ordered for immediate execution in the Bass Court of the fortress; there he endeavoured to save his life by committing a double treason, and offered to betray the secret of the English besiegers, but a looker-on exclaimed, "You're late!" His name was Boyce; and hence the saying which exists to this day.

He went directly to the Public, where he found an English officer of King William's cavalry had not only arrived, but intended remaining, and to that end was superintending the grooming of his horse, before he was put up for the night in a shabby little shed, which the landlady of the Public chose to call stable. Here Rory Oge proceeded, and entered into conversation with the hostler, as a preliminary to doing the same with the soldier: this he contrived with the address so peculiar to his country and his class, and finding that the stranger intended going northward in the morning, the suspicion which had induced him to leave the dance and visit the Public ripened into uneasiness as to the object of the stranger, and, desirous to arrive closer to the truth, he thought he might test the intention of the trooper in a way which would not betray his own anxiety on the subject, at the same time that it would sufficiently satisfy him as to the other's proceedings. To this end, in the course of the desultory conversation which may be supposed to take place between three such persons as I have named, Rory ingeniously contrived to introduce the name of "Ballygarth," watching the Englishman closely at the moment, whose attention became at once awakened at the name, and, turning quickly to Rory, he said—

"Ballygarth, did you say?"

"Yis, your honour," said Rory, with the most perfect composure and seeming indifference, though at the same time, the success of his experiment convinced him, that the man who stood before him was he who was selected to expel his beloved fosterbrother from his home.

"How far is the place you name from this village?" asked the soldier.

"Indeed, it's not to say very convaynient," answered Rory.

"How many miles do you reckon it?"

"Indeed an' that same would be hard to say."

"I think," said the hostler, "it would be about—"

"Twenty-four or twenty-five," interrupted Rory, giving the hostler a telegraphic kick on the shin, at the same time, by way of a hint not to contradict him.

"Aye, something thereaway," said the other, assenting and rubbing the intelligent spot.

"Why, Drokhē-da is not more than that from Dublin," said the trooper, in some surprise.

"It's Drogheda you mane, I suppose, sir," said Rory, noticing the Englishman's false pronunciation, rather than his remark of the *intentional* mistake as to the distance named.

"Aye, Droketty, or whatever you call it."

"Oh, that's no rule in life your honour; for Ballygarth, you see does not lie convaynient, and you have to go by so many cruked roads and little boreens to come at it, that it is farther off, *when you get there*, than a body would think. Faix, I know, I wish I was at the ind o' my journey there to-morrow, for it's a *long step* to go."

"Are, you going there, to-morrow?" said the trooper.

"Nigh hand it, sir," said Rory, with great composure; and turning to the hostler he said, "That's a fine baste you're clainin' Pether."

"My reason for asking," said the soldier, "is that I am going in the same direction myself, and, as you say the road is intricate, perhaps you will show me the way."

"To be sure I will, your honour," said Rory, endeavouring to conceal his delight at the stranger's falling into his designs so readily. "At all events, as far as I can go your road, you're heartily welkim to any sarvice I can do your honour, only I'm afeard I'll delay you an your journey, for indeed the baste I have is not the fastest."

"Shank's mare,* I suppose," said Peter with a wink.

"No; Teddy Ryan's horse," said Rory. "An' I suppose your honour will be for startin' in the mornin'?"

* One's own legs.

"Yes," said the soldier; and he thereupon arranged with his intended guide as to the hour of their commencing their journey on the morrow; after which, the piper wished him good night, and retired.

The conjecture of Rory Oge was right as to the identity of the English soldier. He was one of those English adherents to King William, for whose gratification and emolument, an immediate commission had been issued for the enriching a greedy army, inflamed as well by religious animosity as cupidity, at the expense of the community at large. So indecent was the haste displayed to secure this almost indiscriminate plunder, that "no courts of judicature were opened for proceeding regularly and legally."* But a commission was issued, under which extensive forfeitures were made, and there was no delay in making what seizures they could: but this rapacious spirit defeated its own ends in some instances, for the unsettled state of the country rendered it difficult, if not impossible, to secure the ill-gotten good, from the headlong haste it was necessary to proceed with.†

It was in the gray of the succeeding morning that Rory Oge stole softly from the back-door of the house of entertainment where he, as well as the English soldier, slept, and proceeded cautiously across the enclosure, in the rear of the house, to the shed where the horse of the stranger was stabled. Noiselessly he unhasped the door

* Leland's Ireland, book vi. chap. 7.

† The sweeping forfeitures made at this period were such, that many were *driven* by the severity, rather than inclination, to take part with the adherents of King James, their very existence depending on the overthrow of William's power. This protracted the contest so much, that it was lamented even by many of *King William's own party*. In a letter from the Secretary of the Lords Justices to Ginckle, there occurs this passage: "But I see our civil officers regard more adding fifty pounds a-year to the English interest in this kingdom, than saving England the expense of fifty thousand. I promise myself it is for the King's, the allies', and England's interest, to *remit most or all of the forfeitures*, so that we could immediately bring the kingdom under their majesties obedience.—*Leland's Ireland*, book vi. chap. 7.

of rough boards, that swung on one leather hinge, and entering the shed, he shook from his hat some corn into the beast's manger; and while the animal was engaged in despatching his breakfast, Rory lifted his fore-foot in a very workmanlike manner into his lap and commenced, with a rasp, which he had *finessed* from a smith's forge the evening before for the purpose, to loosen the nails of the shoe. As soon as he had accomplished this to his satisfaction, he retired to his sleeping place, and remained there until summoned to arise when the soldier was ready to take the road.

At the skirts of the village, some delay occurred while Rory stopped at the house of one of his friends, who had promised him the loan of a horse for his journey, which arrangement he had contrived to make over night. It was not long, however, before Rory appeared, leading from behind the low hut of the peasant, by whom he was followed, a very sorry piece of horseflesh; after mounting he held out his hand, first having passed it across his mouth and uttered a sharp sound, something resembling "thp."* The offered palm was met by that of his friend, after a similar observance on his part, and they shook hands while exchanging some words in their native tongue. Rory then signified to the Englishman that he was ready to conduct him.

The soldier cast a very discontented eye at the animal on which his guide was mounted, and Rory interpreted the look at once—

"Oh, indeed, he's not the best, sure enough. I towld your honour, last night, I was afeard I might delay you a little for that same; but don't be onaisy, he's like a singed cat, better nor he looks, and, if we can't go in a hand gallop, sure there's the old sayin' to comfort us, that 'fair and aisy goes far in a day.'"

* This practice is continued to this day, and is supposed to propitiate good fortune.

"We have a long ride before us, though," said the soldier, "and your horse I'm afraid, will founder before he goes half way."

"Oh, don't be afeard av him in the laste," said Rory; "he's owld, to be sure, but an owld friend is preferable to a new inimy."

Thus, every objection on the part of the Englishman was met by Rory with some old saying, or piece of ingenuity of his own in answer; and after some few minutes of conversation, they dropped into silence and jogged along.

In some time, the notice of the stranger was attracted by the singular and picturesque tower of Lusk that arose on their sight, and he questioned Rory as to its history and use.

"It's a church it is," said his guide.

"It looks more like a place of defence," said the soldier; "it is a square tower with circular flankers."

"To be sure, it is a place of difince," said Rory. "Isn't it a place of difince agin the devil (God bless us) and all his works; and mighty great people is proud to be berrid in it for that same. There is the Barnewells, (the lords of Kingsland, I mane,) and they are berrid in it time beyant tellin', and has an iligant monument in it, the lord himself and his lady beside him, an the broad o' their backs, lyin' *dead*, done to the *life*."*

There was scarcely any tower or house which came within view of the road they pursued, that did not present Rory with an occasion for giving some account of it, or recounting some tale connected with it, and thus many a mile was passed over. It must be confessed, to be sure, that Rory had most of the conversation to himself, as the soldier helped him very little; but as Rory's object was to keep his attention engaged and

* This very fine monument of the Barnewalls (of the period of Elizabeth, I believe) has been lamentably abused, by having some iron bars inserted into the recumbent effigies upon it, for the purpose of supporting a pulpit. It is a pity that piety and propriety are sometimes at variance.

while away the time, and delay him on the road as long as he could, he did not relax in his efforts to entertain, however little reciprocity there was on that score, between him and his companion. At last, he led him from the high road into every small by-way that could facilitate his purpose of delaying, as well as of tiring the trooper, and his horse too, to say nothing of his plan of having a shoe lost by the charger in a remote spot. Many a wistful glance was thrown on the fore shoe, and, at last, he had the pleasure to see it cast unnoticed by the rider. This, Rory said nothing about, until they had advanced a mile or two, and then, looking down for some time as if in anxious observation, he exclaimed, "By dad, I'm afread your horse's fore shoe is gone.'

The dragoon pulled up immediately and looked down, "I believe it is the off foot," said he.

"It's the *off* shoe, any how," said Rory; "and that's worse."

The dragoon alighted and examined the foot thus deprived of its defence, and exhibited a good deal of silent vexation;—"It is but a few days since I had him shod," said he.

"Throth, then, it was a shame for whoever *done* it, not to make a betther job iv it," said Rory.

The Englishman then inspected the remaining shoes of his horse, and finding them fast, he noticed the singularity of the loss of one shoe under such circumstances.

"Oh, that's no rule in life," said Rory, "for you may remark that a horse never throws two shoes at a time, but only one, by way of a warnin', as a body may say, to jog your memory that he wants a new set; and, indeed, that same is very *cute* of a dumb baste;—and I could tell your honour a mighty quare story of a horse I knew wanst, and as reg'lar as the day o' the month kem round——

"I don't want to hear any of your stories," said the Englishman, rather sullenly; "but can you tell me how I may have this loss speedily repaired?"

"Faix, an' I could tell your honour *two* stories easier nor *that,* for not a forge I know nigher hand to this than one that is in Duleek."

"And how far is Duleek?"

"'Deed, an it's a good step."

"What do you call a good step?"

"Why it 'ill take a piece of a day to go there."

"Curse you," said the dragoon, at last, provoked beyond his constitutional phlegm at such evasive replies; "can't you say how many miles?"

"I ax your honour's pardon," replied his guide, who now saw that trifling would not answer: "to the best o' my knowledge, we are aff o' Duleek about five miles, or thereaway."

"Confound it!" said the soldier—"Five miles, and this barbarous road, and your long miles into the bargain."

"Sure, I don't deny the road is not the best,' said Rory; "but if it's not good, sure we give you good measure at all events."

It was in vain that the Englishman grumbled; Rory had so ready and so queer an answer to every objection raised by the soldier, that, at last, he remounted, and was fain to content himself with proceeding at a very slow pace along the vile by-road they travelled, lest he might injure the hoof of his charger.

And now, Rory having effected the first part of his object, set all his wits to work how he could make the rest of the road as little tiresome as possible to the stranger; and he not only succeeded in effecting this, but he managed, in the course of the day, to possess himself of the soldier's secret, touching the object of his present journey.

In doing this, the scene would have been an amusing one to a third person; it was an encounter between phlegm and wit—a trial between English reserve and Irish ingenuity.

By the way, it is not unworthy of observation, that a common spring of action influences the higher and the lower animals, under the circumstances of oppression and pursuit. The oppressed and the pursued have only stratagem to encounter force, or escape destruction. The fox and other animals of the chase are proverbial for their cunning, and every conquered people have been reduced to the expedient of finesse, as their last resource.

The slave-driver tells you that every negro is a liar. It is the violation of charity on the one hand that induces the violation of truth on the other; and weakness, in all cases, is thus driven to deceit, as its last defence against power.

The soldier, in the course of his conversation with his guide, thought himself very knowing when he said, in a careless way, that he believed there was some one of the name of Pepper lived at Ballygarth.

"Some one, is it?" said Rory, looking astonished; "Oh! is that all you know about it? *Some one*, indeed! By my conscience an' it's plenty of them there is. The counthry is overrun with them."

"But I speak of Pepper of Ballygarth," said the other.

"The *Peppers* o' Ballygarth you mane; for they are livin' all over it as thick as rabbits in the back of an owld ditch."

"I mean he who is called Gerald Pepper?"

"Why then, indeed, I never heerd him called that-a-way before, and I dunna which o' them at all you mane; for you see there is so many o' them, as I said before, that we are obleeged to make a differ betune them by invintin' names for them; and so we call a smooth skinned chap that is among them, White Pepper; and a dark fellow, (another o' the family,) Black Pepper; and there's a great long sthreel that is christened Long Pepper; and there is another o' them that is tindher an one of his feet, and we call him Pepper-*corn;* and there

is a fine dashin' well-grown blade, the full of a door he is, long life to him, and he is known by the name of Whole Pepper; and it's quare enough, that he is married to a poor little starved hound of a wife, that has the bittherest tongue ever was in a woman's head, and so they call her Ginger; and I think that is a *highly saisoned* family for you. Now, which o' them is it you mane? Is it White Pepper, or Black Pepper, or Long Pepper, or Whole Pepper, or Pepper-corn?"

"I don't know any of them," said the soldier; "Gerald Pepper is the man I want."

"Oh, you *do* want him then," said Rory, with a very peculiar intonation of voice. "Well, av coorse, if you want him, you'll find him; but look forenint you there; there you may see the owld abbey of Duleek;"—and he pointed to the object as he spoke.

This was yet a mile, or so distant, and the day was pretty well advanced by the time the travellers entered the village. Rory asked the soldier where it was his honour's pleasure to stop, while he got his horse shod, and recommended him to go to the abbey, where, of course, the monks would be proud to give "any accommodation in life" to a gentleman like him. But this proposal the soldier did not much relish; for though stout of heart, as most of his countrymen, he was loath to be tempted into any situation where he would have considered himself, to a certain degree, at the mercy of a parcel of Popish monks;—and poisoned viands and drugged wine were amongst some of the objections which his Protestant imagination started at the proposal. He inquired if there was not any Public in the village, and being answered in the affirmative, his resolution was taken at once, of sheltering and getting some refreshment there, while his horse should be under the hands of the blacksmith.

Here again, Rory's roguery came into practice; the blacksmith of the village was his relative, and after depositing the fatigued and annoyed soldier at the little

auberge, Rory went for the avowed purpose of getting the smith to "do the job," but, in reality, to send him out of the way; and this was easily done, when the motive for doing so was communicated. On his return to the Public, there was a great deal of well-affected disappointment on Rory's part at the absence of his near relative, the smith, as he told the betrayed trooper how "provoking it was that he wasn't in the forge at that present,—but was expected at every hand's turn, and that the very first instant minit he kem home, Ally (that was his wife) would run up and tell his honour, and the horse would be shod in *no* time."

"In no time?" said the soldier with a disappointed look. "You know I want to have him shod *in* time."

"Well, sure, that's what I mane," said Rory; "that is, it will be jist *no time at all* until he *is* shod."

"Indeed, an' you may believe him, your honour," said mine host of the Public, coming to the rescue, "for there's no one he would do a sthroke o' work sooner for, than Rory Oge here, seein' that he is of his own flesh and blood, his own cousin wance removed."

"Faith, he is farther *removed* than that," replied Rory, unable to contain a joke; "he is a more *distant* relation than you think; but he'll do the work with a heart and a half, for all that, as soon as he comes back; and, indeed, I think your honour might as well make yourself comfortable here antil that same time, and the sorra betther enthertainmint you'll meet betune this and the world's end, than the same man will give you; Lanty Lalor I mane, and there he is stan'in' forninst you; and it's not to his face I'd say it, but behind his back too, and often did, and will agin, I hope."

"Thank you kindly, Rory," said Lanty, with a bow and scrape.

Some refreshment was accordingly prepared for the soldier, who after his fatigue, was nothing loath to comfort the inward man; the more particularly, as it was

not merely the best, but the only thing he could do, under existing circumstances; and after gorging profusely on the solids, the fluids were next put under contribution, and, acting on the adage that "good eating requires good drinking," he entered into the feeling of the axiom with an earnestness that Sancho Panza himself could not have outdone, either in the spirit or the letter.

Rory was in attendance all the time, and still played his game of engaging the stranger's attention as much as possible, with a view to divert him from his prime object, and make him forget the delays which were accumulated upon him. It was in this spirit that he asked him if he ever "heerd tell of the remarkable place that Duleek was."

"*We* made the place remarkable enough the other day," said the soldier, with the insolence which the habit of domination produces in little minds, "when we drove your flying troops through the pass of Duleek, and your runaway king at the head of them. I was one of the fifty who did it."*

Rory, influenced by the dear object he had in view, smothered the indignation he felt rising to his throat; and as he might not exhibit anger, he had recourse to sarcasm, and said,

"In throth, your honour, I don't wondher at all at the brave things you done, in the regard that it was at Duleek; and sure Duleek was always remarkable for havin' the bowldest things done there and about, ever since the days of the 'Little Waiver.'"

"What Little Weaver?" said the soldier.

"Why then, an' did you never hear of the Little Waiver of Duleek Gate?"

* It was at Schomberg's suggestion that this pass was looked to; William had not attended to it, and, much to Schomberg's disappointment, sent only fifty dragoons to observe it. Leland remarks, that had not the king (James) been so scandalously intent on flight, the English dragoons must have been slaughtered to a man, and the pass made good.

"Never."

"Well, that's wondherful!!" said Rory.

"I don't see how its wonderful," said the trooper; "for how could I hear of the Weaver of Duleek when I have been living in England all my life?"

"Oh murther!" said Rory, in seeming amazement; "an' don't they know about the Little Waiver o' Duleek Gate, in England?"

"No," said the trooper; "how should they?"

"Oh, then, what a terrible ignorant place England must be, not for to know about that!!!"

"Is it so *very* wonderful, then?" asked the man, whose country was thus aspersed.

"Wondherful!" said Rory. "By my sowl, it is *that*, that *is* wondherful."

"Well, tell it to me, then," said the soldier.

"Now, suppose I was for to tell you, you see, the divil a one taste you'd believe a word iv it; and it callin' me a fool you'd be; and you'd be tired into the bargain before I was half done, for it's a long story and if you stopped me I'd be lost."

"I won't stop you."

"But you won't b'lieve it; and that's worse."

"Perhaps I may," said the other, whose curiosity began to waken.

"Well, that same is a promise any how, and so here goes;" and Rory then related, with appropriate voice and gesture, the following Legend.

CHAPTER II.

The Legend of the Little Weaver of Duleek Gate.

A TALE OF CHIVALRY.

You see, there was a waiver lived, wanst upon a time, in Duleek here, hard by the gate, and a very honest industherous man he was, by all accounts. He had a wife, and av coorse they had childhre, and small blame to them, and plenty of them, so that the poor little waiver was obleeged to work his fingers to the bone a'most, to get them the bit and the sup; but he didn't begridge that, for he was an industherous crayther, as I

said before, and it was up airly and down late wid him, and the loom never standin' still. Well, it was one mornin' that his wife called to him, and he sitting very busy throwin' the shuttle; and says she, "Come here," says she, "jewel, and ate your brekquest, now that it's ready." But he never minded her, but wint an workin'. So in a minit or two more, says she, callin out to him agin, "Arrah! lave off slavin' yourself, my darlin', and ate your bit o' brekquest while it is hot."

"Lave me alone," says he, and he dhruv the shuttle fasther nor before.

Well, in a little time more, she goes over to him where he sot, and says she, coaxin' him like, "Thady, dear," says she, "the stirabout* will be stone cowld if you don't give over that weary work and come and ate it at wanst."

"I'm busy with a patthern here that is brakin' my heart," says the waiver, "and antil I complate it and masther it intirely, I won't quit."

"Oh, think o' the iligant stirabout, that 'ill be spylte intirely."

"To the divil with the stirabout," says he.

"God forgive you," says she, "for cursin' your good brekquest."

"Aye, and you too," says he.

"Throth, you're as cross as two sticks this blessed morning, Thady," says the poor wife, "and it's a heavy handful I have of you when you are cruked in your temper; but stay there if you like, and let your stirabout grow cowld, and not a one o' me 'ill ax you agin;" and with that off she wint, and the waiver, sure enough, was mighty crabbed, and the more the wife spoke to him the worse he got, which, you know, is only nath'ral. Well, he left the loom at last, and wint over to the stirabout, and what would you think

* Porridge.

but whin he looked at it, it was as black as a crow; for you see, it was in the hoighth o' summer, and the flies lit upon it to that degree that the stirabout was fairly covered with them.

"Why thin bad luck to your impidince," says the waiver, "would no place sarve you but that? and is it spyling my brekquest yiz are, you dirty bastes?" And with that, bein' altogether cruked tempered at the time, he lifted his hand, and he made one great slam at the dish o' stirabout, and killed no less than three score and tin flies at the one blow. It was three score and tin exactly, for he counted the carcases one by one, and laid them out an a clane plate, for to view them.

Well, he felt a powerful sperit risin' in him, when he seen the slaughther he done, at one blow, and with that, he got as consaited as the very dickens, and not a sthroke more work he'd do that day, but out he wint, and was fractious and impidint to every one he met, and was squarein' up into their faces and sayin', "Look at that fist! that's the fist that killed three score and tin at one blow—Whoo!"

With that all the neighbours thought he was crack'd,* and faith the poor wife herself thought the same when he kem home in the evenin', afther spendin' every rap he had in dhrink, and swaggerin' about the place, and lookin' at his hand every minit.

"Indeed an' your hand is very dirty, sure enough, Thady, jewel," says the poor wife, and thrue for her, for he rowled into a ditch comin' home. "You had betther wash it, darlin'."

"How dar' you say dirty to the greatest hand in Ireland?" says he, going to bate her.

"Well, it's nat dirty," says she.

"It is throwin' away my time I have been all my life," says he, "livin' with you at all, and stuck at a loom, nothin' but a poor waiver, when it is Saint

* Deranged.

George or the Dhraggin I ought to be, which is two of the siven champions o' Christendom."

"Well, suppose they christened him twice as much," says the wife, "sure what's that to uz?"

"Don't put in your prate," says he, "you ignorant sthrap," says he. "You're vulgar, woman—you're vulgar—mighty vulgar; but I'll have nothin' more to say to any dirty snakin' thrade again—divil a more waivin' I'll do."

"Oh, Thady, dear, and what'll the children do then?"

"Let them go play marvels," says he.

"That would be but poor feedin' for them, Thady?"

"They shan't want for feedin'," says he, "for it's a rich man I'll be soon, and a great man too."

"Usha, but I'm glad to hear it, darlin',—though I dunna how it's to be, but I think you had betther go to bed, Thady."

"Don't talk to me of any bed, but the bed o' glory, woman,"—says he,—lookin' mortial grand.

"Oh! God send we'll all be in glory yet," says the wife, crassin' herself; "but go to sleep, Thady, for this present."

"I'll sleep with the brave yit," says he.

"Indeed an' a brave sleep will do you a power o' good, my darlin'," says she.

"And it's I that will be the knight!!" says he.

"All night, if you plaze, Thady," says she.

"None o' your coaxin," says he. "I'm detarmined on it, and I'll set off immediantly, and be a knight arriant."

"A what!!!" says she.

"A knight arriant, woman."

"Lord be good to me, what's that?" says she.

"A knight arriant is a rale gintleman," says he, "going round the world for sport, with a swoord by his side, takin' whatever he plazes,—for himself; and that's a knight arriant," says he.

"Just a'most like yourself, sir," said Rory, with a sly

sarcastic look at the trooper, who sat listening to him with a sort of half stupid, half drunken wonder.

Well, sure enough he wint about among his neighbours the next day, and he got an owld kittle from one, and a saucepan from another, and he took them to the tailor, and he sewed him up a shuit o' tin clothes like any knight arriant, and he borrowed a pot lid, and *that*, he was very partic'lar about bekase it was his shield, and he wint to a frind o' his, a painther and glaizier, and made him paint an his shield in big letthers—

"I'M THE MAN OF ALL MIN,
THAT KILL'D THREE SCORE AND TIN,
AT A BLOW."

"When the people sees *that*," says the waiver to himself, "the sorra one will dar for to come near me."

And with that, he towld the wife to scour out the small iron pot for him, "for," says he, "it will make an iligant helmet;"—and when it was done, he put it an his head, and his wife said, "Oh, murther, Thady, jewel, is it puttin' a great heavy iron pot an your head you are, by way iv a hat?"

"Sartinly," says he, "for a knight arriant should always have *a woight an his brain*."

"But, Thady, dear," says the wife, "there's a hole in it, and it can't keep out the weather."

"It will be the cooler," says he, puttin' it an him;—"besides, if I don't like it, it is aisy to stop it with a wisp o' sthraw, or the like o' that."

"The three legs of it looks mighty quare, stickin' up,"—says she.

"Every helmet has a spike stickin' out o' the top of it," says the waiver, "and if mine has three, it's only the grandher it is."

"Well," says the wife, getting bitther at last, "all I can say is, it isn't the first sheep's head was dhress'd in it."

"*Your sarvint, ma'am,*" says he; and off he set.

Well, he was in want of a horse, and so he wint to a field hard by, where the miller's horse was grazin', that used to carry the ground corn round the counthry. "This is the idintical horse for me," says the waiver, "he is used to carryin' flour and male; and what am I but the *flower* o' shovelry in a coat o' *mail;* so that the horse won't be put out iv his way in the laste."

But as he was ridin' him out o' the field, who should see him but the miller. "Is it stalin' my horse you are, honest man?" says the miller.

"No," says the waiver, "I'm only goin' to *ax*ercise him," says he, "in the cool o' the evenin'; it will be good for his health."

"Thank you kindly," says the miller, "but lave him where he is, and you'll obleege me."

"I can't afford it," says the waiver, runnin' the horse at the ditch.

"Bad luck to your impidince," says the miller; you've as much tin about you as a thravellin' tinker, but you've more brass. Come back here, you vagabone," says he.

But he was too late;—away galloped the waiver, and took the road to Dublin, for he thought the best thing he could do was to go to the King o' Dublin—(for Dublin was a grate place thin, and had a king iv it's own)—and he thought, may be, the King o' Dublin would give him work. Well, he was four days goin' to Dublin, for the baste was not the best, and the roads worse, not all as one as now; but there was no turnpikes then, glory be to God!!* Whin he got to Dublin, he wint sthrait to the palace, and whin he got into the coort yard he let his horse go and graze about the place, for the grass was growin' out betune the stones; every

* I must crave pardon for this little anachronism of Rory's; for I believe there were not any turnpike laws enacted in Ireland until early in Anne's reign.

thing was flourishin' thin, in Dublin, you see. Well, the king was lookin' out of his dhrawin' room windy, for divarshin, whin the waiver kem in; but the waiver pretended not to see him, and he wint over to a stone sate, undher the windy—for you see, there was stone sates all round about the place for the accommodation o' the people—for the king was a dacent, obleegin' man:—well, as I said, the waiver wint over and lay down an one o' the sates, just undher the king's windy, and purtended to go asleep; but he took care to turn out the front of his shield that had the letthers an it—well, my dear, with that, the king calls out to one of the lords of his coort that was standin' behind him, howldin' up the skirt of his coat, accordin' to rayson, and says he, "Look here," says he, "what do you think of a vagabone like that, comin' undher my very nose to go sleep? It is thrue I'm a good king," says he, "and I 'commodate the people by havin' sates for them to sit down and enjoy the raycreation and contimplation of seein' me here, lookin' out a' my drawin' room windy, for divarshin; but that is no rayson they are to *make a hotel* o' the place, and come and sleep here.—Who is it at all?" says the king.

"Not a one o' me knows, plaze your majesty."

"I think he must be a furriner,"* says the king, "bekase his dhress is outlandish."

"And doesn't know manners, more betoken," says the lord.

"I'll go down and *circumspect* him myself," says the king;—"folly me," says he to the lord, wavin' his hand at the same time in the most dignacious manner.

Down he wint accordingly, followed by the lord; and when he wint over to where the waiver was lying, sure the first thing he seen was his shield with the big letthers an it, and with that, says he to the lord, "By dad," says he, "this is the very man I want."

* Foreigner.

"For what, plaze your majesty?" says the lord.

"To kill that vagabone dragghin, to be sure," says the king.

"Sure, do you think he could kill him," says the lord, "when all the stoutest knights in the land wasn't aiquil to it, but never kem back, and was ate up alive by the cruel desaiver."

"Sure, don't you see there," says the king, pointin' at the shield, "that he killed three score and tin at one blow; and the man that done *that*, I think, is a match for any thing."

So, with that, he wint over to the waiver and shuck him by the shouldher for to wake him, and the waiver rubbed his eyes as if just wakened, and the king says to him, "God save you," said he.

"God save you kindly," says the waiver, *purtendin'* he was quite onknowst who he was spakin' to.

"Do you know who I am," says the king, "that you make so free, good man?"

"No indeed," says the waiver, "you have the advantage o' me."

"To be sure I have," says the king, *moighty high*; "sure, ain't I the King o' Dublin?" says he.

The waiver dhropped down an his two knees forninst the king, and says he, "I beg God's pardon and your's for the liberty I tuk; plaze your holiness, I hope you'll excuse it."

"No offince," says the king; "get up, good man. —And what brings you here?" says he.

"I'm in want o' work, plaze your riverence," says the waiver.

"Well, suppose I give you work?" says the king.

"I'll be proud to sarve you, my lord," says the waiver.

"Very well," says the king. "You killed three score and tin at one blow, I understan'," says the king.

"Yis," says the waiver; "that was the last thrifle o'

work I done, and I'm afeard my hand 'ill go out o' practice if I don't get some job to do, at wanst."

"You shall have a job immediantly," says the king. "It is not three score and tin or any fine thing like that; it is only a blaguard dhraggin that is disturbin' the counthry and ruinatin' my tinanthry wid aitin' their powlthry, and I'm lost for want of eggs," says the king.

"Throth thin, plaze your worship," says the waiver, "you look as yollow as if you swallowed twelve yolks, this minit."

"Well, I want this dragghin to be killed," says the king. "It will be no throuble in life to you; and I am only sorry that it isn't betther worth your while, for he isn't worth fearin' at all; only I must tell you, that he lives in the county Galway, in the middle of a bog, and he has an advantage in that."

"Oh, I don't value it in the laste," says the waiver; "for the last three score and tin I killed was in a *soft place.*"

"When will you undhertake the job then?" says the king.

"Let me at him at wanst," says the waiver.

"That's what I like," says the king; "you're the very man for my money," says he.

"Talkin' of money," says the waiver, "by the same token, I'll want a thrifle o' change from you for my thravellin' charges."

"As much as you plaze," says the king; and with the word, he brought him into his closet, where there was an owld stockin' in an oak chest, burstin' wid goolden guineas.

"Take as many as you plaze," says the king; and sure enough, my dear, the little waiver stuffed his tin clothes as full as they could howld with them.

"Now, I'm ready for the road," says the waiver.

"Very well," says the king; "but you must have a fresh horse," says he.

"With all my heart," says the waiver, who thought

he might as well exchange the miller's owld garron for a betther.

And maybe it's wondherin' you are, that the waiver would think of goin' to fight the dhraggin afther what he heerd about him, when he was purtendin' to be asleep: but he had no sitch notion; all he intended was,—to fob the goold, and ride back again to Duleek with his gains and a good horse. But you see, cute as the waiver was, the king was cuter still; for these high quolity, you see, is great desaivers; and so the horse the waiver was put an, was larned on purpose; and sure, the minit he was mounted, away powdhered the horse, and the divil a toe he'd go but right down to Galway. Well, for four days he was goin' evermore, until at last the waiver seen a crowd o' people runnin' as if owld Nick was at their heels, and they shoutin' a thousand murdhers and cryin': "The dragghin, the dragghin!" and he couldn't stop the horse nor make him turn back, but away he pelted right forninst the terrible baste that was comin' up to him, and there was the most *nefaarious* smell o' sulphur, savin' your presence, enough to knock you down; and faith the waiver seen he had no time to lose, and so he threwn himself off the horse and made to a three that was growin' nigh hand, and away he clambered up into it as nimble as a cat; and not a minit had he to spare, for the dragghin kem up in a powerful rage, and he devoured the horse body and bones, in less than no time; and then he began to sniffle and scent about for the waiver, and at last he clapt his eye an him, where he was, up in the three, and says he, "In throth, you might as well come down out o' that," says he, "for I'll have you as sure as eggs is mate."

"Divil a fut I'll go down," says the waiver.

"Sorra care, I care," says the dragghin, "for you're as good as ready money in my pocket this minit, for I'll lie undher this three," says he, "and sooner or later you must fall to my share;" and sure enough he sot down, and began to pick his teeth with his tail, afther the

heavy brekquest he made that mornin', (for he ate a whole village, let alone the horse,) and he got dhrowsy at last, and fell asleep; but before he wint to sleep, he wound himself all round about the three, all as one as a lady windin' ribbon round her finger, so that the waiver could not escape.

Well, as soon as the waiver knew he was dead asleep, by the snorin' of him—and every snore he let out of him was like a clap o' thunder—

Here the trooper began to exhibit some symptoms of following the dragon's example,—and perhaps the critics will say, no wonder,—but Rory, notwithstanding, pursued the recital of the legend.

The minit, the waiver began to creep down the three, as cautious as a fox; and he was very nigh hand the bottom, when, bad cess to it, a thievin' branch he was dipindin' an, bruk, and down he fell right a top o' the dhraggin: but if he did, good luck was an his side, for where should he fall but with his two legs right acrass the dhraggin's neck, and, my jew'l he laid howlt o' the baste's ears, and there he kept his grip, for the dhraggin wakened and endayvoured for to bite him; but, you see, by raison the waiver was behind his ears, he could not come at him, and, with that, he endayvoured for to shake him off; but the divil a stir could he stir the waiver; and though he shuk all the scales an his body, he could not turn the scale agin the waiver.

"By the hokey, this is too bad intirely," says the dhraggin; "but if you won't let go," says he, "by the powers o' wildfire, I'll give you a ride that 'ill astonish your siven small sinses, my boy;" and, with that, away he flew like mad; and where do you think he did fly? by dad, he flew sthraight for Dublin—divil a less. But the waiver bein' an his neck was a great disthress to him, and he would rather have had him an *inside passenger;* but, any way, he flew and he flew till he kem *slap* up agin the palace o' the king; for, bein' blind with the rage, he never seen it, and he knocked his

brains out; that is, the small thrifle he had, and down he fell spacheless. An' you see, good luck would have it, that the King o' Dublin was lookin' out iv his dhrawin'-room windy, for divarshin, that day also, and whin he seen the waiver ridin' an the fiery dhraggin, (for he was blazin' like a tar-barrel,) he called out to his coortyers to come and see the show. "By the powdhers o' war, here comes the knight arriant," says the king, "ridin' the dhraggin that's all afire, and if he gets *into the palace*, yiz must be ready wid the *fire ingines*,"* says he, "for to *put him out*." But when they seen the dhraggin fall outside, they all run down stairs and scampered into the palace-yard for to circumspect the *curosity:* and by the time they got down, the waiver had got off o' the dhraggin's neck, and runnin' up to the king, says he, "Plaze your holiness," says he, "I did not think myself worthy of killin' this facetious baste, so I brought him to yourself for to do him the honour of decripitation by your own royal five fingers. But I tamed him first, before I allowed him the liberty for to *dar'* to appear in your royal prisince, and you'll oblige me if you'll just make your mark with your own hand upon the onruly baste's neck." And with that, the king, sure enough, dhrew out his swoord and took the head aff the *dirty* brute, as *clane* as a new pin. Well, there was great rejoicin' in the coort that the dhraggin was killed; and says the king to the little waiver, says he, "You are a knight arriant as it is, and so it would be no use for to knight you over agin; but I will make you a lord," says he.

"Oh Lord!" says the waiver, thunderstruck, like, at his own good luck.

"I will," says the king; "and as you are the first

* Showing the great antiquity of these machines.

man I ever heer'd tell of that rode a dhraggin, you shall be called Lord *Mount* Dhraggin," says he.

"And where's my estates, plaze your holiness?" says the waiver, who always had a sharp look-out afther the main chance.

"Oh, I didn't forget that," says the king. "It is my royal pleasure to provide well for you, and for that rayson I make you a present of all the dhraggins in the world, and give you power over them from this out," says he.*

* Not any of this curious property remains, save what is left in the memory of the chronicler; and I regret to say, a great many Irish estates are in the same sorry condition.

One interesting relic, however, has escaped the otherwise universal decay that has fallen on the noble house of Mount Dragon. It is the genealogy and armorial bearings of the family, which will, no doubt, afford matter of speculation to the antiquary. Perhaps the ingenious Sir William Betham, Ulster King, could give some further information on the subject.

"Thady of Thaddeus, Patriarch of this familye, was of Phœnician descente. There is a tradytione in ye familye that ye arte of waivynge was firste introduced into Irelonde by themme from Tyre, theye beinge thence called Tyros, since ye whiche tyme all beginners so-everre, are so-called. Hence alsoe is it inferred that ye Redde Kertle, which prevails amongste ye Irishers is of ye true Tyrian Dye; which hath soe moche disturbed ye repose of ye curious, heretofore.

"Thisse noble familye beareth for their achievemente and hathe for theire SHIELDE, a potte lidde proppere, quarterlye of three; Argente, Azure, and Gules: Ande overre all a younge chylde displayed proper.* The same withinne a Horse collarr propperre, charged as an honnorrable distinction for valoure and prowesse with 'Drag-onne.'+

"CRESTE. Onne a waiverrs shuttle Or. a potte, charged with Stirre-a-bowte and potte-sticke—all propperre.‡

"SUPPORTERS. Dexterre a Dragonne Gules, winges elevated Or—Sinisterre a flie Azure.§

"MOTTOE. I flie."||

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* This allusion to the weaver's large family, by a child, *three quarterly*, is very happy.

+ A play on the word Dragon (a practice common in ancient heraldry), in allusion to the use of the horse collar and the conquered monster.

‡ *Very* proper.

§ A blue bottle evidently.

|| A triple allusion to the weaver's first heroic deed, his masterly retreat from the dragon, and his homeward flight upon him.

"Is that all?" says the waiver.

"All?" says the king. "Why you ongrateful little vagabone, was the like ever given to any man before?"

"I b'lieve not, indeed," says the waiver; "many thanks to your majesty."

"But that is not all I'll do for you," says the king; "I'll give you my daughther too, in marriage," says he. Now, you see, that was nothin' more than what he promised the waiver in his first promise; for, by all accounts, the king's daughther was the greatest dhraggin ever was seen, and had the divil's own tongue, and a beard a yard long, which she *purtended* was put an her, by way of a penance, by Father Mulcahy, her confissor; but it was well known was in the family for ages, and no wondher it was so long, by rayson of that same.

Rory paused.—He thought that not only the closed eyes but the heavy breathing of the soldier, gave sure evidence of sleep; and in another minute, an audible snore gave notice that he might spare himself any further trouble; and, forthwith, the chronicler of The Little Weaver stole softly out of the room.

CHAPTER III.

CONCLUSION OF THE WHITE HORSE OF THE PEPPERS.

LET the division I have made in my chapters serve, in the mind of the reader, as an imaginary boundary between the past day and the ensuing morning. Let him, in his own fancy, also, settle how the soldier watched, slept, dreamt, or waked through this interval. Rory did not make his appearance, however; he had left the Public on the preceding evening, having made every necessary arrangement for carrying on the affair he had taken in hand; so that the Englishman, on inquiry, found Rory had departed, being "obliged to lave the place early on his own business, but sure his honour could have any accommodation in life he wanted, in the regard of a guide, or the like o' that."

Now, for this, Rory had provided also, having arranged with the keepers of the Public, to whom he confided every thing connected with the affair, that in case the trooper should ask for a guide, they should recommend him a certain young imp, the son of Rory's cousin, the blacksmith, and one of the most mischievous, knowing, and daring young vagabonds in the parish.

To such guidance, therefore, did the Englishman commit himself on this, the third day of his search after the lands of the Peppers, which still remained a *Terra Incognita* to him; and the boy, being previously tutored upon the duties he was to perform in his new capacity, was not one likely to enlighten him upon the subject. The system of the preceding day was acted upon, except the casting of the horse's shoe; but by-roads and

crooked lanes were put in requisition, and every avenue, but the one really leading to his object, the trooper was made to traverse.

The boy affected simplicity or ignorance, as best suited his purposes, to escape any inconvenient interrogatory or investigation on the part of the stranger, and, at last, the young guide turned up a small rugged lane, down whose gentle slope some water was slowly trickling among stones and mud. On arriving at its extremity, he proceeded to throw down some sods, and pull away some brambles, which seemed to be placed there as an artificial barrier to an extensive field that lay beyond the lane.

"What are you doing there?" said the soldier.

"Makin' a convenience for your honour to get through the gap," said the boy.

"There is no road there," said the other.

"Oh no, plaze your honour," said the young rascal, looking up in his face with an affectation of simplicity that might have deceived Machiavel himself.—"It's not a road, sir, but a short cut."

"Cut it as short then as you can, my boy," said the soldier, (the only good thing he ever said in his life,) "for your short cuts in this country are the longest I ever knew—I'd rather go a round."

"So we must go round by the bottom o' this field, sir, and then, over the hill beyant there we come out an the road."

"Then there *is* a road beyond the hill?"

"A fine road, sir," said the boy, who, having cleared a passage for the horseman, proceeded before him at a smart pace, and led him down the slope of the hill to a small valley, intersected by a sluggish stream which ran at its foot. When the boy arrived at this valley, he stepped briskly across it, though the water splashed up about his feet at every bound he gave, and dashing on through the stream, he arrived at the other side by the time the trooper had reached the nearer one. Here, the

latter was obliged to pull up, for his horse at the first step sank so deep, that the animal instinctively withdrew his foot from the treacherous morass.

The trooper called after his guide, who was proceeding up the opposite acclivity, and the boy turned round.

"I can't pass this, boy," said the soldier.

The boy faced the hill again, without any reply, and recommenced his ascent at a rapid pace.

"Come back, you young scoundrel, or I'll shoot you," said the soldier, drawing his pistol from his holster. The boy still continued his flight, and the trooper fired—but ineffectually—upon which the boy stopped, and, after making a contemptuous action at the Englishman, rushed up the acclivity, and was soon beyond the reach of small arms, and shortly after out of sight, having passed the summit of the hill.

The Englishman's vexation was excessive, at finding himself thus left in such a helpless situation. For a long time he endeavoured to find a spot in the marsh he might make his crossing good upon, but in vain—and after nearly an hour spent in this useless endeavour, he was forced to turn back and strive to unravel the maze of twisting and twining through which he had been led, for the purpose of getting on some highway, where a chance passenger might direct him in finding his road.

This he failed to accomplish, and darkness at length overtook him in a wild country to which he was an utter stranger. He still continued, however, cautiously to progress along the road on which he was benighted, and at length the twinkling of a distant light raised some hope of succour in his heart.

Keeping this beacon in view, the benighted traveller made his way, as well as he might, until, by favour of the glimmer he so opportunely discovered, he at last found himself in front of the house whence the light proceeded. He knocked at the door, which, after two or three loud

summonses, was opened to him, and then, briefly stating the distressing circumstances in which he was placed, he requested shelter for the night.

The domestic who opened the door retired to deliver the stranger's message to the owner of the house, who immediately afterwards made his appearance, and, with a reserved courtesy, invited the stranger to enter.

"Allow me first to see my horse stabled," said the soldier.

"He shall be cared, for," said the other.

"Excuse me, sir," returned the blunt Englishman, "if I wish to see him in his stall. It has been a hard day for the poor brute, and I fear one of his hoofs is much injured, how far, I am anxious to see."

"As you please, sir," said the gentleman, who ordered a menial to conduct the stranger to the stable.

There, by the light of a lantern, the soldier examined the extent of injury his charger had sustained, and had good reason to fear that the next day would find him totally unserviceable. After venting many a hearty curse on Irish roads and Irish guides, he was retiring from the stable, when his attention was attracted by a superb white horse, and much as he was engrossed by his present annoyance, the noble proportions of the animal were too striking to be overlooked; after admiring all his parts, he said to the attendant, "What a beautiful creature this is—"

"Throth, you may say that," was the answer.

"What a charger he would make!"

"Sure enough."

"He must be very fleet?"

"As the win'."

"An leaps?"

"Whoo!—over the moon, if you axed him."

"That horse must trot at least ten miles the hour."

"Tin!—faix it wouldn't be convaynient to him to trot undher fourteen,"—and with this assurance on the part of the groom, he left the stable.

On being led into the dwelling house, the stranger found the table spread for supper, and the owner of the mansion, pointing to a chair, invited him to partake of the evening meal.

The reader need scarcely be told that the invitation came from Gerald Pepper, for, I suppose, the white horse in the stable has already explained whose house chance had directed the trooper to, though all his endeavours to find it had proved unavailing.

Gerald still maintained the bearing which characterized his first meeting with the Englishman on his threshold —it was that of reserved courtsey. Magdalene, his gentle wife, was seated near the table, with an infant child sleeping upon her lap; her sweet features were strikingly expressive of sadness; and as the stranger entered the apartment, her eye was raised in one timorous glance upon the man whose terrible mission she was too well aware of, and the long lashes sank downwards again upon the pale cheek, which recent sorrow had robbed of its bloom.

"Come, sir," said Gerald, "after such a day of fatigue as yours has been, some refreshment will be welcome:" and the Englishman presently, by deeds, not words, commenced giving ample evidence of the truth of the observation. As the meal proceeded, he recounted some of the mishaps that had befallen him, all of which Gerald knew before, through Rory Oge, who was in the house at that very moment, though, for obvious reasons, he did not make his appearance, and at last, the stranger put the question to his host, if he knew any one in the neighbourhood called Gerald Pepper.

Magdalene felt her blood run cold, but Gerald quietly replied, there was a person of that name thereabouts.

"Is his property a good one?" said the trooper.

"Very much reduced of late," replied Gerald.

"Ballygarth they call it." said the soldier, "is that far from here?"

"It would puzzle me to tell you how to go to it from this place," was the answer.

"It is very provoking," said the trooper; "I have been looking for it these three days, and cannot find it, and nobody seems to know where it is."

Magdalene, at these words, felt a momentary relief, yet still she scarcely dared to breathe.

"The truth is," continued the soldier, "that I am entitled under the king's last commission to the property, for all Pepper's possessions have been forfeited."

The baby, as it slept in the mother's lap, smiled as its legalised despoiler uttered these last words; and poor Magdalene, smote to the heart by the incident, melted into tears; but by a powerful effort, she repressed any audible evidence of grief, and shading her eyes with her hand, her tears dropped in silence over her sleeping child.

Gerald observed her emotion, and found it difficult to master his own feelings.

"Now it is rather hard," continued the soldier, "that I have been hunting up and down the country for this confounded place, and can't find it. I thought it a fine thing, but I suppose it's nothing to talk of, or somebody would know of it; and more provoking still, we soldiers have yet our hands so full of work, that I only got four days' leave, and to-morrow night I am bound to return to Dublin, or I shall be guilty of a breach of duty; and how I am to return, with my horse in the disabled state in which this detestable country has left him, I cannot conceive."

"You will be hard run to accomplish it," said Gerald.

"Now will you make a bargain with me?" said the soldier.

"Of what nature?" said Gerald.

"There,"—said the soldier, throwing down on the table a piece of folded parchment,—"there is the debenture entitling the holder thereof to the property I have named. Now, I must give up looking for it for the

present, and I am tired of hunting after it, into the bargain; besides, God knows when I may be able to come here again. You are on the spot, and may make use of this instrument, which empowers you to take full possession of the property whatever it may be; to you it *may* be valuable. At a word then, if I give you this debenture, will you give me the white horse that is standing in your stable?"

Next to his wife and children, Gerald Pepper loved his white horse; and the favourite animal being so suddenly and unexpectedly named startled him, and, strange as it may appear, he paused for a moment; but Magdalene, unseen by the soldier, behind whom she was seated, clasped her outstretched hands in the action of supplication to her husband, and met his eye with an imploring look that, at once, produced his answer.

"Agreed!" said Gerald.

"'Tis a bargain," said the soldier; and he tossed the debenture across the table as the property of the man whom it was intended to leave destitute.

Having thus put his host into possession of his own property, the soldier commenced spending the night pleasantly, and it need not be added that Gerald Pepper was in excellent humour to help him.

As for poor Magdalene, when the bargain was completed, her heart was too full to permit her to remain longer, and hurrying to the apartment where the elder children were sleeping, she kissed them passionately, and throwing herself on her knees between their little beds, wept profusely, as she offered the fervent outpourings of a grateful heart to Heaven, for the ruin so wonderfully averted from their innocent heads.

Stories must come to an end, like everything else of this world, and so *my* story is ended, as all stories should be, when there is no further vitality left in them; for though some *post mortem* experiments are occasionally made by those who expect, by a sort of Galvanic influence, to persuade their readers that

the subject is not quite dead, yet, the practice is so generally unsuccessful, that I decline becoming an operator in that line;—therefore, let me hasten to my conclusion.

The next morning, the English soldier was in his saddle at an early hour, and he seemed to entertain all the satisfaction of an habitual horseman, in feeling the stately tread of the bold steed beneath him. The white horse champed his bit, and by his occasional curvettings, evinced a consciousness that his accustomed rider was not on his back; but the firm seat and masterly hand of the soldier shortly reduced such slight marks of rebellion into obedience, and he soon bade Gerald Pepper farewell.

The parting was rather brief and silent; for to have been other, would not have accorded with the habits of the one, nor suited the immediate humour of the other. In answer to the spur of the soldier, the white horse galloped down the avenue of his former master's domain, and left behind him the fields in which he had been bred. Gerald Pepper looked after his noble steed, while he remained within sight, and thought no one was witness to the tear he dashed from his eye when he turned to re-enter his house. But there were two who saw and sympathised in the amiable weakness—his gentle Magdalene and the faithful Rory Oge. The latter, springing from behind an angle of the house where he had stood concealed, approached his foster-brother, and said—

"Thrue, for you, indeed, Masther Gerald, it is a pity, so it is, and a murther intirely; but sure there's no help for it; and though the white horse is a loss, there is no denyin' it, yet 'pon my conscience, I'm mighty proud this blessed minit *to see that fellow lavin' the place!*"

Gerald Pepper entertained, throughout his life, an affectionate remembrance of his gallant horse: even more,—the stall where he last stood, and the rack and

manger, where he had last fed under the roof of his master, were held sacred, and were ordered to remain in the state the favourite had left them; and to perpetuate to his descendants the remembrance of the singular event which had preserved to him his estate, the white horse was introduced into his armorial bearings, and is, at this day, one of the heraldic distinctions of the family.

As the reader may have some wish to know what became of the *historical* personages that figure in this story, I refer him to the History of England for King James; and for General Sarsefield I am enabled to account, by getting a sight of a rare old print of that distinguished officer, underneath which, the following curious lines record his fate:—

"Oh, Patrick Sarsefield! Ireland's wonder?
Who fought in the field like any thunder,
One of King James's great commanders,
Now lies the food of crows in Flanders.
Och! hone!—Och! hone!—Och! hone!"

THE SHEEBEEN HOUSE.

A jug of punch, a jug of punch,
The tune he sung was a jug of punch.

OLD BALLAD.

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

Ah!—we who are used to the refinements of life, can never imagine how very little may suffice, upon occasion, to satisfy our *natural* wants, until we have been reduced by circumstances to the knowledge. The earthen floor of the sheebeen never for an instant suggested the want of a carpet; the absence of a steel grate did not render the genial heat of the blithely blazing fire less agreeable. There was no vagrant hankering after a haunch of venison as I dispatched my rasher of bacon, which hunger rendered so palatable; and I believe "poteen," under the immediate circumstances in which I was placed, was more acceptable than the best flask of "*Chateau Margaux.*"

When I arrived at the house, the appearance of a well-dressed stranger seeking its hospitality created quite a "sensation;" the bare-legged girl, who acted in the capacity of waiter, was sent driving about in all directions; and I could overhear the orders issued to her by "the misthress" from time to time, while I was drying myself before the fire.

"Judy—here,—come here, Judy, I tell you.—See!" —Then, in an under tone, "Get ready the quol'ty* room;—hurry it up soon." Then away trotted Judy; but before she had gone many steps there was another call.

"And Judy!"

"Well, ma'am."

"Put a candle in the tin sconce."

"Sure Terry Regan has the sconce within there"—pointing to an adjoining apartment where some peasants were very busy making merry.

"Well, no matther for that; scoop out a pratee,† and that'll do well enough for Terry—sure he knows no betther—and take the sconce for the gintleman."

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

"Oh, as for the fire, your honour, Judy shall put some 'live‡ turf an the hearth, and you'll be as snug as you plaze."

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

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

* Quality. The term applied to persons of the higher classes.

† A potatoe, with a hole scooped out of it, is often a succedaneum for a candlestick among the peasantry.

‡ Lighted turf.

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

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

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

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

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

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

It was the period when the final downfall of Napoleon had created such a sensation, and it was a long time before the peasantry of Ireland could believe that the hero of France was so utterly discomfited. He had long been a sort of idol to them, and the brilliancy of his successes for years, had led them into the belief that he was invincible. There is, perhaps, in the lower

orders in general, a tendeney to admire military heroes, but this is peeuliarly the ease amongst the Irish, and Alexander and Julius Cæsar are names more familiar to them than a stranger could well believe. But their love of Buonaparte, and their exhultation in his triumphs, had a deeper motive than mere admiration as a warrior:—what that motive was, it would be foreign to my pages to toueh upon, therefore let me resume.

The eonversation amongst these peasant politicians turned upon Buonaparte's imprisonment at St. Helena, and some of the party, unwilling to believe it, doubted the affair altogether.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Well, sure I heerd them makin' spaehes about it at the meetin' was beyant in the town last summer; and a gintleman out o' Dublin, *that kem down an purpose*, had the *hoith* o' fine language all about it; and I remember well he said these very words:—'They will never *blot* the *stain* from their *annuals;* and when he *dies* it will be a *livin'* disgrace to them: for what can he do but die, says he, *non compossed* as he is by the wide oeeant,

* The junior male branches of a family are always called "Master" by the peasantry, no matter what their age may be. I have seen *Masther* Toms and *Masther* Franks who had counted half a century.

chained, undher a burnin' *climax* to that *salutary* rock? Oh! think o' that!!'—So you see he was chained, accordin' to his account."

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

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

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

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

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

"By dad, it is hard for to say."

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

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

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

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

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

Phil then proceeded to sing, after some preliminary hums and hahs and coughing to clear his voice, the following old ballad; the burden of which I have chosen as the epigraph of this chapter:—

THE JUG OF PUNCH.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

* How beautifully are Castaly and Parnassus treated here.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Well, sing us another song then."

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

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

"Throth I can't think of one."

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

"Bad cess to me if I remimber one."

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

"What's that?" said Phil.

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

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

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

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

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

"Oh that's a beautiful song, sure enough, and it's too thrue it is. Oh *them* vagabone staymers that's goin' evermore to England, the divil a pig they'll lave in the counthry at all."

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

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

THE PIG THAT WAS IN AUGHRIM.

The pig that was in Aughrim was dhruv to foreign parts,
And when he was goin' an the road it bruk the owld sow's heart.
"Oh," says she, "my counthry's ruin'd and desarted now by all,
And the rise of pigs in England will ensure the counthry's fall.
For the landlords and the pigs are all goin' hand in hand—"

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

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

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

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

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

"By dad I must, Terry."

"Ah then, why?"

"Bekase I must."

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

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

"And why won't you stay then?"

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

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

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

"Faix, you shall have no good night from uz. You're a bad fellow, Barny Corrigan—so the curse o' Kishogue an you!"

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

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

* Fairies are supposed to haunt all old mounds of earth, such as Raths, Tumuli, &c., &c.

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

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

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

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

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

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

So Barny sat down again, amidst the shouts and laughter of his companions, and after the liquor had passed merrily round the table for some time, Terry, in accordance with his promise, commenced his explanation of the malediction that had brought Barny Corrigan back to his seat; but before he began, he filled a fresh glass, and, profiting by the example, I will open a fresh chapter.

THE CURSE OF KISHOGUE.

INTRODUCTION.

I DO not mean to say that cursing is either moral or polite, but I certainly *do* think, that if a man curse at all, he has a right to curse after what fashion he chooses. Now I am not going to curse, nor swear either, but to write concerning the very superior curse, as above named, and I have premised the foregoing conditions, seeing that, entertaining such an opinion on the subject, no moralist can find fault with me for the minor offence of introducing a curse to my own taste. Let not the polite world startle either at the word "Introduction." I do not intend to force cursing into their notice or their company; I mean the word "introduction" purely in a literary sense; and lastly, therefore, to the literary I would say a few words on the matter.

There has been already known to the literary world, a celebrated curse, called "The Curse of Kehama," and I hope I may not be considered too presumptuous in the intention of putting forward a curse to their notice, as its "Companion." Something of the sort, I think, has been wanted, and should I win the distinction of being considered the person who has supplied the deficiency, I hope Dr. Southey will allow me the further happiness of dedicating the story to him. There are sufficient points of difference in the two curses to make a variety for the reader's entertainment, and yet one point of curious coincidence between them—the drinking of a cup.—Now, as regards the variety, Kehama's curse was that he could not die; while poor Kishogue's was, that he did. As to the coincidence, Kehama and Kishogue's have their interest materially

involved in the drinking of a cup; yet, in the very coincidence, there is a charming want of similitude, for Kehama, in not having the cup to drink, and Kishogue in having it to drink, and refusing it, produce such different consequences, that it is like the same note being sounded by two voices, whose qualities are so unlike, that no one could believe the note to be the same. But, lest I should anticipate my story, I will close my observations on the rival merits of the two epics, and request the reader, in pursuance of my desire of being permitted to tell my story according to my own fancy, to step in with me for a few minutes into the next chapter, which is no genteeler place than a sheebeen house.

THE CURSE OF KISHOGUE.

"Ireland is the only country in the world where they would make a comec out of such a d—n—ble tragedy."

REMARK OF A LATE JUDICIOUS AND JUDICIAL FRIEND.

You see there was wanst a mighty dacent boy, calle Kishogue—and not a complater chap was in the sive parishes nor himself—and for dhrinkin' or coortin' (an by the same token he was a darlint among the girls, h

was so bowld), or cudgellin', or runnin', or wrastlin', or the like o' that, none could come near him; and at patthern, or fair, or the dance, or the wake, Kishogue was the flower o' the flock.

Well, to be sure, the gintlemen iv the counthry did not belove him so well as his own sort—that is, the *ouldherly* gintlemen; for as to the young 'squires, by gor they loved him like one of themselves, and betther a'most, for they knew well, that Kishogue was the boy to put them up to all sorts and sizes of divilment and divarshin, and that was all they wanted—but the owld, studdy (steady) gintlemen—the responsible people like, didn't give into his ways at all—and, in throth, they used to be thinkin' that if Kishogue was out of the counthry, body and bones, that the counthry would not be the worse iv it, in the laste, and that the deer, and the hares, and the partheridges wouldn't be scarcer in the laste, and that the throut and the salmon would lade an aisier life:—but they could get no howlt of him good or bad, for he was as cute as a fox, and there was no sitch thing as getting him at an amplush, at all, for he was like a weasel, a'most—*asleep wid his eyes open.*

Well; that's the way it was for many a long day, and Kishogue was as happy as the day was long, until, as bad luck id have it, he made a mistake one night, as the story goes, and by dad how he could make the same mistake was never cleared up yet, barrin' that the night was dark, or that Kishogue had a dhrop o' drink in; but the mistake *was* made, and *this* was the mistake, you see; that he consaived he seen his own mare threspassin' an the man's field, by the road side, and so, with that, he cotched the mare—that is, the mare, to all appearance, but it was not his own mare, but the squire's horse, which he tuk for his own mare,—all in a mistake, and he thought that she had sthrayed away, and not likin' to see *his* baste threspassin' an another man's field, what does he do, but he dhrives home the horse *in a mistake*, you see, and how he could do the like is hard to say, excep'n that

the night was dark, as I said before, or that he had a dhrop too much in; but howsomever the mistake was made, and a sore mistake it was for poor Kishogue, for he never persaived it at all, antil three days afther, when the polisman kem to him and towld him he should go along with him.

"For what?" says Kishogue.

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

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

"To jail," says the Peeler.*

"For what?" says Kishogue.

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

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

"Throth then, 'twon't be the last you'll hear of it," says the other.

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

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

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

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

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

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

* So called from being established by the late Sir Robert Peel.

him as they could, for he was mightily beloved in the counthry, and they wor goin' to see him mornin', noon, and night—throth, they led the turnkey a busy life lettin' them in and out, for they wor comin' and goin' evermore, like Mulligan's blanket.*

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

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

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

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

"Howl' your tongue!" says my lord the judge. And so afther some more jabberin' and gibberish, the

* The travels of this celebrated blanket never extended further than between the Pawnbroker and Mulligan.

little man in the spectacles threw down the paper and asked Kishogue if he were guilty or not guilty.

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

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

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

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

"*Not* guilty," says Kishogue.

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

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

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

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

And thrue for him, faith, he wasn't far out in sayin' that same, for they murthered him intirely. They brought a terrible sight o' witnesses agin him, that swore away his life an the cross examination; and indeed sure enough, it *was* the crossest examination altogether I ever seen. Oh, they wor the bowld witnessess, that would *sware a hole in an iron pot* any day in the year. Not but that Kishogue's friends done their duty by him. Oh, they stud to him like men and swore a power for him, and sthrove to make out a *lullaby* for him; maynin', by that same, that he was asleep in another place, at the time;—but it wouldn't do, they could not make it *plazin'* to the judge and the jury; and my poor Kishogue was condimned for to die; and the judge put an his black cap. and indeed it's not becomin', and discoorsed the hoighth of fine language, and gev Kishogue a power o' good advice, *that it was a mortial pity Kishogue didnt get sooner;* and the last words the judge said was, "The Lord have marcy an your sowl!"

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

And sure enough faith; for the next Sathurday Kishogue was ordhered out to be hanged, and the sthreets through which he was to pass was mighty throng; for in them days, you see the people used to be hanged outside o' the town, not all as one as now, when we're hanged genteelly out o' the front o' the jail; but in them days they did not attind to the comforts o' the people at all, but put them into a cart, all as one as a conthrairy pig goin' to market, and stravaiged them through the town to the gallows, that was full half a mile beyant it; but to be sure, whin they kem to the corner of the crass streets, where the Widdy Houlaghan's public-house was then, afore them dirty swaddlers* knocked it down and built a meetin'-house there, bad cess to them, sure they're spylin' divarshin wherever they go,—when they kem there, as I was tellin' you, the purcesshin was always stopped, and they had a fiddler and mulled wine for the divarshin of the pres'ner, for to rise his heart for what he was to go through; for, by all accounts, it is not plasin' to be goin' to be hanged, supposin' you die in a good cause itself, as my uncle Jim towld me whin he suffered for killin' the gauger. Well, you see, they always stopped tin minutes at the public-house, not to hurry a man with his dhrink, and, besides, to give the pres'ner an opportunity for sayin' an odd word or so to a frind in the crowd, to say nothin' of its bein' mighty improvin' to the throng, to see the man lookin' pale at the thoughts o' death, and maybe an idification and warnin' to thim that was inclined to sthray. But however it happened, and the like never happened afore nor sence; but, as bad luck would have it, that day, the divil a fiddler was there whin Kishogue dhruv up in the cart, no ways danted at all; but the minit the cart stopped rowlin', he came out as stout as a ram, "Sind me out Tim Riley here,"—Tim Riley was the fiddler's name,—"sind me out Tim Riley here," says he, "that

* Methodists.

he may rise my heart wid The Rakes o' Mallow;"* for he was a Mallow man, by all accounts, and mighty proud of his town. Well, av coorse the tune was not to be had, bekase Tim Riley was not there, but was lyin' dhrunk in a ditch at the same time comin' home from confission, and when poor Kishogue heerd that he could not have his favourite tune, it wint to his heart to that degree, that he'd hear of no comfort in life, and he bid them dhrive him an, and put him out o' pain at wanst.

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

Well, away they rowled to the gallows, where there was no delay in life for the pres'ner, and the sheriff asked him if he had any thing to say to him before he suffered; but Kishogue hadn't a word to throw to a dog, and av coorse he said nothin' to the sheriff, and wouldn't say a word that might be improvin' even to the crowd, by way of an idification; and indeed a sore disappointment it was to the throng, for they thought he could make an iligant dyin' speech; and the prenthers there, and the ballad-singers all ready to take it down complate, and thought it was a dirty turn of Kishogue to chate them out o' their

* A favourite tune.

honest penny, like; but they owed him no spite, for all that, for they considhered his heart was low an account of the disappointment, and he was lookin' mighty pale while they wor makin' matthers tidy for him; and indeed, the last words he said to himself was, "Put me out o' pain at wanst, for my heart is low bekase Tim Riley desaived me, whin I thought he would rise it, that I might die like a rale Rake o' Mallow!" And so, to make a long story short, my jew'l, they done the business for him: it was soon over wid him; it was just one step wid him, aff o' the laddher into glory; and to do him justice, though he was lookin' pale, he died bowld, and put his best leg foremost.

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

"Oh, tare an ouns," says the sheriff, tarin' the hair aff his head at the same time, with the fair rage, "Isn't it a poor case that he's dead, and here is a reprieve that

is come for him; but, bad cess to him," says he, "it's his own fault, he wouldn't take it aisy."

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

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

THE FAIRY FINDER.

He got a halfpenny—but it was a rap.

Riddle me, riddle me, riddle me right;
Tell me what I dreamt last night.

"FINDING a fortune," is a phrase often heard amongst the peasantry of Ireland. If any man from small beginnings arrives at wealth, in a reasonable course of time, the fact is scarcely ever considered as the result of perseverance, superior intelligence, or industry; it passes as a by-word through the country that "he found a fortin';" whether by digging up "a crock o' goold" in the ruins of an old abbey, or by catching a Leprechaun and forcing him to "deliver or die," or discovering it behind an old wainscot, is quite immaterial: the *when* or the *where* is equally unimportant, and the thousand are satisfied with the rumour, "He found a fortin'." Besides,

going into particulars destroys romance,—and the Irish are essentially romantic—and their love of wonder is more gratified in considering the change from poverty to wealth as the result of superhuman aid, than in attributing it to the mere mortal causes of industry and prudence.

The crone of every village has plenty of stories to make her hearers wonder how fortunes have been arrived at by extraordinary short cuts; and as it has been laid down as an axiom, "That there never was a fool who had not a greater fool to admire him," so there never was an old woman who told such stories without plenty of listeners.

Now, Darby Kelleher was one of the latter class, and there was a certain collioch* who was an extensive dealer in the marvellous, and could supply "wholesale, retail, and for exportation," any customer such as Darby Kelleher, who not only was a devoted listener, but also made an occasional offering at the cave of the sibyl, in return for her oracular communications. This tribute generally was tobacco, as the collioch was partial to chewing the weed; and thus, Darby returned a *quid pro quo*, without having any idea that he was giving a practical instance of the foregoing well known pun.

Another constant attendant at the hut of the hag was Oonah Lenehan, equally prone to the marvellous as Darby Kelleher, and quite his equal in idleness. A day never past without Darby and Oonah paying the old woman a visit. She was sure to be "at home," for age and decrepitude rendered it impossible for her to be otherwise, the utmost limit of her ramble from her own chimney corner being the seat of sods outside the door of her hut, where, in the summer time, she was to be found, so soon as the sunbeams fell on the front of her abode, and made the seat habitable for one whose accustomed vicinity to the fire rendered heat indispensable to comfort. Here she would sit and rock herself to and fro in the hot

* Old woman.

noons of July and August, her own appearance and that of her wretched cabin being in admirable keeping. To a fanciful beholder the question might have suggested itself, whether the hag was made for the hovel, or it for her; or whether they had grown into a likeness of one another, as man and wife are said to do, for there were many points of resemblance between them. The tattered thatch of the hut was like the straggling hair of its mistress, and Time, that had grizzled the latter, had covered the former with gray lichens. To its mud walls, a strong likeness was to be found in the tint of the old woman's shrivelled skin; they were both seriously out of the perpendicular; and the rude mud and wicker chimney of the edifice having toppled over the gable, stuck out, something in the fashion of the doodeen or short pipe that projected from the old woman's upper story; and so they both were smoking away from morning till night; and to complete the similitude sadly, both were poor,—both lonely,—both fast falling to decay.

Here were Darby Kelleher and Oonah Lenehan sure to meet every day. Darby might make his appearance thus:—

"Good morrow kindly, granny."

"The same to you, avic," mumbled out the crone.

"Here's some 'baccy for you, granny."

"Many thanks to you, Darby. I didn't lay it out for seeing you so airly, the day."

"No, nor you wouldn't neither, only I was passin' this a way, runnin' an arrand for the squire, and I thought I might as well step in and ax you how you wor."

"Good boy, Darby."

"Throth an' it's a hot day that's in it, this blessed day, Phew! Faix it's out o' breath I am, and mighty hot intirely! for I was runnin' a most half the way, bekase it's an arrand you see, and the squiro towld me to make haste, and so I did, and wint acrass the fields by the short cut; and as I was passin' by the owld castle, I remimbered what you towld me a while agon, granny,

about the crock o' goold that is there *for sartin,* if any one could come upon it."

"An' that's thrue indeed, Darby, avick—and never heerd any other the longest day I can remember."

"Well well! think o' that!! Oh then it's he that 'll be the lucky fellow that finds it."

"Thrue for you, Darby; but that won't be *antil it is laid out* for some one to rise it."

"Sure that's what I said to myself often; and why mightn't it be my chance to be the man that it was laid out for to find it."

"There's no knowin'," mumbled the crone, mysteriously, as she shook the ashes out of her tobacco pipe, and replenished the *doodeen* with some of the fresh stock Darby had presented.

"Faix, an' that's thrue, sure enough. Oh but you've a power o' knowledge, granny!! Sure enough indeed, there's no knowin'; but they say there's great virtue in dhrames."

"That's ondeniable, Darby," said the hag, "and by the same token maybe you'd step into the house and bring me out a bit o' live turf* to light my pipe."

"To be sure, granny," and away went Darby to execute the commission.

While he was raking from amongst the embers on the hearth, a piece of turf sufficiently "alive" for the purpose, Oonah made her appearance outside the hut, and gave the usual cordial salutation to the old woman; just as she had done her civility, out came Darby, holding the bit of turf between the two extremities of an osier twig, bent double for the purpose of forming a rustic tongs.

"Musha an' is that you, Darby?" said Oonah.

"Who else would it be?" said Darby.

"Why you towld me over an hour agone, down there in the big field, that you wor in a hurry."

* In Ireland the tobacco in a pipe is very generally ignited by the application of a piece of burning turf—or, as it is figuratively called, live turf.

"And so I am in a hurry, and wouldn't be here, only I jist stepped in to say God save you to the mother here, and to light her pipe for her, the craythur."

"Well, don't be standin' there, lettin' the coal* go black out, Darby," said the old woman; "but let me light my pipe at wanst."

"To be sure granny," said Darby, applying the morsel of lighted ember to the bowl of her pipe, until the process of ignition had been effected. "And now, Oonah, my darlint, if you're so sharp an other people, what the dickens brings you here, when it is mindin' the geese in the stubbles you ought to be, and not here? What would the misthriss say to that, I wondher?"

"Oh I left them safe enough, and they're able to take care of themselves for a bit, and I wanted to ax the granny, about a dhrame I had."

"Sure so do I," said Darby; "and you know *first come first sarved* is a good owld sayin'. And so, granny you own to it that there's a power o' vartue in dhrames?"

A long-drawn whiff of the pipe was all the hag vouchsafed in return.

"Oh then but that's the iligant tabaccy! musha but it's fine and sthrong, and takes the breath from one a'most, it's so good. Long life to you, Darby—paugh!!"

"You're kindly welkim, granny. An' as I was sayin' about the dhrames—you say there's a power o' vartue in them."

"Who says agin it?" said the hag authoritatively, and looking with severity on Darby.

"Sure an' it's not me you'd suspect o' the like? I was only goin' to say that *myself* had a mighty sharp dhrame last night, and sure I kem to ax you about the maynin' av it."

"Well avic, tell us your dhrame," said the hag, sucking her pipe with increased energy.

* The peasantry often say "a coal o' turf."

"Well you see," said Darby, "I dhreamt I was goin' along a road, and that all of a suddint I kem to crass roads, and you know there's grate vartue in crass roads."

"That's thrue, avourneen!—paugh!!—go an."

"Well, as I was sayin', I kem to the crass roads, and soon afther I seen four walls; now I think the four walls manes the owld castle."

"Likely enough, avic."

"Oh," said Oonah, who was listening with her mouth as wide open as if the faculty of hearing lay there, instead of in her ears, "sure you know the owld castle has only *three* walls, and how could that be it?"

"No matther for that," said the crone, "it *ought* to have four, and that's the same thing."

"Well, well! I never thought o' that," said Oonah lifting her hands in wonder; "sure enough so it ought!"

"Go on, Darby," said the hag.

"Well, I thought the greatest sight o' crows ever I seen flew out o' the castle, and I think *that* must mane the goold there is in it!"

"Did you count how many there was?" said the hag, with great solemnity.

"Faith, I never thought o' that," said Darby, with an air of vexation.

"Could you tell me, itself, wor they odd or even, avic?"

"Faix, an' I could not say for sartin."

"Ah, that's it!" said the crone, shaking her head in token of disappointment. "How can I tell the maynin' o' your dhrame, if you don't know how it kem out exactly?"

"Well, granny, but don't you think the crows was *likely* for goold?"

"Yis—if they flew heavy."

"Throth then, an' now I remember they did fly

heavy, and I said to myself there would be rain soon, the crows was flyin' so heavy."

"I wish you didn't dhrame o' rain, Darby."

"Why, granny? What harm is it?"

"Oh nothin', only it comes in a crass place there."

"But it doesn't spile the dhrame, I hope?"

"Oh no. Go an."

"Well, with that, I thought I was passin' by Doolins the miller's, and says he to me, Will you carry home this sack o' male for me? Now you know, male is money, every fool knows."

"Right, avic."

"And so I tuk the sack o' male an my shouldher, and I thought the weight iv it was killin' me, just as if it *was* a sack o' goold."

"Go an, Darby."

"And with that I thought I met with a cat, and that, you know, manes an ill-nathur'd woman."

"Right, Darby."

"And says she to me, Darby Kelleher says she, you're mighty yollow, God bless you; is it the jandhers you have? says she. Now wasn't that mighty sharp? I think the jandhers manes goold?"

"Yis, iv it was the yollow jandhers you dhremt iv, but not the black jandhers."

"Well, it *was* the yollow jandhers."

"Very good, avic; that's makin a fair offer at it."

"I thought so myself," said Darby, "more by token when there was a dog in my dhrame next; and that's a frind, you know."

"Right, avic."

"And he had a silver collar an him."

"Oh bad luck to that silver collar, Darby; what made you dhrame o' silver at all?"

"Why what harm?"

"Oh I thought you knew better nor to dhrame o' silver; why, cushla machree, sure silver is a disappointment all the world over."

"Oh murther!" said Darby, in horror, "and is my dhrame spylte (spoiled) by that blackguard collar?"

"Nigh hand indeed, but not all out. It would be spylte only for the dog, but the dog is a frind, and so it will be only a frindly disappointment, or maybe a fallin' out with an acquaintance."

"Oh what matther," said Darby, "so the dhrame is to the good still!!"

"The dhrame *is* to the good still; but tell me if you dhremt o' three sprigs o' *spare*mint at the ind iv it?"

"Why then, now I could not say for sartin, bekase I was nigh wakin' at the time, and the dhrame was not so clear to me."

"I wish you could be sartin o' that."

"Why, I have it an my mind that there *was* sparemint in it, bekase I thought there was a garden in part iv it, and the sparemint was *likely* to be there."

"Sure enough, and so you did dhrame o' the three sprigs o' sparemint."

"Indeed I could a'most make my book-oath that I dhremt iv it. I'm partly sartin, if not all out."

"Well, that's raysonable. It's a good dhrame, Darby."

"Do you tell me so!"

"'Deed an' it is, Darby. Now wait till the next quarther o' the new moon, and dhrame again *then*, and you'll see what'll come of it."

"By dad an' I will, granny. Oh but it's you *has* taken the maynin' out of it beyant every thing; and faix if I find the crock, it's yourself won't be the worse iv it; but I must be goin', granny, for the squire bid me to hurry, or else I would stay longer wid you. Good mornin' to you—good mornin', Oonah! I'll see you to-morrow sometime, granny." And off went Darby, leisurely enough.

The foregoing dialogue shows the ready credulity of poor Darby; but it was not in his belief of the "vartue of dhrames" that his weakness only lay. He likewise had a most extensive creed as regarded fairies of all sorts

and sizes, and was always on the look-out for a Leprechaun. Now a Leprechaun is a fairy of peculiar tastes, properties, and powers, which it is necessary to acquaint the reader with. His taste as to occupation is very humble, for he employs himself in making shoes, and he loves retirement, being fond of shady nooks where he can sit alone, and pursue his avocation undisturbed. He is quite a hermit in this respect, for there is no instance on record of two Leprechauns being seen together. But he is quite a beau in his dress, notwithstanding, for he wears a red square cut coat, richly laced with gold, waistcoat and inexpressibles of the same, cocked hat, shoes, and buckles. He has the property of deceiving, in so great a degree, those who chance to discover him, that none have ever yet been known whom he has not overreached in the "keen encounter of the wits," which his meeting with mortals always produces. This is occasioned by his possessing the power of bestowing unbounded wealth on whoever can keep him within sight until he is weary of the *surveillance* and gives the ransom demanded; and to this end the object of the mortal who is so fortunate as to surprise one, is to seize him, and never withdraw his eye from him, until the threat of destruction forces the Leprechaun to produce the treasure; but the sprite is too many for us clumsy witted earthlings, and is sure, by some device, to make us avert our eyes, when he vanishes at once.

This Enchanted Cobbler of the meadows, Darby Kelleher was always on the look-out for. But though so constantly on the watch for a Leprechaun, he never had got even within sight of one, and the name of the Fairy Finder was bestowed upon him in derision. Many a trick too was played on him; sometimes a twig stuck amongst long grass, with a red rag hanging upon it, has betrayed Darby into a cautious observance and approach, until a nearer inspection, and a laugh from behind some neighbouring hedge, have dispelled the illusion. But this, though often repeated, did not cure him, and no

turkey-cock had a quicker eye for a bit of red, or flew at it with greater eagerness, than Darby Kelleher, and he entertained the belief that one day or other he would reap the reward of all his watching, by finding a Leprechaun in good earnest.

But that was all in the hands of Fate, and must be waited for: in the mean time there was the castle and the "crock o' goold" for a certainty, and under the good omens of the "sharp dhrame" he had, he determined on taking that affair in hand at once. For his companion in the labour of digging, and pulling the ponderous walls of the castle to pieces, he selected Oonah, who was, in the parlance of her own class, "a brave two-handed long-sided jack," and as great a believer in dreams and omens as Darby himself; besides she promised profound secrecy, and agreed to take a small share of the treasure for her reward in assisting to discover it.

For about two months Darby and Oonah laboured in vain; but at last, something came of their exertions. In the course of their work, when they occasionally got tired, they would sit down to rest themselves and talk over their past disappointments and future hopes. Now it was during one of these intervals of repose that Darby, as he was resting himself on one of the coign-stones of the ruin, suddenly discovered that he was in love with Oonah.

Now Oonah happened to be thinking much in the same sort of way about Darby, at that very moment, and the end of the affair was, that Darby and Oonah were married the Sunday following.

The calculating Englishman will ask, did he find the treasure before he married the girl? The unsophisticated boys of the sod never calculate on these occasions; and the story goes that Oonah Lenehan was the only treasure Darby discovered in the old castle. Darby's acquaintances were in high glee on the occasion, and swore he got *a great lob*—for Oonah, be it remembered, was on the grenadier scale, or what in Ireland is called

"the full of a door," and the news spread over the country in some such fashion as this—

"Arrah, an' did you hear the news?"

"What news?"

"About Darby Kelleher."

"What of him?"

"Sure he found a fairy at last."

"Tare an ounty!"

"Thruth I'm tellin' you.—He's married to Oonah Lenehan."

"Ha! ha! ha! by the powers it's she that is the rale fairy! musha, more power to you, Darby, but you've cotched it in airnest now!"

But the fairy he had caught did not satisfy Darby so far as to make him give up the pursuit for the future. He was still on the watch for a Leprechaun; and one morning as he was going to his work, he stopped suddenly on his path, which lay through a field of standing corn, and his eye became riveted on some object with the most eager expression. He crouched, and crawled, and was making his way with great caution towards the point of his attraction, when he was visited on the back of the head with a thump that considerably disturbed his visual powers, and the voice of his mother, a vigorous old beldame, saluted his ear at the same time, with a hearty "Bad luck to you, you lazy thief, what are you slindging there for, when it's minding your work you ought to be?"

"Whisht! whisht! mother," said Darby, holding up his hand in token of silence.

"What do you mane, you omadhawn?"

"Mother, be quiet, I bid you! Whisht! I see it."

"What do you see?"

"Stoop down here. Straight forninst you, don't you see it as plain as a pikestaff?"

"See what?"

"That little red thing."

"Well what of it?"

"See there, how it stirs. Oh murther! it's goin' to be off afore I can catch it. Oh murther! why did you come here at all, makin' a noise and frightenin' it away."

"Frightenin' what you big fool?"

"The Leprechaun there. Whisht! it is quiet agin!"

"May the d—l run a huntin' wid you for a big omadhawn; why, you born nath'ral, is it that red thing over there you mane?"

"Yis to be sure it is; don't spake so loud I tell you."

"Why, bad scran to you, you fool, it's a poppy it is, and nothin' else;" and the old woman went over to the spot where it grew, and plucking it up by the roots threw it at Darby, with a great deal of abuse into the bargain, and bade him go mind his work, instead of being a "slindging vagabone, as he was."

It was some time after this occurence, that Darby Kellcher had a meeting with a certain Doctor Dionysius Mac Finn, whose name became much more famous than it had hitherto been, from the wonderful events that ensued in consequence.

Of the doctor himself it becomes necessary to say something: his father was one Paddy Finn, and had been so prosperous in the capacity of a cow doctor, that his son Denis, seeing the dignity of a professor in the healing art must increase in proportion to the nobleness of the animal he operates upon, determined to make the human, instead of the brute creation, the object of his care. To this end he was assisted by his father, who had scraped some money together in his humble calling, and having a spice of ambition in him, as well as his aspiring son, he set him up in the neighbouring village as an apothecary. Here Denny enjoyed the reputation of being an "iligant bone-setter," and cracked skulls, the result of *fair* fighting, and whisky fevers, were treated by him on the most approved principles. But Denny's father was gathered unto *his* fathers, and the son came into the enjoyment of all the old man's money: this, considering his

condition, was considerable, and the possession of a few hundred pounds so inflated the apothecary, that he determined on becoming a "Doctor" at once. For this purpose he gave up his apothecary's shop, and set off—where do you think?—To Spain. Here he remained for some time, and returned to Ireland, declaring himself a full physician of one of the Spanish universities; his name of Denny Finn transformed into Doctor Dionysius Mac Finn, or, as his neighbours chose to call it, Mac Fun, and fun enough the doctor certainly gave birth to. The little money he once had was spent in his pursuit of professional honours, and he returned to his native place with a full title and an empty purse, and his practice did not tend to fill it. At the same time there was a struggle to keep up appearances. He kept a horse or what he intended to be considered as such, but 'twas only a pony, and if he had but occassion to go to the end of the village on a visit, the pony was ordered on service. He was glad to accept an invitation to dinner whenever he had the luck to get one, and the offer of a bed even, was sure to be accepted, because that insured breakfast the next morning. Thus, poor Doctor Dionysius made out the cause. Often asked to dinner from mingled motives of kindness and fun, for while a good dinner was a welcome novelty to the doctor, the absurdities of his pretension and manner rendered him a subject of unfailing diversion to his entertainers. Now he had gone the round of all the snug farmers and country gentlemen in the district, but at last, he had the honour to receive an invitation from *the* squire himself, and on the appointed day Doctor Dionysius bestrode his pony, attired in the full dress of a Spanish physician, which happens to be *red* from head to foot, and presented himself at "The Hall."

When a groom appeared to take his "horse" to the stable, the doctor requested that his steed might be turned loose into the lawn, declaring it to be more wholesome for the animal, than being cooped up in a

house; the sadle and bridle were accordingly removed, and his desire complied with.

The doctor's appearance in the drawing-room, attired as he was, caused no small diversion, but attention was speedily called off from him by the announcement of dinner, that electric sound that stimulates a company at the same instant, and supersedes every other consideration whatsoever. Moreover, the squire's dinners were notoriously good, and the doctor profited largely by the same that day, and lost no opportunity of filling his glass with the choice wines that surrounded him. This he did to so much purpose, that the poor little man was very far gone when the guests were about to separate.

At the doctor's request the bell was rung, and his horse ordered, as the last remaining few of the company were about to separate, but every one of them had departed, and still there was no announcement of the steed being at the door. At length a servant made his appearance, and said it was impossible to catch the doctor's pony.

"What do you mean by 'catch'?" said the squire. "Is it not in the stable?"

"No, sir."

Here an explanation ensued, and the squire ordered a fresh attempt to be made to take the fugitive; but, though many fresh hands were employed in the attempt, the pony baffled all their efforts;—every manœuvre, usually resorted to on such occassions, was vainly put in practice. He was screwed up into the corners, but no sooner was he there than, squeeling and flinging up his heels, he broke through the blockade;—again his flank was turned by nimble runners, but the pony was nimbler still; a sieve full of oats was presented as an inducement, but the pony was above such vulgar tricks, and defied all attempts at being captured.

This was the mode by which the doctor generally secured the offer of a bed, and he might have been

successful in this instance, but for a knowing old coachman who was up to the trick, and out of pure fun chose to expose it: so, bringing out a huge blunderbuss, he said,—"Never mind—just let me at him, and I'll engage I'll make him stand."

"Oh, my good man," said the doctor, "pray don't take so much trouble;—just let me go with you;" and proceeding to the spot where the pony was still luxuriating on the rich grass of the squire's lawn, he gave a low whistle, and the little animal walked up to his owner with as much tractability as a dog. The saddling and bridling did not take much time, and the doctor was obliged to renounce his hopes of a bed and the morrow's breakfast, and ride home or homewards, I should say, for it was as little his destiny as his wish to sleep at home that night, for he was so overpowered with his potations, that he could not guide the pony, and the pony's palate was so tickled by the fresh herbage, that he wished for more of it, and finding a gate, that led to a meadow, open by the road side, he turned into the field, where he very soon turned the doctor into a ditch, so that they had bed and board between them to their heart's content.

The doctor and his horse slept and ate profoundly all night, and even the "rosy-fingered morn," as the poets have it, found them in the continuance of their enjoyment. Now it happened that Darby Kelleher was passing along the path that lay by the side of the ditch where the doctor was sleeping, and on perceiving him, Darby made as dead a set as ever pointer did at game.

The doctor, be it remembered, was dressed in red. Moreover he was a little man, and his gold-laced hat and ponderous shoe-buckles completed the resemblance to the being that Darby took him for. Darby was at last certain that he had discovered a Leprechaun, and amaze so riveted him to the spot, and anxiety made his pulse beat so fast, that he could not move nor breathe for some seconds. At last he recovered himself, and stealing

stealthily to the spot where the doctor slept, every inch of his approach made him more certain of the reality of his prize; and when he found himself within reach of it he made one furious spring, and flung himself on the unfortunate little man, fastening his tremendous fist on his throat, at the same time exclaiming in triumph, "Hurra!—by the hoky, I have you at last!!"

The poor little doctor, thus rudely and suddenly aroused from his tipsy sleep, looked excessively bewildered when he opened his eyes, and met the glare of ferocious delight that Darby Kelleher cast upon him, and he gurgled out, "What's the matter?" as well as the grip of Darby's hand upon his throat would permit him.

"Goold's the matther," shouted Darby—"Goold!—Goold!!!"

"What about Goold?" says the doctor.

"Goold!—yallow goold—that's the matther."

"Is it Paddy Goold that's taken ill again?" said the doctor, rubbing his eyes. "Don't choke me, my good man; I'll go immediately," says he endeavouring to rise.

"By my sowl, you won't," said Darby, tightening his hold.

"For mercy's sake let me go!" said the doctor.

"Let you go indeed!—ow! ow!"

"For the tender mercy"——

"Goold! goold! you little vagabone!"

"Well I'm going, if you let me."

"Divil a step;" and here he nearly choked him.

"Oh! murder!—for God's sake!"

"Whisht!!—you thief—how *dar* you say God, you divil's imp!!!"

The poor little man, between the suddenness of his waking, and the roughness of the treatment he was under, was in such a state of bewilderment, that for the first time he now perceived he was lying amongst grass and under bushes, and rolling his eyes about he exclaimed—

"Where am I?—God bless me!"

"Whisht! you little cruked ottomy—by the holy farmer, if you say God agin, I'll cut your throat."

"What do you hold me so tight for?"

"Just for fear you'd vanish, you see. Oh I know you well."

"Then, my good man, if you know me so well, treat me with proper respect, if you please."

"Divil send you respect. Respect indeed! that's a good thing. Musha bad luck to your impidence, you thievin' owld rogue."

"Who taught you to call such names to your betters, fellow?—How dare you use a professional gentleman so rudely?"

"Oh, do you hear this!!—a profissional gintleman!—Arrah, do you think I don't know you, you little owld cobbler?"

"Cobbler!—Zounds, what do you mean, you ruffian? Let me go, sirrah!" and he struggled violently to rise.

"Not a taste, 'scure to the step you'll go out o' this till you give me what I want."

"What do you want then?"

"Goold—Goold!"

"Ho! ho! so you're a robber, sir; you want to rob me, do you?"

"Oh! what robbery it is!!—throth that won't do, as cunnin' as you think yourself; you won't frighten me that way. Come, give it at wanst—you may as well. I'll never let go my grip o' you antil you hand me out the goold."

"'Pon the honour of a gentleman, gold nor silver is not in my company. I have fourpence halfpenny in my breeches pocket, which you are welcome to if you let go my throat."

"Fourpence hap'ny!!!—Why, then, do you think me sitch a *gom*, all out, as to put me off wid fourpence hap'ny; throth, for three sthraws, this minit I'd thrash you within an inch o' your life for your impidence. Come, no humbuggin'; out with the goold!"

"I have no gold. Don't choke me: if you murder me, remember there's law in the land. You'd better let me go."

"Not a fut. Gi' me the goold, I tell you, you little vagabone!!" said Darby, shaking him violently.

"Don't murder me, for Heaven's sake!"

"I will murther you if you don't give me a hatful o' goold this minit."

"A hatful of gold!—Why, who do you take me for?"

"Sure I know you're a Leprechaun, you desaiver o' the world!"

"A Leprechaun!" said the doctor, in mingled indignation and amazement. "My good man, you mistake."

"Oh, how soft I am!—'Twon't do, I tell you. I have you, and I'll howld you;—long I've been lookin' for you, and I cotch you at last, and by the 'tarnal o' war I'll have your life or the goold."

"My good man, be merciful—you mistake—I'm no Leprechaun;—I'm Doctor Mac Finn."

"That won't do either! you think to desaive me, but 'twont do:—just as if I didn't know a docthor from a Leprechaun. Gi' me the goold, you owld chate!"

"I tell you I'm Doctor Dionysius Mac Finn. Take care what you're about!—there's law in the land;—and I think I begin to know you. Your name is Kelleher!"

"Oh, you cunnin' owld thief! oh then but you are the complate owld rogue; only I'm too able for you. You want to freken me, do you?—Oh, you little scrap o' deception, but you *are* deep!"

"Your name is Kelleher—I remember. My good fellow, take care; don't you know I'm Doctor Mac Finn —don't you see I am?"

"Why thin but you have the dirty yollow pinched look iv him, sure enough; but don't I know you've only put it an you to desaive me; besides, the docthor has dirty owld tatthers o' black clothes an him, and isn't as red as a sojer like you."

"That's an accident, my good man."

"Gi' me the goold this minit, and no more prate wid you."

"I tell you, Kelleher"——

"Howld your tongue, and gi' me the goold."

"By all that's"——

"Will you give it?

"How can I?"

"Very well. You'll see what the ind of it 'ill be," said Darby, rising, but still keeping his iron grip of the doctor. "Now, for the last time, I ask you, will you gi' me the goold? or by the powers o' wild fire, I'll put you where you'll never see daylight antil you make me a rich man."

"I have no gold, I tell you."

"Faix, then I'll keep you till you find it," said Darby, who tucked the little man under his arm, and ran home with him as fast as he could.

He kicked at his cabin door for admittance when he reached home, exclaiming—

"Let me in! let me in!—Make haste; I have him."

"Who have you?" said Oonah, as she opened the door.

"Look at that!" said Darby in triumph; "I cotch him at last!"

"Weira then, is it a Leprechaun, it is?" said Oonah.

"Divil a less," said Darby, throwing down the doctor on the bed, and still holding him fast.—"Open the big chest, Oonah, and we'll lock him up in it, and keep him antil he gives us the goold."

"Murder! murder!" shouted the doctor. "Lock me up in a chest!!"

"Gi' me the goold, then, and I won't."

"My good man, you know I have not gold to give."

"Don't believe him, Darby jewel," said Oonah, "them Leprechauns is the biggest liars in the world."

"Sure I know that!" said Darby, "as well as you. Oh! all the throuble I've had with him; throth only

I'm aiqual to a counsellor for knowledge, he'd have namplushed me long ago."

"Long life to you, Darby dear!"

"Mrs. Kelleher," said the doctor.

"Oh Lord!" said Oonah, in surprise, "did you ever hear the likes o' that—how he knows my name!"

"To be sure he does," said Darby, "and why nat? sure he's a fairy, you know."

"I'm no fairy, Mrs. Kelleher. I'm a doctor—Doctor Mac Finn."

"Don't b'lieve him, darlin'," said Darby. "Make haste and open the chest."

"Darby Kelleher," said the doctor, "let me go, and I'll cure you whenever you want my assistance."

"Well, I want your assistance now," said Darby, "for I'm very bad this minit wid poverty; and if you cure me o' that, I'll let you go."

"What will become of me?" said the doctor in despair, as Darby carried him towards the big chest which Oonah had opened.

"I'll tell you what'll become o' you," said Darby, seizing a hatchet that lay within his reach;—"by the seven blessed candles, if you don't consint before night to fill me that big chest full o' goold, I'll chop you as small as aribs (herbs) for the pot." And Darby crammed him into the box.

"Oh, Mrs. Kelleher, be merciful to me," said the doctor, "and whenever you're sick I'll attend you."

"God forbid!" said Oonah; "its not the likes o' you I want when I'm sick;—attind me, indeed! bad luck to you, you little imp, maybe you'd run away with my babby, or it's a *Banshee* you'd turn yourself into, and sing for my death. Shut him up, Darby; it's not looky to be howldin' discoorse wid the likes iv him."

"Oh!" roared the doctor, as his cries were stifled by the lid of the chest being closed on him. The key was turned, and to prevent the fairy having any power upon the lock, Oonah sprinkled over it some holy

water she had in a bottle that hung in one corner of the cabin.

Darby and Oonah now sat down in consultation on their affairs, and began forming their plans on an extensive scale, as to what they were to do with their money, for have it they must, now that the Leprechaun was fairly in their power. Now and then Darby would rise and go over to the chest, very much as one goes to the door of a room where a naughty child has been locked up, to know "if it be good yet," and giving a thump on the lid would exclaim, "Well, you little vagabone, will you gi' me the goold yet?"

A groan and a faint answer of denial was all the reply he received.

"Very well, stay there; but remimber, if you don't consint before night, I'll chop you to pieces." He then got his bill-hook, and began to sharpen it close by the chest, that the Leprechaun might hear him; and when the poor doctor heard this process going forward, he felt more dead than alive; the horrid scraping of the iron against the stone being interspersed with occasional interjectional passages from Darby, such as, "Do you hear that, you thief? I'm gettin' ready for you." Then away he'd rasp at the grindstone again, and, as he paused to feel the edge of the weapon, exclaim, "By the powers, I'll have it as sharp as a razhir."

In the meantime it was well for the prisoner that there were many large chinks in the chest, or suffocation from his confinement would have anticipated Darby's pious intentions upon him; and when he found matters likely to go so hard with him, the thought struck him at last, of affecting to be what Darby mistook him for, and regaining his freedom by stratagem.

To this end, when Darby had done sharpening his bill-hook, the doctor replied, in answer to one of Darby's summonses for gold, that he saw it was in vain longer to deny giving it, that Darby was too cunning for him, and that he was ready to make him the richest man in the country.

"I'll take no less than the full o' that chest," said Darby.

"You'll have ten times the full of it, Darby," said the doctor, "if you'll only do what I bid you."

"Sure I'll do anything."

"Well, you must first prepare the mystificand-herum-brandherum."

"Tare an ouns, how do I know what that is?"

Silence, Darby Kelleher, and attend to me: that's a magical ointment, which I will show you how to make; and whenever you want gold, all you have to do is to rub a little of it on the point of a pick-axe or your spade, and dig wherever you please, and you will be sure to find treasure."

"Oh, think o' that! faix an I'll make plenty of it when you show me. How is it made?"

"You must go into the town, Darby, and get me three things, and fold them three times in three rags torn out of the left side of a petticoat that has not known water for a year."

"Faith, I can do that much any how," said Oonah, who began tearing the prescribed pieces out of her under garment—

"And what three things am I to get you?"

"First bring me a grain of salt from a house that stands at cross-roads."

"Crass roads!" said Darby, looking significantly at Oonah; "By my sowl, but it's my dhrame's comin' out!"

"Silence, Darby Kelleher," said the doctor, with solemnity; "mark me, Darby Kelleher;"—and then he proceeded to repeat a parcel of gibberish to Darby, which he enjoined him to remember, and repeat again; but as Darby could not, the doctor said he should only write it down for him, and tearing a leaf from his pocket-book, he wrote in pencil a few words, stating the condition he was in, and requesting assistance. This slip of paper he desired Darby to deliver to the

apothecary in the town, who would give him a drug that would complete the making of the ointment.

Darby went to the apothecary's as he was desired, and it happened to be dinner time when he arrived. The apothecary had a few friends dining with him, and Darby was detained until they chose to leave the table, and go, in a body, to liberate the poor little doctor. He was pulled out of the chest amidst the laughter of his liberators and the fury of Darby and Oonah, who both made considerable fight against being robbed of there prize. At last the doctor's friends got him out of the house, and proceeded to the town to supper, where the whole party kept getting magnificently drunk, until sleep plunged them into dizzy dreams of Leprechauns and Fairy Finders.

The doctor for some days swore vengeance against Darby, and threatened a prosecution; but his friends recommended him to let the matter rest, as it would only tend to make the affair more public, and get him nothing but laughter for damages.

As for Darby Kelleher, nothing could ever persuade him that it was not a *real* Leprechaun he had caught, which by some villanous contrivance, on the Fairy's part, changed itself into the semblance of the doctor; and he often said the great mistake he made was "givin' the little vagabone so much time, for that if he done right he'd have set about cutting his throat at wanst."

THE

SPANISH BOAR AND THE IRISH BULL.

A ZOOLOGICAL PUZZLE.

HITHERTO it has been believed, that no animals could be more distinct, than the two whose names form the heading of this chapter. But I will show, that in the case I am about to adduce, the Irish Bull has been produced in a great state of perfection from the Spanish Boar. It will be objected, perhaps, by the learned, that there was a *cross* in the *female* line, on one side, and I do not deny it; but still, when the facts come to be developed, as I hope they shall be, in a clear and satisfactory manner, in the following pages, I am sure there will not be found any zoologist, either of the *Jardin des Plantes*, the Regent's Park, the Surrey, or the Dublin Gardens, that will not acknowledge the case I have to lay before them as, at least, *very extraordinary*.

I was for a long time undecided as to the mode in which I should treat this curious affair. To do so, scientifically, is beyond my power—therefore the next best way I had of doing it, was to put it somewhat into the shape of a memoir. And here lay another difficulty, for the rage has been so great for autobiographies, that I fancied my memoir must be put before the world in this shape, and neither of my personages were felicitous subjects for such a mode of treatment. The Bull would prove, I fear, as unprofitable a hero in an autobiography, as in a china shop, where, in the true spirit of an autobiographer, he proverbially "has it all his own way." And as for the Boar, the fact is, that so many *bores* have turned autobiographers of late, I did not like running the risk of surfeiting the public, therefore I decided, as the safest course, to speak in the third person of my principals, and the first I shall treat of is the Boar.

The humblest biographer will scarcely commence with less than stating that his hero has been descended from a *good* family; now my hero being a Spainard, a merely good family would not be enough; he must, in right of his national pride, come from a great one, and I can safely assert that mine was one of a very great family—there were sixteen of them at a litter. With my hero, the season of youth, which amongst the swinish race is proverbially that of beauty also, rapidly passed away, and he increased in age, ugliness, and devilment, in more than the usual ratio, until his pranks in the woods were suddenly put a stop to, by his being taken in a toil one fine day, and carried a prisoner into the town of Bilboa.

It chanced, that at the period of his capture, the captain of a ship bound for Dublin, then lying in the port, was very anxious to take home with him some rarity from "foreign parts" as a present to a lady in the aforesaid city of Dublin, from whom he had received some civility. It happened, also, that the entry of the

Boar into Bilboa had created a prodigious sensation amongst the worthy townsfolk, and was quite a godsend to the wonder-mongers. Now the captain heard the news amongst some gossip, just at the time he was debating in his own mind whether he should take home some hanks of onions or a Spanish guitar for his intended present, and the bright thought struck him, that if he could only procure this wonderful savage of the woods, of which report spoke so prodigiously, that it would be the most acceptable offering he could make to his fair friend, and he accordingly set to work to obtain the bristly curiosity, and succeeded in his negotiation. It was agreed that the Boar should remain ashore until the ship was ready for sea, in the possession of his captor, who undertook to lodge the curiosity safely on board, whenever required, but the captain, having occasion to sail suddenly, was unable to send timely notice to the Spaniard, who happened not to be at home when the captain, in person, went to demand his Boar.

This was unfortunate, but as the occasion was urgent, and the Irishman could not possibly wait, he was obliged to endeavour to get his pet pig to the ship as well as he could without the assistance of the Spaniard, who understood all about "such small deer," and the consequence was, that the Boar was too much for the sailor, and to use the captain's own words, the headstrong brute "slipped his cable and bore right away down the town," to the infinite horror of the worthy townspeople.

"The boar! the boar!" was shouted on all sides, and according to the established rule in such cases, those in front of the danger ran before it, and those in the rear ran after it, until such a prodigious crowd was screeching at the heels of the Boar, that he was the most terrified of the party, and in his panic, he turned down the first open court he saw, off the high street, and ran for his life.

Now it happened, that of all places in the world, the spot he selected was the Exchange—and moreover it was

'Change hour, and the merchants were very solemnly engaged in the mysteries of per centage, when the Boar made his appearance amongst them. The Exchange at Bilboa happens to be surrounded by fine old trees, and in that space of time which is vulgarly called "the twinkling of an eye," the stately merchants were startled out of their solemnity, and were seen clambering like so many monkeys into the trees to get out of the way of the new comer, and so universal was this arborial ascent, that in fact, our hero had the honour of producing the greatest *rise on 'Change* ever remembered in Bilboa. His first achievement in this court of commerce was to make an *endorsement* on an elderly gentleman who was not so active as some of his neighbours, and a Jew, who was next overthrown, never had such a horror of pork before. Cloaks and sombreros, dropt in the hurry of flight, were tossed in horrid sport by the intruder, and having been hunted into one of the corners of the square, he kept the assembled multitude at bay, until the arrival of the regular bull-fighters terminated the adventure, by retaking the vagrant. He had a narrow escape of his life, for had it not been for the entreaties of the captain, the matadors would have made short work with him. He was got on board at last, and put in a place of security.

When our hero arrived in the Irish metropolis, he was handed over to his new owner by the captain, much to the satisfaction of both. The lady, being one of those who are delighted at having something that nobody else has, was charmed, of course, at having obtained such a rarity, and the captain blessed his stars at having got rid of the greatest nuisance ever was on board his ship.

A small enclosure at the rear of the city tenement was dedicated to the use of the Boar, and for some days, while the charm of novelty gave a zest to the inspection, Mrs. —— used to sit, for hours, eyeing the foreigner with infinite delight, through a hole cut in a strongly

barricaded door that shut in the wonder. In those cases, as Campbell says,

> "'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view."

And she used to issue cards of invitation to her friends, to come and see the *only* wild boar in Ireland. This was a great triumph, but alas! for all sublunary enjoyments, they fade but too fast, and when the first blush of novelty had faded, and the celebrity attached to being a boar-owner had become hacknied, Mrs. —— began to think this acquisition of a wild pig no such enviable matter, and she would rather have seen him hanging to the rafters of her kitchen in ham and flitch, than parading up and down her premises;—besides, the yard which he occupied was rendered useless for any other purpose than a "parlour for the pig," for the unmannerly gentleman had taken military possession of his domain, and no one in the establishment dared approach him; to such a degree had this terror arrived, that at last the prog was thrown to him over the wall, and serious thoughts were entertained by his owner of making "swift conveyance of her dear" wild boar, when she was relieved from further dire intents upon our hero, by the following occurence:—

A distinguished member of the Dublin Zoological Society waited upon Mrs.——, as she sat at breakfast one morning, and requested permission to see "her Boar." It would have been a great delight a fortnight before, to have a member of the Zoological Society soliciting the honour of seeing *her* Boar, but the truth was, that Don Pig had rendered himself so intolerable, that nothing could compensate for the nuisance, and this additional offering to her vanity as a wonder-proprietor, came too late to be valued: still she affected a tone of triumph, and led the zoological professor to the treat he sought for, and pointing with dignity to the loophole cut in the door, she said, "There, sir."

After the professor, in silent wonder, had feasted his eyes for some time on the barbarian through this safety valve, he exclaimed, "What a noble specimen!—The finest boar I ever saw!"

"Isn't he a lovely creature?" said Mrs.——.

"Charming, madam."—

"And his tail, doctor!"

"Has the true wild curl, madam.—Oh, madam, you surely do not mean to keep this fine creature all to yourself;—you really ought to present him to the Society."

"How could you think of asking me to part with my pet, doctor."

"I'm sure your own public spirit, madam, would suggest the sacrifice;—and of course a very handsome vote of thanks from the Society, as well as the gift securing to you all the privileges of a member—"

Here was something to be gained, so instead of Mrs. ——giving her lodger a dose of prussic acid, or something of that sort, which she contemplated, she made a present of him to the Zoological Society, and the professor took his leave, in great delight at having secured so fine an animal, but not half so happy as the lady was in getting rid of him.

The next day the proper authorites secured the bristly don, and he was consigned to the cart of the Zoological Society to be carried forthwith to the Phœnix Park, where the Gardens of that learned body are situated. The driver of the cart, who, it happened, was quite ignorant of the pains it had cost to place his inside passenger in his seat, was passing by Barrack Street, when he was accosted by a friend on the flags, with, "Why then blur-an-agers, Mike, is that you?"—"By gor it's myself and no one else," says Mike—"and how is yourself?" "Bravely!" says Jim: "and it's myself is glad to see you lookin' so clane and hearty Mikee dear, and well off to all appearance."—"By dad I'm as happy as the day's long," says Mike, "and has an iligant place, and divil a thing to do, good, bad, or indifferent, but to

dhrive about this cart from morning till night, excep'n when I may take a turn at feedin' the bastes."—" Why, have you more horses nor the one you're dhrivin' to mind?" says Jim.

"Oh, they're not horses at all," says Mike, "but *un*nathral bastes, you see, that they keep up in the Park beyant."

"And what would they be at all?" says Jim.

"Och, the quarest outlandish craythurs ye iver seen," says Mike, "and all belongin' to the gintlemin that employs me; and indeed a pleasant life I have, dhrivin' all day; indeed it's a'most as good as a gintleman's, only I sit an a cart instead of being sayted in a Cabrowley."

"And what do you call them at all?" asked the inquisitive Jim.

"They call themselves the Sorrow-logical Sisiety, and indeed some o' them is black lookin' enough, but others o' them is as merry as if they worn't belongin' to a Sorrow-logical Sisiety, at all at all."

"And what is it y'r dhrivin' now?" asked Jim.

"Indeed an' it's a wild boar," says Mike.

"And is he like a nath'ral boar?" says Jim.

"Faix myself doesn't know, for I never seen him, bekase while they wor ketchin' him and putting him in the cart, the masther sint me for to ordher gingerbread nuts for the monkeys."

"Oh, queen iv heaven, an' is it gingerbread nuts they eat!" says Jim, in amazement.

"Throth, an' it is," says Mike;—they get gingerbread nuts, when the hazels is not in sayson; and sure I hear, in their own counthry, the gingerbread grows nath'ral."

"Tare an' ouns, do you tell me so!" says Jim.

"Divil a lie in it," says Mike.

"And where would that be at all?" says Jim.

"Undher the line I hear them say."

"And where's that?" says Jim.

"Oh, thin don't you know that, you poor ignorant craythur?" says Mike; "sure that's in the north of Amerikay, where the Hot-in-pots lives."

"Ah, you thief," says Jim, "you didn't know that yourself wanst; but you're pickin' up larnin' in your new place."

"Indeed and I always knew that," says Mike; "and sure you never seen a monkey yet that they hadn't a line for him to run up and down, accordin' to the nathur o' the beast."

"Well I give up to you as for the monkeys, but as I never seen a wild boar yet, don't be ill nathured to an owld frind, but let me have a peep at him Mike, *agrah!*"

"Throth an' I will, and welkim," says Mike; "just get up behind, and rise the lid of the cart."

Jim did as he was desired; and the moment the lid of the cart was raised, so far from the sense of seeing being gratified in the explorer, according to his own account, "he thought the sight id lave his eyes when he seen all as one as two coals o' fire looking at him, and the unnath'ral brustly divil making a dart at him, that it was the marcy o' hivin didn't take the life iv him."

Jim was sent heels over head into the mud by the Boar brushing past him in plunging out of the cart, and preferring the "pedestrian to the vehicular mode," as Dominie Sampson says, the foreigner, again in freedom, charged down Barrack-street in all the glory of liberty regained. Now Barrack-street, as its name implies, being in the neighbourhood of the garrison, it may be supposed is much more populous than the street of Bilboa, where the Boar made his first appearance in public; and in fulfilment of the adage, "The more the merrier," the consternation was in proportion to the numbers engaged. Applestands, stalls of gilt gingerbread, baskets of oysters, and still more unlucky eggs, (for the Boar, like many, was one of those ignorant people who don't know the difference between an egg and an oyster,)

were upset with the utmost impartiality; and ere he had arrived at Queen's Bridge, full five hundred pursuers, with ten times the number of all sorts of the most elaborate curses upon him, were at his heels. Were I to give a "full and true account" of the chase, the far-famed Kilruddery hunt would be nothing to it; suffice it to say, he never cried "stop" until he arrived at the Meath Hospital, a run of about a mile and a half. There, his flank being turned he was driven into a court, where he held his pursuers at bay for some time, as in the Bilboa affair, until a Paddy, more experienced than his neighbours in the taming of unruly cattle, flung his frize coat over the head of the fugitive, and finally, with some help, secured him.

I shall not enter into the particulars of how he was, at last, installed in the gardens,—of whom the zoologists triumphed in their new acquisition,—of the vote of thanks passed to Mrs. —— for her *liberality* in getting rid of a nuisance,—nor of the admiration which he excited in the visitors of the garden, until his demolition of three breadths of a silk gown, and his eating a reticule containing a bunch of keys belonging to a worthy burgess's wife who approached too near the piggery, rendered future admirers more cautious. Indeed, at length, the gentleman became so unruly, that a large placard, readable a mile and a half off, bearing the one significant word, DANGEROUS, was put over his domicile. The intractability of the beast amounted to such a pitch, that the gallantry universally existing, even in the brute species, from the male to the female, was not to be found in our hero; for a tame female of his kind was introduced into his den, with a view to improving the race of pigs in Ireland, and, as one of the professors (an amateur in pigs) declared, for the purpose of enabling the Hibernian market to compete in some time with Westphalia, in the article of ham—of which the projector of this scheme was particularly fond; but the lady that it was intended should have the hono

aristocratic Spanish blood into the race of *Paddy* pigs, was so worried by her intended lord and master, that she was obliged to be withdrawn, and as it has frequently happened before, to the mortification of match-makers—the affair was broken off.

In the meantime, the Boar became more and more mischievous. It was then that Mrs. —— was waited upon again by the zoologist, who wheedled her out of her darling, and was requested to take back her gift; but Mrs. —— knew a trick worth two of that, and said she had been so convinced by the professor's former arguments, that the garden was the only place for him, she could not think of depriving the public of such an inestimable benefit.

The professor hinted a second vote of thanks; but it would not do, and Mrs. —— declared she was perfectly content with the first.

So the Society's bad bargain remained on their hands, and the Westphalia project failed.

Why it did so, was never cleared up to the satisfaction of the learned; but Mike, who sometimes "took a turn at feedin' the bastes," had his own little solution of the mystery— very *unscientific*, I dare say, but appearing quite natural to such poor ignorant creatures as his confidential friends, to whom he revealed it under the seal of solemn secrecy, they being all "book-sworn never to tell it to man or mortyal," for fear of Mike losing his place. But Mike darkly insinuates to these his companions, with as many queer grimaces as one of his own monkeys, and a knowing wink, and a tone almost sufficiently soft for a love secret—that "by the powdhers o' war, accordin' to his simple idays, the divil a bit of the *Boar* but's a *Sow*."

So much, gentle reader, for Spanish *boars* and **Irish *bulls*.**

LITTLE FAIRLY.

> The world was very guilty of such a ballad some three ages since; but I think, now 'tis not to be found—
> I will have the subject newly writ o'er, that I may example my digression by some mighty precedent.
>
> LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

THE words great and little are sometimes contradictory terms to their own meaning. This is stating the case rather confusedly, but as I am an Irishman, and writing an Irish story, it is the more in character. I might do, perhaps, like a very clever and agreeable friend of mine, who, when he deals in some extravagance which you don't quite understand, says, "Well, you know what I mean." But I will not take that for granted, so what I mean

is this—that your great man, as far as size is concerned, is often a nobody; and your little man is often a *great* man. Nature, as far as the human race is concerned, is at variance with Art, which generally couples greatness with size. The pyramids, the temple of Jupiter Olympius, St. Peter's, and St. Paul's, are vast in their dimensions, and the heroes of Painting and Sculpture are always on a grand scale. In Language, the *diminutive* is indicative of *endearment*—in Nature, it appears to me, it is the type of distinction. Alexander, Cæsar, Napoleon, Wellington, &c. &c., (for I have not room to detail,) are instances. But do we not hear every day that "such-a-body is a big booby," while "*a clever little fellow*" has almost passed into a proverb. The poets have been more true to nature than painters, in this particular, and in her own divine art, her happiest votaries have been living evidences of her predilection to "packing her choicest goods in small parcels." Pope was "a crooked little thing that asked questions," and in our own days, our own "little Moore" is a glorious testimony to the fact. The works of fiction abound with instances, that the author does not consider it necessary his hero shall be an eligible candidate for the "grenadier corps;" the earlier works of fiction in particular: Fairy tales, universally, dedicate some *giant* to destruction at the hands of some "clever little fellow." "Tom Thumb," "Jack and the Bean Stalk," and fifty other such, for instance, and I am now going to add another to the list, a brilliant example I trust, of the unfailing rule, that your *little* man is always a *great* man.

If any gentleman six feet two inches high gets angry at reading this, I beg him to remember that I am a little man myself, and if he be a person of sense, (which is supposing a great deal,) he will pardon, from his own feeling of indignation at this *exposé* of Patagonian inferiority, the consequent triumph on my part, of Lilliputian distinction. If, however, his inches get the better of him, and he should call me out, I beg of him

to remember again, that I have the advantage of him there too, in being a little man. There is a proverb also, that "*little* said is soon mended," and with all my preaching, I fear I have been forgetting the wholesome adage. So I shall conclude this little introduction, which I only thought a becoming flourish of trumpets for introducing my hero, by placing *Little Fairly* before my readers, and I hope they will not think, in the words of another adage, that I have given them *great* cry and *little* wool.

You see owld Fairly was a mighty dacent man that lived, as the story goes, out over the back o' the hills beyant there, and was a thrivin' man ever afther he married little Shan Ruadh's* daughter, and she was little, like her father before her, a dawnshee craythur, but mighty cute, and industhered a power always, and a fine wife she was to a sthrivin' man, up early and down late, and shure if she was doin' nothin' else, the bit iv a stocking was never out iv her hand, and the knittin' needles goin' like mad. Well, sure they thruv like a flag or a bulrush, and the snuggest cabin in the counthry side was owld Fairly's. And, in due coorse, she brought him a son, (throth she lost no time about it either, for she was never given to loitherin',) and he was the picthur o' the mother, the little ottomy that he was, as slim as a ferret and as red as a fox, but a hardy craythur. Well, owld Fairly didn't like the thoughts of havin' sitch a bit iv a brat for a son, and besides he thought he got on so well and prospered in the world with one wife, that by gor, he detarmined to improve his luck and get another. So with that, he ups and goes to one Doody, who had a big daughter—a wopper, by my sowl, throth she was the full of a door, and was called by the neighbours *garran more*,† for in throth she was a garran, the dirty dhrop was in her, a nasty

* Red John. † Big horse.

stag that never done a good turn for any one but herself, the long-sided jack that she was; but her father had a power o' money, and above a hundher head o' cattle, and devil a chick nor child he had but herself; so that she was a great catch for whoever could get her, as far as the fortin' went; but throth the boys did not like the looks iv her, and let herself and her fortin' alone. Well, as I was sayin', owld Fairly ups and goes to Doody and puts his *comether* an the girl, and faix she was glad to be ax'd, and so matthers were soon settled, and the ind of it was they wor married.

Now may be it's axin' you'd be, how he could marry two wives at wanst; but I towld you before, it was long ago, in the good owld ancient times, whin a man could have plinty of every thing. So home he brought the dirty garran, and sorra long was she in the place whin she began to breed, (arrah, lave off and don't be laughin' now; I don't mane that at all,) whin she began to breed *ructions* in the fam'ly and to kick up *antagions* from mornin' till night, and *put betune* owld Fairly and his first wife. Well, she had a son of her own soon, and he was a big boss iv a divil, like his mother—a great fat lob that had no life in him at all; and while the little daunshee craythur would laugh in your face and play wid you if you cherrup'd to him, or would amuse himself the craythur, crawlin' about the flure and playin' wid the sthraws, and atein' the gravel, the jewel,—the other bosthoon was roarin' from mornin' till night, barrin' he was crammed wid stirabout and dhrownded a'most wid milk. Well, up they grew, and the big chap turned out a *gommoch*, and the little chap was as knowin' as a jailor; and though the big mother was always puttin' up her lob to malthrate and abuse little Fairly, the dickins a one but the little chap used to sarcumvint him, and gev him no pace, and led him the life iv a dog wid the cunnin' thricks he played an him. Now, while all the neighbours a'most loved the ground

that little Fairly throd on, they cudn't abide the garran more's foal, good, bad, or indifferent, and many's the sly *malavoguein'* he got behind a hedge, from one or another, when his father or mother wasn't near to purtect him, for owld Fairly was as great a fool about him as the mother, and would give him his eyes a'most to play marvels, while he didn't care three *thraneens* for the darlint little chap. And 'twas the one thing as long as he lived; and at last he fell sick, and sure many thought it was a judgment an him for his unnathrel doin's to his own flesh and blood, and the sayin' through the parish was from one and all, "There's owld Fairly is obleeged *to take to his bed with the weight of his sins.*" And sure enough off o' that same bed he never riz, but grew weaker and weaker every day, and sint for the priest to make his sowl, the wicked owld sinner, God forgive me for sayin' the word, and sure the priest done whatever he could for him; but afther the priest wint away he called his two wives beside his bed, and the two sons, and says he, "I'm goin' to lave yiz now," says he, "and sorry I am," says he, "for I'd rather stay in owld Ireland than go anywhere else," says he, "for a raison I have—heigh! heigh! heigh! —Oh, murther, this cough is smotherin' me, so it is. Oh, wurra! wurra! but it's sick and sore I am. Well, come here yiz both," says he to the women, "you wor good wives both o' ye; I have nothin' to say agin it—(Molly, don't forget the whate is to be winny'd the first fine day)—and ready you wor to make and to mend (Judy, there's a hole in the foot of my left stockin'), and——"

"Don't be thinkin' o' your footin' here," says little Judy, the knowledgable craythur, as she was, "but endayvour to make your footin' in heaven" says she, "mavourneen."

"Don't put in your prate 'till you're ax'd," says the owld savage, no ways obleeged that his trusty little owld woman was wantin' to give him a helpin' hand tow'rds puttin' his poor sinful soul in the way o' glory.

"Lord look down an you!" says she.

"Tuck the blanket round my feet," says he, "for I'm gettin' very cowld."

So the big old hag of a wife tucked the blankets round him.

"Ah, you were always a comfort to me," says owld Fairly.

"Well, remember my son for that same," says she, "for it's time I think you'd be dividin' what you have bechuxt uz," says she.

"Well, I suppose I must do it at last," says the owld chap, "though—hegh! hegh! hegh! Oh this thievin' cough—it's hard to be obleeged to lave one's hard airnins and comforts this a-way," says he, the unfort'nate owld thief, thinkin' o' this world instead of his own poor sinful sowl.

"Come here big Fairly," says he, "my own bully boy, that's not a starved poor ferret, but worth while lookin' at. I lave you this house," says he.

"Ha!" says the big owld sthrap, makin' a face over the bed at the poor little woman that was cryin' the craythur, although the owld villian was usin' her so bad.

"And I lave you all my farms," says he.

"Ha!" says the big owld sthreel again.

"And my farmin' *ingraydients*," says he.

"Ha!" says she again, taken' a pinch o' snuff.

"And *all* my cattle," says he.

"Did you hear that, ma'am?" says the garran more, stickin' her arms a kimbo, and lookin' as if she was goin' to bate the woman.

"All my cattle," says the owld fellow, "every head," says he, "barrin' one, and that one is for that poor scaldcrow there," says he, "little Fairly."

"And is it only one you lave my poor boy?" says the poor little woman.

"If you say much," says the owld dyin' vagabone, "the divil recave the taste of any thing I'll lave him or you," says he.

"Don't say divil, darlin'"

"Howld your prate I tell you, and listen to me. I say, you little Fairly—"

"Well, daddy," says the little chap.

"Go over to that corner cupboard," says he, "and in the top shelf," says he, "in the bottom of a crack'd taypot, you'll find a piece of an owld rag, and bring it here to me."

With that little Fairly went to do as he was bid, but he could not reach up so high as the corner cupboard, and he ran into the next room for a stool to stand upon to come at the crack'd taypot, and he got the owld piece iv a rag and brought it to his father.

"Open it," says the father.

"I have it open now," says little Fairly.

"What's in it," says the owld boy.

"Six shillin's in silver, and three farthin's," says little Fairly.

"That was your mother's fortune," says the father, "and I'm going to behave like the hoighth of a gentleman, as I am," says he; "and I hope you won't squandher it," says he, "the way that every blackguard now thinks he has a right to squandher any decent man's money he is heir to," says he, "but be careful of it," says he, "as I was, for I never touched a rap iv it, but let it lay gotherin' in that taypot, ever since the day I got it from Shan Ruadh, the day we sthruck the bargain about Judy, over beyant at the 'Cat and Bagpipes,' comin' from the fair; and I lave you that *six* shillings, and *five* stone o' mouldy oats that's no use to me, and *four* broken plates, and that *three*-legged stool you stood upon to get at the cupboard, you poor *nharrough* that you are, and the *two* spoons without handles, and the *one* cow that's gone back of her milk."

"What use is the cow, daddy," says little Fairly, "widout land to feed her an?"

"Maybe it's land you want, you pinkeen," says the big brother.

"Right, my bully boy," says the mother, "stand up for your own."

"Well, well," says the owld chap, "I tell you what, big Fairly," says he, "you may as well do a dacent turn for the little chap, and give him grass for his cow. I lave you all the land," says he, "but you'll never miss grass for one cow," says he, "and you'll have the satisfaction of bein' bountiful to your little brother, bad cess to him for a starved hound as he is."

But, to make a long story short, the ould chap soon had the puff out iv him; and when the wake was over, and that they put him out to grass—laid him asleep, snug, with a *daisy quilt over him*—throth that minit the poor little woman and her *little offsprig* was turned out body and bones, and forced to seek shelter any way they could.

Well, little Fairly was a cute chap, and so he made a little snug place out of the back iv a ditch, and wid moss, and rishes, and laves, and brambles, made his owld mother snug enough, until he got a little mud cabin built for her, and the cow gev them milk, and the craythurs got on purty well, until the big dirty vagabone of a brother began to grudge the cow the bit o' grass, and he ups and says he to little Fairly one day, "What's the raison," says he, "your cow does be threspassin' an my fields?" says he.

"Sure and wasn't it the last dyin' words o' my father to you," says little Fairly, "that you would let me have grass for my cow?"

"I don't remember it," says big Fairly—the dirty naygur, who was put up to all by the garran more, his mother.

"Yiv a short memory," says little Fairly.

"Yis, but I've a long stick," says the big chap, shakin' it at him at the same time, "and I'd rekimmind you to keep a civil tongue in your head," says he.

"You're mighty ready to bate your little brother; but would you fight your match?" says little Fairly.

"Match or no match," says big Fairly, "I'll brake your bones if you give me more o' your prate," says he; "and I tell you again, don't let your cow be threspassin' an my land, or I warn you that you'll be sorry," and off he wint.

Well, little Fairly kept never mindin' him, and brought his cow to graze every day on big Fairly's land; and the big fellow used to come and *hish* her off the land, but the cow was as little and cute as her masther—she was a Kerry cow, and there's a power o' cuteness comes out o' Kerry. Well, as I was sayin', the cow used to go off as *quiet* as a lamb; but the minit the big bosthoon used to turn his back, *whoo!* my jewel, she used to leap the ditch as clever as a hunter, and back wid her again to graze, and faix good use she made of her time, for she got brave and hearty, and gev a power o' milk, though she was goin' back of it shortly before, but there was a blessin' over Fairly, and all belongin' to him, and all that he put his hand to thruv with him. Well, now I must tell you what big Fairly done—and the dirty turn it was; but the dirt was in him ever and always, and kind mother it was for him. Well, what did he do but he dug big pits all through the field where little Fairly's cow used to graze, and he covers them up with branches o' threes and sods, makin' it look fair and even, and all as one as the rest o' the field, and with that he goes to little Fairly, and says he, "I tould you before," says he, "not to be sendin' your little blackguard cow to threspass on my fields," says he, "and mind I tell you now, that it won't be good for her health to let her go there again, for I tell you she'll come to harm, and it's dead she'll be before long."

"Well, she may as well die one way as another," says little Fairly, "for sure if she doesn't get grass she must die, and I tell you again, divil an off your land I'll take my cow."

"Can't you let your dirty cow graze along the road side?" says big Fairly.

"Why then do you think," says little Fairly, answering him mighty smart, "do you think I have so little respect for my father's cow as to turn her out a beggar an the road to get her dinner off the common highway? throth I'll do no sitch thing."

"Well, you'll soon see the end iv it," says big Fairly, and off he wint in great delight, thinking how poor little Fairly's cow would be killed. And now wasn't he the dirty, threacherous, black-hearted villain, to take advantage of a poor cow, and lay a thrap for the dumb baste?—but whin the dirty dhrop is in, it must come out. Well, poor Fairly sent his cow to graze next mornin', but the poor little darlin' craythur fell into one o' the pits and was kilt; and when little Fairly kem for her in the evenin' there she was cowld and stiff, and all he had to do now was to sing *drimmin dhu dheelish* over her, dhrag her home as well as he could, wid the help of some neighbours that pitied the craythur and cursed the big bosthoon that done such a threacherous turn.

Well, little Fairly was the fellow to put the best face upon every thing; and so, instead of givin' in to fret, and makin' lamentations that would do him no good, by dad he began to think how he could make the best of what happened, and the little craythur sharpened a knife immediately and began to skin the cow, "and anyhow," says he, "the cow is good mate, and my owld mother and me 'ill have beef for the winther."

"Thrue for you, little Fairly," said one of the neighbours was helpin' him, "and besides, the hide 'ill be good to make soles for your brogues for many a long day."

"Oh, I'll do betther with the hide nor that," says little Fairly.

"Why what better can you do nor that wid it?" says the neighbour.

"Oh, I know myself," says little Fairly, for he was as cute as a fox as I said before, and wouldn't tell his say-crets to a stone wall, let alone a companion. And what do you think he done with the hide? Guess now—throth I'd let you guess from this to Christmas, and you'd never come inside it. Faix it was the complatest thing ever you heerd. What would you think but he tuk the hide and cut six little holes in partic'lar places he knew av himself, and thin he goes and he gets his mother's fortin, the six shillin's I told you about, and he hides the six shillin's in the six holes, and away he wint to a fair was convenient, about three days afther, where there was a great sight o' people, and a power o' sellin' and buyin', and dhrinkin' and fightin', by course, *and why nat?*

Well, Fairly ups and he goes right into the very heart o' the fair, an' he spread out his hide to the greatest advantage, and he began to cry out (and by the same token, though he was little he had a mighty sharp voice, and could be heard farther nor a bigger man), well he began to cry out, "Who wants to buy a hide?—the *rale* hide—the owld original goolden bull's hide that kem from furrin parts,—who wants to make their fortin' now?"

"What do you ax for your hide?" says a man to him.

"Oh, I only want a thrifle for it," says Fairly, "seein' I'm disthressed for money, at this present writin," says he, "and by fair or foul manes I must rise the money," says he, "at wanst, for if I could wait, it's not the thrifle I'm axin now I'd take for the hide."

"By gor you talk," says the man, "as if the hide was worth the King's ransom, and I'm thinkin' you must have a great want of a few shillin's," says he, "whin the hide is all you have to the fore, to dipind an."

"Oh, that's all *you* know about it," says Fairly, "shillin's indeed! by gor it's handfuls o' money the hide is worth. Who'll buy a hide—the rale goolden bull's hide!!!"

"What do you ax for your hide?" says another man.

"Only a hundher guineas," says little Fairly.

"A hundher what?" says the man.

"A hundher guineas," says Fairly.

"Is it takin' lave of your siven small sinses you are?" says the man.

"Why thin indeed I b'lieve I am takin' lave o' my sinses sure enough," says Fairly, "to sell my hide so chape."

"Chape," says the man, "arrah thin listen to the little mad vagabone," says he to the crowd that was gother about by this time, "listen to him askin' a hundher guineas for a hide."

"Aye," says Fairly, "and the well laid out money it 'ill be to whoever has the luck to buy it. This is none o' your common hides—it's the goolden bull's hide,—the Pope's goolden bull's hide, that kem from furrin parts, and it's a fortune to whoever 'ill have patience to bate his money out iv it."

"How do you mane?" says a snug owld chap, that was always poachin' about for bargains—"I never heerd of batin' money out of a hide," says he.

"Well, then, I'll show you," says Fairly, "and only I'm disthressed for a hundher guineas, that I must have before Monday next," says he, "I wouldn't part wid this hide; for every day in the week you may thrash a fistful o' shillin's out iv it, if you take pains, as you may see." And wid that, my jew'l, he ups wid a cudgel he had in his hand, and he began leatherin' away at the hide; and he hits it *in the place he knew himself*, and out jump'd one o' the shillin's he hid there. "Hurroo!" says little Fairly, "darlint you wor, you never desaived me yet!!" and away he thrashed agin, and out jumped another shillin'. "That's your sort!" says Fairly, "the divil a sitch wages any o' yiz ever got for thrashin' as this"—and then another whack, and away wid another shillin'.

"Stop, stop!" says the owld cravin' chap, "I'll give

you the money for the hide," says he, "if you'll let me see can I bate money out iv it." And wid that he began to thrash the hide, and, by course, another shillin' jumped out.

"Oh! its yourself has the rale twist in your elbow for it," says Fairly; "and I see by that same, that you're above the common, and desarvin' of my favour."

Well, my dear, at the word "*desarvin' o' my favour*," the people that was gother round, (for by this time all the fair a'most was there), began to look into the rights o' the thing, and, one and all, they agreed that little Fairly was one o' the '*good people*;' for if he wasn't a fairy, how could he do the like? and, besides he was sitch a *dawnshee* craythur they thought what else could he be? and says they to themselves, "That owld divil, Mulligan, it's the likes iv him id have the luck iv it; and let alone all his gains in *this* world, and his scrapin' and screwin', and it's the fairies themselves must come to help him, as if he wasn't rich enough before." Well, the owld chap paid down a hundher guineas in hard goold to little Fairly, and off he wint wid his bargain.

"The divil do you good wid it," says one, grudgin' it to him.

"What business has he wid a hide?" says another, jealous of the old fellow's luck.

"Why nat?" says another, "sure he'd shkin a flint any day, and why wouldn't he shkin a cow."

Well, the owld codger wint home as plased as Punch wid his bargain; and indeed little Fairly had no raison not to be satisfied, for in throth, he got a good price for the hide, considherin' the markets wasn't so high then as they are now, by rayson of the staymers, that *makes gintlemin iv the pigs*, sendin' them an their thravels to furrin parts, so that a rasher o' bacon in poor Ireland is gettin' scarce even on a Aisther Sunday.*

* On Easter Sunday, in Ireland, whoever is not proscribed, by the dire edicts of poverty, from the indulgence, has a morsel of meat on Easter Sunday, as a *bonne bouche* after the severe fasting in Lent, enjoined by the Roman Catholic Church.

You may be sure the poor owld mother of little Fairly was proud cnough when she seen him tumble out the hard goold an the table forninst her, and " my darlint you wor," says she, " an' how did you come by that sight o' goold?"

" I'll tell you another timc," says little Fairly, " but you must set off to my brother's now, and ax him to lind me the loan iv his scales."

" Why, what do you want wid a scales, honey?" says the owld nother.

" Oh! I'll tell you *that* another time too," says little Fairly; " but be aff now and don't let the grass grow undher your feet."

Well, off wint the owld woman, and may be you'd want to know yourself what it was Fairly wanted wid the scales. Why, thin, he only wanted thim just for to make big Fairly curious about the matther, that he might play him a thrick, as you'll sce by-an-by.

Well, the little owld woman wasn't long in bringin' back the scales, and whin she gave them to little Fairly, " There, now," says hc, " sit down beside the fire, and there's a new pipe for you and a quarthen o' tobaccy, that I brought home for you from the fair, and do you make yourself comfortable," says he, " till I come back;" and out he wint and sat down behind a ditch, to watch if big Fairly was comin' to the house, for he thought the curiosity o' the big gommoch and the garran more would make them come down to spy about the place, and see what he wanted wid the scales; and, sure enough, he wasn't there long when he seen them both crassin' a stile hard by, and in he jumped into the gripe o' the ditch, and ran along under the shelter o' the back av it, and whipped into the house, and spread all his goold out an the table, and began to weigh it in the scales.

But he wasn't well in, whin the cord o' the latch was dhrawn, and in marched big Fairly, and the garran more, his mother, without " by your lave," or " God save you,"

for they had no breedin' at all.* Well, my jewel, the minit they clapped their eyes an the goold, you'd think the sight id lave their eyes: and indeed not only their eyes, let alone, but their tongues in their heads was no use to thim, for the divil a word either o' them could spake for beyant a good five minutes. So, all that time little Fairly kept never mindin' them, but wint an a weighin' the goold, as busy as a nailor, and at last, when the big brute kem to his speech, "Why thin," says he, "what's that I see you doin'?" says he.

"Oh, it's only divartin' myself I am," says little Fairly, "thryin' what woight o' goold I got for my goods at the fair," says he.

"Your goods indeed," says the big chap, "I suppose you robbed some honest man an the road, you little vagabone," says he.

"Oh, I'm too little to rob any one," says little Fairly, "I'm not a fine big able fellow, *like you*, to *do that same*." "Then how did you come by the goold?" says the big savage. "I towld you before, by sellin' my goods," says the little fellow. "Why, what goods have *you*, you poor unsignified little brat?" says big Fairly, "you never had anything but your poor beggarly cow, and she's dead."

"Throth then, she is dead; and more by token, 'twas yourself done for her complate, anyhow; and I'm behoulden to you that same the longest day I have to live, for it was the makin' o' me. You wor ever and always *the good brother to me;* and never more than whin you killed my cow, for it's the makin' o' me. The divil a rap you see here I'd have had if my cow was alive, for I went to the fair to sell her hide, brakin' my heart to think that it was only a poor hide I had to sell, and wishin' it was a cow was to the fore; but, my dear, when I got there, there was no ind to the demand for hides, and the divil a one, good, bad, or indifferent, was

* Good manners.

there but my own, and there was any money for hides, and so I got a hundher guineas for it, and there they are."

"Why then do you tell me so?" says the big chap. "Divil a lie in it," says little Fairly—"I got a hundher guineas for the hide. Oh, I wish I had another cow for you to kill for me,—throth would I!"

"Come home, mother," says big Fairly, without sayin' another word, and away he wint home, and what do you think he done but he killed every individyal cow he had, and, "By gor," says he, "it's the rich man I'll be when I get a hundher guineas a piece for all their hides," and accordingly off he wint to the next fair hardby, and he brought a car load o' hides, and began to call out in the fair, "Who wants the hides?—here's the chape hides—only a hundher guineas apiece!"

"Oh do you hear that vagabone that has the assurance to come chatin' the country again?" says some people that was convaynient, and that heerd o' the doin's at the other fair, and how the man was chated by a *sleeveen* vagabone—"and think of him to have the impudence to come *here*, so nigh the place to take in *uz* now! But we'll be even wid him," says they; and so they went up to him, and says they to the thievin' rogue, "Honest man," says they, "what's that you have to sell?"

"Hides," says he.

"What do you ax for them?" says they.

"A hundher and ten guineas apiece," says he—for he was a greedy crathur, and thought he never could have enough.

"Why you riz the price on them since the last time," says they.

"Oh these are better," says big Fairly; "but I don't mind if I sell them for a hundher apiece, if you give me the money down," says he.

"*You shall be ped on the spot*," says they—and with that they fell on him, and thrashed him like a *shafe*, till

they didn't lave a *spark* o' sinse in him, and then they left him sayin', "*Are you ped now my boy?*—faix you'll be a warnin' to all rogues for the futhur, how they come to fairs, chatin' honest min out o' their money, wid cock-and-bull stories about their hides; but in throth I think your own hide isn't much the better of the tannin' it got to-day—faix and it was the rale *oak bark* was put to it, and that's the finest tan stuff in the world, and I think it 'ill sarve you for the rest of your life." And with that they left him for dead.

But you may remark its hardher to kill a dirty noxious craythur than any thing good, and so by big Fairly—he contrived to get home, and his vagabone mother sawdhered him up afther a manner, and the minit he was come to his strength at all, he detarmint to be revenged on little Fairly for what he had done, and so off he set to catch him while he'd be at brekquest, and he bowlted into the cabin wid a murtherin' shillelah in his fist—and "Oh," says he, "you little mischievious miscrayant," says he, "what made you ruinate me by making me kill my cows?" says he.

"Sure I din't bid you kill your cows," says little Fairly—and that was all thrue, for you see, *there* was the cutcness o' the little chap, for he didn't *bid* him kill them sure enough, but he *let an* in that manner, that deludhered the big fool, and sure divil mend him.

"Yes, you did bid me," says big Fairly, "or all as one as bid me, and I haven't a cow left, and my bones is bruck all along o' your little jackeen *manyewvers*, you onlooky sprat that you are, but by this and that I'll have my revenge o' you now, and with that he fell an him and was goin' to murther poor little Fairly, only he run undher a stool, and kept tiggin' about from one place to th' other, that the big botch couldn't get a right offer at him at all at all, and at last the little owld mother got up to put a stop to the ruction, but if she did, my jew'l, it was the unlooky minit for her, for by dad she kem in for a chance tap o' the cudgel that big

Fairly was weltin' away with, and you know there's an owld sayin' "a chance shot may kill the divil," and why not an owld woman?

Well, that put an end to the *skrimmage*, for the phillilew that little Fairly set up whin he seen his owld mother kilt, would ha' waked the dead, and the big chap got frekened himself, and says little Fairly, "By gor, if there's law to be had," says he, "and I think *I have* a chance o' justice, *now that I have money to spare*, and, if there's law in the land, I'll have you in the body o' the jail afore to-morrow," says he; and wid that the big chap got cowed, and wint off like a dog without his tail, and so poor little Fairly escaped bein' murthered that offer, and was left to cry over his mother, an' indeed the craythur was sorry enough, and he brought in the neighbours and gev the owld woman a dacent wake, and there was few pleasanther evenin's that night in the county than the same wake, for Fairly was mighty fond of his mother, and faix he done the thing ginteely by her, and good raison he had, for she was the good mother to him while she was alive, and by dad, by his own cuteness, he conthrived she should be the useful mother to him afther she was dead too. For what do you think he done? Oh! by the Piper o' Blessintown you'd never guess, if you wor guessin' from this to Saint Tib's eve, and that falls neither before nor afther Christmas we all know. Well, there's no use guessin', so I must tell you. You see the owld mother was a nurse to the Squire, that lived hard by, and so, by coorse, she had a footin' in the house any day in the week she pleased, and used often to go over and see the Squire's childhre, for she was as fond o' them a'most as if she nursed *thim* too; and so what does Fairly do but he carried over the owld mother stiff as she was, and dhressed in her best, and he stole in, *unknownst*, into the Squire's garden, and he propped up the dead owld woman stan'in hard by a well was in the gardin, wid her face forninst the gate, and her back to the well, and

wid that he wint into the house, and made out the childhre, and says he, "God save you, Masther Tommy," says he, "God save you, Masther Jimmy, Miss Matty, and Miss Molshee," says he, "an' I'm glad to see you well, and sure there's the owld Mammy nurse come to see yiz, childhre," says he, "and she's down by the well in the garden, and she has gingerbread for yiz," says he, "and whoever o' yiz runs to her first 'ill get the most gingerbread; and I rekimmind yiz to lose no time but run a race and sthrive who'll win the gingerbread." Well, my dear, to be sure off set the young imps, runnin' and screechin', "Here I am, mammy nurse, here I am," and they wor brakin' their necks a'most to see who'd be there first, and wid that they run with sitch *voylence*, that the first o' thim run whack up agin the poor owld woman's corpse, and threwn it over plump into the middle o' the well. To be sure the childhre was frekened, as well they might, and back agin they ran as fast as they kem, roarin' murther, and they riz the house in no time, and little Fairly was among the first to go see what was the matther, (by the way) and he set up a *hullagone* my jewel that ud split the heart of a stone; and out kem the Squire and his wife, and "What's the matther?" says they. "Is it what's the matther?" says Fairly, "don't yiz see my lovely owld mother is dhrowned by these devil's imps o' childhre?" says he; "Oh Masther Jemmy, is that the way you thrated the poor owld mammy nurse, to go dhrownd her like a *rot* afther that manner?" "Oh, the childhre didn't intind it," said the Squire. "I'm sorry for your mother, Fairly, but——"

"But what?" says little Fairly, "sorry—in throth and I'll make you sorry, for I'll rise the counthry, or I'll get justice for such an unnath'ral murther; and whoever done it must go to jail, if it was even Miss Molshee herself."

Well the Squire did not like the matther to go to that, and so says he, "Oh, I'll make it worth your while to

say nothing about it, Fairly, and here's twenty goolden guineas for you," says he.

"Why thin do you think me such a poor blooded craythur as to sell my darlin' owld mother's life for twenty guineas? No, in throth, tho' if you wor to make it fifty I might be talkin' to you."

Well, the Squire thought it was a dear morning's work, and that he had very little for his money in a dead owld woman, but sooner than have the childhre get into throuble and have the matther made *a blowin' horn* of, he gev him the fifty guineas, and the owld mother was dhried and waked over agin, so that she had greather respect ped to her than a Lord or a Lady. So you see what cleverness and a *janius* for cuteness does.

Well, away he wint home afther the owld woman was buried wid his fifty guineas snug in his pocket, and so he wint to big Fairly's to ax for the loan of the scales once more, and the brother ax'd him for what? "Oh, it's only a small thrifle more o' goold I have," says the little chap, "that I want to weigh."

"Is it *more* goold?" says big Fairly, "why it's a folly to talk, but you must be either a robber or a coiner to come by money so fast."

"Oh, this is only a thrifle I kem by at the death o' my mother," says little Fairly.

"Why bad luck to the rap *she* had to lave you, any way," says the big chap.

"I didn't say she left me a fortin'," says little Fairly.

"You said you kem by the money by your mother's death," says the big brother.

"Well, an' that's thrue" says the little fellow, "an' I'll tell you how it was. You see afther you killed her, I thought I might as well make the most I could of her, and says I to myself, faix and I had great good luck wid the cow he killed for me, and why wouldn't I get more for my mother nor a cow? and so away I wint to the town and I offered her to the docthor there, and he was greatly taken wid her, and by dad he wouldn't let me

lave the house without sellin' her to him, and faix he gev me fifty guineas for her."

"Is it fifty guineas for a corpse?"

"It's thruth I'm tellin' you, and was much obleeged into the bargain, and the raison is you see, that there's no sitch thing to be had for love or money, as a dead owld woman—there's no killin' them at all at all, so that a dead owld woman is quite a curosity."

"Well, there's the scales for you," says big Fairly, and away the little chap wint to weigh his goold (as he let on) as he did before. But what would you think, my dear—throth you'll hardly b'lieve me when I tell you. Little Fairly hadn't well turned his back whin the big savage wint into the house where his owld mother was, and tuck up a rapin' hook, and kilt her an the spot—divil a lie in it. Oh, no wondher you look cruked at the thoughts of it; but it's morially thrue,— faix he cut the life out ov her, and he detarmined to turn in his harvist for that same, as soon as he could, and so away he wint to the docthor in the town hard by, where little Fairly towld him he sowld *his* mother, and he knocked at the door, and walked into the hall with a sack on his shouldher, and settin' down the sack, he said he wanted to spake to the docthor. Well, when the docthor kem, and heard the vagabone talkin' o' fifty guineas for an old woman, he began to laugh at him; but whin he opened the sack and seen how the poor owld craythur was murdhered, he set up a shout, "Oh, you vagabone," says he "you sack-im up villain," says he, "you've Burked the woman," says he, "and now you come to *rape* the fruits o' your *murdher*." Well, the minit big Fairly heerd the word *murdher*, and *rapin'* the reward, he thought the doctor was up to the way of it, and he got frekened, and with that the docthor opened the hall-door and called the watch, but Fairly bruk loose from him, and ran away home; and when once he was gone, *the docthor thought there would be no use in rising a ruction* about it, and so he shut the door and never minded the police.

Big Fairly to be sure was so frekened, he never cried stop, antil he got clean outside the town, and with that, the first place he wint to was little Fairly's house, and, burstin' in the door, he said, in a tarin' passion, "What work is this you have been at now, you onlooky mis-crayant?" says he.

"I haven't been at any work," says little Fairly: "See yourself," says he, "*my sleeves is new*," says he, howldin' out the cuffs av his coat to him at the same time, to show him.

"Don't think to put me aff that-a-way with your little kimmeens, and your divartin' capers," says the big chap, "for I tell you I'm in airnest, and it's no jokin' matther it 'ill be to you, for, by this an' that, I'll have the life o' you, you little *spidhogue* of an abortion as you are, you made me kill my cows. Don't say a word, for you know it's thrue."

"I never made you kill your cows," says little Fairly, no ways daunted by the fierce looks o' the big bosthoon.

"Whist! you vagabone!" says the big chap. "You didn't bid me do it out o' the face, in plain words, but you made me sinsible."

"*Faix an that was doin' a wondher*," says little Fairly, who couldn't help having the laugh at him though he was sore afeard.

"Bad luck to you you little sneerin' vagabone," says the big chap again, "I know what you mane you long-headed schkamer, that you are; but by my sowl, your capers 'ill soon be cut short, as you'll see to your cost. But before I kill you, I'll show you to your face, the villian that you are, and it is no use your endayvourin' to consale your bad manners to me, for if you had a veil as thick as the shield of A—jax, which was made o' siv'n bull hides, it would not sarve for to cover the half o' your inni—quitties."*

* A lady assured me this was the genuine speech of a hedge school-master.

"Whoo! that's the owld schoolmasther's speech you're puttin' an us now," says little Fairly, "and faith it's the only thing you iver larned, I b'lieve, from him."

"Yis, I larned how fine a thing it is to bate a little chap less than myself, and you'll see with a blessin', how good a scholar I am at that same; and you desarve it, for I towld you just now before you intherrupted me, how you made me kill all my cows, (and that was the sore loss,) and afther that whin you could do no more, you made me kill my mother, and divil a good it done me, but nigh hand got me into the watch-house; and so now I'm detarmint you won't play me any more thricks, for I'll hide you snug in the deepest bog-hole in the Bog of Allen, and if you throuble me afther that, faix I think it 'll be the wondher;" and with that he made a grab at the little chap, and while you'd be sayin' "thrap stick," he cotch him, and put him body and bones into a sack, and he threwn the sack over the back of a horse was at the door, and away he wint in a tairin' rage, straight for the Bog of Allen. Well, to be sure, he couldn't help stoppin' at a public house by the road-side, *for he was dhry with rage;* an he tuk the sack where little Fairly was tied up, and he lifted it aff o' the horse, an' put it standin' up beside the door goin' into the public-house; an he wasn't well gone in, whin a farmer was comin' by too, and he was as dhry wid the dust as ever big Fairly was with the rage, (an' indeed it's wondherful how aisy it is to make a man dhry;) and so, as he was goin' by he sthruck agin the sack that little Fairly was in, and little Fairly gev a groan that you'd think kem from the grave; and says he (from inside o' the sack) "God forgive you," says he.

"Who's there?" says the farmer startin', and no wondher.

"It's me," says little Fairly, "and may the Lord forgive you," says he, "for you have disturbed me, and I *half-way to heaven.*"

"Why who are you at all?" says the farmer. "Are you a man?" says he.

"I am a man, now, says little Fairly, "though if you didn't disturb me I'd have been an angel of glory in less than no time," says he.

"How do you make that out, honest man?" says the farmer.

"I can't explain it to you," says little Fairly, "*for it's a mysthery;* but what I tell you is truth," says he, "and I tell you that whoever is in this sack at this present," says he, "is as good as half way to heav'n, and indeed I thought I was there a'most, only you sthruck agin me, an disturbed me."

"An do you mane for to say," says the farmer, "that whoiver is in that sack will go to heaven?"

"Faix they are on their road there at all events," says little Fairly, "and if they lose their way, it's their own fault."

"Oh thin," says the farmer, "may be you'd let me get into the sack along wid you, for to go to heaven too."

"Oh, the horse that's to bring us *doesn't carry double*," says little Fairly.

"Well, will you let me get into the sack instead of you?" says the farmer.

"Why thin, do you think I'd let any one take sitch a dirty advantage o' me as to go to heaven afore me?" says little Fairly.

"Oh, I'll make it worth your while," says the farmer.

"Why thin, will you ontie the sack," says little Fairly, "and jist let me see who it is that has the impidence to ax me to do the like." And with that the farmer ontied the sack, and little Fairly popped out his head. "Why thin, do you think," says he, "that a hangin'-bone lookin' thief *like you*, has a right to go to heaven afore me?"

"Oh," says the farmer, "I've been a wicked sinner

in my time, and I havn't much longer to live; and to tell you the thruth, I'd be glad to get to heaven in that sack, if it's thrue what you tell me."

"Why," says little Fairly, "don't you know it is by *sackcloth and ashes* that the faithful see the light o' glory?"

"Thrue for you indeed," says the farmer. "Oh murdher, let me get in there, and I'll make it worth your while."

"How do you make that out?" says little Fairly.

"Why, I'll give you five hundher guineas," says the farmer, "and I think that's a power o' money."

"But what's a power o' money compared to heaven?" says little Fairly; "and do you think I'd sell my soul for five hundher guineas?"

"Well, there's five hundher more in an owld stockin' in the oak box, in the cabin by the crass-roads, at Dhrumsnookie, for I am owld Tims o' Dhrumsnookie, and you'll inherit all I have, if you consint."

"But what's a thousand guineas compared to heaven?" says little Fairly.

"Well, do you see all them heads o' cattle there?" says the farmer. "I have just dhruv them here from Ballinasloe," says he, "and every head o' cattle you see here, shall be your's also, if you let me into that sack that I may go to heaven instead o' you."

"Oh think o' my poor little sowl!" says Fairly.

"Tut man," says the farmer, "I've twice as big a sowl as you; and besides I'm owld, and you're young, and I have no time to spare, and you may get absolution aisy, and make your pace in good time."

"Well," says little Fairly, "I feel for you," says he, "an' I'm half inclined to let you overpersuade me to have your will o' me."

"That's a jewel," says the farmer.

"But make haste," says little Fairly, "for I don't know how soon you might get a refusal."

"Let me in at wanst," says the farmer. So, my dear,

Fairly got out, and the farmer got in, and the little chap tied him up; and says he to the farmer, "There will be great *norations* made agin you, all the way you're goin' along; and you'll hear o' your sins over and over again, and you'll hear o' things you never done at all," says little Fairly, "but never say a word, or you wont go where I was goin' Oh! why did I let you persuade me?"

"Lord reward you!" says the poor farmer.

"And your conscience will be sthrekin' you all the time," says little Fairly; "and you'll think a'most it's a stick is sthrekin' you, but you mustn't let an, nor say a word, but pray *inwardly* in the sack."

"I'll not forget," says the farmer.

"Oh! you'll be reminded of it," says Fairly, "for you've a bad conscience I know; and the seven deadly sins will be goin' your road, and keepin' you company, and every now and then they'll be *puttin their comether* an you, and callin' you 'brother,' but don't let on to know them at all, for they'll be misladin' you, and just do you keep quite (quiet) and *you'll see the end iv it.*" Well, just at that minit little Fairly heerd big Fairly comin', and away he run and hid inside iv a churn was dhryin' at the ind o' the house; and big Fairly lifted the sack was standin' at the door, and feelin' it more weighty nor it was before, he said, "Throth, I think you're growin' heavy with grief; but here goes any how," and with that he hoist it up on the horse's back, an' away he wint to the bog iv Allen.

Now you see, big Fairly, like every blackguard that has the bad blood in him, the minit he had the sup o' dhrink in, the dirty turn kem out: and so, as he wint along he began to wollop the poor baste, and the sack where his little brother was, (as he thought, the big fool,) and to gibe and jeer him for his divarshin. But the poor farmer did as little Fairly towld him, an' never a word he said at all, though he could not help roaring out every now and thin, whin he felt the soft ind of big

Fairly's shillelah across his backbone; and sure the poor fool thought it was his bad conscience and the seven deadly sins was tazin' him; but he wouldn't answer a word for all that, though the big savage was *aggravatin'* him every fut o' the road antil they kem to the bog; and when he had him there, faix he was'nt long in choosin' a bog hole for him—and, my jew'l, in he popped the poor farmer neck and heels, sack and all; and as the soft bog-stuff and muddy wather closed over him, "I wish you a safe journey to the bottom, young man," says the big brute, grinnin' like a cat at a cheese, "and as clever a chap as you are, I don't think you'll come back out o' that in a hurry; and it's throubled I was with you long enough, you little go-the-ground schkamer, but I'll have a quiet life for the futhur." And wid that he got up an his horse, and away he wint home; but he had not gone over a mile, or there-away, whin who should he see but little Fairly mounted on the farmer's horse, dhrivin' the biggest dhrove o' black cattle you ever seen; and by dad, big Fairly grewn as white as a sheet whin he clapt his eyes an him, for he thought it was not himself at all was on it, but his ghost; and he was goin' to turn and gallop off, whin little Fairly called out to him to stay, for that he wanted to speak to him. So when he seed it was himself, he wondhered to be sure, and small blame to him—and says he, "Well, as cute as I know you wor, by gor, this last turn o' your's bates Bannagher—and how the divil are you here at all, whin I thought you wor cuttin' turf wid your sharp little nose, in the bog of Allen? for I'll take my affidowndavy, I put you into the deepest hole in it, head foremost, not half an hour agon."

"Throth you did sure enough," says little Fairly, "and you wor ever and always the good brother to me, as I often said before, but by dad you never done rightly for me antil to-day, but you made me up now in airnest."

"How do you mane?" says big Fairly.

"Why, do you see all these cattle here I'm dhrivin'?" says little Fairly.

"Yes I do, and whose cattle are they?"

"They're all my own—every head o' them."

"An' how did you come by them?"

"Why you see, when you threwn me into the boghole, I felt it mighty cowld at first, and it was mortial dark, and I felt myself goin' down and down, that I thought I'd never stop sinking, and wondhered if there was any bottom to it at all, and at last I began to feel it growin' warm, and pleasant, and light, and whin I kem to the bottom there was the loveliest green field you ever clapped your eyes on, and thousands upon thousands o' cattle feedin', and the grass so heavy that they wor up to their ears in it—its thruth I'm tellin' you—O divil sitch meadows I ever seen, and when I kem to myself, for indeed I was rather surprised, and thought it was dhramin' I was—whin I kem to myself, I was welkim'd by a very ginteel spoken little man, the dawnshiest craythur you ever seen, by dad I'd have made six iv him myself, and says he, "You're welkim to the undher story o' the Bog iv Allen, Fairly.' 'Thank you kindly, sir,' says I.—'And how is all wid you?' says he.—'Hearty indeed,' says I. 'And what brought you here?' says he. —'My big brother,' says I. 'That was very good iv him,' says he.—'Thrue for you, sir,' says I. 'He is always doin' me a good turn,' says I. 'Oh then he never done you half so good a turn as this,' says he; 'for you'll be the richest man in Ireland soon.' 'Thank you, sir,' says I; 'but I don't see how.' 'Do you see all them cattle grazin' there?' says he. 'To be sure I do,' says I. 'Well,' says he, 'take as many o' them as your heart desires, and bring them home wid you.' 'Why sure,' says I, 'how could I get back myself, up out of the boghole, let alone dhraggin' bullocks afther me? 'Oh,' says he, 'the way is aisy enough, for you have nothin' to do but dhrive them out the back way over there,' says he, pointin' to a gate. And sure enough, my darlint, I

got all the bastes you see here, and dhruv them out, and here I'm goin' home wid 'em, and maybe I won't be the rich man—av coorse I gev the best o' thanks to the little owld man, and gev him the hoighth o' good language for his behavor. And with that says he, 'You may come back again, and take the rest o' them,' says he—and faix sure enough I'll go back the minit I get these bastes home, and have another turn out o' the boghole."

"Faix and I'll be beforehand wid you," says big Fairly.

"Oh but you shan't," says little Fairly; "it was I discovered the place, and why shouldn't I have the good iv it?"

"You greedy little hound," says the big fellow, "I'll have my share o' them as well as you." And with that he turned about his horse, and away he galloped to the boghole, and the little fellow galloped afther him, purtendin' to be in a desperate fright afeard the other would get there first, and he cried 'Stop the robber,' afther him, and when he came to the soft place in the bog they both lit, and little Fairly got before the big fellow, and purtended to be makin' for the boghole in a powerful hurry, crying out as he passed him, "I'll win the day! I'll win the day!" and the big fellow pulled fut afther him as hard as he could, and hardly a puff left in him he ran to that degree, and he was afeard that little Fairly would bate him and get all the cattle, and he was wishin' for a gun that he might shoot him, when the cute little divil, just as he kem close to the edge of the boghole, *let an* that his fut slipped and he fell down, cryin' out, "Fair play! fair play!—wait till I rise!" but the words wasn't well out of his mouth when the big fellow kem up. "Oh, the divil a wait," says he, and he made one desperate dart at the boghole, and jumped into the middle of it. "Hurroo!!" says little Fairly, gettin' an his legs agin and runnin' over to the edge o' the boghole, and just as he seen the great splaw feet o' the big savage sinkin' into the sludge, he called afther him, and says he,

"I say, big Fairly, don't take all the cattle, but lave a thrifle for me. '*I'll wait, however, till you come back,*' says the little rogue laughin' at his own cute conthrivance, "and I think now I'll lade a quiet life," says he; and with that he wint home, and from that day out he grewn richer and richer every day, and was the greatest man in the whole counthry side; and all the neighbours gev in to him that he was the most knowledgable man in thim parts, but they all thought it was quare that his name should be *Fairly*, for it was agreed, one and all, *that he was the biggest rogue out*,—barrin' Balfe, the robber.

JUDY OF ROUNDWOOD.*

Here will be an old abusing of God's patience and the King's English.

SHAKSPEARE.

THERE is a little straggling village in Wicklow, named Roundwood, which is a sort of outpost to the many beauties of that romantic and lovely country, and consequently, often made a stopping place by those ramblers who can steal a day or two from toil and care, and have the dust of Dublin blown from them by the mountain breezes of the alpine country I have named. I, for one, confess the enormity of having eaten eggs and bacon in the little inn of Roundwood, served to me by the hand of Judy;—her surname has never reached me, for as the Italians called many of their celebrated painters after the towns or cities that gave them birth, so Judy has been named, "Judy of Roundwood."

Her principal peculiarity was stinting every word she could of its fair proportion, whether from any spite she had against the alphabet, or from wishing to clear her sex from the charge of overwordiness, I know not; but Judy talked shorthand, if an Irishman may be allowed this phrase. Her merits in this particular cannot be appreciated in modern times, but Judy would have been a darling among the Spartans.

At the door of the inn, which owed much of its

* This sketch was originally written for Mr. J. Russel, who gave it, with an admirable personation of Judy, in his very clever entertainment of "The Stranded Actor."

custom to this original, Judy would salute the weary traveller with a low courtesy, crossing her hands before her upon her chequered apron, and say, "Consola to the gent"—meaning thereby consolation to the gentleman—Judy considering refreshment the greatest *consola*—the *gents* could have. Whisky she called by the poetical name of "Temptation"—abbreviated of course to "*Timpta.*"—Dublin was either familiarly *Dub*;—or *dubbed* with the more highly sounding title of *Metrop*—and being also given to rhyming, whenever a tag was to be made, she jumped at it.

When first I visited Judy in company with a friend who was equally anxious with myself to draw her out, we affected not to comprehend the meaning of all her abbreviations, with a view to force her upon an explanation; and she said—"You see, sir, Ju deals in *abrevia*—because that is the *perfec* of the *English lang.*—*din* for dinner; *brek* for breakfast; *rel* for relish. Ju's *conversa* is *allegor*. I calls the dinner *satisfac*, and the drop o' comfort the *timpta*; and this little *apart* where we give *consola* to the *gents*, I call the bower of *hap*."

After having had some rustic refreshment, we ordered whisky, and when Judy brought it to us, her look and manner were highly amusing. With a stealthy step and an air of mock mystery she stole across the room towards us, and with one hand withdrawing her apron from over the measure of spirits which she held in the other, she said,—"Ju was only throwing an *obscu* over the *opportu*." We then noticed to her some verses that were written on the walls of the apartment in her praise. "That's the rayson I call it the bower of *hap*," said she; "but sure I'm not such an *ignora* as to believe all the *flat* of the *cits*. Good bye, dear; yiz are gay gents goin' round the world for sport: may you never be wretched, may you share in the wisdom of *Sol*; may you never have to climb the rocks of *dif*; or be cast on the quicksands of *adver*, or stray from the paths of *vir*."

But perhaps the best thing I can do to put Judy more

completely *en evidence* is, to give a conversation in her own style; that will serve, as Judy herself would say, as the best *exemplifica*.

Consola to the gents; happy to see you, dear! Walk in—you can sit in the bower of *hap*. If you want your *brek*, it's a good one you may *expec;* if you want your *din*, this is the place to walk *in;* and I will give you the *opportu*, the *consola*, and the *materia*, and the *timpta;* and if you only want a *rel*, ring the *bell*. That's what I said the other day to O'Toole; the ignorant people calls him Mr. O'Toole, but he's not *Misther* O'Toole, but O'Toole, bein' descinded from King O'Toole, of these parts. Good morrow, Judy, says he —Thank you kindly, sir, says I. Here's a gent that is come to see you, says he (for there was an artless sprisan along wid him). Kindly welkim, sir, says I.—You'll do all you can for us, says he.—Sir, says I, *Fidel* is my *mot*—Ju's mot—The furriners call it *Judy's mot*—that's French, sir;—but, as I said, *fidel* is my mot:

Submissive to my supayriors,
Condescending to my infayriors,
Faithful to my friends,
Charitable to my inimies.

You had a great party here the other day, as I'm towld, says he.—Yis, sir, says I.—Who wor they? says he.—Indeed, says I, they did not indulge me with much *communica;* so I could not come to a *conclu;*—but though I could not be *pos*, I had my *suspish*.—And who wor they? says he.—They were no less than Sir *Wal* and Miss *Edge*.—Who are *they?* says O'Toole's friend, for he was mighty artless.—Why, then, don't you know Sir *Wal*, says I,—and Miss *Edge?* I hope you admire my *abrevia*, says I.—Certainly, says O'Toole, who was plased with me about my *obscu*, for the *bothera* of the innocent gent, and he could hardly help laughin' at him' and to hide his laughin' he took a pinch o' snuff: and he, bein' a rale *gintleman*, av coorse, liked the *black-*

*guard;** and so takin' out his box, he said, like a rale gintleman, Judy, says he, will you have a pinch?—Thank you, sir, says I, for the *condescen,*—and with that his friend, not likin' to be worse nor another, said, Maybe you'll take a pinch from me, says he—handin' me a box of the dirty soft wet thrash them furrinners takes, sure there's no good in any thing or anybody that isn't always *dhry*, as I says to the *gents* from *Dub*, when I keeps continually bringin' them the whisky and the hot wather.—Well, to come back to my story, the two handed me their boxes—and so O'Toole said, says he, Which will you have, Judy?—take whatever you plaze;—which do you like, the common snuff or the scented snuff?—Sir, says I—making a low curtshee for the *civil*—I gave the *com* the *pref.*—But I was forgettin' about Sir *Wal* and Miss *Edge*. Sure, they kem here to take the *opportu* to see *Ju*, to increase their *admira* for the buties of *na*—in the county *Wick* in *partic*—and so when they arrived in

A post chay
From "Quin Bray,"

I was ready to give *consola* to the gents; and they asked for *brek*.—What do you *expec?* says I.

Coffee, says he,
Cushlamachree,

says I, there's no sich thing here, at all at all. There is neither coffee tay, nor chocolaritee tay; but there is the best of Bohay, says I.—Have you no green? says he.—Plenty in the fields, says I. But no where else;—but I'll make up for the *defish*.—How? says he.—I'll give you a *rel*, says I.—What's that? says he.—A *rash*, says I.—I don't know what you mane, says he,—so I was obleeged to explain:—A relish or a rasher, says I;

* Lundy Foot's celebrated snuff.

for the *artif* of my abbrevia was beyond his *conjec.*—Bring it in at wanst, says he.—So, no sooner said than done—but you see I was obleeged to bring in the rasher an a cracked plate—and very well I had it—for Roundwood was mighty throng that mornin'—loads of gents—barrowfuls o' gents from *Dub* to see *Ju*—comin' into the county *Wick* with a short *stick* to enjoy the *admira* of the beauties of *na.*—Well, as I said, I brought in the *rash* an a cracked plate, and Sir *Wal* was *indig;* and, says he, How dar you bring the like to a dacent man? And what do you think I said? says I, the *necess* is my *apol.* I thought he'd split himself wid the laughin'.—So with that he wint to readin' the po'thry an the walls; and at last he kem to one that a young *vag*—from the *Col*—the *Univer*—*Trin. Col. Dub*, wrote an me,—and I put my hand over it;—Don't read that, sir, says I—for I purtinded not to know who he was, though I knew very well all the time:—don't read that, says I.—Why? says he.—Because, says I, 'twas written by a *vulgar*, and 'twonld shock your *sensibil*, if anything came under your *contempla* bordering on the *indel.*

Then, says Miss Edge, that's very proper of you, Ju, says she.—Yis, ma'am, says I. I was always a *Dia;* for I have had a good *educa.*

How could *you* have a good education? says Sir *Wal.*

Bekase the gintlemin o' larnin' comes to see Ju; and where would I larn *educa*, says I, if not from them?

Why what gentlemin o' larnin' comes here? says Sir *Wal.*

More than owns to it, says I—lookin' mighty signified at him.

Indeed, says he.—Yis, says I—and one o' the gintlemin was no *gintleman*, he was only a *vag;* for he put me in a *mag;*—but in gineral they are the rale quolity, and I know a power o' them.

Name one, says he.

T. M. says I.

Who's T. M.? says he.

You're mighty ignorant, says I to Sir *Wal.* Wasn't that a good thing to say to him? I thought Miss *Edge* and he would die with the laughin'

Well, but who is T. M.? says he.

Tom Moore, says I, the glory of Ireland, says I, crassin' myself.

Oh, Moore the poet, says Sir *Wal.*

By dad he's no poet at all, says I; but a rale gintleman; for he gev me half-a-crown.

Well, I thought the both o' them would die with the laughin'; and so when they were goin', says I to the lady, Good mornin' and many thanks to you, ma'am says I, for your *condescen*—long may you reign, says I, Miss *Edge*. Well, she looked mightily surprised at me; for you see I had a *conjec* who they wor from the servants, by a way o' my own.

You've taken the *worth* out of my name, Judy, says she, mighty goodnathured.

Throth then, that's more nor I could do, ma'am, says I; for there's more worth in the half o' your name than in the whole o' mine, though I *am* Judy O'Roundwood.

Well, with that Sir *Wal* laughed out; and says he, How did you find the lady out? says he.

Only by *supposish*, says I; for I wouldn't be guilty of *infidel* to the sarvants who let on to me.

Then I suppose you found out who *I* am too, says Sir *Wal.*

No indeed, sir, says I, how could I *know* the Great *Un?*

Oh, I wish you seen the look he gave when I said that!

THE END.

Printed by W. H. Smith & Son, 186, Strand, London.

GLOSSARY.

Alpeen—A cudgel.

Bad Scram—Bad food.

Bad Win' }
Bad Cess } Maledictions. Bad cess is meant as the contrary of success.

Baithershin*—It may be so.

Ballyrag—To scold.

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

Colleen Dhas—Pretty girl.

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

Gommoch—A simpleton.

Hard Word—Hint.

Hunkers—Haunches.

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* 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.

KIMMEENS—Sly tricks.

MACHREE—My heart.

MAVOURNEEN—My darling.

MUSHA!—An exclamation, as "Oh, my!" "Oh, la!"

NOGGIN—A small wooden drinking vessel.

PHILLELEW—An outcry.

SPALPEEN—A contemptible person.

STRAVAIG—To ramble.

ULICAN—The funeral cry.

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

WEIRASTHRU.—Mary have pity.

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