

This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

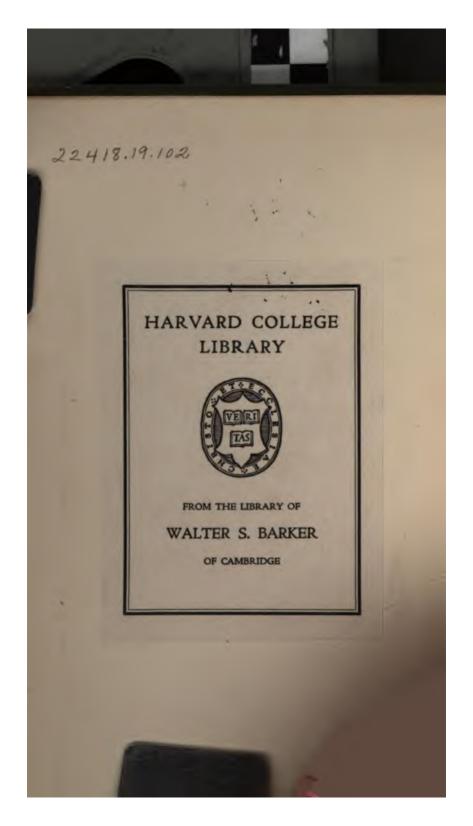
Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + Keep it legal Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at http://books.google.com/





.



•

•

.

•



.

.

THE WORKS OF SAMUEL LOVER

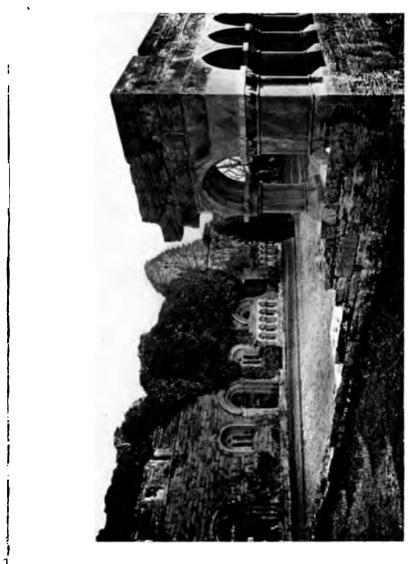
LEGENDS AND STORIES OF IRELAND, ETC.

NEW LIBRARY EDITION



.





.



.

NEW LIBRARY EDITION

LEGENDS AND STORIES OF IRELAND

TO WHICH IS ADDED

ILLUSTRATIONS OF NATIONAL PROVERBS AND IRISH SKETCHES

BY

SAMUEL LOVER

Hllustrated

BOSTON LITTLE, BROWN, AND COMPANY 1902



UNIVERSITY PRESS - JOHN WILSON AND SON - CAMBRIDGE, U. S. A. то

SIR MARTIN ARCHER SHEE, P.R.A.

A PAINTER ---- A POET ---- AND AN IRISHMAN

THIS VOLUME

IS VERY RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED

BY

THE AUTHOR

•

22414.19 102

HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY GIFT OF MRS. WALTER S. BARKER FEBRUARY 25, 1931

ς

.*

"An ounce of mirth is worth a pound of sorrow." — Chromenhosenthologes. "Qui vit sans folie, n'est pas si sage qu'il le croit." — Rechefoucauld. "Legend-1 — Legend-0 — Legend-um." — Hoole's Terminations.



PREFACE

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

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

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

Preface

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

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

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

Preface

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

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

Preface

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

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

CONTENTS

												PAGE
	PREFACE	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•		•	vii
	LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS	1	•	•	•	•	•	•	•		•	xiii
	INTRODUCTION	•	•	•	•		•	•	•	•	•	XV
	GLOSSARY	•		•		•		•	•	•	•	xxi
	KING O'TOOLE AND	St	r.	Ke	VIN		A	Le	GEN	D	0F	
	GLENDALOUGH				•			-				3
	LOUGH CORRIB											15
	MANUSCRIPT FROM THE	е (Cae	BINE	то	F N	Λ r s			•	•	17
	THE WHITE TROUT -	- A	I	EGI	END	OF	С	DNG				25
1	THE BATTLE OF THE	Be	RRI	NS					•			35
•	FATHER ROACH											48
	THE PRIEST'S STORY				•					•	•	53
	THE KING AND THE H	Bis	но	P —	A	Le	GEN	ID (0F	CLO	DN-	
	MACNOISE											62
	An Essay on Fools											77
	THE CATASTROPHE .								•			84
	THE DEVIL'S MILL .											102
v	THE GRIDIRON			•								113
3	PADDY THE PIPER .											123
٠	THE PRIEST'S GHOST											134
J	NEW POTATOES - AN	Ir	ISH	М	ELO	DY						1 3 8
•	PADDY THE SPORT .											146
4	NATIONAL MINSTRELSY											168
	NATIONAL PROVERBS .											193

1



ILLUSTRATIONS

٠

CONG ABBEY	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	Frontispi	iece
KILLALOE .	•	•	•	•	•	•		•	•		•	Secon	nd Series	3

ILLUSTRATIONS IN THE TEXT

							PAGE
KING O'TOOL AND ST. KEVIN	•	•	•	•	•	•	· 3
THE WHITE TROUT			•	•	•		. 25
CLONMACNOISE	•			•	•		. 62
V THE GRIDIRON				•	•		. 113
✓ NEW POTATOES			•				. 138
PADDY THE SPORT							. 146
THE COUPLE-BEGGAR							. 193
THE CONTRAST							. 204
THE TRIAL							. 211
THE HOT SUPPER				•			. 217
THE PORTMANTEAU	•			•			. 224
THE PRISON							. 235
AN OCULAR DEMONSTRATION							. 241
KNOCKED UP AND KNOCKED DOWN				•			. 250
THE RIVALS							. 256
WOUNDED IN SPIRIT							. 260
LIGHT HEARTS AND LIGHT HEELS .							. 270

Illustrations

٩

			PAGE
BARNY O'REIRDON	cond	Series	3
THE BURIAL OF THE TITHE	"	"	50
THE WHITE HORSE OF THE PEPPERS	"	"	78
THE LITTLE WEAVER OF DULEEK GATE	"	"	110
COAT OF ARMS OF THE MOUNT DRAGON FAMILY	"	"	122
THE CURSE OF KISHOGUE	"	"	133
THE LEPRECHAUN AND THE GENIUS	"	"	178
THE SPANISH BOAR AND THE IRISH BULL .	"	"	184
LITTLE FAIRLY	"	"	194

•

INTRODUCTION

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

"What's in a name?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

" In virtues nothing earthly could surpass her, Save thine ' incomparable oil,' Macassar."

So saith Byron of Donna Inez.

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

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

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



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

" The fool thus moralise upon the time ; "

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

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

"An ounce of mirth is worth a pound of sorrow,"

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

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

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

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

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

They are my first attempts upon copper; and whatever affinity there may be between that and brass, which, thanks to my country, I may not be so much unused to, yet I can assure the critics there is a marvellous difference between etching and impudence. Let me not be accused then of the latter, in having attempted the former, but some indulgence be granted to a coup d²essai. So much for the *executive* part; and, for the *designs*, I beg to say a few words more, which I shall offer in the form of a

Notice

to the

Antiquarian Society

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

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

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

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

" Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown!"

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

GLOSSARY

Alseen - A cudgel.

Bad Scram - Bad food.

Bad Win') Malediction. Cess is an abbreviation of success.

Bad Cess §

Baitbersbin¹ --- It may be so.

Ballyrag - To scold.

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

Colleen Dbas - Pretty girl.

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

Gommoch — A simpleton. Hard Word - Hint. Hunkers - Haunches. Kimmeens - Sly tricks. Macbree - My dear. Mavourneen - My darling. Musba ! - An exclamation, as "Oh, my !" " Oh, La !" Noggin — A small wooden drinking vessel. Pbillelee - An outcry.

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



Glossary

Spalpeen — A contemptible person. Stravaig — To ramble. Ulican — The funeral cry. Wake — Watching the body of the departed previously to interment. Weirastbru ! — Mary, have pity !

xxii



LEGENDS AND STORIES OF IRELAND

FIRST SERIES

VOL. I. - I





KING O'TOOLE AND ST. KEVIN

A LEGEND OF GLENDALOUGH

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

MOORE.

WHO has not read of Saint Kevin, celebrated as he has been by Moore in the melodies of his native land, with whose wild and impassioned music he has so intimately entwined his name? Through him, in the beautiful ballad whence the epigraph of this story is quoted, the world already knows that the sky-lark, through the intervention of the saint, never startles the morning with its joyous note, in the lonely valley of Glendalough. In the same ballad the unhappy passion which the saint inspired, and the "unholy blue" eyes of Kathleen, and the melancholy fate of the heroine by the saint's being "unused to the melting mood," are also celebrated; as well as the superstitious 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 lyrical essence, the raw material in prose is offered, nearly verbatim as it was furnished to me by that celebrated guide and bore, Joe Irwin, who traces his descent in a direct line from the old Irish kings, and warns the public in general that "there's a power of them spalpeens sthravaigin' about, sthrivin' to put their comether upon the quol'ty, (quality,¹) and callin' themselves Irwin, (knowin', the thieves o' the world, how his name had gone far and near, as the rale guide,) for to deceave dacent people; but never for to b'lieve the likes — for it was only mulvatherin people they wor." For my part, I promised never to put faith in any but himself; and the old rogue's self-love being satisfied, we set out to explore the wonders of Glendalough. On arriving at a small ruin, situated on the south-eastern side of the lake, my guide assumed an air of importance, and led me into the ivy-covered remains, through a small square doorway, whose simple structure gave evidence of its early date: a lintel of stone lay across two upright supporters, after the fashion of such religious remains in Ireland.

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

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

King O'Toole and St. Kevin

"Never," said I.

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

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

"Oh, by no manes, your honour - troth, it's yourself that's right enough there; but you know the place is called 'The churches,' bekase they wor built afther by Saint Kavin, and wint by the name o' the churches iver more; and therefore, av coorse, the place bein' so called, I say that the king ownded the churches - and why not, Sir, seein' 't was his birthright, time out o' mind, beyant the flood ? Well, the king, you see, was the right sort — he was the rale boy, and loved sport as he loved his life, and huntin' in partic'lar; and from the risin' o' the sun, up he got, and away he wint over the mountains beyant afther the deer; and the fine times them wor; for the deer was as plinty thin, ave throth, far plintyer than the sheep is now; and that's the way it was with the king, from the crow o' the cock to the song o' the redbreast."

"In this counthry, Sir," added he, speaking parenthetically in an undertone, "we think it onlooky to kill the redbreast, for the robin is God's own bird."

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

"Well, it was all mighty good, as long as the king had his health; but, you see, in coorse o' time, the king grewn old, by raison he was stiff in his limbs, and when he got sthricken in years, his heart failed him, and he was lost intirely for want o' divarshin, bekase he could n'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 truth 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 an a Friday for the king, and flew every other day round about the lake. divartin' the poor king, that you'd think he'd break his sides laughin' at the frolicsome tricks av his goose; so in coorse o' time the goose was the greatest pet in the counthry, and the biggest rogue, and divarted the king to no end, and the poor king was as happy as the day was long. So that's the way it was; and all went on mighty well, antil, by dad, the goose got sthricken in years, as well as the king, and grewn stiff in the limbs, like her masther, and could n't divart him no longer; and then it was that the poor king was lost complate, and did n't know what in the wide world to do, seein' he was done out of all divarshin, by raison that the goose was no more in the flower of her blume.

"Well; the king was nigh hand broken-hearted, and melancholy intirely, and was walkin' one mornin' by the edge of the lake, lamentin' his cruel fate, an' thinkin' o' drownin' himself, that could get no divarshin in life, when all of a suddint, turnin' round the corner beyant, who should he meet but a mighty dacent young man comin' up to him.

"God save you,' says the king (for the king was a civil-spoken gintleman, by all accounts,) God save you,' says he to the young man.

"God save you, kindly,' says the young man to him back again, 'God save you,' says he, 'King O'Toole.'

"' Thrue for you,' says the king, 'I am King O'Toole,'

King O'Toole and St. Kevin

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

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

"For you see," said old Joe, in his undertone 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 Saint Kavin. 'And now, may I make bowld to ax, how is your goose, King O'Toole?' says he.

"Blur-an-agers, how kern you to know about my goose?' says the king.

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

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

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

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

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



Kavin, mighty high, 'I'd scorn to be the like,' says he.

"'Then, what are you?' says the king, 'that makes money so aisy, by your own account.'

"'I'm an honest man,' says Saint Kavin.

""Well, honest man,' says the king, 'and how is it you make your money so aisy?'

"" By makin' ould things as good as new,' says Saint Kavin.

"'Blur-an-ouns, is it a tinker you are?' says the king.

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

"My dear, at the word o' makin' his goose as good as new, you'd think the poor ould king's eyes was ready to jump out iv is head, 'and,' says he — 'troth thin I'd give you more money nor you could count,' says he, 'if you did the like : and I'd be 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 ould *caubeen* that Saint Kavin had an him.

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

"Barrin' the thrifle you can't help,' says the king, mighty cute, and lookin' him straight in the face.

"'You just hot it,' says Saint Kavin; 'but though I can't take money,' says he, 'I could take a few acres o' land, if you'd give them to me.'

"'With all the veins o' my heart,' says the king, ' if you can do what you say.'

"'Thry me!' says Saint Kavin. 'Call down your goose here,' says he, 'and I'll see what I can do for her.'

"With that, the king whistled, and down kem the

King O'Toole and St. Kevin

poor goose, all as one as a hound, waddlin' up to the poor ould cripple, her 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 give you whatever you ax,' says the king; 'is n'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.

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

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

"' Honour 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'll make you the sportin' bird.'

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

"With that, my dear, he tuk up the goose by the two wings --- ' cris o' my crass an you,' says he, markin' her to grace with the blessed sign at the same minute -and, throwin' her up in the air, 'whew!' says he, jist givin' her a blast to help her; and with that, my jewel, she tuk to her heels flyin' like one o' the aigles themselves, and cuttin' as many capers as a swallow before a shower o' rain. Away she wint down there, right 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 was n'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 sturdy, and round the other ind av the little lake, by the churches, (that is, av coorse, where the churches is now, but was not thin, by raison they wor not built, but aftherwards by Saint Kavin,) and over the big hill here over your head, where you see the big clift --- (and that clift in the mountain was made by Fan Ma Cool, where he cut it acrass with a big 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

King O'Toole and St. Kevin

two, like a pratee, for the glory of his sowl and owld Ireland) — well — down she flew over the clift, and fluttherin' over the wood there, at Poulanass, (where I showed vou 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 fluttherin' over the wood a little bit, to plaze herself, the goose flewn down, and lit at the fut o' the king, as fresh as a daisy, afther flyin' roun' his dominions, just as if she had n't flew three perch.

"Well, my dear, it was a beautiful sight to see the king standin' with his mouth open, lookin' at his poor owld goose flyin' as light as a lark, and betther nor ever she was; and when she lit at his fut he patted her an the head, and 'ma vourneen,' says he, 'but you are the darlint o' the world.'

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

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

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

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

"But will you gi'e me all the ground the goose 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.

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

"'It's well for you,' (says Saint Kavin, mighty sharp) -- 'it's well for you, King O'Toole, that you said that word,' says he; 'for if you did n't say that word, the divil receave the bit o' your goose id ever fly agin,' says Saint Kavin.

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

"Well, whin the king was as good as his word, Saint Kavin was *plazed* with him; and thin it was that he made himself known to the king. 'And,' says he, 'King O'Toole, you're a dacent man,' says he; 'for I only kem here to *thry you*. You don' know me,' says he, 'bekase I'm disguised.'¹

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

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

"Blur-an-agers! thin,' says the king, 'if you're not yourself, who are you?'

"'I'm Saint Kavin,' said the saint, blessin' himself.

"'Oh, queen iv heaven!' says the king, makin' the sign o' the crass betune his eyes, and fallin' down an his knees before the saint. 'Is it the great Saint Kavin,' says he, 'that I've been discoursin' all this time, without knowin' it,' says he, 'all as one as if he was a lump of a gossoon? — and so you're a saint?' says the king.

"' I am,' says Saint Kavin.

"'By gor, I thought I was only talking to a dacent boy,' 2 says the king.

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

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

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

King O'Toole and St. Kevin

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

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

"Well, my dear, that 's the way that the place kem, all at wanst, into the hands of Saint Kavin; for the goose flewn round every individyial acre o' King O'Toole's property you see, bein' let into the saycret by Saint Kavin, who was mighty cute; 1 and so, when he done the owld king out iv his property, for the glory o' God, he was plazed with him, and he and the king was the best o' friends iver more afther, (for the poor 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, after he kem into his property, as I tould you, antil the day iv his death - and that was soon afther --- for the poor goose thought he was ketchin' a throut one Friday; but my jewel, it was a mistake he made; and instead of a throut, it was a thievin' horseeel;² and, by gor, instead iv the goose's killin' a throut for the king's supper - by dad the eel killed the king's goose. And small blame to him - but he did n't ate her, bekase he darn't ate what Saint Kavin laid his blessed hand on.

"Howsumdever, the king never recovered the loss iv his goose, though he had her stuffed, (I don't mane stuffed with pratees and inyans, but as a curosity,) and presarved in a glass case for his own divarshin; and the

¹ Cunning. An abbreviation of acute.

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



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

LOUGH CORRIB

"----- These things to hear Would Desdemons seriously incline."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

MANUSCRIPT

FROM THE CABINET OF MRS. ----

A LEGEND OF LOUGH MASK

⁴⁴ All things that we ordained festival Turn from their office to black funeral: Our instruments, to melancholy bells; Our wedding cheer, to a sad burial feast; Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change; Our bridal flowers serve for a buried corse, And all things change them to the contrary." ROMEO AND JULIET.

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

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

VOL. I. - 2

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Lough Mask

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

"'T is sweet to know there is an eye to mark Our coming — and grow brighter when we come."

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

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

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

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

۱

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Lough Mask

But what is that upthrown upon the beach? And who are those who surround it in such consternation? It is the little skiff that was moored at the opposite side of the 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 evilboding discovery. But days have come and gone, and Cormac yet tarries. At length 't is past a doubt; and the father of Eva knows his child is widowed ere her bridal - widowed in heart, at least. And who shall tell the fatal tale to Eva? Who shall cast the shadow o'er her soul, and make the future darkness? - Alas! ye feeling souls that ask it, that pause ere ye can speak the word that blights for ever, pause no longer, for Eva knows it. Yes! from tongue to tongue --- by word on word from many a quivering lip, and meanings, darkly given, the dreadful certainty at last arrived to the bewildered Eva.

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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



THE WHITE TROUT

A LEGEND OF CONG

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

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

of Cong, I bent my way on foot through the fields, if you may venture to give that name to the surface of this immediate district of the County Mayo, which, presenting large flat masses of lime-stone, intersected by patches of verdure, gives one the idea much more of a burial ground covered with monumental slabs, than a formation of nature. Yet. (I must make this remark en passant,) such is the richness of the pasture in these little verdant interstices, that cattle are fattened upon it in a much shorter time than on a meadow of the most cultured aspect; and though to the native of Leinster, this land (if we may be pardoned a premeditated bull,) would appear all stones, the Mayo farmer knows it from experience to be a profitable tenure. Sometimes deep clefts occur between these laminæ of lime-stone rock, which, closely overgrown with verdure, have not unfrequently occasioned serious accidents to man and beast; and one of these chasms, of larger dimensions than usual, forms the entrance to the celebrated cave in question. Very rude steps of unequal height, partly natural and partly artificial, lead the explorer of its quiet beauty, by an abrupt descent, to the bottom of the cave, which contains an enlightened area of some thirty or forty feet, whence a naturallyvaulted passage opens, of the deepest gloom. The depth of the cave may be about equal to its width at the bottom: the mouth is not more than twelve or fifteen feet across; and pendant from its margin clusters of ivy and other parasite plants hang and cling in all the fantastic variety of natural festooning and tracery. It is a truly beautiful and poetical little spot, and particularly interesting to the stranger, from being unlike any thing else one has ever seen, and having none of the noisy and vulgar pretence of regular show-places, which calls upon you every moment to exclaim " Prodigious ! "

An elderly and decent looking woman had just filled her pitcher with the deliciously cold and clear water of the subterranean river that flowed along its bed of small,

The White Trout

.

smooth, and many-coloured pebbles, as I arrived at the bottom, and perceiving at once that I was a stranger, she paused, partly perhaps with the pardonable pride of displaying her local knowledge, but more from the native peasant-politeness of her country, to become the temporary cicerone of the cave. She spoke some words of Irish, and hurried forth on her errand a very handsome and active boy, of whom, she informed me, she was greatgrandmother.

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

"Yes, your honour," she answered, with evident pleasure sparkling in her eyes, which time had not yet deprived of their brightness, nor the soul-subduing influence of this selfish world bereft of their kind hearted expression.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"That was beginning early," said I.

"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,¹ with what I sent him for."

Here the fine little fellow I have spoken of, with his long fair hair curling about his shoulders, descended into the cave, bearing some faggots of bog-wood, a wisp of straw, and a lighted sod of turf.

"Now, your honour, it's what you'll see the pigeonhole to advantage."

"What pigeon-hole?" said I.

"Here where we are," she replied.

"Why is it so called?" I inquired.

"Because, Sir, the wild pigeons often builds in the bushes and the ivy that's round the mouth of the cave, and in here too," said she, pointing into the gloomy depth of the interior.

"Blow that turf, Paudeen;" and Paudeen, with distended cheeks and compressed lips, forthwith poured a few vigorous blasts on the sod of turf, which soon flickered and blazed, while the kind old woman lighted her faggots of bog-wood at the flame.

"Now, Sir, follow me," said my conductress.

"I am sorry you have had so much trouble on my account," said I.

"Oh, no throuble in life, your honour, but the greatest of pleasure;" and so saying, she proceeded into the cave, and I followed, carefully choosing my steps by the help of her torch-light, along the slippery path of rock that overhung the river. When she had reached a point of some little elevation, she held up her lighted pine

¹ Fair little Paddy.

The White Trout

branches, and waving them to and fro, asked me could I see the top of the cave.

The effect of her figure was very fine, illumined as it was, in the midst of utter darkness, by the red glare of the blazing faggots; and as she wound them round her head, and shook their flickering sparks about, it required no extraordinary stretch of imagination to suppose her, with her ample cloak of dark drapery, and a few straggling tresses of grey hair escaping from the folds of a rather Eastern head-dress, some Sybil about to commence an awful rite, and evoke her ministering spirits from the dark void, or call some water-demon from the river, which rushed unseen along, telling of its wild course by the turbulent dash of its waters, which the reverberation of the cave rendered still more hollow.

She shouted aloud, and the cavern-echoes answered to her summons.

"Look!" said she; and she lighted the wisp of straw, and flung it on the stream: it floated rapidly away, blazing in wild undulations over the perturbed surface of the river, and at length suddenly disappeared altogether. The effect was most picturesque and startling: it was even awful. I might almost say, sublime!

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

"Now, Sir," said my old woman, "we must thry and see the White 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 does n't know the half o' them only partly: but sthrive and see it before you go, Sir; for there's them that says it is n't lucky to come to the cave, and lave it without seein' the white throut; an' if

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

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

"Whisht — whisht !"² said she, looking fearfully around; then, knitting her brows, she gave me an admonitory look, and put her finger on her lip, in token of silence, and then coming sufficiently near me to make herself audible in a whisper, she said, "Never spake ill, your honour, of the good people — beyant all, in sitch a place as this — for it's in the likes they always keep; and one does n't know who may be listenin'. God keep uz! But look, Sir! look!" And she pointed to the stream — "There she is."

"Who? what?" said I.

"The 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 anywhere else."

"The poor fish, I suppose, likes to swim in the light," said I.

"Oh, no, Sir," said she, shaking her head significantly, "the people here has a mighty owld story about that 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 misthiss⁸ beyant in the big house⁴ often did afore, when she first kem among us but she knows the differ now."

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

"Then sit down a minit, Sir," said she, throwing her

¹ A great pity.

² Silence.

⁸ The Lady.

⁴ A gentleman's mansion.

39

The White Trout

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

"There was wanst upon a time, long ago, a beautiful young lady that lived in a castle up by the lake beyant, and they say she was promised to a king's son, and they wor to be married: when, all of a suddent, he was murther'd, the crathur, (Lord help uz) and threwn into the lake abow,¹ and so, of coorse, he could n't keep his promise to the fair lady, — and more's the pity.

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

"Well, Sir, in coorse o' time, the white throut, God bless it, was seen in the sthrame beyant; and sure the people did n't know what to think av the crathur, seein' as how a *white* throut was never heerd av afore nor sence, and years upon years the throut was there, just where you seen it this blessed minit, longer nor I can tell, ave 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 sinners of sojers² kem to these parts, and laughed at all the people, and gibed and jeered them for thinkin' o' the likes; and one o' them in partic'lar, (bad luck to him! — God forgi' me for sayin' it,) swore he'd catch the 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 squealed all as one as a Chrishthan crathur, and, my dear, you'd think the sojer

¹ Above.

² Soldiers.

id split his sides laughin' — for he was a hardened villian. And when he thought one side was done, he turns it over to fry the other; and what would you think, but the divil a taste of a burn was an it, at all at all; and sure the sojer thought it was a *quare* throut that could n't be briled; 'but,' says he, 'I'll give it another turn by and by' little thinkin' what was in store for him, the haythen.

"Well, when he thought that side was done, he turns it agin — and lo and 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 the divil 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 endayyours was no good). 'Well,' says he, 'my jolly little throut, maybe you 're fried enough, though you don't seem over-well dress'd; but you may be better than you look, like a singed cat, and a tit-bit, afther all,' says he; and with that he ups with his knife and fork to taste a piece o' the throut, but, my jew'l, the minit he put his knife into the fish, there was a murtherin' screech, that you'd think the life id lave you if you heerd it, and away jumps the throut out av the fryin'-pan into the middle o' the flure;¹ and an the spot where it fell, up riz² a lovely lady --- the beautifullest young crathur that eyes ever seen, dressed in white, with a band o' goold in her hair, and a sthrame o' blood runnin' down her arm.

"'Look where you cut me, you villian,' says she, and she held out her arm to him — and my dear, he thought the sight id lave his eyes.

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

¹ Floor.

² Arose.

The White Trout

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

"' I was an duty, then,' says the lady; ' I was watchin' for my 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,¹ and I'll hunt you up and down for evermore, " while grass grows or wather runs."'

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

""Renounce your evil coorses,' says she, 'you villian, or you 'll repint it too late; be a good man for the futhur, and go to your duty² reg'lar. And now,' says she, ' take me back, and put me into the river agin, where you found me.'

"'Oh, my lady,' says the sojer, ' how could I have the heart to drownd a beautiful lady like you?'

"But before he could say another word, the lady was vanish'd, and there he saw the little throut an the ground. Well, he put it an a clane plate, and away he run for the bare life, for fear her lover would come while she was away; and he run, and he run, ever, till he came to the cave agin, and threw the throut into the river. The minit he did, the wather was as red as blood for a little while, by rayson av the cut, I suppose, until the sthrame washed the stain away; and to this day, there's a little red mark an the throut's side, where it was cut.³

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

¹ Minnow.

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

VOL. 1.-3

² The Irish peasant calls his attendance at the confessional ²⁴ going to his duty."



and fasted three times a week, though it was never fish he tuk an fastin' days : for afther the fright he got, fish id never rest an his stomach, God bless us, savin' your presence. But anyhow, he was an althered man, as I said before; and in coorse o' time he left the army, and turned hermit at last; and they say he used to pray evermore for the sowl of the White Trout."

THE BATTLE OF THE BERRINS,

OR

THE DOUBLE FUNERAL

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Most musical, most melancholy"

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

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

۱

The Battle of the Berrins

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Battle of the Berrins

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

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

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

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

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

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

And he was quite right.

The far-off speck on the horizon, whence the prophetic eye of a sailor can foretell the coming storm, is not more nicely discriminated by the mariner, than the symptoms of an approaching fray by an Irishman; and scarcely had the foregoing words been uttered, than I saw the men tucking up their long frieze coats in a sort of jacketfashion — 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 outbreaking soon took place, commencing in the centre with the principals already noticed, and radiating throughout the whole circle, until a general action ensued, and the belligerents were dispersed in various hostile groups over the 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-

The Battle of the Berrins

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

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

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

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

This admonition was soon ended. It was certainly impressive, and well calculated for the audience to whom it was delivered, as well from the simplicity of its language, as the solemnity of its manner, which was much enhanced by the deep and somewhat sepulchral voice of the speaker. "And now," added the pastor, "let me ask you for what you were fighting like so many wild Indians; for surely your conduct is liker to savage creatures than men that have been bred up in the hearing of God's word ?" 41

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

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

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

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

"Oh, God forbid that your Riverince id have to do the like," said the mother of the deceased, already noticed, in an imploring tone, and with the big teardrops 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

The Battle of the Berrins

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Putting the daisy quilt over him."

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

" To him I obnoxiously made my approaches."

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

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

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

The Battle of the Berrins

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Battle of the Berrins

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

FATHER ROACH

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

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

"Neatly sanded floor --- "

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

Father Roach

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

"Though last, not least,"

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

"Gave dreadful note of preparation."

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

"O'Connell and Liberty;"

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

" Unpleasing most to Brunswick ears,"

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

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

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

VOL. 1. -4

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"In all cases?" said I.

"Without an exception," answered he.

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

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

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

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

THE PRIEST'S STORY

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Priest's Story

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

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

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 bogwood which they brought with them to assist in our search, and we now more clearly distinguished the marks I have alluded to. The dog still howled, and indicated a particular spot to us; and on one side of the path, upon the stunted grass, we discovered a quantity of fresh blood, and I picked up a pencil-case that I knew had belonged to my murdered brother - for I now was compelled to consider him as such; and an attempt to describe the agonised feelings which at that moment I experienced would be vain. We continued our search for the discovery of his body for many hours without success, and the morning was far advanced before we returned home. How changed a home from the preceding day ! My beloved mother could scarcely be roused, for a moment, from a sort of stupor that seized upon her, when the paroxysm of frenzy was over, which the awful catastrophe of the fatal night had produced. If ever heart was broken, hers was. She lingered but a few weeks after the son she adored, and seldom spoke during the period, except to call upon his name.

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

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

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

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

"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 so far you are safe: but leave me for the present, and come not to me again until I send for you.' — He departed.

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

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

"Years thus passed away, and during that time he

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

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

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

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

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

"' 'T is close by that place that your brother is buried." "I could not, I think, have been more astonished had my brother appeared before me.

" What brother ?' said I.

"' Your brother Frank,' said he; ''t was there I buried him, poor fellow, after I killed him.'

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

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

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

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

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

The Priest's Story

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

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

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

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



THE KING AND THE BISHOP

A LEGEND OF CLONMACNOISE

"Guildenstern. — The King, Sir, — Hamlet. — Ay, Sir, what of him? Guil. — Is, in his retirement, marvellous distempered. Ham. — With drink, Sir? Guil. — No, my lord."

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

The King and the Bishop

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

"Free blue streams and the laughing sky"

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

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

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

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

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

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

The King and the Bishop

"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 just 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 an the roof, the bishop axes the masons how much he was to pay them, and they ups and tould him their price; but the bishop, they say, was a neygar, (niggard) God forgi' me for saying the word of so holy a man! and he said, they ax'd too much, and he would n't pay them. With that, my jew'l, the masons said they would take no less; and what would you think, but the bishop had the cunnin' to take away the ladthers that was reared up agin the tower.

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

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

"Musha! but you look well there,' says the innocent, 'an' how are you?' says he.

"' Not much the betther av your axin',' says they.

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

VOL. 1. - 5

"' Tut, you fools,' says he, ' sure is n't it aisier to take down two stones nor to put up one?'

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

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

"What tower is that?" said I to my Charon.

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

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

"Does your honour see it yit?" said my boatman.

"I do," said I.

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

The King and the Bishop

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

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

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

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

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

" Pilgrims ! " I ejaculated.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

¹ A hundred thousand welcomes.

² The parting cup.

The King and the Bishop

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

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

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

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

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

mage¹ with the bishop, the king promised them a fine store of wine that was comin' up the Shannon in boats, Sir, and big boats they wor, I'll go bail - not all as one as the little drolleen (wren) of a thing we're in now, but nigh hand as big as a ship; and there was three of these fine boats-full comin' - two for himself, and one for the churches; and so says the king to himself, 'the divil 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 orders to his sarvants how it wid be when the boats kem up the river with the wine — and more especial to one in partic'lar they called Corny, his own man, by raison he was mighty stout, and did n't love priests much more nor himself.

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

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

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

¹ Evidently derived from the French escrimer.

The King and the Bishop

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"" Where I tould them,' says Corny.

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

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

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

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

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

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

"'Do you mane to say, you scruff of the earth,' says the bishop, 'that your 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 of his dhrawin'-room windy, and run down the hill to the river, when he seen the bishop goin', as he thought, to put his *comether* upon Corny.

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

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

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

The King and the Bishop

"' The divil resave the dhrop,' says the king.

" And what for ?' says the bishop.

"Bekase I've changed my mind,' says the king.

"And won't you give the church wine for the holy mass?' says the bishop.

"'The mass!' says the king, eyein' him mighty sly.

"' Yes, Sir — the mass,' says his Rivirence, colouring up to the eyes — ' the mass.'

" 'Oh, Baithershin ! ' says the king.

"What do you mane?' says the bishop, and his nose got blue with the fair rage.

"" Oh, nothin',' says the king, with a toss of his head.

" ' Are you a gintleman ?' says the bishop.

"'Every inch o' me,' says the king.

"Then sure no gintleman goes back of his word,' says the other.

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

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

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

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



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

"Well, Sir, sure enough, the king fell sick of a 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 wore off his bones, and he was as bare and as yollow as a kite's claw; and then, what would you think, but the drooth came an him sure enough, and he was callin' for dhrink every *minit*, till you'd think he 'd dhrink the sae dhry.

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

"' The grule's all out,' says they.

"' Well, then, give me some whay,' says he.

" ' There's none left, my lord,' says they.

" ' Then give me a dhrink of wine,' says he.

". There's none in the room, dear,' says the nursetindher.

"'Then go down to the wine-cellar,' says he, 'and get some.'

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

"' Oh, murther ! murther !' says the king, '*I'm dyin' of drootb*,' says he.

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

The King and the Bishop

"' You've no grule ?' says the king.

" ' No,' says they.

" ' Nor wbay?'

" 'No,' says the sarvants.

" ' Nor wine ?' says the king.

"' Nor wine, either, my lord,' says they.

" Have you no tay?' says he.

"' Not a dhrop,' says the nurse-tindher.

"' Then,' says the king, ' for the tindher marcy of God, gi' me a dhrink of wather.'

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

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

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

"' Millia murther! millia murther!' cries the king, ' will no one take pity an a king that's dyin' for the bare drosth?'

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

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

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



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

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

,

AN ESSAY ON FOOLS

"A fool, a fool !- I met a fool i' the forest." As You Like IT.

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

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

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

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

"I'm goin' to the fair, your honour."

"Why, what can bring you there?"

"Oh, I've business there."

"What business -?"

" I'll tell you to-morrow."

"Ah! Jimmy," said the gentleman, "I see how it is -you're going to the fair to ask all the gentlemen for money."

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

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

An Essay on Fools

"Well, what else brings you to the fair?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Ha! Jimmy, you villian, is it murtherin' my lovely goslin's you are, you thief o' the world? Bad scram to you, you thick-headed vagabone."

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

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

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

The peasantry believe a fool to be insensible to fear, from any ghostly visitation; and I heard of an instance where the experiment was made on one of these unhappy creatures, by dressing a strapping fellow in a sheet, and placing him in a situation to intercept "poor Jimmy" on his midnight path, and try the truth of this generallyreceived 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

An Essay on Fools

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

I once heard of a joint-stock company having been established between a fool and a blind beggar-man, and for whom the fool acted in the capacity of guide. They had share and share alike in the begging concern, and got on tolerably well together, until one day the blind man had cause to suspect limmy's honour. It happened that a mail-coach passing by, the blind man put forth all his begging graces to induce the "quality" to "extind their charity," and succeeded so well, that not only some copper, but a piece of silver was thrown by the way-side. Jimmy, I'm sorry to say, allowed "the filthy lucre of gain" so far to predominate, that in picking up these gratuities, he appropriated the silver coin to his own particular pouch, and brought the halfpence only for division to his blind friend; but the sense of hearing was so nice in the latter, that he detected the sound of the falling silver, and asked Jimmy to produce it. Jimmy denied the fact stoutly. "Oh, I heerd it fall," said the blind man. "Then you were betther off than poor Jimmy," said our hero; " for you heerd it, but poor Jimmy did n't see it." "Well, look for it," says the blind man. "Well, well, but you're cute, daddy," cried Jimmy; "you're right enough, I see it now;" and VOL. I. - 6 81

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

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

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

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

An Essay on Fools

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

THE CATASTROPHE

"I was by at the opening of the fardel."

"Methought I heard the shepherd say he found a child."

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

" There 's a divinity doth hedge a king."

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

Of course, he who could settle the affairs of nations with so much satisfaction to himself, could also superintend those of his neighbours; and the whole county, if it knew but all, had weighty obligations to Mr. Daw, for the consideration he bestowed on the concerns of every man in it, rather than his own. But the world is very ill-natured, and the County — in particular; for while Mr. Daw, thus, exhibited so much interest in the affairs of his acquaintances, they only called him "bore — busy body — meddler," and other such like amiable appellations.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Catastrophe

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Catastrophe

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

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

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

> "Little Beau Beep Has lost his sheep, And does not know where to find them."

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

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

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

" Trim'd her robe of frieze with copper lace."

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

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

The Catastrophe

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"I did," said Beau Peep.

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

"No doubt of it," said Beau Peep.

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

And off they ran to O'Brien's cottage; and hurrying O'Brien and his son to unmoor their boat, in which the gentlemen had passed a considerable part of the day in sporting, they jumped into the skiff, and urged the two men to pull away as fast as they could, after the prize they hoped to obtain. Thus, though excessively hungry, and anxious for the dinner that was awaiting them all the time, their appetite for scandal was so much more intense, that they relinquished the former in pursuit of the latter.

"An' where is it your honour's goin'?" demanded O'Brien.

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

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

"Well, never mind that, you, but pull away."

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

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

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

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

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

"No," answered Daw, rather abruptly.

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

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

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

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

" I've got it !" exclaimed Daw, in triumph.

"Aye, and I've got it too," chattered forth poor Beau Peep.

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

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

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

The Catastrophe

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"No, no. We'll stay here, and Mrs. S. and my 96 daughters will retire to the drawing-room. Go, girls, and get the tea ready; " and the room was soon cleared of the ladies, and the two O'Briens were summoned to wait upon the squire in the dining-room, with the important basket.

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

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

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

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

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

"Oh! by this and that," roared out O'Brien, "the divil receave the bit of a child I seen, I 'll be upon my oath! and I would n't say that in a lie — "

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

VOL. 1.-7

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

"Both of us."

"And you heard a faint cry from it ?"

"Yes - we heard the cry of an infant."

"You then rowed after the basket, in O'Brien's boat?"

"Yes."

"Is this the basket you saw the gentlemen pick up, O'Brien?"

"By my sowl, I can't exactly say, your honour, for I was picking up Mr. Tarrier."

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

"Yes, Sir, undher God — "

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

"Troth I don't know where I could change it an the road, Sir —"

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

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

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

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

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

The Catastrophe

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Thank you, Paddy," said the squire.

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

The Catastrophe

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

THE DEVIL'S MILL

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

TEMPEST.

• •

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

I replied in the affirmative.

"Maybe your honour id let me get a sight iv it," said he.

"With pleasure," said I, as I untied the strings of my portfolio, and, drawing the sketch from amongst its companions, presented it to him. He considered it attentively for some time, and at length exclaimed, "Throth there it is, to the life—the broken roof and the wather coorse; aye, even to the very spot where the gudgeon of the wheel was wanst, let alone the big stone at the corner that was laid the first, by *bimself*;" 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.

The Devil's Mill

" Almost," said I.

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

"Never," was my answer.

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

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

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

"You see, Sir, there was a man wonst, in times back, that owned a power o' land about here, but God keep uz, they say he did n't come by it honestly, but did a crooked turn whenever 't was to sarve himself — and sure he *sould the pass*,¹ and what luck or grace could he have afther that?"

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

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

"No, indeed," said I.

"Och, well," answered my old informant, with a shake of the head, which he meant, like Lord Burleigh in the *Critic*, to be very significant, "it's no matther now, and I don't care talkin' about it; and laste said is soonest mended — howsomever, he got a power of money for that same, and lands and what not; but the more he got, the more he craved, and there was no ind to his sthrivin' for goold evermore, and thirstin' for the lucre of gain.

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

"Well, at last, the story goes, the Divil, (God bless us,) kem to him and promised him hapes o' money, and all his heart could desire, and more too, if he'd sell his sowl in exchange."

"Surely he did not consent to such a dreadful bargain as that," said I.

"Oh no, Sir," said the old man, with a slight play of muscle about the corners of his mouth, which, but that the awfulness of the subject suppressed it, would have amounted to a bitter smile—"Oh no—he was too cunnin' for that, bad as he was—and he was bad enough, God knows—he had some regard for his poor sinful sowl, and he would not give himself up to the Divil, all out; but the villian, he thought be might make a bargain with the *ould chap*, and get all he wanted, and keep himself out of harm's way still: for he was mighty cute—and throth he was able for ould Nick any day.

"Well, the bargain was struck, and it was this-a-way: The Divil was to give him all the goold ever he'd ask for, and was to let him alone as long as he could; and the timpter promised him a long day, and said 't would be a great while before he'd want him at all, at all; and whin that time kem, he was to keep his hands aff him, as long as the other could give him some work he could n't do.

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

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

"' And welkim,' says the Divil.

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

The Devil's Mill

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

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

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

"' Ho! ho!' says Ould Nick, 'is that the way wid you?' says he; and with that, he run over to the hape of goold, and, what would you think, but it was runnin' down through a big hole in the flure, that the Colonel made through the ceilin', in the room below; and that was the work he was at 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 through the hole in the flure, seen the Colonel, not content with the *two* rooms full of guineas, but, with a big shovel, throwin' them into a closet a one side of him, as fast as they fell

down. So, puttin' his head through the hole, he called down to the Colonel : ---

"' Hillo ! neighbour,' says he.

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

"'Musha! bad luck to your impudence,' says Owld Nick: 'is it sthrivin' to chate me you are,' says he, 'you villian ?'

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

"" Whisht! whisht! you thievin' rogue,' says the Divil — 'I'm not angry with you, at all, at all, but only like you the betther, bekase you're so cute — lave off slaving yourself there,' says he, 'you have got goold enough for this time; and whenever you want more, you have only to say the word, and it shall be yours at command.'

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

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

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

"Is that what you say," said I, in surprise, "because a wicked and deluded man lost his soul to the tempter —?"

"Oh, the Lord forbid, your honour; but don't be impatient, and you'll hear all. They say, at last, afther

The Devil's Mill

many years of prosperity, that the ould Colonel got stricken in years, and he began to have misgivin's in his conscience for his wicked doin's, and his heart was heavy as the fear of death kem upon him; and sure enough, while he had such murnful thoughts, the Divil kem to him, and towld him he should go wid him.

"Well, to be sure, the owld man was frekened, but he plucked up his courage and his cuteness, and towld the Divil, in a bantherin' way, jokin' like, that he had partic'lar business thin, that he was goin' to a party, and hoped an *owld friend* would n't 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 offince in life, Sir," said the venerable chronicler, who was now deep in his story, and would not be stopped.

"Well, Sir," continued he, "the Divil said he'd call the next day, and that he must be ready; and sure enough, in the evenin', he kem to him; and when the Colonel seen him, he reminded him of his bargain, that as long as he could give him some work he could n't do, he was n't obleeged to go.

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

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

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

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

down there, by the river,' says he, 'and let me have it finished by to-morrow mornin'.'

"'Your will is my pleasure,' says the owld chap, and away he wint; and the Colonel thought he had nick'd Owld Nick at last, and wint to bed quite aasy in his mind.

"But, *jewel macbree*, sure the first thing he heerd the next mornin' was, that the whole counthry round was runnin' to see a fine bran new mill, that was an the river side, where, the evenin' before, not a thing at all, at all, but rushes was standin', and all, of coorse, wondherin' what brought it there; and some sayin' 'twas not lucky, and many more throubled in their mind, but one and all agreein' it was not good; and that's the very mill forninst you, that you were takin' aff, and the stone that I noticed is a remarkable one — a big coign-stone — that they say the Divil himself laid first, and has the mark of four fingers and a thumb an it, to this day.

"But when the Colonel heerd it, he was more throubled than any, of coorse, and began to conthrive what else he could think iv, to keep himself out of the claws of the *owld one*. Well, he often heerd tell that there was one thing the Divil never could do, and I dar say you heerd it too, Sir — that is, that he could n't make a rope out of the sands of the sae; and so when the *owld one* kem to him the next day, and said his job was done, and that now the mill was built, he must either tell him somethin' else he wanted done, or come away wid him.

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

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

"'I don't want you to wait, my dear frind,' says the Colonel; 'all I want is, that you 'll be plased to kill me, before you take me away."

"'With pleasure,' says Ould Nick.

The Devil's Mill

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"'Nothin' you can tell me,' says the Divil, ' so you may as well lave off your palaverin', and come along at wanst.'

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

"'You don't desarve it,' says the Divil, 'but I don't care if I do;' for you see, Sir, he was only playin' wid him, and tantalising the ould sinner.

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

"' Thry me,' says Ould Nick.

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

"She'll never throuble you agin,' says Ould Nick; and, with that, the Colonel heerd roarin' and cryin', and

the door of his room was threwn open, and in ran his daughther, 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' in 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, all as one as a dog when he's plased — 'what do you say now ?' says he.

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

"'Don't call names,' says the Divil; 'you had betther keep a civil tongue in your head,' says he; 'and it does n't become a gintleman to forget good manners.'

"Well, Sir, to make a long story short, the Divil purtended to let him off, out of kindness, for three days, antil his wife was buried; but the raison of it was this, that when the lady his daughther fainted, he loosened the clothes about her throat, and in pulling some of her dhress away, he tuk aff a goold chain that was an her neck, and put it in his pocket, and the chain had a diamond crass an it, (the Lord be praised !) and the Divil darn't touch him while he had the sign of the crass about him.

"Well, the poor Colonel, God forgive him, was grieved for the loss of his lady, and she had an *iligant* berrin — and they say, that when the prayers was readin' over the dead, the ould Colonel took it to heart like any

The Devil's Mill

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

"Well, Sir, to make a long story short, the ind iv it was, that for the three days o' grace that was given to him, the poor deluded ould sinner did nothin' at all but read the Bible from mornin' till night, and bit or sup did n't pass his lips all the time, he was so intint upon the holy book, but sat up in an ould room in the far ind iv the house, and bid no one disturb him an no account, and struv to make his heart bould with the words iv life; and sure it was somethin' strinthened him at last, though as the time drew nigh that the inimy was to come, he did n't feel aisy, - and no wondher; and, by dad, the three days was past and gone in no time, and the story goes, that at the dead hour o' the night, when the poor sinner was readin' away as fast as he could, my jew'l, his heart jumped up to his mouth, at gettin' a tap on the shouldher.

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

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

"Another day,' cried out the poor Colonel.

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

" 'Half an hour ?'

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

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

"' Lave aff your palaverin', you sneakin' ould sinner,' says Sat'n; ' you know you're bought and sould to me, and a purty bargain I have o' you, you ould baste,' says he — 'so come along at wanst,' and he put out his claw to ketch him; but the Colonel tuk a fast hould o' the Bible, and begg'd hard that he 'd let him alone, and



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

""Well, have it so, you dirty coward,' says Ould Nick, and with that he spit an him.

"But the poor ould Colonel did n't lose a minit, (for he was cunnin' to the ind,) but snatched the little taste o' candle that was foreninst him, out o' the candlestick, and puttin' it an the holy book before him, he shut down the cover an it, and quinched the light. With that, the Divil gave a roar like a bull, and vanished in a flash o' fire, and the poor Colonel fainted away in his chair; but the sarvants heerd the noise, (for the Divil tore aff the roof o' the house when he left it.) and run into the room, and brought their master to himself agin. And from that day out he was an althered man, and used to have the Bible read to him every day, for he could n't read himself any more, by raison of losin' his eye-sight, when the Divil hit him with the rope of sand in the face, and afther, spit an him - for the sand wint into one eye, and he lost the other that-a-way, savin' your presence.

"So you see, Sir, afther all, the Colonel, undher heaven, was too able for the Divil, and by readin' the good book, his sowl was saved, and (Glory be to God) is n't that mighty improvin'?"¹

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



THE GRIDIRON;

OR,

PADDY MULLOWNEY'S TRAVELS IN FRANCE

"Soldier. — Bostos thromuldo bostos. Parolles. — I know you are the Musko's regiment. Soldier. — Botos wawado : — Parolles. — I understand thee, and can speak thy tongue." ALL's WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

MATTHEWS, in his "Trip to America," gives a ludicrous representation of an Irishman who has left his own country on the old-fashioned speculation of "seeking his fortune" — and who, after various previous failures in the pursuit, at length goes into the back settlements with the intention of becoming interpreter general between the Yankees and the Indian tribes but the Indians reject his proffered service, "the poor ignorant craytures," as he himself says, "just because he did not understand their language." We are told, moreover, that Goldsmith visited the land of dykes and dams, for the purpose of teaching the Hollanders English, quite overlooking (until his arrival in the country made it obvious,) that he did not know a word of Dutch himself. VOL 1. -8

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 exceeding fond of what he termed his "thravels," and in whom, a good deal of whim, some queer stories, and perhaps, more than all, long and faithful services, had established a right of loquacity. He was one of those few trusty and privileged domestics, who, if his master unheedingly uttered a rash thing in a fit of passion, would venture to set him right. If the squire said, "I'll turn that rascal off," my friend Pat would say, "throth you won't, Sir; " and Pat was always right, for if any altercation arose upon the "subject matter in hand," he was sure to throw in some good reason, either from former service — general good conduct — or the delinquent's "wife and childher," that always turned the scale.

But I am digressing: on such merry-meetings as I have alluded to, the master, after making certain "approaches," as a military man would say, as the preparatory steps in laying siege to some *extravaganza* of his servant, might, perchance, assail Pat thus: "By the bye, Sir John, (addressing a distinguished guest,) Pat has a very curious story, which something you told me to-day reminds me of. You remember Pat, (turning to the man, evidently pleased at the notice thus paid to himself,) you remember that queer adventure you had in France?"

"Throth I do, Sir," grins forth Pat.

"What!" exclaims Sir John, in feigned surprise, "was Pat ever in France?" "Indeed he was," cries mine host; and Pat adds, ay, and farther, plase your honour."

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

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

"Throth then, they 're not, Sir," interrupts Pat.

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

"I believe, Pat, 't was when you were crossing the Atlantic?" says the master, turning to Pat with a seductive air, and leading into the "full and true account" —(for Pat had thought fit to visit North Amerikay, for "a rason he had," in the autumn of the year ninetyeight).

"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 dbas*, (that was her name,) would not have a mast left but what would rowl out of her.

"Well, sure enough, the masts went by the boord, at last, and the pumps was choak'd, (divil choak them for that same,) and av coorse the wather gained an us, and troth to be filled with wather is neither good for man or baste; and she was sinkin' fast, settlin' down, as the sailors calls it, and faith I never was good at settlin' down in my life, and I liked it then less nor ever; accordianly we prepared for the worst, and put out the boat, and got a sack o' bishkits, and a cashk o' pork, and a kag o' wather, and a thrifle o' rum aboord, and any other little matthers we could think iv in the mortial hurry we wor in — and faith there was no time to

be lost, for my darlint, the *Colleen dbas* went down like a lump o' lead, afore we wor many sthrokes o' the oar . away from her.

"Well, we dhrifted away all that night, and next mornin' we put up a blanket an the ind av a pole as well as we could, and thin we sailed iligant, for we darn't show a stitch o' canvas the night before, bekase it was blowin' like bloody murther, savin' your presence, and sure it's the wondher of the world we worn't swally'd alive by the ragin' sae.

"Well, away we wint, for more nor a week, and nothin' before our two good-lookin' eyes but the canophy iv heaven, and the wide ocean — the broad Atlantic — not a thing was to be seen but the sae and the sky; and though the sae and the sky is mighty purty things in themselves, throth they 're no great things when you 've nothin' else to look at for a week together — and the barest rock in the world, so it was land, would be more welkim. And then, soon enough troth, our provisions began to run low, the bishkits, and the wather, and the rum — troth that was gone first of all — God help uz — and, oh ! it was thin that starvation began to stare us in the face — 'Oh, murther, murther, captain darlint,' says I, 'I wish we could see land anywhere,' says I.

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

"'Oh,' says I, 'that it may plaze you, sweet queen iv heaven, supposing it was only a *dissolute* island,' says I, 'inhabited wid Turks, sure they would n't be such bad Christhans as to refuse us a bit and a sup.'

""Whisht, whisht, Paddy,' says the captain, 'don't be talkin' bad of any one,' says he; 'you don't know how soon you may want a good word put in for yourself, if you should be called to quarthers in th' other world all of a suddent,' says he.

"' Thrue for you, captain darlint,' says I - I called

The Gridiron

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 owe no man any spite '— and throth that was only thruth. Well, the last bishkit was sarved out, and by gor the *wather itself* was all gone at last, and we passed the night mighty 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 cryshthal. But it was only the more crule upon uz, for we wor beginnin' to feel *terrible* hungry; when all at wanst I thought I spied the land — by gor I thought I felt my heart up in my throat in a minnit, and 'thundher an turf, captain,' says I, 'look to leeward,' says I.

" What for?' says he.

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

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

"' Take care you're not mistaken,' says I; 'maybe it's only a fog-bank, captain darlint,' says I.

"' Oh no,' says he, ' it 's the land in airnest.'

"'Oh then, whereabouts in the wide world are we, captain?' says I, 'maybe it id be in *Roosia*, or *Proosia*, or the Garman Oceant,' says I.

"'Tut, you fool,' says he — for he had that consaited way wid him — thinkin' himself cleverer nor any one else — 'tut, you fool,' says he, 'that 's *France*,' says he.

"Tare an ouns,' says I, 'do you tell me so? and how do you know it's France it is, captain dear?' says I.

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

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

"Well, with that, my heart began to grow light, and



when I seen my life was safe, I began to grow twice hungrier nor ever — so says I, 'Captain, jewel, I wish we had a gridiron.'

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

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

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

"" Ate a gridiron!' says I; 'och, in throth I'm not sitch a gemenoch all out as that any how. But sure if we had a gridiron we could dress a beef-stake,' says I.

" Arrah ! but where 's the beef-stake ? ' says he.

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

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

"'Oh there's many a thrue word said in 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 stir-about in airnist now,' says he, 'you gommoch,' says he, 'sure I towld you before that's France — and sure they 're all furriners¹ there,' says the captain.

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

"' What do you mane?' says he.

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

"' Make me sinsible,' says he.

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

> ¹ Foreigners. 118

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

" Parly voo Frongsay,' says I.

"'Oh your humble sarvant,' says he, 'why, by gor, you're a scholar, Paddy.'

"' Throth, you may say that,' says I.

"'Why, you're a clever fellow, Paddy,' says the captain, jeerin' like.

"'You're not the first that said that,' says I, 'whether you joke or no.'

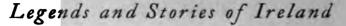
"'Oh, but I'm in airnest,' says the captain — 'and do you tell me, Paddy,' says he, 'that you spake Frinch?'

" Parly voo Frongsay,' says I.

"" By gor that bangs Banagher, and all the world knows Banagher bangs the divil — I never met the likes o' you, Paddy,' says he — 'pull away boys, and put Paddy ashore, and maybe we won't get a good bellyfull before long.'

"So with that it was no sooner said nor done — they pulled away and got close into shore in less than no time, and run the boat up in a little creek, and a beautiful creek it was, with a lovely white sthrand, an iligant place for ladies to bathe in the summer — and out I got, and it's stiff enough in my limbs I was afther bein' cramp'd up in the boat, and perished with the cowld and hunger; but I conthrived to scramble on, one way or the other, tow'rds a little bit iv a wood that was close to the shore, and the smoke curlin' out of it quite timptin' like.

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



"So I took aff my hat and making a low bow, says I, God save all here,' says I.

"Well to be sure they all stopt ating at wanst and begun to stare at me, and faith they almost look'd me out of countenance — and I thought to myself it was not good manners at all — more betoken from furriners, which they call so mighty p'lite; but I never minded that, in regard of wantin' the gridiron, 'and so,' says I, 'I beg your pardon,' says I, 'for the liberty I take, but it's only bein' in disthress in regard of ating,' says I, 'that I make bowld to throuble yez, and if you could lind me the loan of a gridiron,' says I, 'I'd be intirely obleeged to ye.'

"By gor, they all stared at me twice worse nor before, and with that, says I, (knowing what was in their minds,) indeed it's thrue for you,' says I; 'I'm tathered to pieces, and God knows I look quare enough, but it's by raison of the storm,' says I, 'which dhruv us ashore here below, and we're all starvin',' says I.

"So then they began to look at each other agin, and myself, seeing at wanst dirty thoughts was in their heads, and that they tuk me for a poor beggar comin' to crave charity — with that, says I, 'Oh! not at all,' says I, 'by no manes, we have plenty o' mate ourselves, there below, and we'll dhress it,' says I, 'if you would be plased to lind us the loan of a gridiron,' says I, makin' a low bow.

"Well, Sir, with that, throth they stared at me twice worse nor ever, and faith I began to think that maybe the captain was wrong, and that it was not France at all at all — and so says I — 'I beg pardon, Sir,' says I, to a fine ould man, with a head of hair as white as silver — 'maybe I'm undher a mistake,' says I; 'but I thought I was in France, Sir: are n't you furriners?' says I — '*Parly voo Frongsay*?'

"'We munseer,' says he.

"'Then would you lind me the loan of a gridiron,' says I, 'if you plase?' "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, making a bow and scrape agin, 'I know it's a liberty I take, Sir,' says I, 'but it's only in the regard of bein' cast away, and if you plaze, Sir,' says I, 'Parly voo Frongsay?'

"We munseer,' says he, mighty sharp.

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

"Well, Sir, the ould chap began to munseer me, but the divil a bit of a gridiron he'd gi' me; and so I began to think they were all neygars, for all their fine manners; and throth my blood begun to rise, and says I, 'By my sowl, if it was you was in disthriss,' says I, 'and if it was to ould Ireland you kem, it's not only the gridiron they 'd give you, if you ax'd it, but something to put an it too, and the dhrop o' dhrink into the bargain, and cead mile failte.'

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

" 'We munseer,' says he.

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

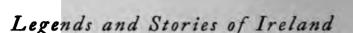
"Well, bad win' to the bit of it he'd gi' me, and the ould chap begins bowin' and scrapin', and said something or other about a long tongs.¹

"'Phoo! — the divil sweep yourself and your tongs,' says I, 'I don't want a tongs at all at all; but can't you listen to raison,' says I — '*Parly voo Frongsay*?'

"We munseer."

"'Then lind me the loan of a gridiron,' says I, 'and howld your prate.'

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



"Well, what would you think but he shook his owld noddle as much as to say he would n't; and so says I, Bad cess to the likes o' that I ever seen — throth if you wor in my counthry it's not that-a-way they'd use you; the curse o' the crows an you, you owld sinner,' says I, 'the divil a longer I'll darken your door.'

"So he seen I was vex'd, and I thought, as I was turnin' away, I seen him begin to relint, and that his conscience throubled him; and says I, turnin' back, 'Well, I'll give you one chance more — you owld thief — are you a Chrishthan at all at all ? are you a furriner ?' says I, 'that all the world calls so p'lite. Bad luck to you, do you undherstand your own language? — Parly two Frengsay?' says I.

" We munseer,' says he.

"'Then thundher and turf,' says I, 'will you lind me the loan of a gridiron ?'

"Well, Sir, the divil resave the bit of it he'd gi' me — and so with that, the 'curse o' the hungry an you, you owld negarly villian,' says I; 'the back o' my hand and the sowl o' my fut to you; that you may want a gridiron yourself yet,' says I; 'and wherever I go, high and low, rich and poor, shall hear o' you,' says I; and with that I left them there, Sir, and kem away — and in throth it's often sence, that I thought that it was remarkable."

PADDY THE PIPER

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

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

THE only introduction I shall attempt to the following "extravaganza," is, to request the reader to suppose it to be delivered by a rollicking Irish peasant, in the richest brogue, and most dramatic manner.

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

"It was in the time of the 'ruction,¹ whin the long summer days, like many a fine fellow's precious life, was cut short by raison of the martial law, — that would n't let a dacent boy be out in the evenin', good or bad; for whin the day's work was over, divil a one of uz daar go to meet a frind over a glass, or a girl at the dance, but must go home, and shut ourselves up, and never budge, nor rise latch, nor dhraw boult, antil the morning kem agin.

"Well, to come to my story: — 'T was afther nightfall, and we wor sittin' round the fire, and the pratees was boilin', and the noggins of butther-milk was standin' ready for our suppers, whin a knock kem to the door.

""Whisht,' says my father, 'here's the sojers come upon us now,' says he; 'bad luck to thim, the villians,

¹ Insurrection.



I'm afeard they seen a glimmer of the fire through the crack in the door,' says he.

"' No,' says my mother, ' for I'm afther hanging an ould sack and my new petticoat agin it, a while ago."

"'Well, whisht, any how,' says my father, ' for there's a knock agin;' and we all held our tongues till another thump kem to the door.

"" Oh, it's a folly to 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, thundher and turf,' says I, 'is it you, Paddy, that 's in it?'

"' Sorra one else,' says he.

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

"'By gar,' says he, 'I did n't like goin' the roun' by the road,' says he, 'and so I kem the short cut, and that's what delayed me,' says he.

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

"Sure I know that,' says he, 'God help me; and 124

Paddy the Piper

that's what I kem to you for,' says he; 'and let me in for ould acquaintance sake,' says poor Paddy.

"" Oh, by this and that,' says I, 'I darn't open the door for the wide world; and sure you know it; and throth if the Husshians or the Yeo's ¹ 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, plaze the pigs, I hope it 's not the likes o' that is in store for me, any how.'

"Faix then,' says I, 'you had betther lose no time in hidin' yourself,' says I; 'for throth I tell you, it's a short thrial and a long rope the Husshians would be afther givin' you — for they 've no justice, and less marcy, the villians!'

"' Faith thin, more's the raison you should let me in, Shamus,' says poor Paddy.

"'It's a folly to talk,' says I, 'I darn't open the door.'

"" Oh then, millia murther!' says Paddy, 'what'll become of me at all, at all?' says he.

"Go aff into the shed,' says I, 'behind the house, where the cow is, and there there's an iligant lock o' straw, that you may go sleep in,' says I, 'and a fine bed it id be for a lord, let alone a piper.'

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

"You see, afther sleeping for some time, Paddy wakened up, thinkin' it was mornin', but it was n't mornin' at all, but only the light o' the moon that deceaved him; but at all evints, he wanted to be stirrin' airly, bekase he was goin' off to the town hard by, it

bein' fair-day, to pick up a few ha'pence 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 did n't go far, antil climbin' up through a hedge, when he was comin' out at t' other side, his head kem plump agin somethin' that made the fire flash out iv his eyes. So with that he looks up — and what do you think it was, Lord be marciful to uz, but a corpse hangin' out of a branch of a three.

"'Oh, the top o' the mornin' to you, Sir,' says Paddy, 'and is that the way with you, my poor fellow? throth you tuk a start out o' me,' says poor Paddy; and 't was 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, 't was the rebels that hanged this chap - bekase, you see, the corpse had good clothes an him, and that's the raison that one might know it was the rebels, --- by raison that the Husshians and the Orangemen never hanged any body wid good clothes an him, but only the poor and definceless crathurs, like uz; so, as I said before, Paddy knew well it was the boys that done it; 'and,' says Paddy, eyein' the corpse, 'by my sowl, thin, but you have a beautiful pair o' boots an you,' says he, 'and it's what I'm thinkin' you won't have any great use for thim no more; and sure it's a shame to see the likes o' me,' says he, ' the best piper in the sivin counties, to be trampin' wid a pair of ould brogues not worth three traneens, and a corpse with such an iligant pair o' boots, that wants some one to wear thim.' So, with that, Paddy lays hould of him by the boots, and began a

Paddy the Piper

pullin' at thim, but they wor mighty stiff; and whether it was by rayson of their being so tight, or the branch of the three a-jiggin' up and down, all as one as a weighdee buckettee, and not lettin' Paddy cotch any right 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, detarmined to have the boots, any how, by fair means or foul; and I'm loath to tell you now how he got thim - for indeed it was a dirty turn, and throth it was the only dirty turn I ever knew Paddy to be guilty av; and you see it was this a-way: 'pon my sowl, he pulled out a big knife, and by the same token, it was a knife with a fine buck-handle, and a murtherin' big blade, that an uncle o' mine, that was a gardener at the Lord's, made Paddy a prisint av; and more by token, it was not the first mischief that knife done, for it cut love between thim, that was the best of friends before; and sure 't was the wondher of every one, that two knowledgable men, that ought to know betther, would do the likes, and give and take sharp steel in friendship; but I'm forgettin' - well, he outs with his knife, and what does he do, but he cut off the legs av the corpse; 'and,' says he, 'I can take aff the boots at my convaynience;' and throth it was, as I said before, a dirty turn.

"Well, Sir, he tuck'd the legs undher his arm, and at that minit the moon peeped out from behind a cloud — 'Oh! is it there you are?' says he to the moon, for he was an impidint chap — and thin, seein' that he made a mistake, and that the moon-light deceaved him, and that it was n't the airly dawn, as he conceaved; and bein' friken'd for fear himself might be cotched and trated like the poor corpse he was afther a malthreating, if *be* 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 ? the divil a long Paddy was there antil the sojers kem in airnest, and, by the powers, they carried off Paddy — and faith it was only sarvin' him right for what he done to the poor corpse.

"Well, whin the morning kem, my father says to me, Go, Shamus,' says he, 'to the shed, and bid poor Paddy come in, and take share o' the pratees, for I go bail he's ready for his breakquest by this, any how.'

"Well, out I wint to the cow-house, and called out 'Paddy !' and afther callin' three or four times, and gettin' no answer, I wint in, and called agin, and divil an answer I got still. 'Blood-an-agers !' says I, 'Paddy, where are you, at all, at all ?' and so, castin' my eyes about the shed, I seen two feet sticking out from undher the hape o' sthraw — 'Musha! thin,' says I, 'bad luck to you, Paddy, but you're fond of a warm corner, and maybe you have n't made yourself as snug as a flay in a blanket ? but I'll disturb your dhrames, I'm thinkin',' says I, and with that, I laid hould of his heels, (as I thought, God help me,) and givin' a good pull to waken him, as I intinded, away I wint, head over heels, and my brains was a'most knocked out agin the wall.

"Well, whin I recovered myself, there I was, an the broad o' my back, and two things stickin' out of my hands, like a pair o' Husshian's horse-pist'ls — and I thought the sight 'id lave my eyes, whin I seen they wor two 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 neyger,' says I; 'and bad luck to you, how dainty you are, that nothin' 'id sarve you for your supper, but the best piper in Ireland.

"" Weirastbru ! weirastbru !' what 'll the whole coun-

Paddy the Piper

thry say to such an unnathural murther? and you, lookin' as innocent there as a lamb, and ating your hay, as quite as if nothin' happened' — with that, I run out, for throth I did n't like to be near her; and goin' into the house, I tould them all about it.

"Arrah! be aisy,' says my father.

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

"'Is it ate Paddy?' says they.

" Divil a doubt of it,' says I.

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

"'I wish I was as sure of a new pair o' brogues,' says I.

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

"' And do you tell me she ate the pipes too?' says my father.

" ' By gor, I b'lieve so,' says I.

"'Oh, the divil fly away wid her,' says he, 'what a cruel taste she has for music !'

"' Arrah!' says my mother, 'don't be cursing the cow, that gives the milk to the childher.'

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

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

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

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

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

"Faith I don't,' say I.

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

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

VOL 1.-9

"' That 's mighty good,' says he, ' to keep a dog and bark myself;' and faith I rec'llected the sayin' from that hour — ' let me have no more words about it,' says he, ' but be aff wid you.'

"" So, aff I wint, and it's no lie I'm tellin', whin I say it was sore agin my will I had any thing to do with sitch a villian of a baste. But, howsomever, I cut a brave long wattle, that I might dhrive the man-ather iv a thief, as she was, without bein' near her at all at all.

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

"God save you,' says one to me.

"God save you, kindly,' says I.

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

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

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

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

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

"'Faith thin myself does n't know,' says I — and that was thrue enough, you see, bekase I was bewildhered like, about the baste, intirely.

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

"'Och,' says I — not likin' to let him suspict there was any thing wrong wid her — 'Och,' says I, in a careless sort of a way, 'sure no one can tell what a baste 'ill bring, antil they come to the fair,' says I, 'and see what price is goin'.'

" ' Indeed, that 's nath'ral enough,' says he. ' But if

Paddy the Piper

you wor bid a fair price before you come to the fair, sure you might as well take it,' says he.

"' Oh, I've no objection in life,' says I.

"" Well thin, what will you ax for her?' says he.

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

" No less?' says he.

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

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

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

"'Maybe,' says he, 'she's gone off her milk, in regard that she does n't feed well?'

"" Och, by this and that,' says I, 'in regard of feedin' there's not the likes of her in Ireland; so make your mind aisy, and if you like her for the money, you may have her.'

"'Why, indeed, I'm not in a hurry,' says he, 'and I'll wait till I see how they go in the fair.'

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

fair, whin all of a suddint, as I kem to the door av a tint, up sthruck the pipes to the tune av 'Tattherin' 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, 'luck to her, she wants another now.'

" Is it a cow for to ate

"" Divil a word o' lie i self, and nothin' left but a folly to be sthrivin' to L it aff — as poor Paddy Gro be marciful to him.' er?' says one o' thim. or I seen his corpse mylegs,' says I; ' and it's or I see she'll never lave knows to his cost, Lord

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

"'Oh, hould him too,' says I; 'keep him av me, for it's not himself at all, but his ghost,' says I; 'for he was kilt last night, to my sartin knowledge, every inch av him, all to his legs.'

"Well, Sir, with that, Paddy — for it was Paddy himself as it kem out afther — fell a laughin', that you'd think his sides 'ud split; and whin he kem to himself, he ups and he tould uz how it was, as I towld you already; and the likes av the fun they made av me, was beyant tellin', for wrongfully misdoubtin' the poor cow, and layin' the blame iv atin' a piper an her. So we all wint into the tint to have it explained, and by gor it took a full gallon o' sper'ts t' explain it; and we dhrank health and long life to Paddy and the cow, and Paddy played that day beyant all tellin', and many a one said the likes was never heerd before nor sence, even from Paddy himself — and av coorse the poor slandhered cow was dhruv home agin, and many a quite day she had wid uz afther that; and whin she died, throth my father had

Paddy the Piper

sitch a regard for the poor thing, that he had her skinned, and an iligant pair of breeches made out iv her hide, and it's in the fam'ly to this day; and is n't it mighty remarkable it is, what, I'm goin' to tell you now, but it's as thrue as I'm here, that from that out, any one that has thim breeches an, the minit a pair o' pipes sthrikes up, they can't rest, but goes jiggin' and jiggin' in their sate, and never stops as long as the pipes is playin' — and there," said he, slapping the garment in question that covered his sinewy limb, with a spank of his brawny hand, that might have startled nerves more tender than mine — " there, there is the very breeches that's an me now, and a fine pair they are this minit."¹

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

THE PRIEST'S GHOST

"Hermione. — Pray you sit by us, And tell 's a tale. Mamilius. — Merry, or sad, shall 't be ? Her. — As merry as you will. Mam. — A sad tale 's best for winter : I have one of sprites and goblins."

WINTER'S TALE.

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

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

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

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

The Priest's Ghost

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

"Well, afther a time, she recovered herself a little, and she thought there was no use in life in settin' up a phillelew, sthrivin' to make herself heerd; for she knew well no livin' sowl was within call, and so, on a little considheration, whin she got over the first fright at being left alone that-a-way, good thoughts kem into her head to comfort her, and sure she knew she was in God's own house, and that no bad sper't daar come there. So with that, she knelt down agin, and repated her credos, and pather-and-aves, over and over, antil she felt quite sure in the purtection of hiv'n, and then, wrappin' herself up in her clcak, she thought she might lie down and 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 was shinin' out of the door of the vesthry, and immediately, out walked, out of the vesthry, a priest, dhressed in black vestments, and going slowly up to the althar, he said, 'Is there any one here to answer this mass?'

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



Mary thought he looked towards her, and she said she 'd never forget the melancholy light of his eyes, and the look he gave her, quite pityful like; and she said she never heerd before nor since 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 Riverince, undher God, was enlightened to see the maynin' of it all; and the maynin' was this, that he undherstood from hearin' of the priest appearin' in black vestments, that it was for to say mass for the dead that he kem there; and so he supposed that the priest durin' his lifetime had forgot to say a mass for the dead that he was bound to say, and that his poor sowl could n't have rest 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 Riverince said she was chosen, he ax'd her would she go and keep another vigil in the chapel, as his Riverince 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, she said she'd watch another night, but hoped she would n't be ax'd to stay long in the chapel alone. So the priest 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 cockcrow; and so, accordingly, Mary wint, an the night of a vigil, and before twelve, down she knelt in the chapel, and began a countin' of her beads, and the craythur, she thought every minit was an hour antil she'd be relaysed.

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

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

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

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



NEW POTATOES,

AN IRISH MELODY

"Great cry and little wool." OLD SAVING.

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. 138

New Potatoes

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

Such was the case, as I happened to overhear a conversation between Katty, a *black-eyed* dealer in "New pittayatees!" and her friend Sally, who had "Fine fresh Dublin-bay herrings!" to dispose of. Sally, to do her justice, was a very patient hearer, and did not interrupt her friend with her own cry in the least; whether it was, from being interested in her friend's little misfortunes, or that Katty was one of those "out-and-outers" in storytelling, 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 grey cloak, a dirty cap, and a black eye; a sieve of potatoes on her head, and a "thrifle o' sper'ts" in it. Katty meanders down Patrick-street.]

Katty. — My new Pittayatees ! — My-a-new Pittayatees ! — My new — "

(Meeting a friend.)

Sally, darlin', is that you ?



Sally. -- Throth it's myself; and what's the matther wid you, Katty ?

Kat. - 'Deed my heart 's bruk cryin' - " New pittayatees ! " - cryin' afther that vagabone.

Sal - Is it Mike?

Kat. --- Throth it's himself indeed.

Sal. - And what is it he done ?

Kat. — Och ! he ruined me with his — "New pittayatees !" — with his goins-an — the owld thing, my dear — Sal. — Throwin' up his little finger, I suppose ? 1

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

"Bad look attind you; bad cess to you, you pot-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 lickin', if ever you got it," says he.

So with that, I knew the villian was mulvathered;² let alone the heavy fut o' the miscrayint an the stairs, that a child might know he was done for — " My new pittayatees!" — Throth he was done to a turn, like a mutton kidney.

Sal. — Musha! God help you, Katty.

Kat. — Oh, wait till you hear the ind o' my — "New pittayatees!" — o' my throubles, and it's then you'll open your eyes — "My new pittayatees!"

Sal. - Oh, bud I pity you.

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

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

¹ Getting drunk.

² Intoxicated.

tees ! " — to take care o' myself; so with that, I put the bowlt on the door, betune me and danger, and kep' listenin' at the key-hole; and sure enough, what should I hear, but — "New pittayatees ! " — but the vagabone gropin' his way round the cruked turn in the stair, and tumblin' afther, into the hole in the flure an the landin'; and whin he come to himself, he gev a thunderin' thump at the door. "Who's there?" says I: says he — "New pittayatees ! " — "let me in," says he, "you vagabone," (swarein' by what I would n't mintion,) or by this and that, "I'll massacray you," says he, "within an inch o' — 'New pittayatees!' — within an inch o' your life," says he.

"Mikee, darlint," says I, sootherin' him.

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

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

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

Sal. — Oh, the ruffin!

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

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

Sal. - No, in troth, Katty dear.

Kat. - Well, where was I? Oh, aye, I left off at -" New pittayatees ! " - I left off at my dirty breed. Well, at the word "dirty breen. knew full well the bad it's soon and suddint he dhrop was up in him, and made me sinsible av it, fo irst word he said was -" New pittayatees ! " - t word he said was to put his shouldher to the doc in he bursted the door, fallin' down in the m the flure, cryin' out -"bad luck attind you," "New pittayatees !" - cryin says he; "how dar you refus to lit me into my own house, you sthrap," says he, " agin the law o' the land," savs he, scramblin' up on his pins agin, as well as he could; and, as he was risin', says I - " New pittayatees !" -says I to him, (screeching out loud, that the neighbours in the flure below might hear me,) " Mikee, my darlint," says I.

"Keep the pace, you vagabone," says he; and with that, he hits me a lick av a — "*New pittayatees*!" — a lick av a stick he had in his hand, and down I fell, (and small blame to me,) down I fell an the flure, cryin' — "*New pittayatees*!" — cryin' out "Murther! murther!"

Sal. — Oh, the hangin'-bone villian !

Kat. — Oh, that's not all! As I was risin', my jew'l, he was goin' to strek me agin; and with that, I cried out — "New pittayatees!" — I cried out, "Fair play, Mikee," says I; "don't sthrek a man down;" but he would n't listen to rayson, and was goin' to hit me agin, whin I put up the child that was in my arms 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 jewel, the neighbours in the flure below, hearin' the skrimmage, kem runnin' up the stairs, cryin' out — "New pittayatees !" — cryin' out, "Watch, watch. Mikee M'Evoy," says they, "would you murthur your wife, you villian ?" "What's that to you ?" says he; "is n't she my own ?" says he, "and if I plase to make her feel the weight o' my — 'New pittayates !' — the weight o' my fist, what's that to you ?" says he; "it's none o' your business any how, so keep your tongue in your jaw, and your toe in your pump, and 't will be betther for your — 'New pittayatees !' — 't will be betther for your health, I'm thinkin'," says he; and with that he looked cruked at thim, and squared up to one o' thim — (a poor definceless craythur, a tailor).

"Would you fight your match?" says the poor innocent man.

"Lave my sight," says Mick, "or, by Jingo, I'll put a stitch in your side, my jolly tailor," says he. "Yiv put a stitch in your wig already," says the

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

And with that, Mikee was goin' to hit him with a — "New pittayatee !" — a lift-hander; but he was cotch howld iv before he could let go his blow; and who should stand up forninst him, but — "My new pittayatees !" — but the tailor's wife; (and, by my sowl, it's she that's the sthrapper, and more's the pity she's thrown away upon one o' the sort;) and says she, "Let me at him,"



says she, "it's I that's used to giv a man a lickin' every day in the week; you're bowld an the head now, you vagabone," says she; "but if I had you alone," says she, "no matther if I would n't take the consait out o' your—'New pittayatees!'—out o' your braggin' heart;" and that's the way she wint an ballyraggin' him; and, by gor, they all tuk patthern afther her, and abused him, my dear, to that degree, that, I vow to the Lord, the very dogs in the sthreet would n't lick his blood.

Sal. - Oh, my blessin' an them.

Kat. — And with that, one and all, they began to cry — "New pittayatees!" — they began to cry him down; and, at last, they all swore out, "Hell's bells attind your berrin'," says they, "you vagabone," as they just tuk him up by the scuff o' the neck, and threwn him down the stairs : every step he'd take, you'd think he'd brake his neck, (Glory be to God!) and so I got rid o' the ruffin; and then they left me, cryin' — "New pittayatees!" — cryin' afther the vagabone; though the angels knows well he was n't desarvin' o' one precious dhrop that fell from my two good-lookin' eyes — and, oh! but the condition he left me in.

Sal. — Lord look down an you.

Kat.— And a purty sight it id be, if you could see how I was lyin' in the middle o' the flure cryin' — "New pittayatees !" — cryin' and roarin', and the poor child, with his eye knocked out, in the corner, cryin' — "New pittayatees !" — and, indeed, every one in the place was cryin' — "New pittayatees !" — was cryin' murther.

Sal. — And no wondher, Katty dear.

Kat. — Oh bud that 's not all. If you seen the condition the place was in afther it; it was turned upside down like a beggar's breeches. Throth I'd rather be at a bull bait than at it, enough to make an honest woman cry — "New pittayatees!" — to see the daycent room rack'd and ruin'd, and my cap tore aff my head into tatthers, throth you might riddle bull dogs through it; and,

New Potatoes

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

But I'll not brake your heart any more, Sally dear; — God's good, and never opens one door, but he shuts another; — and that's the way iv it; — an' strinthins the wake with — "New pittayatees !" — with his purtection; and may the widdy and the orphin's blessin' be an his name, I pray ! — And my thrust is in divine providence, that was always good to me, and sure I don't despair; but not a night that I kneel down to say my prayers, that I don't pray for — "New pittayatees !" for all manner o' bad luck to attind that vagabone, Mikee M'Evoy. My curse light an him this blessid minit; and —

[A voice at a distance calls, " Potatoes ! "]

Kat. — Who calls ? — (Perceives ber customer.) — Here, Ma'am. Good-bye, Sally, darlint — good-bye. "New pittay-a-tees !"

[Exit Katty by the Cross Poddle.]

VOL. I. — IO



PADDY THE SPORT

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

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

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

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

Paddy the Sport

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

Paddy was fond of dealing in mystification, which he practised often on the peasants, whom he looked upon as an inferior class of beings to himself - considering that his office of sportsman conferred a rank upon him that placed him considerably above them, to say nothing of the respect that was due to one so adroit in the use of the gun as himself; and, by the way, it was quite a scene to watch the air of self-complacency that Paddy, after letting fly both barrels into a covey, and dropping his brace of birds as dead as a stone, quietly let down the piece from his shoulder, and commenced reloading, looking about him the while with an admirable carelessness, and when his piece was ready for action again, returning his ramrod with the air of a master, and then, throwing the gun into the hollow of his arm, walk forward to the spot where the birds were lying, and pick them up in the most business-like manner.

But to return to Paddy's love of mystification. One day I accompanied him, or perhaps it would be fitter to say, he acted as guide, in leading me across a country to a particular point, where I wanted to make a sketch. His dogs and gun, of course, bore him company, though I was only armed with my portfolio; and we beat across the fields, merrily enough until the day became overcast, and a heavy squall of wind and rain forced us to seek shelter in the first cottage we arrived at. Here the good woman's apron was employed in an instant in dusting a

three-l ged stool to offer to "the gintlemen," and "Paddy the S " was hailed with welcome by every one in the hous ith whom he entered into conversation in his usual in of banter and mystification.

I led for some time to the passing discourse; but the bau weather still continuing, I began amusing myself

until it should clear, i of dogs that were str in a small green-cove carry about me, for l caused a profound succeeded by a brolast, approaching mnot account for, sa your while to mind pone that had approach g an outline of a group in the floor of the cabin, ing-book that I generally it memoranda. This soon and me; the silence was tring, and Mr. Paddy, at hidity of manner I could ir, it would n't be worth in the pup?" pointing to

one that had approached the group of dogs, and had commenced his awkward gambols with his seniors.

I told him I considered the pup as the most desirable thing to notice; but scarcely were the words uttered, until the old woman cried out, "Terry, take that cur out o' that — I'm sure I don't know what brings all the dogs here," and Terry caught up the pup in his arms, and was running away with him, when I called after him to stop; but 't was in vain. He ran like a hare from me; and the old lady, seizing a branch of a furzebush from a heap of them that were stowed beside the chimney-corner for fuel, made an onset on the dogs, and drove them, yelping, from the house.

I was astonished at this, and perceived that the air of every one in the cottage was altered towards me; and, instead of the civility which had saluted my entrance, estranged looks, or direct ones of no friendly character, were too evident. I was about to inquire the cause, when Paddy the Sport, going to the door, and casting a weather-wise look abroad, said, "I think, Sir, we may as well be goin' — and indeed the day 's clearin' up fine, afther all, and 'ill be beautiful yit. Good-bye to you,

Mrs. Flannerty," — and off went Paddy, and I followed immediately, having expressed my thanks to the aforesaid Mrs. Flannerty, making my most engaging adieu, which, however, was scarcely returned.

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

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

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

"What is it, then?" said I.

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

And he was right — for as we approached, it became more evident every moment. But my surprise was excited, when, having scarcely passed the suspended dog, another tree rose upon our view, in advance, decorated by a pendant brace of the same breed.

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

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

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

"Thank myself ! " said I - " how ? "

" 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 would n't like offindin' your honour; but you see, (since you must know, Sir,) that whin you tuk that little green book out iv your pocket, they tuk you for — savin' your presence — by gor, I don't like tellin' you."

"Tut, nonsense, man," said I.

"Well, Sir, (since you *must* know,) by dad, they tuk you — I beg your honour's pardon — but, by dad, they tuk you for a tax-gatherer."

"A tax-gatherer !"

"Divil a lie in it; and whin they seen you takin' off the dogs, they thought it was to count thim, for to make thim pay for thim; and so, by dad, they thought it best, I suppose, to hang them out o' the way."

"Ha! Paddy," said I, "I see this is a piece of your knavery, to bewilder the poor people."

"Is it me?" says Paddy, with a look of assumed innocence, that avowed, in the most provoking manner, the inward triumph of Paddy in his own hoax.

"'T was too much, Paddy," said I, "to practise so far on innocent people."

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

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

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

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

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

Paddy being a professed story-teller, and a notorious liar, it may be naturally inferred that he dealt largely in fairy tales and ghost stories. Talking of fairies one day, for the purpose of exciting him to say something of them, I inquired if there were many fairies in that part of the country.

"Ah! no, Sir!" said he, with the air of a sorrowing patriot — "not now. There was wanst a power o' fairies used to keep about the place; but sence the *rale* quol'ty — the good old families has left it, and the upstarts has kem into it — the fairies has quitted it all out, and would n't stay here, but is gone farther back into Connaught, where the ould blood is."

"But I dare say you have seen them sometimes?"

"No, indeed, Sir. I never saw them, barrin' wanst, and that was whin I was a boy, but I heerd them often." "How did you know it was fairies you heard?"

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

full a thousand men marchin' down the road, and by dad I lay down in the gripe o' the ditch, not wishin' to be seen, nor liken' to be throublesome to them; and I watched who they wor, and was peepin' out iv a tuft o' rishes, when what should I see but nothin' at all, to all appearance, but the thrampin' o' min, and a clashin', and a jinglin', that you'd think the infanthry, and yeomanthry, and cavalthry was in it, and not a sight iv any thing to be seen, but the brightest o' moonlight that ever kem out o' the hivins."

" And that was all ?"

"Divil a more; and by dad 't was more nor I'd like to see or to hear agin."

" But you never absolutely saw any fairies?"

"Why, indeed, Sir, to say that I seen thim, that is with my own eyes, would n't be 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 owld Shaughnessy's field, and stale o' shafe o' pays ?' So he agreed, and off we wint to stale the pays; but whin we got over the fince, and was creepin' along the furrows for fear of bein' seen, I heerd some one runnin' afther me, and I thought we wor cotch, myself and the boy, and I turned round, and with that I seen two girls dhressed in white, throth I never seen sitch white in my born days, they wor as white as the blown snow, and runnin' like the wind, and I knew at wanst they wor fairies, and I threw myself down an my face, and by dad I was afeard to look up for nigh half an hour."

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

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

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

"And do you think it's a fool I am, to look twicet at a fairy, and maybe have my eyes whipt out iv my head, or turned into stones, or stone blind, which is all as one?"

"Then you can scarcely say you saw them," says I.

"Oh, by dad I can say I seen thim, and sware it for that matther; at laste, there was somethin' I seen as white as the blown snow."

"Maybe they were ghosts and not fairies," said I; "ghosts, they say, are always seen in white."

"Oh, by all that 's good, they warn't ghosts, and that I know full well, for I know the differ between ghosts and fairies."

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

"Faixs you may say that. Oh, I had a wonderful great appearance wonst that kem to me, or at laste to the house where I was, for, to be sure, it was n't to me it kem, why should it? But it was whin I was livin' at the lord's in the next county, before I kem to live with his honour here, that I saw the appearance."

" In what shape did it come?"

"Troth thin I can't well tell you what shape, for you see whin I heerd it comin' I put my head undher the clothes, and never looked up, nor opened my eyes, until I heerd it was gone."

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

"Oh, sure all the counthry knew the house was throubled, and, indeed, that was the rayson I had for lavin' it, for whin my lord turned me off, he was expectin' that I'd ax to be tuk back agin, and faith sorry he was, I go bail, that I didn't; but I would n't stay in the place, and it hanted."

"Then it was haunted!"

"To be sure it was; sure I tell you, Sir, the sper't kem to me."

"Well, Paddy, that was only civil --- returning a visit;

for I know you are fond of going to the spirits occasionally."

"Musha, bud your honour is always jokin' me about the dhrop. Oh, bud faith the sper't came to me, and whin I hid my head undher the clothes, sure did n't I feel the sper't sthrivin' to pull them aff o' me. But wait and I'll tell you how it was : - You see, myself and another sarvant was sleepin' in one room, and by the same token, a thievin' rogue he was, the same sarvant, and I heerd a step comin' down the stairs, and they wor stone stairs, and the latch was riz, but the door was locked, for I turned the key in it myself; and when the sper't seen the latch was fast, by dad the key was turned in the door, (though it was inside, av coorse,) and the sper't walked in, and I heerd the appearance walkin' about the place, and it kem and shuk me; but, as I tould you, I shut my eyes, and rowled my head up in the clothes; well, with that, it went and raked the fire, (for I suppose it was could,) but the fire was a'most gone out, and with that, it wint to the turf-bucket to see if there was any sods there to throw an the fire, but not a sod there was left, for we wor sittin' up late indeed, (it bein' the young lord's birth-day, and we wor drinkin' his health,) and when it could n't find any turf in the bucket, bad cess to me but it begun to kick the buckets up and down the room for spite, and devil sitch a clatter I ever heerd as the sper't made, kickin' the turf-bucket like a foot-ball round the place; and when it was tired plazin' itself thata-way, the appearance kem and shuk me agin, and I roared and bawled at last, and thin away it wint, and slammed the door afther it, that you'd think it id pull the house down."

"I'm afraid, Paddy," said I, "that this was nothing more than a troublesome dream."

"Is it a dhrame, your honour? That a dhrame? By my sowl, that id be a quare dhrame! Oh, in throth it was no dhrame it was, but an appearance; but indeed

afther, I often thought it was an appearance for death, for the young lord never lived to see another birth-day. Oh, you may look at me, Sir, but it's thruth. Aye, and I'll tell you what's more: the young lord, the last time I seen him out, was one day he was huntin', and he came in from the stables, through the back yard, and passed through that very room to go up by the back stairs, and as he wint in through that very door, that the appearance slammed afther it — what would you think, but he slammed the door afther him the very same way; and indeed I thrimbled whin I thought iv it. He was in a hurry, to be sure; but — I think there was some maynin' in it." — And Paddy looked mysterious.

After the foregoing satisfactory manner in which Paddy showed so clearly that he understood the difference between a ghost and a fairy, he proceeded to enlighten me with the further distinction of a spirit, from either of them. This was so very abstruse, that I shall not attempt to take the elucidation of the point out of Paddy's own hands; and should you, gentle reader, ever have the good fortune to make his acquaintance, Paddy, I have no doubt, will clear up the matter as fully and clearly to your satisfaction, as he did to mine. But I must allow Paddy to proceed in his own way.

"Well, Sir, before I go an to show you the differ betune the faries and sper'ts, I must tell you about a mighty quare trick the fairies was goin' to play at the lord's house, where the appearance kem to me, only that the nurse (and she was an aunt o' my own) had the good luck to baulk thim. You see the way it was, was this. The child was a man-child, and it was the first boy was in the fam'ly for many a long day; for they say there was a prophecy standin' agin the fam'ly, that there should be no son to inherit; but at last there was a boy, and a lovely fine babby it was, as you 'd see in a summer's day; and so, one evenin', that the fam'ly, my lord, and my lady, and all o' thim, was gone out, and gev the nurse all

sorts o' charges about takin' care o' the child, she was not long alone, whin the house-keeper kem to her, and ax'd her to come down stairs where she had a party, and they expected to be mighty pleasant, and was to have great goins an; and so the nurse said she did n't like lavin' the child, and all to that, but howsomever, she was beguiled into the thing; and so she said, at last, that as soon as she left the child out iv her lap, where she was hushing it to sleep forninst the fire, that she'd go down to the rest o' the sarvants, and take share o' what was goin'.

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

"But I must tell you, that before she wint down at all, she left one o' the housemaids to stay in the room, and charged her, on her apparel, not to lave the place until she kem back; but for all that, her fears would n't let her be aisy; and indeed it was powerful lucky that she had an inklin' o' what was goin' an. For, what id you think, but the blackguard iv a housemaid, as soon as she gets the nurse's back turned, she ups, and she goes to another party was in the sarvant's hall, wid the undher sarvants; for whin the lord's back was turned, you see, the house was all as one as a play-house, fairly turned upside down.

"Well, as I said, the nurse (undher God) had an inklin' o' what was to be; for though there was all sorts o' divarshin goin' an in the housekeeper's room, she could not keep the child out iv her head, and she thought she heerd the screeches av it ringin' in her ear every minit, although she knew full well she was far beyant where the cry o' the child could be heerd, but

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 stopt by one, and another coaxed her, and another laughed at her, till at last she grew ashamed of doin' what was right, (and God knows, but many a one iv uz is laughed out o' doin' a right thing,) and so she sat down agin, but the cry in her ears would n't let her be aisy, and at last she tuk up her candle, and away she wint up stairs.

"Well - afther passin' the two first flights, sure enough, she heerd the child a screechin', that id go to your heart; and with that she hurried up so fast, that the candle a'most went out with the draught, and she run into the room, and wint up to the bed, callin' out, my lanna bawn, and all to that, to soother the child; and pullin' open the bed-curtain to take the darlin' up - but, what would you think, not a sign o' the child was in the bed, good, bad, or indifferent; and she thought the life id lave her; for thin she was afeard the child dhropped out o' the bed, though she thought the curtains was tucked so fast and so close, that no accident could happen; and so she run round to the other side to take the child up, (though indeed she was afeared she'd see it with its brains dashed out,) and lo and behowld you, divil a taste av it was there, though she heerd it screechin', as if it was murtherin': and so thin she did n't know what in the wide world to do; and she run rootin' into every corner o' the room, lookin' for it; but, bad cess to the child she could find, whin, all iv a suddint, turnin' her eves to the bed agin, what did she percave, but the fut carpet that wint round the bed, goin' by little and little undher it, as if some one was pullin' it; and so she made a dart at the carpet, and cotch howld o' the ind iv it, and, with that, what should she see, but the babby lyin' in the middle o' the fut carpet, as it was dhrawin' down into the flure,

undher the bed, and one half o' the babby was out o' sight already, undher the boords, whin the nurse seen it, and it screechin' like a sea-gull, and she laid howl' iv it; and faith, she often towl' myself that she was obleeged to give a good sthrong pull before she could get the child from the fairies — "

"Then it was the fairies were taking the child away?" said I.

"Who else would it be?" said Paddy; "sure the carpet would n't be runnin' undher the bed itself, if it was n't pulled by the fairies ! — besides, I towl' you there was a prophecy stan'in' agin the male boys o' the lord's fam'ly."

"I hope, however, that boy lived ?"

"Oh, yes, Sir, the charm was bruk that night; for the other childher used to be tuk away always by the fairies; and that night the child id have been tuk, only for the nurse, that was given (undher God) to undherstan' the screechin' in her ears, and arrived betimes to ketch howlt o' the carpet, and baulk the fairies; for all knowledgable people I ever heerd, says, that if you baulk the fairies wanst, they'll lave you alone evermore."

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

"No, Sir; the fairies does n't love to be seen, and seldom at all you get a sight iv them; and that's the differ I was speakin' iv to you betune fairies and sper'ts. Now, the sper'ts is always seen, in some shape or other; and maybe it id be a bird, or a shafe o' corn, or a big stone, or a hape a' dung, or the like o' that, and never know 't was a sper't at all, antil you wor made sinsible av it, somehow or other; maybe it id be that you wor comin' home from a frind's house late at night, and you might fall down, and could n't keep a leg undher you, and not know why, barrin' it was a sper't misled you — and maybe it's in a ditch you'd find yourself asleep in the mornin' when you woke."

"I dare say, Paddy, that same has happened to yourself before now?"

"Throth, and you may say that, Sir; but the commonest thing in life, is for a sper't for to take the shape iv a dog — which is a favourite shape with sper'ts and, indeed, Tim Mooney, the miller in the next town, was a'most frekened out iv his life by a sper't, that-away; and he'd ha' been 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 nor any o' God's craythurs; and so, whin the cock crows, all evil sper'ts vanishes; and the dog bein', as I said, bowld, and sinsible also, is mighty good; besides, you could n't make a cock your companion — it would n't be nath'ral to rayson, you know - and therefore a dog is the finest thing in the world for a man to have wid him in throublesome places : but I must tell you, that though sper'ts dhreads a dog, a fairy does n't mind him — for I have heerd o' fairies ridin' a dog, all as one as a monkey — and a 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 when he just kem to the rath, his dog that was wid him (and a brave dog he was, by the same token) began to growl, and gev a low bark; and with that, the miller seen a great big baste of a black dog comin' up to thim, and walks a one side av him, all as one as if he was his masther: with that Mooney's own dog growled agin, and runs betune his masther'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 wid the fright, and he was obleeged to howld it down and his dog growlin' all the time, and the black thief iv a dog keepin' dodgin' him along, and his eyes like coals o' fire, and the terriblest smell of sulphur, I hear, that could be, all the time, till at last they came to a little sthrame that divided the road; and there, my dear, the sper't disappeared, not bein' able to pass runnin' wather; for sper'ts, Sir, is always waken'd with wather."

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

"Ah thin, but, your honour, will you never give over jeerin' me about the dhrop. But, in throth, what I'm tellin' you is 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: it's good any way; but indeed, I think it has so good a good name iv its own, that it's a pity to spile it, baptizin' it any more."

Such were the marvellous yarns that Paddy was constantly spinning. Indeed he had a pride, I rather think, in being considered equally expert at "the long bow" as at the rifle; and if he had not a bouncer to astonish his hearers with, he endeavoured that his ordinary strain of conversation, or his answer to the commonest question, should be of a nature to surprise them. Such was his reply one morning to his master, when he asked Paddy what was the cause of his being so hoarse.

"Indeed, Sir," answered Paddy, "it's a could I got, and indeed myself does n't know how I cotch could, barrin' that I slep' in a field last night, and forgot to shut the gate afther me."

"Ah, Paddy," said the squire, "the old story — you 160



were drunk, as usual, and could n't find your way home. You are a shocking fellow, and you'll never get on, as long as you give yourself up to whiskey."

"Why thin, your honour, sure that's the rayson I ought to get an the fasther; for is n't a ' spur in the head worth two in the heel,' as the ould sayin' is ?"

Here, a laugh from the squire's guests turned the scale in Paddy's favour.

"I give you up, Paddy," said the master --- " you're a sad dog - worse than Larry Lanigan."

"Oh, murther ! Is it Lanigan you 'd be afther comparin' me to," said Paddy. "Why, Lanigan is the 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 quettin' Throth, Lanigan is just the very chap that id go to it. first mass every mornin' in the year, if holy wather was whiskey."

This last reply left Paddy in possession of the field, and no further attack was made upon him on the score of his love of "the dhrop;" and this triumph on his part excited him to exert himself in creating mirth for the gentlemen who formed the shooting party. One of the company retailed that well-known joke made by Lord Norbury, viz. when a certain gentleman declared he had shot twenty hares before breakfast, his lordship replied, that he must have fired at a wig.

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

"Seventy-five brace !" was laughed forth from every one present.

"Bad loock to the lie in it," said Paddy.

"Oh, be easy, Paddy," said his master.

"There it is now; and you won't b'lieve me? Why thin, in throth it's not that I'm proud iv it, I tell you, VOL. 1. -- 11

161

for I don't think it was any grate things iv shootin' at all, at all."

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

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

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

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

"Which of them?"

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

"Well, it's not that. But you know —"

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

Paddy turned on this plebeian intruder with the coolest contempt, and said, "Hurry no man's cattle; get a 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 borough is in. How would you steer for it after passing Innismoyle?"

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

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

"By my sowl, there is, beggin' your honour's pardon." "It's very odd I never saw it."

"Indeed it's a wondher, sure enough."

"Oh! it can't be," said the squire. "How big is it?"

"Oh! by dad, it's as big as ever it'll be," said Paddy, chuckling.

This answer turned the laugh against the squire again, who gave up further cross questioning of Paddy, whose readiness at converting his answers into jokes, generally frustrated any querist who was hardy enough to engage with Paddy in the hope of puzzling him.

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

"Indeed and I will, plaze your honour," said Paddy, "though I know full well, the divil a one word iv it you b'lieve, nor the gintlemen won't either, though you're axin' me for it — but only want to laugh at me, and call me a big liar, whin my back 's turned."

"Maybe we would n't wait for your back being turned, Paddy, to honour you with that title."

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

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

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

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

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

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 Chrishthan, as you'll see by and by, whin I tell you what happened to a wood-ranger that I knew wanst, and a dacent man he was, and would n't say the thing in a lie.

"Well, you see, he kem home one night, mighty tired, for he was out wid a party in the domain, cock-shootin' that day; and whin he got back to his lodge, he threw a few logs o' wood an the fire to make himself comfortable, and he tuk whatever little matther he had for his supper, and afther that, he felt himself so tired that he wint to bed. But you're to undherstan' that though he wint to bed, it was more for to rest himself, like, than to sleep, for it was airly; and so he jist wint into bed, and there he divarted himself lookin' at the fire, that was blazin' as merry as a bonefire an the hearth.

"Well, as he was lyin' that-a-way, jist thinkin' o' nothin' at all, what should come into the place but a fox. But I must tell you, what I forgot to tell you before, that the ranger's house was on the bordhers o' the wood, and he had no one to live wid him but himself, barrin' the dogs that he had the care iv, that was his only companions, and he had a hole cut an the door, with a swingin' boord to it, that the dogs might go in or out, accordin' as it plazed them; and by dad, the fox came in, as I tould you, through the hole in the door, as bould as a ram, and walked over to the fire, and sat down forninst it.

"Now, it was mighty provokin' that all the dogs was out—they wor rovin' about the wood, you see, lookin' for to ketch rabbits to ate, or some other mischief, and it so happened that there was n't as much as one individyial 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 temper at all, at all, whin he seen the fox take his pipe aff o' the hob, where he left it afore he wint to bed, and puttin' the bowl o' the pipe into the fire to kindle it — (it's as thrue as I'm here) — he began to smoke forninst the fire, as nath'ral as any other man you ever seen.

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

"So, with that, he watched antil the fox was n't mindin' him, but was busy shakin' the cindhers out o' the pipe, whin he was done wid it, and so the ranger thought he was goin' to go immediantly afther gettin' an air o' the fire and a shaugh o' the pipe; and so says he, ' faiks, my lad, I won't let you go so aisy as all that, as cunnin' as you think yourself; 'and with that, he made a dart out o' bed, and run over to the door, and got betune it and the fox; and 'now,' says he, 'your bread's baked, my buck, and maybe my lord won't have a fine run out o' you, and the dogs at your brish every yard, you morodin' thief, and the divil mind you,' says he, ' for your impidence; for sure, if you had n'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 heerd the whistle. and says the fox to himself, 'Throth, indeed, you think yourself a mighty great ranger now,' says he, ' and you

Lez ids and Stories of Ireland

think 're very cute, but upon my tail, and that's a big o: I'd be long sorry to let sitch a mallet-headed bog-th er as yourself take a dirty advantage o' me, and I ngage,' 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 world are shink, but the fox tuk up one o' the brogues, and a three it into it.

"'I think that 'ill n "'Divil resave the won't do, my buck,' si cendhers,' says he, 'bur

a whistle you'd hear a m

thin, puttin' his fingers

dogs.

start,' says the fox. ays the ranger — ' that the brogue may burn to his I won't stir; ' — and mouth, he gev a blast iv off, and shouted for the

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

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

"'Oh, you thievin' varmint,' says the ranger, 'you won't lave me a tack to my feet; but no matther,' says he, 'your head's worth more nor a pair o' brogues to me, any day;' and, by the Piper o' Blessintown, you're money in my pocket this minit,' says he; and, with that, the fingers was in his mouth agin, and he was goin' to whistle, whin, what would you think, but up sits the fox an his hunkers, and puts his two fore-paws into his mouth, makin' game o' the ranger — (bad luck to the lie I tell you).

"Well, the ranger, and no wondher, although in a rage, as he was, could n't help laughin' at the thought o' the fox mockin' him, and, by dad, he tux sitch a fit o' laughin', that he could n't whistle, and that was the cuteness o' the fox to gain time; but whin his first laugh was over,

the ranger recovered himself, and gev another whistle; and so says the fox, 'By my sowl,' says he, 'I think it would n't be good for my health to stay here much longer, and I must n't be thriflin' with that blackguard ranger any more,' says he, 'and I must make him sinsible that it is time to let me go; and though he has n't undherstan'in' to be sorry for his brogues, I'll go bail I'll make him lave that,' says he, 'before he'd say sparables' - and, with that, what do you think the fox done? By all that 's good - and the ranger himself towld me out iv his own mouth, and said he would n't never have b'lieved it, only he seen it — the fox tuk a lighted piece iv a log out o' the blazin' fire, and run over wid it to the ranger's bed, and was goin' to throw it into the sthraw, and burn him out iv house and home; so whin the ranger seen that, he gev a shout out iv him ---

"" Hilloo! hilloo! you murdherin' villian,' says he, 'you're worse nor Captain Rock; is it goin' to burn me out you are, you red rogue iv a Ribbonman;' and he made a dart betune him and the bed, to save the house from bein' burned; but, my jew'l, that was all the fox wanted, — and as soon as the ranger quitted the hole in the door that he was standin' forninst, the fox let go the blazin' faggit, and made one jump through the door, and escaped.

"But before he wint, the ranger gev me his oath, that the fox turned round and gev him the most contimptible look he ever got in his life, and showed every tooth in his head with laughin'; and at last he put out his tongue at him, as much as to say — 'You've missed me, like your mammy's blessin',' and off wid him ! like a flash o' lightnin'."

NATIONAL MINSTRELSY

BALLADS AND BALLAD-SINGERS

"Give me the making of a people's ballads, and let who will enact their laws." - FLETCHER OF SALTOUN.

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

HOR, A. P.

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

"And wields at will the fierce democracy,"

more than any other species of writing whatever.

Notwithstanding the laborious researches of our countryman, Mr. Edward Bunting, and the elegant adapta-168



tions of Mr. Moore, we confess that we indulge in a pleasing belief that now, for the first time, most of the reliques which will be found embalmed in the following paper, are rescued from the chilling gripe of forgetfulness, and reserved as a $\kappa \tau \eta \mu a$ es ael, a possession for ever, to the envy of surrounding nations, and the admiration of the world.

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

"What means that faint halloo?"

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



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

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

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

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

"His own bright rhapsodies."

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

For instance, your gentle page of *fayre ladye* is, in modern times, a pert servant-boy, with a snub nose, vying in brilliancy with the scarlet collar that overflaps his blue jacket. Your faithful bower-woman has rather a poor representative in the roguish *petite 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 lady 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 hallporter, and the high-sounding "donjon-keep" — nothing more nor less than Newgate.

And now, having, we think, successfully proved that your ballad-singer comes of an "ould ancient family," we trust we have influenced the aristocratic feelings of our readers in his favour, and hoping for a patient reading, we shall plunge directly into our subject, first asking pardon for this somewhat lengthy introduction, into which our anxiety for the reputation of the ancient and respectable craft of ballad-singing has betrayed us.

When the day begins to wane, and the evening air is fresh, (if any thing can ever be fresh in a city,) and people are sauntering along the streets, as if the business of all were over — of all, save the lamp-lighter, he, the only active being amongst a world of loungers, skipping along from lamp to lamp, which, one by one, "start into light" with perspective regularity, telling of the flight of the "flaming minister" up the long street before you then, we say, is it pleasant to roam along the quays, for instance, and halt at the foot of each bridge, or branch off into Capel-street or Parliament-street, or proceed further westward to the more vocal neighbourhood of Bridge or Barrack-streets, and listen to the ballad-singers of all denominations that, without fail, are labouring in their vocation in these quarters.

Music, they say, sounds sweetest upon water, and hence the reason, we suppose, of the ballad-singer choosing the vicinity of the river for his trade, and like that other notorious songster the nightingale, he, too, prefers the evening for his strains. Ballad-singers, to be sure, may be heard at all times of the day, making tuneful the corners of every street in the city, and moving the vocal air "to testify their hidden residence;" but, by the initiated in ballads, they are detected at once for scurvy

preter s. No ballad-singer of any eminence in his or her provision, ever appears until the sun is well down; your she ballad-singers, in particular, are all "maids that love the moon," and indeed the choicest amongst them, like your very fashionable people at a party, do not condescend to favour their friends by their presence, until a good wh after the made their entrie.

The nateur in expect to find good en the sort of party he m on the card of invit would no more lose mance in Merrionwould go to a ro

l knows where he may nt, just as one calculates to meet by the address ur amateur, for instance,

n listening to a perforan officer of the guards nner's-row. No, no-

Merrion-square is far too general for anything good in the ballad line. But oh ! sweet High-street and Cornmarket — Cut-purse-row, too, — (by the bye, always leave your watch and sovereigns at home, and carry your pocket handkerchief in your hat, when you go a larking in search of ballad minstrelsy,) - and so on to Thomas-street. Your desperate explorer, who, with a Columbian courage, pants for greater and more western discoveries, will push on to the Cross-poddle, (as far as which point we once ventured ourselves, and fished for city trout in the Brithogue,) double the cape of Tailor's-close, turn the corner of Elbow-alley, and penetrate the mysteries of Fumbally's-lane, rife in the riches of ballad lore, returning to the civilised haunts of men by the purlieus of Patrick's-close, Golden-lane, and so on through Squeeze-gut-alley, until he gets into port -that is, Kevin's-port - and there, at the corner of Cheater's-lane, it is hard if he don't get an honest hap'orth of ballad. They are generally loving and pathetic in this quarter, Kevin-street, as if the music of the region were, with an antithetical peculiarity, of a different turn from the hard-hearted saint whose name it bears. Saint Kevin-street is endeared to us by many

tender recollections, and here it was that the *iron* entered our *sole* as we listened, for the first time, to the following touching effusion : —

> "Oh Jimmi-a Jim-my I love yo = well, i Love you betther nor my tonguE Can tell-I love you well but I dar not show it, I loVe you well but let no one kNow it."

What a beautiful union of affection and delicacy in the last line! — the generous confidence of a devoted heart, with the tender timidity of the blushing maid, shrinking at the thought of the discovery of her passion to the multitude: with the sincerity of a Juliet, she openly avows her flame —

"I love you well."

But at the same time wishing it to be, as Moore says,

"----- Curtain'd from the sight Of the gross world,"

she cautiously adds,

"But let no one know it."

This is, perhaps, an inferior specimen of the amatory ballad, but as it is one of the early impressions made on our young imagination, we hope we may be pardoned for giving it place even before those of loftier pretensions : —

> "On revient toujours A ses premiers amours."

The ballad, though coming generally under the denomination of Lyric poetry, may be classified under various heads. First, in order due, we class the amatory; then there are the political and the polemical; though, indeed, we should follow, we are inclined to think, the order adopted in the favourite corporation phrase of "church and state," and so we shall arrange our ballads more



fitly 1 iving the polemicals the pas; the order will then a 1 thus: ----

AMATORY, POLEMICAL, POLITICAL, PATRIOTIC,

IVE.

Sometimes, in the ments of the fa simplicity which Ca the "taking ways" the bewitching blandishwith a force and vivid envy; thus, in depicting ith O'Reilley, who had,

it would seem, a penchant for leading soft-hearted youths "the other way," as Mr. Moore delicately expresses it, the minstrel describes the progress of the potent spell: —

> "Och Judy Riley you use me viley, And like a child me do coax and decoy, It's myself that's thinkin' while you do be winkin' So soft upon me, you will my heart destroy."

Again, the poet often revels in the contemplation of the joint attractions of his mistress's beauties and accomplishments; and at the same time that he tells you she is

"As lovely as Diania,"

he exults in announcing that

"She plays on the piania."

While in the description of a *rurial swain* by his innamorata, we are informed that

"Apollo's Gooldin hair with his could not compare Astonished were All the behowlders."

174

Sometimes our ballad bards become enamoured of the simple beauties of nature, and leaving the imagery of the heathen mythology, of which they are so fond, and which they wield with a richness and facility peculiar to themselves, they give us a touch of the natural, as will be seen in the following, "The Star of Sweet Dundalk;" and observe, Dundalk being a sea-port, with a very just and accurate perception of propriety, the poem has been headed with an elegant wood-cut representing a ship in full sail.

THE STAR OF SWEET DUNDALK.

"In beauteous spring when birds do sing, And cheer each 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 rove To take a rurial walk, when to my sight appeared in White The star of sweet dundalk."

The lady having, most luckily for the rhyme, appeared in white, the perambulating lover addresses her; and after having "struggled for to talk" to this most resplendent "Star of sweet Dundalk," he assures her he is bewildered, and that his heart is bleeding, and thus continues: —

> "Your beauteous face my wounds 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 exemply And give to you my HanD, Perhaps that you would prove untrue Be pleased to understand."

How polite !! — Here she divides our admiration; for we know not whether most to applaud her discretion or her good manners. At length he only requests to become her "slave, poor swain, and friend." This proposition is listened to, but still she is intent on "minding her business as she ought to do," like the celebrated O'Rafferty, and insists on first "milking her cow;" after which we are favoured with this information: —

> ** When she had done Then off we come and carelessly did walk, and slowly paced To her sweet pLace Convaynient to sweet Dundalk."

She then brings him into her father's house, which is "as white as chalk," and (of course) "nigh hand to sweet Dundalk;" and we discover at last that he has a warm shebeen house, and a drop of comfort for the traveller: so our hero calls for a glass to drink the health of this "Star of sweet Dundalk," and enable him, doubtless, to see her charms double, but she, still "minding her business" O'Rafferty-like, hands him a glass, and very dutifully to her father, though, we regret to say, very unsentimentally to her lover, the aforesaid glass

"She mark'd it up in chalk ;"

and as this must, at once, destroy all romantic interest in the "Star of sweet Dundalk," we shall say no more about a heroine that so unworthily degenerates into an avaricious bar-maid. But, by way of counterpoise, we

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 fardin Than Brian Gallagher wid house and garden."

What fitness, too, there is in the simile, "you are my looking-glass "- the dearest thing under the sun to a woman.

In the POLEMICAL line, the ballad in Ireland is perfectly national; no other country, we believe, sings polemics; but religion, like love, is nourished by oppression; and hence a cause may be assigned why the Roman Catholic population of Ireland enjoyed, with peculiar zest, the ballads that praised their persecuted faith. But of the many fatal results of the relief bill, not the least deplorable is the "dark oblivion" into which this exalted class of composition is fast passing away. We rejoice to rescue from the corroding fangs of time a specimen in praise of the Virgin Mary, and hitting hard at such ultra Protestants as busied themselves "in the convartin' line," for the good of their benighted brethren : ---

> " The blessed Vergin that we prize The fairest fair above the skies On her the Heretics tells lies When they would make convArsions."

But of the polemical, we candidly confess that we are but ill prepared to speak at large; whether it be that, unlike the gentle Desdemona, we do not "seriously incline," or our early polemico-ballad-hunting essays were not successful, we shall not venture to decide. But one evening, at the corner of Mary's-abbey - an VOL. 1. -- 12



appropriate place for religious strains — we heard a female ballad-hawker (the men, by the bye, do not deal in this line; the Frenchman was right when he said a woman's life was taken up between love and religion) and whether it was that we could not fairly hear the lady, in consequence of the windows of Ladly's tavern being open, and letting out, along with a stream of very foul air, some very queer air also, that was let out of a fiddle; or that we chanced to fall upon an infelicitous passage in her chant, we cannot say, but the first audible couplet was

> "Tran-a-sub-a-stan-a-si-a-ey-a-shin Is de fait in which we do Diffind."

And this fairly bothered us. Such a jaw-breaker and peace-breaker as transubstantiation — quod versu dicere non est — actually done into verse !! — We took to our heels, and this polysyllabic polemical gave us a distaste for any more controversial cantatas.

In the POLITICAL line, no land abounds in ballads like our own sweet Emerald Isle. In truth, every Irishman is, we verily believe, by birth, a politician. There are many causes assigned for this; and your long-headed philosopher could, no doubt, write a very lengthy article on that head. But it is not our affair at present; suffice it, therefore, to say, politicians they are, and the virus breaks out in divers and sundry ballads, varying in style and subject, according to the strength of the disease in the sufferer. Some abound in laments for Ireland's forlorn condition, but many more are triumphant effusions to the honour and glory of the "men of the people." We remember one old dowager in particular, rather thick in the wind, who wheezed out many a week's work in asthmatic praises of Richard Sheil and Daniel O'Connell, Esquires; but, after the exertion of puffing out one line, she was obliged to pause for breath before giving the following one; and a comical effect was

sometimes produced by the lapses, as in the well-known instance of the Scotch precentor. At last, when she did come to the burthen of her song, she threatened, with a significant shake of her head, which one eye, and a bonnet, both black and fiercely cocked, rendered particularly impressive, that

** They (the parliament) had better take care about what they are at For Shiel is the lad that will give them the chat With a Ballynamona, eroo ! — Ballynamona, eroo ! Ballynamona, eroo ! — Brave Shiel and O'Connell for me ! "

There was a Patagonian fair one of the craft, who patronised Mr. O'Connell in particular, always got drunk on the strength of his success, and generally contrived to have a long chorus or burthen to her song, and when, with some difficulty, she picked her way through the difficulties of articulation in each verse, it was very diverting to observe the complacency with which she dropt into the chorus, and seemed to repose herself, as it were, upon its easy monotony, which ran thus: —

> "Consillar och hone! och hone! och hone! consillar och hone! and och hone-i-o! ConSillur och hone! och hone! och hone! And it 's you that can stand alone-i-o!!"

But the "Shan Van Vogh!"—was the grand popular effusion in the great agitator's praise, when he threatened to take the house of commons by storm at the first election.—Of this we may venture to give two verses : —

"Into parliament you'll go, says the Shan Van Vogh, To extricate our woe, says the Shan Van Vogh; Our foes you will amaze, And all Europe you will Plaze, And owld Ireland's now at Aise, Says the Shan Van Vogh. 179



" Our worthy brave O'Connell, says the Shan Van Vogh, To have you in we're longing, says the Shan Van Vogh; Sure you we well have tried, And you 're always at our side, And you never tuk a bribe,

Says the Shan Van Vogh."

But the following is one which we cannot resist giving in full, — we vouch for its being a true attested copy; and those who do not like to read it, may adopt the practice of the country schoolmaster when he meets a long word that proves a jaw-breaker, *id est*, to "*schkip* and go on."

O'CONNELL'S FAREWELL MEETING IN THE CORN EXCHANGE.

- "As O'Connell and Sheils war convarsin about the rent, Jack lawless stepp'd in and asked him what news, Saying are you preparing to go into Parlamint. Where a loyal Catholic he can't be refused, The time is fast approaching when Catholics will take their seats; No Laws can prevant tham Bruns-wiekers are deranged In the Defince of Britain their loyalty and aid was lent This conversation passed in the Corn Exchange.
- "Brave O'Gorman Mahon spoke as the Association did begin, Saying GentlemEn i Pray don't think me rude, In This month of February how the bigots the will grinn Like Paul Pry Daniel he drops in you think will he intrud. The Lawyers of the Ministry they cant prevent his entry, We know a war with him They 'll wage, In spite of their Dexterity we'll have religious liberty This converSation passed in the Corn Exchange,
- "Farewell Dearest Danyel Hibernia's cOnfidential frind, Our blessin Go along wid you unto the british shore, Nobility and Gintery to Parliamint will you attind, Likewise be accompanied with The blessings of The Poor. Our foes within The house as mute as any mouse, To see The Agitator Triumphantly arranged, No.... or factious claw shall daunt the people's man; This conversation passed in the Corn Exchange.

"The worthy's of Hibernia's Ile may fortune On those heroes smile.

And every frind in Parlamint That does support the claims,

Brave Grattan Plunket and Burdet Brave Anglissy.

We'll never forget this hero's memory in our brest Shall ever rEis.

- Here's to maTchless Sheel' and gallant Steall, and Noble Dawson of Dundalk
- The foes of religious liberty the will assail For the rites of millions The contind, may God protect dear Dan our FrinD.

Pray for his Safe return to ould Ireland again."

These are no contemptible specimens of the political, but they only bear on our "internal resources," as the parliamentary phrase is, and evidently were the work of the "secretary for the home department," in ballad affairs. But be it known unto all men by these presents, that we have had our " secretary for foreign affairs" also, and the political chances and changes of Europe have been descanted upon by the Thomas-street muses of our Balladian Parnassus : BONAPARTE was the "God of their idolatry," and his victories have been the theme of their hope and triumph, ingeniously conveyed in drollery or sarcasm, as his downfall was of their most doleful ditties, of which we well remember the mournful burthen of one : ----

> "From his throne, och, hoch, hone, Like a spalpeen he was hurled."

Yet even in their "flat despair," they

"Cast one longing, lingering look behind,"

and each verse of another cantata, we have often listened to with pensive delight, recorded his by-gone glories, although it was wailingly wound up with this dismal though euphonious couplet : ----

"But he's gone over saes and the high mount-i-ayn-ya He is gone far away to the Isle of St. Helenia."



We hope our readers properly appreciate the fertility of invention and boldness of execution, that produced for the occasion so novel and so able an example of the *callida junctura* of Horace, upon which Bishop Hurd has written so much, as is evinced in this truly musical variety of the common-place word "mountain."

Subsequently, however, a strain of jubilee for the re-establishment of the Napoleon's dynasty, was long and loudly, though perhaps somewhat prematurely indulged in; and we well remember hearing the detail of anticipated glories, "many a time and oft" in a certain song, whose exultant chorus, "piercing the nights' dull ear," promised great things to the drooping Bonapartists:

"When the young King of roome from the coort of Vianna Will bring his father back from the isle of St. Helanna !"

As an example of the PATRIOTIC, we picked up a morgeau in the "west end," one evening while we stood amongst many admiring and apostrophising auditors, which is quite too rich to give en masse to our readers; we would not surfeit them with the good things of the ballad world, and they must be content, therefore, with some extracts from the "bran new ballad," called by way of a title, "The Wild Irishman," which a Herculean Hibernian, with a voice like thunder, was pouring from his patriotic throat; he commenced by informing his audience that

"When God made the sowl of a wild Irishman He fill'd him with love and creation's wide span, And gev him perfictions that never is seen In statue he 's matchless — an angel in face. (Our friend certainly was an exception.) The invy of mankind in iligance and grace At foot ball and hurlin' agility's sons (And her daughters so fair, all as spotless as nuns) When victorious — all mercy — Oh, Erin the green."

Erin the green's forlorn condition was very feelingly depicted in the two succeeding stanzas; and fearing 182

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

"Oh St. Patrick, a cushla! St. Bridget asthore! Collum cuill O mavourneen your masther implore, To look down with compassion on Erin the green."

This appeal to "the masther" is quite irresistible.

But in this it will be perceived there is a mixture of the political mingled with the patriotic; a tint of devotion to party, tinging the love of country. The poem having its birth in the *Liberty*, it is possible that the poet, influenced by the localities, wrought his verses as the weaver works his stuff, and so his production is *sbot*, as the technical phrase is, with two materials, and reminds us of the alternate flickering of green and red that we see in the national tabinet dresses of our fair countrywomen.

Of the BACCHANALIAN, some falsely imagine, "Patrick's Day" to be an example; English people, in particular, suppose "Patrick's Day," in words and music must be the *beau idéal* of an Irish song, whereas, in neither is it a happy specimen; as for the words, there is amongst them a couplet that pronounces, at once, damning sentence against the whole composition.

> "And we will be merry And drinking of sherry."

Bah! sherry indeed; no Irish ballad laureate ever wrote two such lines, it is the production of a bungler, especially when we consider that any but a thorough blockhead could have so easily rhymed it thus:—

> "And we will be frisky A drinking of whiskey On Patrick's day in the morning."

"Garryowen," that much superior air, which, in our opinion, ought to be the *national* one instead, is disfig-



ured, in like manner, by a word which grates harshly upon the ear of the connoisseur: ---

"Then come my boys we'll drink brown ale We'll pay the reck'ning on the nail And devil a man shall go to jail From garryowen my glory."

We confess we cannot bear this *ale*; something *ails* us at the sound, and it disturbs our association of ideas: ale, at once, refers us to England; and portly John Bulls and Bonifaces, instead of muscular Paddies, present themselves to our "mind's-eye:" it is a pity, for the other lines are good, particularly the third, which displays that noble contempt of the laws, so truly characteristic of our heroes of the south. But here follows a touch of the true Bacchanalian, in which our national beverage is victoriously vindicated: —

> "The ould ladies love coniac The sailors all brag of their rum It's a folly to talk, Paddy whack Knows there's nothing like whiskey for fun They may talk of two birds in a bush, But I'd rather have one in the hand, For if rum is the pride of the Sae 'T is whiskey's the pride of our land."

What a logical deduction is here drawn from a proverb, that is "somewhat musty," as our friend Hamlet says — "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush." Argal, whiskey is much better drinking than rum. The inference is as clear as ditch water.

The bard next proceeds to exult in our superiority over other nations in the native tipple, which he thus felicitously illustrates : —

> "The Dutchman he has a big butt Full of gin, and the munseers drinks port To the divil I pitch sitch rot-gut, For to drink it would n't be any sport

Ballads and Ballad-Singers

'T is the juice of the shamrock at home That is brew'd in brave Bacchus's still, Bates the world, and it 's of sweet Innishowen I wish that I now had my fill.''

Here is a happy adaptation of classical knowledge to the subject in hand; Bacchus's *still* is a great hit.

Burns himself indulges in a similar liberty, when he uses his national dialect to name the fount of Castaly : ----

"Castalia's burn, an' a' that."

But, as the Bacchanalian must be an uninteresting theme to our fair readers, we shall content ourselves with the specimens already given in that line, and hurry on to the next in order of succession, viz. DESCRIPTIVE.

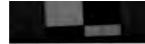
We Irish are fond of dilating on whatsoever subject we treat, (perchance, indeed, at this moment we are giving a practical example,) and in the descriptive line of ballad, there is "ample verge" for indulging in this national propensity, whether it concern places or persons, men or manners, town or country, morning, noon, or night. As a specimen in the *local* line, a brilliant one exists in that far-famed ditty that so pathetically sets forth how

> "A Sailor coarted a Farmer's daughter That lived convaynient to the Isle of Man."

Here, though with that native delicacy which always characterises true genius, the name of the false fair one is withheld, her "local habitation" is considered matter of importance; and with admirable precision it is *laid* down, as seamen say, in the most chart-like fashion,

" Convaynient to the Isle of Man."

An additional interest is thus excited for the heroine, who must have been (as far as we could gather from our visit to Douglas, at the late regatta,) either a mermaid, or



some amphibious charmer, whom, with much critical judgment, the poet has selected as the "decaver" of a naval hero.

Another felicitous specimen exists in a very old and favourite ballad, giving " the whole full, thrue, and part'clar account " of how a certain highway hero fulfils his criewel fate. The description of the entire trial, including the examination of witnesses, is very graphically given; and when sentence of death is at length pronounced against him, you are thus most affectingly informed in the first person: —

> "When they did sintince me to Die, The judge and the Jury they riz a Murnful cry; My Tindher Wife she did roar and Bawl While the bitther Tears from her Eyes did fall, Oh! the curse o' Jasus light an yez all!"

When he comes to the gallows, he gives a very exemplary exhortation to "the throng;" and with a sort of a predictive consciousness that he shall live *in verse*, though he must die *in fact*, he addresses to the multitude, *viva voce*, this posthumous appeal: —

> "And now I'm dead, and let my disgrace Be never threw in my Childher's face, For they are Young and desarves no blame Altho' their Father is come to Shame."

This sudden adoption of the first person is, however, by no means a singular species of metabasis; on the contrary, we find it a favourite figure of speech in such compositions; for example, in "*Thamama Hulla*:"

> "I have heerd the town clock give its usual warning I am asleep and don't waken me."

And again, in the far-famed "Fanny Blair." The victim of Fanny's false swearing, after giving this admonitory couplet to all "sportin' young blades "---

a 1 mil

Ballads and Ballad-Singers

"Beware of young women that folleys (follows) bad rules For that's why I'm cut off in the flower of my blame,"

concludes by very piously ejaculating,

"And now it's your blessin dear parents I crave Likewise my dear Mother that did me consave."

(He bad, 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 Socul!"

The renowned "Brian O'Lynn" has been the hero of description to a great extent; his apparel even has been deemed worthy of note. Few of our readers, we trust, have had their education so utterly neglected, as to be still in ignorance of the *first* stanza of this incomparable effusion: —

"Brian O'Lynn had no breeches to wear So he bought him a sheep-skin to make him a pair; With the skinny side out and the woolly side in, They are pleasant and cool, says Brian O'Lynn !"

But Brian is anxious to cut a figure in the world, and laments the want of that most necessary appendage to "ginteel clothin'" — a watch: but how to come by it is the question. At last, Brian hits upon an *expagement*, (as a *literary* friend of ours says,) which, for originality of invention, leaves rail-roads and steam-carriages far behind. It is with satisfaction that we claim the modest merit of first introducing to public regard and admiration the following inimitable stanza: —

"Brian O'Lynn had no watch to put on, So he scooped out a turnip to make him a one; He next put a cricket clane undher the shkin, Whoo ! they 'll think it is tickin', says Brian O'Lynn !"



Rarissimus Briney! What can surpass this ?

But the personal attractions of the fair, form the most inexhaustible theme for the poet's fancy, and give a wider scope to his invention in the discovery of apt images : par exemple : -

> "Her waist is taper, None is completer Like the tuneful nine or the lambs at play ; And her two eyes shinin Like rowlin diamonds, And her breath as sweet as the flowers in May."

We cannot too much admire the richness and perspicuity of this description : rich in the display of the lady's charms, which combine the united beauties of the "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 again,"

and therefore shall hasten to a conclusion for the present.

The NON-DESCRIPT last claims our exemplifying notice, and indeed our memory abounds with illustrations in point; we shall, however, content ourselves with one which we look upon as choice, and deserving to be marked with three R's, as Dominie Sampson says, denoting the rarest excellence : ----

"THE RHYME FOR THE RAM :"

which rhyme is declared to be a mystery far beyond the poet's comprehension, hitherto undiscovered, and to be

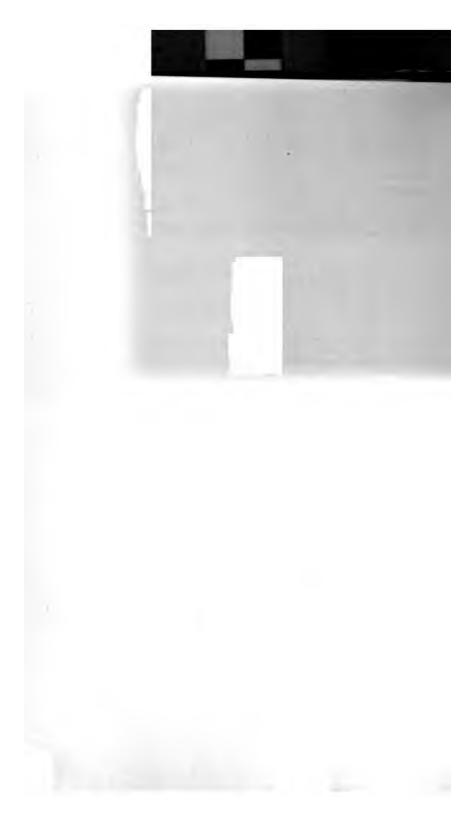
Ballads and Ballad-Singers

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 sublime flights: —

> " No one could discover From Calais to Dover, The house of Hanover and the town Dunleer. Nor they who belie us, And freedom deny us, Ould Mr. M—___'s could never come near ; For no Methodist preacher, Nor nate linen blacher, The keenest of teachers, nor the wisdom of man Nor Joanna Southcoat, Nor FitGarild the *pote* (poet) Nor *iver yit* wrote a fit rhyme for the Ram."

What a wide range the muse has taken here in search of this rhythmatical treasure ! In the depths of the sea, between Calais and Dover, she is too *strait*ened : next she throws herself, with as little success, upon the munificence of the house of Brunswick, which, by the most perfect association of ideas in the world, reminds her of the town of Dunleer. The new light is next appealed to unavailingly; and the *wisdom of man* very naturally reminds her of Johanna Southcote, who is surpassed in the climax by that still greater humbug, FitzGerald the *pote*.

This, we fearlessly put forward, as the most brilliant specimen of the non-descript in the world.





ILLUSTRATIONS

.

OF

NATIONAL PROVERBS





NATIONAL PROVERBS

T has often struck me that the old sayings of our forefathers would furnish matter not only of amusement, but of utility, were we to apply our minds to the consideration of them, with that laudable object. How frequently a proverb is used merely in the flippancy which habit has engendered, without a thought being given to the meaning it so pungently conveys. The frequency of its usage blunts its point - we disregard what has become so common, in the true spirit of the saying, that "too much familiarity breeds contempt." But why should we despise proverbs? Should we not rather consider them as legacies bequeathed to us by our ancestors, from their hoarded experience, and if properly applied, perhaps more valuable than legacies of gold? No one would despise the golden legacy, because that would belong to him in particular, but as the world in general are heirs in common to the mental treasure, we

VOL. I. -- 13



attach feeling, 1 the argun instruct metapl the dir Old us by Might under nights in som

when :

ing the

attach ile value to what is so largely divided — this feeling, 1 schaps, might be traced to a selfish motive, if the argun ent were pursued, but as I wish to amuse and instruct and not to sermonize, I shall not loiter into a metapl cal discussion on the occasion, but proceed in the dir course of my observations.

> e legacies bequeathed to ir hoarded experience. em as treasures buried How many days and bourers given to digging , for a "crock o' gold," n better spent in obtainfound in some of these

old sayings we have likened to such treasures.

It is with such a feeling that I take up my literary pick-axe. I have said, that from their being often heard, and being common property proverbs have fallen into disregard, and we are oftener used to "adorn a tale" than to "point a moral;" therefore it is my intention to put forward, occasionally, a literary sketch, to place in palpable shape before the public the pith of some good old sayings. So far for the preface; and now to commence.

THE COUPLE-BEGGAR

PETER MOLLOY was not more than one-andtwenty, when, from good conduct, he had acquired a considerable degree of his master's confidence. From the age of fifteen he had been in the same situation, which enabled him to support his mother, who had been left a widow, with three infant children, whose existence depended entirely on her own solitary exertions. She had performed the duties of a mother well, and reared her offspring in principles of honesty and sobriety, and

they, as they grew up, repaid her in affection and industry that contributed largely to her comfort. But it was the will of heaven that she should lose two of her children by death, and the hand of sickness fell heavily on her soon after, and she became so broken from grief and disease, that at last she was quite dependant on Peter for support. This he gave his mother with a willingness that did him honour. But Peter's head was not quite so good as his heart, and he shared largely in the thoughtlessness that, unfortunately, but too often distinguishes his countrymen. My story commences just at the period up to which Peter had given perfect satisfaction to his master, and well would it have been for Peter, if he had not been minding the pretty face of a servant girl that stood one morning at a door in the city, receiving bread from a baker, instead of attending to his business. - She saw the passing admiration she excited, and took care to let Peter perceive it was not disagreeable. From so slight a beginning as this, an intimacy was established between them, and frequent meetings were contrived, in which the pleasure of Peter and Biddy (for such was the girl's name) was more consulted than the interests of his master or her mistress. Peter became less attentive to his duties; his master complained and he made excuses but secretly thought "it was mighty hard, so it was, that he could n't have a little bit o' divarshin without a dark look and a hard word from the masther - sure he was seldom neglecting his business." Peter should have remembered that he ought never to have neglected it.

One night, at the iron palisades of a house in Yorkstreet, a voice was heard calling in a half mumbling half supplicating tone, "Ah! Mrs. Cook, dear, give a bit o' something to the poor woman — God bless you, Mrs. Cook, and extend your charity to the cowld and hungry." "Who's that?" said a voice in an undertone, from the area — and Biddy (for it was she) advanced from the kitchen door. "Whisht, whisht," said a man from

ids and Stories of Ireland

above, ner, th house thus fi noctur per, a down i bed."into th and he though by her into th Thi:

Leg

o had feigned a beggar-woman's tone and manif he was heard, the master or mistress of the ght not discover his sex from his voice, and out that a male friend was paying Biddy a visit. The conversation dropped into a whisran thus — "Well. Biddy darlin', may I go

the misthiss is gone to the palisades, and dropt m Biddy awaited him; nto the kitchen by this the faith reposed in her , by stealth, a stranger

Biddy's, who had been

courting her for some time, and was a rival of Peter's. She had met him at a dance, in the house of a woman of her acquaintance, where she went one night, having obtained permission to go abroad, on the pretence of visiting her mother, thus committing the double crime of deceiving her mistress by a falsehood, and going to a dance without her mother's consent. This friend of hers was, what is commonly called, "no great things," and this man whom she met there was no safe companion for a woman. He made the silly girl believe he was fond of her; he promised her marriage and said he was only waiting for some money he was to get from " an ould uncle of his in America, that died lately and left him somethin' smart, that ud make him up, - and sure you 're the deludher intirely, Biddy," said he to her, with an accompanying action of affection.

"Ah, now, behave yourself, Tom," said Biddy, "deed and deed it's a shame for you — lave off I tell you."

"And what harm," said Tom, "by the hole in my hat but them eyes o' yours ud split a flag — it's you that takes the rag aff o' the bush in airnest."

"Well none o' your palaver," said Biddy, "where's the ring you promised to show me?"

"They had n't one at the jew'lers to-day, that was nate enough for you, but they expec' some fresh ones in next week!"

"Ah! that 's the way you 're puttin' me off now," said Biddy with a frown.

"See, now," said Tom, "by this and by that and by all the books that never was prented —"

"Whisht !" said Biddy suddenly, and growing pale — "whisht you divil;" and she ran to the foot of the stairs to listen. She returned in a moment.

"Oh! what 'll I do now?" said she, in much terror "by all that's good here's my misthiss comin' down stairs, and if she sees you I 'm ruinated!"

"I'll get up the arya (area) agin!" said Tom, running to the door.

"You have n't time, and she'd hear the noise," said Biddy, — "here — run into the coal-hole, and hide;" and accordingly Tom popped into the coal-vault, which stood in the area opposite the kitchen door.

Biddy had hardly returned to the kitchen when her mistress entered.

"Biddy," said she, "who have you been speaking to?" "To nobody, ma'am," said Biddy.

"I thought I heard voices here," said the mistress, but certainly there was a noise."

"Oh! yis, ma'am," said Biddy, "there was a noise ma'am — 't was *the cat* ma'am, that knocked down a saucepan ma'am — hish! hish! go along Tom (there was a *Tom* in the case certainly) go along you big thief — he's always stalin' butther ma'am and knocking down things."

But, with all her lies, she could not deceive her mistress, who happened to be so near when the visitor had been secreted, that she knew where he was as well as Biddy herself. So, looking about, she saw a basin of dirty water lying in the kitchen, and said, "I often told you, Biddy, never to leave slops lying about the house in this manner," and so saying she took the vessel, and going

to the door of the coal-vault, she flung its filthy contents as far into it as she could, and her random shot was so happily directed, as to drench most completely Biddy's *beau*.

Mister Tom could hardly refrain from shouting aloud when he got the salute of cold and dirty water, but the fear of discovery was greater than the power of the shock, and he bore it silently, and stood dripping in darkness and secrecy.

Having executed this piece of punishment she retired, and Biddy liberated her admirer, and a pretty figure he cut when he came into the light. His air was sadly altered, for the briskness of his gallantry seemed quite to have been drenched out of him by the ducking he got, and Biddy, even in the midst of her own uneasiness, could not help laughing at him, as he came forth, like a river god, dripping at all points. But all mirth was dispelled by the sound of a foot-step on the stairs — not the light step of a woman, but the firm tread of a man, and the kitchen was entered by the master of the house, armed with a case of pistols. — "Quit my house this moment, you ruffian," said the gentleman to the discomfited Tom, in a decided tone of voice, " and be thankful that I do not send you to the watch-house."

Biddy was dismissed the next day without a character. She told her friend Tom how he had occasioned her the loss of her place, and urged him to marry her at once; but Tom refused, and in a week more was lodged in jail on a charge of robbery. Biddy was now more agreeable than ever to poor Peter Molloy, who still continued to court her, and persisted in neglecting his business, on her account. Peter thought he would never be happy till he was married to Biddy, and he often repeated to himself a saying, that, though good, when *properly* applied, is one much calculated to mislead young and foolish people. — "Sure," said Peter, "God never sends mouths but he sends bread to fill them." Thus it was that he looked forward to the support of a future family.

In a few days Peter " treated " Biddy to Donnybrookfair. — " Now, my darlin' step out on the flure," said Peter, " and we'll show the world what we can do. Rise it, your sowl!" cried' Peter to the piper, and away he and Biddy danced much to their own admiration. — After dancing till they were tired, they went to rest themselves at a show, where a lady decked out in dirt and spangles, and thumping a tambourine, was bellowing her invitation to the public in the following fascinating couplet : —

- "Leedies and gintlemin, be plazed to step in, We're just goin' for to commence, for to proceed, for to begin.— And you 'll see what you niver yet heerd, All about Blue Beerd,
 - For the small charge o' three ha' pence."

"This way mem - this way," said Fatima herself to Biddy, as she was handed up the plank that led to the boxes, where Blue Beard was taking the pence, and murdering the King's English, before he set about murdering his wives. Biddy was scarcely seated, when she turned round to see who was tapping her on the head, and to her surprise and indignation she found that this tapping proceeded from a pair of feet, hanging down from a plank above her, which was the gallery; Biddy looked up, and in a tone of extreme politeness said, "Young man - young man - I say - I'll thank you not to be wipin' your shoes in my new straw bonnet." "I ax your pardon, ma'am, but I thought 't was a mat, bekase it's so coorse." "Howld your prate," said Peter Molloy, "or by this and by that" - but here the play commenced and hostilities were prevented. After the play, Peter should refresh Biddy with a tumbler, and one tumbler led to another, till between Cupid and Bacchus, or, in plain English, between Biddy's eyes and the whiskey punch, Peter got so enamoured of his charmer, that he prevailed on that timid and innocent

creature is one brook-i filthy h his spin bloated encumb that del tacle. them w said he, making girl she sistant.

go at once with him to a couple-beggar, which he means of diversion to be found at Donny-This high-priest of Hymen they found in a l; he was all over dirt, snuff and whiskey; e shanks seemed insufficient to support his dy, his knees bent inwards under the diseased

> ed nose gave evidence to so disgusting a specentered, he welcomed "Well done, my boy," w to lose no time in he holy poker, a purty by," said he to his as-Darby brought him a

sistant, 'g inte my Darby brought him a greasy book and a large rusty key. "Kneel down, my beauty — but stop — not yet — where 's the money ? "— "How much is it, Sir ?" said Peter.

"Five hogs, and a tester to the clerk."

"I have only half a crown left," said Peter.

"And well for you," said the couple-beggar, "few men can keep a *whole crown* in Donnybrook-fair, — ha! ha! ha! — well, I'll be generous — give me the cash, and you shall have an equivalent."

"Oh! that would n't do at all," said Peter, "we must be marrid and nothin' else."

"Ha! ha! well, I'll do as much as I can for the money."

"Oh! Lord!" said Biddy, "do you think I'd do the like as to be half marrid, I'd be no one's conkurbine; it must be complate, or I'll not be satisfied."

"Well, well, kneel down," said the old rascal, "and I 'll solder you together, equal to the most reverend tinker o' them all."

Some mumbled ceremony was then gone through, and Peter was desired to put the ring on Biddy's finger.

"Oh, murther!" shouted Peter, "by the piper o' Blessin'town, I have no ring."

"Bad luck to you!" said a piper, who was seated on a three-legged stool, in a corner, "how dar' you have the impidence to talk of any other piper here than me? I'm the finest piper that ever squeezed music out iv a bag, barrin' the piper that played before Moses, — glory to him!"

"I ax your pardon, Sir," said Peter.

"'T is granted," said he of the chanter.

"But what'll I do for a ring?" said Peter to the couple-beggar.

"My coadjutor will supply you with one for another shilling."

"Divil a rap more I have," said Peter.

"Well," said Biddy, who did n't like the work to be interrupted, "here it is," and she handed out the money.

"You 're a rale lady," said the clerk, and he put into Peter's hand the big iron key.

"What am I to do with this?" said Peter.

"Put the loop o' the kay an her finger, and it's as good a ring as ever done the job."

"Oh! I'm afeard it won't be an honest marriage," said Biddy.

"Tut, you fool," said the couple-beggar, "put out your fist, and none of your nonsense! — how nice you are! — may be it's a goold ring you want. I tell you what, you jade, that blessed key has locked up more people in Hyman's condemned cell than any other jail key in his Majesty's dominion. — Kiss her now, you dog, and your job's done."

Peter gave her a smack as loud as a pistol-shot; and the piper and fiddler struck up the tunes of "Stoneybatter," and "Go to the Devil and shake yourself." — "Now be off," said the drunken old brute — " be off, I say, for there are others waiting who are ordered for immediate execution," and he tossed off a glass of whiskey to the health of the happy pair.

Next morning, Peter Molloy was rather surprised



when he awoke to find he had a head-ache and a wife. However, what was done could not be undone; and though Peter was rather startled, he was not, to say, sorry, for he was attached to the girl, and had thought for some time he should never be happy till he was married. Peter went out to his employment, but his master met him at the door of his warehouse, and told him he had no further employment for him. Peter ventured to ask him why, and his master told him that for some time his conduct had been unsatisfactory, he had been neglecting his business, and he feared he was not going on well; he had heard also that the day before he was seen at the fair, in company with a young woman, who did not seem a bit better than she should be. This was a "staggerer" to poor Peter — his heart jumped to his throat at the words, and he could not utter a syllable more; he returned home - no - not home, for he had not dared to go on the preceding night to his mother's, but he returned to Biddy, and we leave the reader to suppose with what appetite he sat down to his breakfast. "What 's the matther, Peter," said Biddy. " Oh ! nothin'," said Peter, and breakfast passed over rather silently. "Biddy," said Peter, when their meal was finished, "my masther has put me out iv employment this mornin' and I've no money, and I'm afeard to tell my mother I'm married yet; --- so darlin', I think you had betther thry and excuse yourself to your misthress for being out last night, and go back to your place antil times mend wid uz."

"Oh! thin, is that the way you 're goin' to put away your wife! Oh! musha, did I think I'd be used this way," — and Biddy made a capital imitation of crying. — "Why, sure, how can I help it, Biddy dear — you see matthers has gone crass wid me." But in the end, Peter discovered that Biddy was out of place as well as himself, and he then began to wish in his heart he had not been in so violent a hurry; besides he had not quite got rid of the sting he felt at the imputation his master

cast upon Biddy's appearance. It was with a heavy heart that Peter, at last, when he summoned sufficient resolution, told his mother of his circumstances, and the sorrowing woman shook her head and said, "Ah! Peter, my poor foolish boy, why did n't you mind your mother's advice ? You often heard me say, Peter dear,

"Marry in baste and repent at leisure."



THE CONTRAST

PETER MOLLOY was now, what is commonly called, a "happy man;" but there was not so miserable a happy man in the king's dominions. He had suddenly brought upon him the charge of a wife, without any previous means laid by for supporting her, and he had lost his employment the morning after he had married. This was a black prospect for poor Peter, and when he considered that not only he, who was guilty of the imprudence, should suffer, but that his poor mother, against whose advice he had acted, should feel the consequences of his rashness, also, his conscience rose up against him in judgment, and his heart smote him for being an undutiful child as well as a foolish young man.

The poor mother did not speak unkindly to her son. but was more silent than usual, and evidently in sorrow. His mother's forbearance and grief were additional loads upon poor Peter's heart, for we have said, already, that his heart was better than his head. But grieving would not get him and his wife and mother a dinner, so Peter set out to look for another situation. He was not a tradesman, therefore, to find a new employment was more difficult for him. He could not leave one workshop and go directly and get wages in another, though this itself is not so easily done at times. He had held a situation of some trust, as a warehouse-man, and had been valued by his master for his attention and trustworthiness; but he failed in the former, and that rendered his employer less sure of the latter quality. To find such another employment as this was not easy, and day after day was consumed in looking for something to do. The support they wanted during these days was derived from pawning various little pieces of comfort that Peter, in his days of industry, had been enabled to get about his poor mother; and as, one by one, necessity forced their being sent to the pawnbrokers, the look of silent sorrow that gleamed from the tearful eyes of the old woman would have touched a harder heart than Peter's. He went with two silver tea-spoons one morning to the pawnbrokers, and it grieved him sorely to pledge this "little bit of decency," that the mother was pleased to have about her, and as he came to the lane where the entrance to this last refuge of struggling necessity was situated, he felt the blush of shame burn on his cheek, and his manly blood rise from his heart, chokingly, into his throat, at the thought of the degradation he suffered, in being obliged to have recourse to such means of support; he looked sharply round at the corner of the lane, to see that no acquaintance was near, to witness his disgrace, and then darted down the filthy place, and turned into the dark entry under the ill-boding sign of the three

golden strong other o den pec the end miserat than th much ti "OI "I w "On shoulder a shillin

ls. It was yet early in the morning, but the nt of whiskey was distinguishable amongst its that rendered the fortid atmosphere of this arly disgusting. As he entered, he overheard f a dialogue between the pawnbroker and a

> ting a further advance pair of inexpressibles,

> g altogether on them." th a shrug of his ragged gh you won't give me od shillin' I've had in

them any how."

"The pockets must have been in better order then, than now," said the broker, "for he'd be a clever fellow could keep a shilling in them now."

"By dad," said the unfortunate wretch, in whom misery had not conquered fun, "by dad 't was all one to me, whether my pockets was good or bad, the divil a shillin' I could ever keep in them — come — give uz what I want."

"No — I'll give you ten-pence, or go away — you're delaying other customers."

"Oh! they need n't hurry themselves," said the unfortunate wretch — "you'll do their business for them fast enough — here's the dudds — give us the brass."

The exchange was made, and as the broker took the piece of attire — "Thrate them dacently," said their former owner, "for they belonged to as bowld a woman as ever blackened an eye. Hurra! here goes for another naggin any how, to dhrink confusion to petticoat government." And he staggered out of the office.

A woman now drew from under her cloak a handsome silver table-spoon — "I'll throuble you, Sir, for the same on this that you gave me th' other day."

The pawnbroker examined it - "I see the crest and

cypher are the same as the other you pledged. Where do these come from ?"

"Oh, Sir, there's nothing wrong in the matther my misthiss is in want of a trifle, and they'll be redeemed in a few days more, when she hears from the counthry."

"Oh, very well," said the broker, and he took the spoon and handed her some money in return.

"My misthiss is a very nice lady, Sir, and would n't wish it to be known she done the like."

"You mean," said a gruff voice behind her, "you would n't wish it to be known you done the like," and at the same moment she was laid hold of by a policeman. "If your misthiss is n't a nice woman, I think she has ancommon nice sarvant at all events. I'll throuble you, sir, for that silver spoon too," said the officer of justice to the pawnbroker, and the money the unfortunate womankind received was given back, as the spoon was identified to be one of many stolen from her mistress. This produced a great commotion in the office, and Peter was anxious to get his pawn effected, and leave a scene, which every moment was becoming more odious to him. He approached the counter and offered his spoons.

"More spoons," said the pawnbroker, and he cast a suspicious look at Peter.

Peter felt indignant at the insinuation the words and look implied, and was going to make an angry answer, but he checked himself and only said, "I'm no thief, Sir."

"I did n't say you were," said the pawnbroker in a rough tone — "you're mighty ready to defend yourself, I think."

"Well if you don't like to take them give them back to me, and somebody else will."

"Oh, no," said the pawnbroker, "I'll advance you the money," and so he did.



Les ids and Stories of Ireland

" P] " and " R at Pet matter maynin " N " T balls s one ag this cc with a

betwee

God I'll redeem them soon," said Peter, you'll be sure I'm not a robber."

em them," said the policeman, looking shrewdly - "I see you don't know much about such Redeem indeed ! - why, did you never hear the ' the three halls over a pawnbroker's door ?"

> policeman; "the three bring here, it's two to e it again;" and with eter he quitted the office the nice sarvant woman

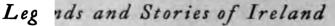
Peter wom nome meat, _____, and after a scanty breakfast again went on the search for employment. In the course of his day's walk, he met a friend who invited him to take a tumbler. — "Dhrown care man," said he; and the punch after a slender breakfast had a great effect on Peter, and created in his mind false hope and fortitude.

"Well," said he to his mother on his return, "tomorrow may bring better luck, and maybe it's for the best afther all." "How do you make that out, Peter alanna?" said the sorrowful woman. "Why, maybe I'll meet a betther masther yet." — "Ah! Pether, Mr. Finn was a rale good masther to you." --- This stung Peter because it was true, and he answered that he was "cross and dark enough betimes." "He was a good masther, for all that," said his mother, " and who knows, Pether, but you sometimes earned the dark look." "Well, at all events there's as good fish in the say as ever was caught," said Peter, "and maybe I'll have a betther place vit — indeed, I'm partly promised one, and what do you say to that now ?" "What you often heerd me say before, Pether, that a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush. God send you a good place, and you'll never have betther nor I wish you, but until you got it I wish you had kept 'the bird in the hand.'"



Peter, for some days after, had cause to feel the truth of the two proverbs his mother had applied to his circumstances. His immediate experience taught him that "a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush;" and in his present state of idleness he had plenty of leisure for repenting the basty marriage. At last his hopes of employment became so low, that for immediate relief he undertook to carry the placards of a company of equestrians and tumblers, then exhibiting in the city. These placards were suspended from Peter's neck, one before and another behind him; so that, in fact, the equestrians yoked him into their service like one of their beasts. This employment was not at all to Peter's taste — his neck rising from between two pieces of board, struck the little idle boys in the street as ridiculous, and he was much annoyed one day as he heard one of these little vagabonds say to another, with michievous fun twinkling in his eye, and the fore-finger of his little dirty paw pointed at him as he moved, in melancholy, towards them, "Look, Dinny -- look -- see de chap in de pillory."

"Pillory !" --- Peter did not think a little street blackguard could annoy him so much. This increased the shame he felt as the passers-by looked at his placards, while he walked up and down Sackville-street; every look Peter thought was directed at him, and he fancied that instead of reading the placards, everybody said to himself, "Look at that unfortunate devil making a show of himself." This was more particularly the case, when some near-sighted person applied his eye-glass to inspect the "bill of the play" he carried, --- and from the nature of the advertisement it bore, the contrast between the bearer and the burden was excessively ludicrous. The bill bore a dazzling wood-cut of a clown's head, grinning from ear to ear, and in large red letters was printed underneath, "LOTS OF FUN," - above these, in striking relief to the red-cheeked grinning clown's face, and VOL. 1. -- 14 200



" lots visage, meet th too str gentler natures bim, al This made th And f

anothe Pete

went t

fun," rose poor Peter's pale and melancholy is eye sunken and averted, as if it feared to look of his fellow-creatures. The effect was ig to pass observation, and, at last, two young i, with more of frolic than humanity in their topped right before Peter, raised their glasses at

> or fellow whose misery s stung to the heart. nasing at the price of

no longer that day; he id told his mother and longer." "I'll give it

Biddy he could "stan. ... longer." "I'll give it up," said he, "and I'm promised a better employment next week." "Peter, darlin'," said his mother, "it is a hard lot you have, my poor boy, I don't deny, but bear it till you are sure of a better; you're earnin' your bread *honestly* any how, and you know it's true what I tould you already, and tell you again now,

" A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush."



THE TRIAL

THE pittance that poor Peter earned by carrying the placards was so slender, that he and those dependant on him were barely kept from starvation. Biddy was more discontented than any of the three under this change of circumstances, for she was a selfish creature, and the selfish are seldom good for any thing. There is no vice that does not leave its traces of degradation stamped on the character; but I know of none that so extensively debases human nature, as unbounded selfishness. Other vices are positive in their own action and go no further, but selfishness is not only an active vice, but has the destructive quality of even checking the growth of virtue. Biddy was also a liar; and one person could scarcely possess two worse faults. The wretched life she now led made her more than ever regret the good place she had lost, and she cast about in her own mind how she could obtain another.

She determined to go to her former mistress, and by inventing a pitiful story, endeavour to prevail in obtaining



a character to enable her to get a new service. Here the two vices of her nature are seen in full play. Selfishness made her regret her present lot, and falsehood was the mode by which she intended to mend it. We shall see how she fared.

She went to Mrs. Bond, accordingly, and, obtaining an interview, she threw herself on her knees before her, and began to cry bitterly, protesting she never was happy since the night she was so guilty in vexing her mistress by letting a man into the house without her knowledge.

"But, oh ! ma'am," said Biddy, sobbing violently, "I would n't have done the like only we wor goin' to be marrid."

"But even if you were married, Biddy, you would have no right to let your husband into the house without my permission."

"I know that ma'am, but sure we wor coortin' then, and when people's coortin' ma'am, you know they're never right in their minds; but now that we're marrid ma'am, Pether's aisier about me, and would n't be throublin' the house ma'am."

"Then you are married," said Mrs. Bond, "to that man that was in the kitchen that night I discovered you together."

"Yes ma'am," said Biddy, with as much composure as if she had been telling truth.

"I'm glad," said Mrs. Bond, "that as you hurt your character by your conduct that night, you have been honestly married, but I cannot give you a character notwithstanding, for I could not without telling an untruth. I suppose your husband has means of supporting you, and you must give him what help you can in some other way than going to service."

Here Biddy burst into a flood of tears. "Oh, misthiss dear! have pity on me — poor Pether ma'am has been very sick intirely, and has n't been able to airn a mouthful o' bread this three weeks; though it's he

would if he was able, and he's the industherous craythur ma'am, but, indeed, your tendher heart id bleed if you seen his face black afther he working in the colliery."

"Then he's a coal-porter, I find," said Mrs. Bond.

"Oh, no ma'am, he'd scorn the like — he's a dacent man, ma'am, and had a good employment in James'sstreet, but when he got the colliery — "

"What colliery are you talking of, girl?" said Mrs. Bond.

" The colliery morpus, ma'am."

"Oh, now I understand you — the cholera morbus." "Yes, ma'am — that's what I said — the colliery morpus."

"It was a blue case then?" said Mrs. Bond.

"Oh! indeed it's a blue case enough wid us, ma'am," said Biddy, "and he sick and not able to earn a penny; and won't you give me a characther, ma'am, for the tindher marcy o' heaven, to enable me?"

"No, Biddy, I cannot give you a character, for I should tell a falsehood if I did, but I am going to part with my present servant, and will take you back, and give you another trial. As you are married to the man on whose account you were parted, I have a better opinion of you, and when I tell Mr. Bond, I'm sure he will have no objection to permitting your return to our service."

Biddy was all gratitude, or I should say affected it, for no one, base enough to deceive a kind-hearted mistress as she did, could be capable of so generous a sentiment; but she succeeded in her scheme for the moment, and was reinstated in her place.

Mr. Bond, in whose service she lived, was a barrister, and, on a certain morning, was engaged in the criminal court, in Green-street, for the prosecution of some prisoners, indicted for burglary. The case was one that had excited some interest, for the robbery had been extensive, and was traced to a party of marauders who had infested the neighbourhood of the city for some time, without the

hand of justice being enabled to catch and crush them, and on the present occasion it was one of their own gang who had turned king's evidence, that was to prosecute them.

This ruffian, who, for the sake of preserving his own neck, was going to hang all his old associates, was produced. He mounted the table, and, for a moment, seemed ashamed to lift his eyes to meet the gaze of honest men; but with the hardihood of seasoned villany, he plucked up his impudence and looked round the court with his pale grey cat-like eyes, that twinkled restlessly about under red bushy brows, and a low and narrow forehead. He swore point blank to the facts laid in the indictment, and identified all the prisoners. The cross-examination now commenced, and a twitch of his mouth, and a short quick shrug of his shoulders seemed to imply his consciousness of what he was going to endure.

"Well, my fine fellow," said the counsel for the defence, "you know all the prisoners at the bar you say?" "I do."

"I believe you don't know them as well as they know you?"

"Indeed that's more nor I can tell."

"By the virtue of your oath are you not one of the oldest hands about town?"

"Faix I dunna that," said the ruffian, with prodigious effrontery, "but I believe I've one o' the biggest hands in the county," and he put forth a brawny fist of enormous dimension. A laugh followed this repartee, and the counsel was foiled for a moment, while the witness gathered fresh confidence from the success of his reply.

"I dare say you find that big hand of yours useful to you," said the counsel, — "now, for instance, when you throttled the four geese at farmer Toole's, at Kilternan?"

"I did n't throttle four geese," said the ruffian, with much complacency.

"By virtue of your oath, did n't you steal four geese?"

"No," said the knave with a chuckle, "one of them was a gandher."

Another laugh was excited.

"Oh!" said the counsel, "I see you are nice as to gender, though I dare say you are not particular as to number."

"Except when the numbers is against me, Sir."

"Good again," said the counsel, "I perceive you are a skilful general, you won't fight against odds; but the odds were not against you when you robbed the poor old man on the Wicklow road."

"I done no such thing," said the scoundrel, with great firmness.

"Gentlemen of the jury," said the counsel, "I have a witness to produce that can throw some light on this subject, but I will put the question more home to this witty gentleman." — Then turning to the approver he said, "So you swear you did *not* rob the farmer on the Wicklow road?"

"I did not," was the answer.

"By the virtue of your oath?"

"By virtue o' my oath I did n't rob him an the road — I robbed him an the car."

There was laughter in the court at the reply, but it was mingled with indignation at this fellow's effrontery.

"You're a particularly facetious person," said the counsel.

"The divil a more fassy-aceous chap in the county, though there may be a few honesther."

"Honest!" said the counsel, "I should suppose you to be a particularly honest gentleman, by the candid way in which you speak of yourself."

"Oh! indeed, I'm as honest a man as any I see here," said he, looking sharply around at the lawyers, — "begging his lordship's pardon !"

"Quit the table, sirrah !" said the judge, and the brute sneaked from the witness's chair.



But when he looked round in giving his last sarcastic answer, he encountered one eye that made him quail; it was that of Mr. Bond, who then recognized in the features of this hardened ruffian the identical *Tom*, that Biddy had secreted in the coal-vault.

On his return home, therefore, he communicated this fact to his wife, and Biddy was immediately ordered to quit the house; the wife of a robber, which, from her own account, they believed her to be, could not be permitted to remain a moment under their roof. Biddy was thunderstruck at the unlucky chance that exposed her to this unlooked-for consequence of her falsehood, and then told her real case, and implored forgiveness.

"I thought ma'am," says she, "'t was no harm to tell you that, as 't would get me my place again, and sure, ma'am, I've behaved myself since I came back to you — but, indeed I'm an honest woman, and I'm marrid to an honest husband, ma'am, and that villian the masther seen is n't my husband at all."

"You told your mistress he was," said Mr. Bond. "Oh! Sir, indeed he's not — oh! forgive me this once, and I'll never tell you a lie again, indeed Sir. Oh! misthiss dear, I'll give you every satisfaction in life, to show I'm not marrid to that villian, but to an honest man."

"No, no, Biddy," said Mrs. Bond, "we could never have confidence in you again — you must leave the house, and remember for the future, that any thing gained by falschood is always in danger of being lost. There is an old and a true saying, Biddy —

"Truth stands upon two legs, but a lie stands only on one."



THE HOT SUPPER

BIDDY was obliged to quit Mrs. Bond's house immediately — half an hour sufficed to make all the necessary arrangements for so doing, and with her scanty bundle of clothes, and the few shillings of wages paid to her, she was again turned forth upon the world from the comfortable home she, a second time, forfeited by her own unworthiness.

As she proceeded towards James's-street, where in a miserable garret, Peter and his mother were living, and whom she had not seen ever since she had recovered her former place, and secured to herself her own immediate comforts, she ruminated, in no very pleasing train of thought, on the unlucky turn that her affairs had taken. Biddy, good-for-nothing as she was, and I am afraid, as Peter's former master said, "no better than she should be," even *she* felt, for the moment, the justice of her



fate; and the remorse, that even the most hardened, on certain occasions, must feel, visited her indolent conscience with bitterness.

For a while she was so much under its influence, that she had determined to tell Peter the whole truth the moment she should see him, and felt so keenly the evil consequence of telling falsehood, that she was *almost* coming to the resolve of never being guilty of untruth again, when passing through High-street being jostled by a man who had just emerged from a filthy lane, she said in her succest tone — "I wish you'd look before you, good man."

"Good man," said the offender, "oh, good woman to you, ma'am, and maybe neither of us tells thruth."

"Spake to yourself, Sir," said Biddy indignantly, "I owe you no discoorse," and she was brushing hastily by him, but she was arrested by the forcible grasp of a hand laid on her cloak, and a voice with which she was not unacquainted said —

"Be the hokey, if Biddy Purcell is an the flure o' God's creation, that 's her — I know the sharp side of her tongue."

"Then, it's not Biddy Purcell," said she, hiding her face.

"Arrah, let us look at you," said her detainer, catching her under the chin, and turning up her face to the lamp-light — "sure I knew 't was you an' nobody else — by the powdhers o' war I 'd know your shadow an a bush — musha more power to you, and how are you how is every five fut o' you?"

"Indeed an' it's bad enough wid me, and more betoken it's all along o' you, bad cess to you, it's the bad day I ivir knew you, Tom, for I never was the same woman since."

"Arrah be aisy, Biddy Purcell."

"It's Mrs. Molloy your spakin' to, Sir, if you plaze." "Oh, murther!" said Tom, "so you're marrid to

that poor lantherumswag of a gandher that was afther you like a suckin' calf."

"Oh! indeed he's no witch sure enough," said Biddy, but he made me an honest woman any how."

"Faith, then, he was a clever fellow that done that same," said the ruffian, with a villainous look and leer.

It would be disgusting to pursue this conversation farther; it is enough to say, that any good resolutions Biddy might have been forming, of confessing the whole and simple truth to Peter on her return, were quite upset by meeting with her old acquaintance Tom, and that this worthy, having treated Biddy to punch in a neighbouring public house, drowned her care and her conscience together, and persuaded her, that the best thing she could do was to introduce him to her husband, as one of her fellow-servants who had been out of place, " and never mind," said he, "if he won't have more money to spend in a week afther he knows me - by dad I'll do for him I'll engage." This plan having been agreed upon, they separated, and Biddy went home. Even in the midst of her misery Peter was glad to see his unworthy wife again - unhappily for the poor fellow, more unworthy than he could have imagined.

The mother was more observant, and seeing something of an unnatural twinkling about Biddy's eyes, she suspected she had been drinking, and making an occasion to approach her she became more convinced of this fact, and said, "Where were you drinking the punch, Biddy, that the smell of it is so strong upon you?"

"Indeed, then," said Biddy, "an' it was a fellowsarvant of my own that was out of place, like myself, that I met, and he thrated me, and, indeed, I'm behoulden to him, besides that he promised to come here to-morrow, and put Pether up to a way of doin' better for himself than he has been doin' of late — and a dacent man he is, and a good warrant to help a friend."

In such way she praised Tom, and, accordingly, the



Legends and Stories of Ireland

next day he had a meeting with Peter, and told him that he need n't mind carrying placards any more, for that he had an easier and more profitable mode of life to point out to him.

"Ah!" said Peter, " but how am I to do antil I get that betther way of doin'? My Mother tells me, and sure I've good raison to remember every thing she towld me, for it has come thrue — she tells me 'a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush,' and I must n't give up what I have."

"Why then," said Tom, with a look of contempt, which he made as strong as he could, to wound Peter's pride, "why then are you sitch a poor-sperited hound as to mind what a croakin' owld hag says to you?"

"My mother's no hag," said Peter.

"Well, no offince," said Tom, "I only mane every owld woman is a croakin' hag, and crammin' good advice and owld sayings down our throats, as if we had nothin' else to do here but to be larnin' from our mothers always — arrah, man dear, don't be a child all your life."

"But what 'll I do for bread if I give up carryin' the boords?"

"Look at this," said Tom, and he produced six shillings in his hand, "here's as much money as you'll get for a week by disgracin' yourself that-a-way, and I go bail that in less than a week you'll have more money than twice that of your own airnin."

"An' how do you make your money?" said Peter.

"I'll tell you then," said Tom, "and the best day ever I saw was the day I lost my place, for I have been betther aff ever since, by lyin' in waitin' about the hotels, and the coach-offices and the like o' that, ready to run iv a message for a gintleman, or carry his portmantle, or go wid a bit of a note for him, or maybe have his cloak ready for him outside the door whin he's comin' from a party or the likes o' that; and you'll get a shillin' here, and a sixpence there, and maybe nothin'

an odd time, but it comes to somethin' smart in the end — and the beauty of it is, you're your own master, for instead of bein' at the will o' one to ordher you here and there, and biddin' you to do this and that, and hear of no excuse, you have only to do a little turn for one, and a little turn for another, and not obligated to do that same, barrin' it's plazin' to you, and you have time enough to spare between turns, to smoke a pipe or take share of a pot or glass, and no offince."

Peter was convinced, at last, that the mode of life Tom recommended was better than the one he was engaged in, and he entered upon it accordingly. Tom, to further his own ultimate views, put as much in Peter's way as he could, and Peter was pleased with the change - not so his mother. She did not like the acquaintance he had formed with this man, and still less liked Biddy's friendship with him; besides, from the irregular nature of Peter's employment, his hours became equally irregular, and one, or two, or three in the morning were no unusual hours for Peter's going out or coming home. If the mother objected or questioned, the answer was, that it was a gentleman he was to call at a certain hour, and was to carry his trunks to the coach-office, or the canal-boat, or that he was waiting till some of the coaches came in, and then he had to carry luggage to some distant quarter of the town. These answers did not satisfy the mother, and, at last, her suspicions of Tom were changed to certainty of his villany, by her becoming acquainted with the fact of his having been in jail, and saved his neck by becoming king's evidence.

This she lost no time in communicating to her son, and warned him to have no further intercourse with so base a character. But Peter, by this time, had become infected with a liking for the irregular life he led; it was a strange mixture of idleness and hard work, of indulgence and hardship, and, from its very uncertainty, possessing an excitement that more regular employment

Lege ds and Stories of Ireland

could nc such an : him.

offer; and Tom, too, had contrived to get cendancy over Peter's easy and simple nature, that the ster had not power or resolution to break with

you he's a black-hearted villian," said his "Ite mother, he betraved his old companions, and he may

betray y Mark m down-loo "Oh, can't be

in the p

"Oh,

nple boy as you are. e the day you met that e to keep with him." ther," said Peter, "he ie any thing to put me man."

same," said the poor you to grace, and keep

woman, and may vou out of harm; but, Peter, don't be temptin' Providence by having any thing more to do with that treacherous-eyed villian --- sure he can't look one straight in the face."

"Oh, ma'am," said Biddy, " no one can help their eyes; - his eyes are as God made them."

"I was n't talking to you, ma'am," said the mother, "but if his eyes be as God made them, maybe they wor made for a warnin', and I 'm sure no honest man ever had the like."

"Well, mother," said Peter, "he was very good to me any how, and put me in the way of bettherin' myself. and sure I'm able to give you the dhrop o' tay agin."

"Oh! Peter," said the poor woman, "I'd rather live an dhry pittaytees, or a crust o' brown bread, and have wather, so they were honestly earned, than eat betther bread that had the curse of dishonesty upon it."

"Who says I ever done any thing dishonest?" said Peter.

" I'm only afraid you may, Peter dear - you may -I don't like the hours you keep, and I often said so before."

"Oh, that's only in the regard of my business."

"Honest employment, Peter, keeps honest hours, and

I tell you again, have nothing more to do with that bad man, for I know he's a bad man."

"He was never bad to me, any how," said Peter, but gave me money when I wanted it."

"Did n't he sell the blood of his own companions? - how can you get over that?"

"He explained all that to me, and said it was them ensnared him."

"Oh, the desaiver ! — but need you go beyant his own talk, and his own ways — have n't they the mark of wickedness and treachery upon them ?"

"As for his talk," said Peter, "Tom is a wild blade enough in his talk betimes, and would n't be as particular maybe, as another, but his tongue is worse nor his heart, and whatever he might do, don't be afeard o' me, mother dear, you always reared me too well to let me do any thing that would shame or disgrace you."

"Ah, Peter," said the mother, affected to tears almost by this allusion to her early care of his childhood, "take care — take care — there are few of us able to stand against bad example and temptation, and if you continue to keep with that man, he 'll bring you into trouble, if not into guilt. You may have very good intentions of your own, but you 're not able for that schemer — keep him at a distance I tell you. — Peter, there 's another ould sayin' I have, if you 're not tired of them before this, but you know how they 've all come true, and this is as true as any of them:

"When you sup with the Devil, - have a long spoon."



THE PORTMANTEAU

I was one of those cold and damp mornings peculiar to our climate in the early spring months, that a hack jaunting-car drove up Mount-street, just as the watchman was drawling out, in the usual sleepy tone that distinguishes his fraternity, "Five o'cla-u-c-k."

Two men were seated on the car, and whether any appearance about them or their vehicle excited the suspicion of the watchman, I know not, but he called out to the driver, as he passed him, "What's that you have on the car?"

"Go ax," was the laconic and polite reply.

This indignity stimulated the watchman into activity, and as he started after them, in what was really a very decent run for a watchman, he exclaimed, "A ha, you morodin' villians, I know what you 're afther, you sack-'em-up vagabones, but I'll pin yiz yet if yiz don't stop;" and he was about to spring his rattle when the car was



N-timest 1

rbs

-



bedience to his voked his pole as there, but all he dis-

> wer, to be ed to find:

> ed to find

ver a corlike the 'y should 'icularly

> match 'ersahich fited go tix at

•



Lege ds and Stories of Ireland

" Con here befc

«ľm

In the side the

a sixpen window.

who had

und you, why were you not here sooner? The coal starts a quarter before six. I told you to be five."

"Oh re'll be there in no time, Sir - I've brought you up a ale good car, your honour - the finest car in Dublin - the rale pick o' the sieve, and a horse that 'll rowl vou

> f so I'll not give you s withdrawn from the

> ne drawing of bolts inearance of the person in attendance, and he t was he, for not being

began abusing a cont and with him at the time he promised. -- " I would not mind," said the gentleman, "only I have such a quantity of luggage. I wanted to be at the coach-office early, in time to have it packed; and now I fear I will barely catch the coach before it starts."

"Oh, never fear, your honour, we'll be in plenty time," - which is the universal answer on occasions when it is very doubtful that one may not be late. So the luggage was flung on the car, and the gentleman mounted on one side, and Peter as luggage guard on the other, and away whipped the driver, endeavouring to urge the miserable hack that was dragging them, into a speed beyond its powers.

"What are you beating that unfortunate brute so for?" said the gentleman.

"Oh, Sir, I'm only takin' the consait out of her," was the answer: — the miserable animal was only fit to throw to hounds. "I thought your honour was in a hurry."

"Yes, but I don't want you to cut the flesh off your unfortunate horse."

"Ah! she 's a rogue, your honour. Hurrup — posey step out your sowl !- show the blood that's in you:" and certainly as far as drawing it out of her with a whip

could effect it, he endeavoured to do so, and some more whipping and stumbling brought them into Sackvillestreet just as the coach was about to start.

Here, a heavily laden coach was surrounded by the usual quantity of beggars and news-venders, the hurrying coachman, the growling guard, the busy ostlers, and idle lookers-on, notwithstanding the earliness of the hour, and a very extraordinary and disjointed jumble of questions and answers was to be heard on all sides, and I will attempt a sketch of it.

"Hillo there!" shouted the coachman to the guard — "bad luck to you, Norton, what delays you?"

"The Despatch! The Telegraphic Despatch!" was answered by a news-man.

The coach was going to start, as the gentleman already spoken of, jumped off the car and called to the coachman to stop.

"Get up then at once, Sir, if you please, for we're past our time already."

"I must get up my luggage first," said the gentleman.

"Oh ! gogs blakey, Sir," said the coachman, "why worn't you at the office sooner, and you with luggage?"

"This fellow I desired to call me was late; it's not my fault, and we drove as quickly as we could."

"The next time you're in a hurry, Sir," said the coachman, "I'd recommend you to get a horse with four legs."

The driver of the car here stood up for the honour of his horse, and said, "You're a great judge, to be sure, an' so you are, of *fore* legs, but be my sowl it would be well for *your* passengers that your horses had n't *hind* legs, as the gentleman knows that you tumbled off o' the boxsate last Sathurday among the heels o' the wheelers, when you set them kickin' by the dose o' whip-cord you gave them down by Drumcondra-bridge."

"You lic, you calumnivatin' blackguard!" said the coachman, as he made a cut of his whip at him.

Legi ds and Stories of Ireland

"Oh. cord, su vou kill 1 tin' the " Wh ther, and swer to 1

" Bad

"Wh

«Tw:

" The

said the

herin' m

ves ! - you're mighty ready wid your whipenough, an' it 's well known o' you - by gor re every year nor a 'potticary 'amost, by upsetach and I wondher Mr. Purcell keeps you."

wants the Registher - The Mornin' Regis-Counsellor O'Connell's grand Speech, in an-

> had lost your speech," id fro, " you're moidin' with your shoutin'." said the news-man. entleman.

1 Sandhers,1 from me, Sir," said the fellow, and may ..., Ju u nnc . with that readiness of repartee so remarkable in his class.

"Who wants The Freeman?" shouted another.

"Ireland wants every one that'll stand to her," returned the former fellow again.

A nervous and lank gentleman, muffled in coats and shawls seated on the box, became very fidgety from the moment the carman had made the allusion to the coachman's propensity to whipping, and having beckoned to the former to approach, he questioned him further on the subject.

"Oh, Sir, it's only a little partic'lar he is about the number of his passengers, and as he is innocent o' larnin', and divil burn his schoolmaster for that same, he can't read the way-bill, Sir, to see how many passengers he has, and so when he wants to count them, he's obliged to spread them out an the road."

"He upsets them you mean," said the nervous gentleman.

"Oh, I would n't say that for the world, Sir," said the carman, with more mischief in the tone of his denial, than the direct assertion would have conveyed.

¹ There is always an extensive collection of advertisements of "Places Wanted," in the paper so named.

"Oh, don't b'lieve him, Sir," said the coachman, "it's the blackest o' lies the vagabone is tellin' you. I say, Norton," addressing the guard, "will you dhrive that blackguard out o' that?"

"Aye, *dbrive* — there it is again, Sir, — you heerd him," said the fellow, laughing in intense delight as he saw the gentleman's fear and the coachman's anger increased. "It's for dhrivin' he is — faix he dhrives so hard he sometimes laves his passengers behind, like the sojer last week at Swords."

"Was he killed?" said the trembling box-seat passenger.

"Oh, no, Sir, he only had his legs broke."

"Coachman," said the gentleman, "if you dare to drive too fast I'll complain of you to your employers."

"Arrah, Sir, never mind the miscrayant."

"Oh! it's thruth I'm tellin' you, Sir," said the carman, "and sure he knows himself 't was only last week he dhruv agin the — "

"Post! Evening Post!" said the news-man.

"He dhruv agin the Widow Waddy's pig, and made bacon of him, and made jommethry o' the passengers."

"Coachman !!" said the nervous man again, "if you drive faster than — "

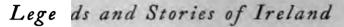
"The Mail!—The Evenin' Mail!" shouted the news-man.

Here a beggar-woman put in her word — "Ah! gintleman dear, extind your charity to the poor woman — a little thrifle, your honour, to the poor woman, gintleman dear, that is in disthress."

The "gintleman dear" was in distress, indeed, for his fears were seriously awakened for his personal safety.

She changed her hand, now, and tried another, whose military cap and cloak bespoke a man of war; he was, however, only a linen-draper, given to finery.

"Ah, Sir dear, with the cap — ah, iligant captain, won't



you bestc orphans?

a thrifle an the poor widdy and the dissolute

The *ca* tain took no notice, but was engaged in endeavourin to light a cigar, which afterwards made him sick.

"Ah, i cant cantain wid the goold an your cap -"

" Ah, l

the case v

my sowl l "Why

think I'm

" Put it

"The for

"Well, put it in the

e guard. " said the gentleman.

old bitter hag who saw alone, I tell you — by

p than in his pocket."

Peter, " where do you

ntleman who owned it.

"The bind boot is full too," said the guard.

"Well, thry the top boot," said Peter, pointing to the roof of the coach.

"May the divil run a huntin' wid you and your top boot," said the guard in a passion.

"Throth an' it's top boots he'd have, if he did run a huntin'," said Peter.

"Why bad cess to you, don't you see there's not room for half o' this thievin' luggage?" said the guard, "by this and that it would puzzle a counsellor to pack another box on it, let alone this heap o' things."

"Bad scran to you," said the coachman, "will you ever let me start? — throw them up any way, and let me be goin'."

"Throth, then, if I was goin' wid you, it's myself that id like to have some one to tache you your business," said the carman. "Who have you to show you the way?"

"The Pilot ! The Pilot !" shouted the news-man.

"Hand me up that other trunk now," said the guard — "by all that's good the coach is more like a dhray than a coach, wid all the luggage that's on it — is there any more of it?"



"No; that's the last," said Peter.

"Are you sure you put up the leather portmanteau?"

"Oh, yes, Sir," said a stander-by, "I seen the guard put that up the first." This person was Tom, who had been talking with the carman for a few seconds previously.

"Now then, we're all right," said the guard. "You may be off when you plaze."

"Oh, musha!" shouted the coachman, "I'm ruinated, Norton !"

"What 's ruinated you?" said the guard.

"The Times! The Times!" shouted the newsman.

"I've broke my whip," said the coachman, "an the head o' that blackguard carman that was tantalizin' me. You must borrow me one o' Tom Toole's out o' the office." This was done accordingly, and the coach rolled heavily away to the music of the guard's horn, as it awoke the echoes of the yet almost empty streets. The little knot of persons dispersed from before the coach-office, and the noise and bustle was succeeded by silence and loneliness.

The scene must now be changed to a cellar, in a remote lane. Three men descended the broken steps that ked to the wretched abode, and, entering the dark and smoky den, saluted by the title of Black Bet a woman who welcomed them; and seated themselves at a low table near a bad fire, and called for their "morning."

"An' bitther cowld it is, by the same token, and a gum tickler will be as welkim as the flowers in May."

The three men were Peter Molloy, his friend Tom, and the car-driver, who had come hither to get a "dhrop o' somethin'," by way of breakfast. The cellar where they sat was in an obscure place, where secrecy, if required, might be found by those who needed it, and the woman who presided in the sanctuary was a priestess

ds and Stories of Ireland

worthy lated 1 forwal said, " so sayi had thi « W. look up

> «If " Ol

«W

man's 1

Leg

the place. After the bottle had been circue round the company, Tom drew something at he had not hitherto brought into notice, and may as well see what we have got here;" and he pulled from a corner behind him, where he n it on his entrance. a portmanteau.

id Peter, casting a sharp

the car," said Tom. " why it's the gentlerot." thy did n't he mind it

betther

"Wuy, said rec., you saw it put up first." l you yourself tell him

"Well, I thought I did," said Tom, making a grimace at the same time to the car-driver, "but I never found out the mistake till we got here, and now there 's no help for it."

"Oh, but I can lave it at the coach-office for him," said Peter, " for, I suppose, they know who he is."

"Arrah! how would they know who he is?" said Tom, " and besides he'll never miss it out the power o' luggage he has. - Throth he ought to be obliged to us for easing him o' the care of it;" and he proceeded, with great coolness, to cut open the portmanteau with a large clasp knife he drew from his pocket.

"Oh, Tom," said Peter, "by dad, I don't like that at all;" and he endeavoured to prevent the act.

"Who axed you whether you liked it or not," said the ruffian, "sure it's not your doin', you fool - what business have you to know anything about it ?"

" Oh ! but I had the care o' the gentleman's luggage."

"Ay, and good care you took of it, in throth, --- oh, you're a bright janius, Pether !" and the villain laughed horribly at the startled Peter, as the portmanteau was ripped asunder and its contents fell on the floor. Peter



was quite unprepared for such a desperate act as this, though he had no reason, of late, to believe Tom to be overgood, and began to wish he had attended in this, as in all former instances, to his mother's advice. He said he would not have any thing to do in such a transaction, and left the cellar followed by the laughter and curses of Tom and the carman, who was an acquaintance of his, to whom he had introduced Peter, and the two names that Peter heard himself last called, as he gained the top of the cellar steps, were "fool" and "coward."

"I am a fool, indeed," said Peter, as he quitted the lane, "but I'm no coward, as I'll prove to them, nor worse than a coward — and that's an informer. I won't turn an informer any how. Maybe it won't be found out, or maybe it will; but at all events, not through me, but from this blessed hour, though I won't betray him, I'll have no more to do with that bad fellow, Tom. Oh! mother dear, mother dear, you were right, as you always were, in the advice you gave me. I have been supping with the Devil, indeed, and *not* with a long spoon, I'm afraid; but long or short I'll not sup with him again. I'm done with Tom from this out."

In this resolution Peter persevered: but alas! the resolution came too late. Biddy still continued her acquaintance with Tom, and from him she obtained, as presents, some of the plunder of the portmanteau. The loss of this article was of too much importance to its owner to be left unheeded. The police were informed of the robbery, and put on the search, and the articles given to Biddy were found in Peter's room, and identified as some of the missing property.

I shall not attempt to describe the affecting scene that took place when the unfortunate mother saw her son taken away by the police, to be lodged in jail. "Little did I think," said the bereaved woman, "when I had you at my breast, that I was only rearing you to disgrace and

Leg ids

eds and Stories of Ireland

ruin. of the r your cra this wid guided cautions the end

1! Peter, Peter, why did n't you mind the words ther that loved you and watched over you from e? You tell me that you are innocent of all idness, and I believe you are, my poor misy; but oh, Peter! why didn't you mind the gave you? Often and often I told you what see, Peter alanna, that

nes at last."





THE PRISON

PETER was conducted, at once, by the police to one of the divisional offices, and the circumstantial evidence was so clear against him that he was committed to Newgate. Poor Peter shuddered when he heard the heavy iron gate clank as it closed behind him, on his entrance to the prison, and as the bolt of the ponderous lock was turned into its socket, the jarring sound smote on the unfortunate prisoner's heart, while the turnkey, with a hardened composure, rendered more striking by the contrast, drew the massive key from the lock and handed Peter over to the proper authority, to be conducted to his place of confinement. It was well for Peter that his committal to prison occurred just before the opening of the commission; so that he had but a few days to remain in confinement, for it is notoriously true that by intercourse with the prisoners of more experience, and more deeply dyed in crime, a person comparatively innocent on his entrance to a jail often leaves it a finished villain. - This misfortune Peter had not to endure in addition

Legends and Stories of Ireland

to his others, and it was well for one of his easy nature that it was so, for it has been, of course, remarked in the progress of the story, that Peter was rather the victim of others than originally bad himself, and therefore had not strength of character to resist the influence of evil example to be found amongst the inmates of a jail, where, at last, he found himself, by a natural, though somewhat unfortunate course of circumstances, placed. Here, for the few days he was in confinement, he had plenty of time to ruminate over his headlong folly, and its bitter consequences - consequences all arising from one rash step, and that step in direct violation of a parent's advice. Here was enough for reflection and repentance. The neglected words of advice that his mother had spoken in vain, were now continually whispered in his ear by the voice of memory, and, perhaps, an accusing conscience helped to increase their influence upon his mind.-These sayings of his mother became almost the exclusive theme of Peter's sleeping and waking thoughts, it produced almost a ludicrous consequence in his manner and conversation, for he could scarcely be got to return an answer except in the words of some proverb his mother had repeated to him, and that he had so faithfully and unfortunately fulfilled the truth of, in his own experience.

His melancholy looks were subject of mirth to the other prisoners, and even the turnkeys sometimes were attracted in the course of their horrible routine of occupation, to notice the peculiarity of his manner and answers. "By gosh, I b'lieve this chap is married," said one of these Cerberuses to another, noticing Peter's woe-begone countenance. Peter answered him at once, with an appropriate solemnity of manner: — "Marry in haste, and repent at leisure."

Now it happened that this answer of Peter's was particularly appropriate to the person to whom it was made, for the prisoners in the jail were in no less control of the turnkey, than the turnkey was of his wife who ruled



im not with a key but a rod of iron, and his brother iler laughed at him when he heard the application of he proverb that had been made to him.

This incensed the turnkey, who, looking fiercely at eter, said, "What do you mean by that, you gallows rd?"

Peter returned the look of fierceness by one on his ut of greater sadness than before, and replied, "A bird the hand is worth two in the bush;" and with a pround shake of his head turned his back on the turnkey, and sumed his melancholy pace up and down the jail-yard.

The turnkey did not know what to make of him, and wing muttered to himself, "By dad I think he's mad," ent about his business.

But it was in his intercourse with his mother that eter's present peculiarity of thought and conversation ere most apparent, because most frequently excited; or after the first two or three days the inmates of the il, when they had worn out the novelty of a new comer f eccentric habits, left Peter to himself as a blockhead, had no pluck in him, that is to say, who was not as ricked and reckless as themselves. But Peter's mother ontrived to see her son every day; this favour she obined through his former master, Mr. Finn, whose intiacy with the sheriff enabled the mother to have an order see her son constantly. What a touching example here of the eternal laws of nature surmounting every dverse circumstance to the fulfilment of its duties. Ione of Peter's companions in his hours of mirth, now sught his prison; even his fellow prisoners who bore im company for two days, only to laugh at him, grew red, and deserted him on the third. The woman, the vorthless woman, by whom he had induced all his subequent sorrows, came not near his cell; but the mother - the lone, the aged mother, on whom he had drawn own want and sorrow, came in the hour of her offpring's affliction, to return him good for evil, and watch

Legi ids and Stories of Ireland

over him in his prison, as she had done in his cradle. Oh! how can the child ever sufficiently repay, by duty, the matchless and undying love of a mother?

This excellent woman had gone to Mr. Finn on Peter's arrest by the police, and represented to him how his mis-

fortunes had been induc time that his own prin nated. "For oh, Sir," of ter tears streamed down the bad turn in father wind of the word that poor boy, he has the and villians got about

d company, at the same d remained uncontamior woman, while the bitled face, "he never seen er, nor never heard the slead him; and indeed, ition yit, tho' vagabones has ensnared him into

throuble, and it was his hard luck to meet with a bad wife, your honour, and indeed the harder luck it is in poor Ireland, for if we're poor every way else, sure we're rich that way, any how, and the poor man has seldom disgrace brought to his home by the wife of his heart. But she is bad, Sir - I must own it; and it's along o' that and her bad acquaintances that he is come to harm - but innocently himself, and indeed he has never known the quiet hour since he left your employment, but grieves for the respectable place he lost, through his own foolishness." — Much more said the poor woman, and by touching those natural springs which exist in every good heart, she so influenced Mr. Finn in Peter's favour, that he inquired into the case, and finding that Peter was really innocent of any intentional wickedness, and was but the dupe of others, he interested himself in his affairs, and promised to make every effort to save him from final punishment.

It was with such comfortable information that the mother went to the prison on the fourth day; and after some previous admonitory conversation, "Peter, alanna," said she, "I hope this will be a warning to you, to mind the advice in future of those who know better than you. You know you married against my advice."

"Yes, mother dear," said Peter, "Marry in haste and repent at leisure."

"True for you, honey," said the mother, "and sure you could n't expect that any one would care half as much about you as I do, who reared you egg and bird."

"A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush," said Peter.

"True for you, honey, mind that, a cushla, for the future, and I'll come to you again to-night, and bring you a taste of something comfortable for supper."

"When you sup with the Divil have a long spoon," said Peter.

"What do you mane, Peter dear, by that?" said the mother, "sure an it's not comparin' me to the Divil you'd be, God bless us, Pether, nor sure it's not threatenin' me you'd be with the Divil?"

"Long threatening comes at last," said Peter, very wisely.

"Óh, God help him!" said the mother, internally, "it's thinkin' of my owld sayin's he is, the craythur well, good-bye Peter, dear — good-bye till I see you in the evenin'."

I shall now hasten the tale to a conclusion. Mr. Finn was enabled, when Peter was brought to trial, to produce such evidence as to exculpate him from the charge of robbery, and convict *Tom* of the fact. The carman, who has been introduced in the preceding story, was evidence against him, so that Tom, who swore against his companions some short time before, was himself convicted by a similar act of treachery of his accomplice. Such will ever be the case. The guilty can never trust one another. I'm sure my readers will be glad to hear that Biddy, the remote cause of all poor Peter's misfortunes, was transported, as well as her friend Tom; and so her injured husband got rid of her. Peter was once more taken into Mr. Finn's employment, but not reinstated in his former high situation of trust.



Leg ids and Stories of Ireland

"Tł by a m deserve "Sir any ma

situatio

charact.

another

Above

frankly

was se

situation," said Mr. Finn, "is now possessed who has won it by his good conduct, and to hold it."

"Sir said Peter, "I'd be very sorry to go between any ma and his place, and sure it's bound to pray for you I a. that is good enough to take me back at all."

a must begin in a low n. You have lost that ou, and you must make you to my confidence. ompany. I tell you, conceived against you, light-looking woman."

"Oh : wen, our, since recen, "she's gone, and God forgive her, you'll never see her again."

"No, Peter, but there are plenty of bad companions to be had every day in the year, and believe me whenever I see you in company with such I will instantly discharge you."

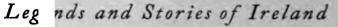
This caution, in addition to Peter's own sad experience made him guarded ever after, during a long life, of entering into intimacy with any one that he did not know well, and his mother, as usual, backed up his good resolution with as good an old saying; — "And sure enough Mr. Finn is right," said she, "for it was said before him, or his father, or his grandfather before him was born —

"Shew me your company and I'll tell you who you are."



AN OCULAR DEMONSTRATION

HOW easily one may know a "country cousin" in Sackville or Grafton-street — his hat on three hairs — a flashy-coloured pair of trousers — an awfully dazzling waistcoat, fastened only by the two lower buttons, to afford room for the display of a yard and a half of frill, and a brooch the size of a paving-stone; his new blue coat still shews the glossy mark of the goose on the seams, the gilt buttons thereof dazzle the eves of the beholders, and "Day and Martin's," or "Warren's jet," has been applied by the functionary at Home's hotel, where he stopped the night before, to cover the rustic brown of his thick-soled boot, which bears him, creakingly, over the metropolitan flags. Very much such a figure was Philip Doolin, the eldest son of a respectable farmer from the County Meath, when he made his first appearance in Dublin. Mr. Philip Doolin, or as he was called in the county, " Masther Phil," had come to town to transact some business for his father, through whose indulgence he was permitted to appropriate a few pounds of some money he was to receive to enjoy himself for some days in Dublin, and Phil cal-VOL. 1. - 16 241



culated travels. not the of trou and to ished h the cc that a he win the fir asked of a c deed, S

In one part of his dress "Masther Phil" was prototype of the pattern I have given. Instead rs, a pair of white corduroys reached his knees, boots, with *spurs* of no contemptible size finattire. Thus accoutted he sallied forth, and in

> h the city he perceived then carried canes, and as " as possible, he entered h articles were sold, and He was shewn several very handsome one, in-"it is only two guineas." Phil in amazement. " Is

--- "O..., coro gunca. Phil in amazement. "1s it two guineas for a cane?" "Very cheap, Sir, I assure you, -- mounted in gold, Sir -- very elegant article." "Have you nothing more reasonable?" said Phil. ---"Here, Sir, is one very handsome -- very nice cane, Sir -- cairn goram top -- quite the fashion --- plain canes quite gone out, Sir."

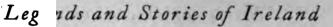
Phil wished that he had gone out too, before he had been enmeshed by a leech of a shop-keeper, who, seeing his customer was not up to the tricks of town, took advantage of him, and Phil, at last, ashamed to leave without buying something, gave a guinea for a slight black cane with some fanciful top, which he was assured was the most fashionable thing possible. Phil left the shop rather discontented, and cast a very sheepish look every now and then at his cane, and thought of his guinea with regret. "And faix," said he to himself, "I might as well have only a plain switch in my hand, for this fashionable top it has, is hid in my fist." Just then a dandy passed him by, drawing on a kid glove, and his cane held under his arm. "Ho! ho!" said Phil again, "I see that 's the way to carry a cane when you want the head of it to be seen." So he put bis under his arm and proceeded. He stopped in much admiration oppo-

site the Bank which he now saw for the first time. — "What place is that ?" said he to a news-man who stood near him. The news-man, who twigged the bumpkin, said, "That's the great rag-shop, Sir."—"A rag-shop !!" said Phil, in amazement. "Ay, in throth, — faix I'd rather have some of their rags than my own tatthers. 'T was the Parliament House in the good ould times. — Augh ! God be wid, long ago !" Master Phil now turned round to look at the College, but in the act of turning, his cane, which he most scrupulously kept under his arm, poked an old woman in the face and nearly put out her eye.

"Bad cess to you and your stick," shouted the old vixen, "is it nothin' else you have to do than put out people's eyes? I wish your mother kept you at home in the bog where you come from !"

Phil saw he was known for a stranger, and was much astonished. "I did not intend it, my good woman." "It's a pity you did n't to be sure," said she. — "Good woman, indeed !! you 're a mighty fine gentleman, to be sure wid your cane — but your nurse ought n't to let you carry one till you know how to howld it." The old beldame continued pouring out abuse; and a crowd was rapidly gathering to see the fun, when Phil thought he had better bribe her to silence, so he slipped half a crown into her hand with "I'm very sorry, my poor woman," and a very sheepish look.

The touch of the coin acted like magic. The imprecations of the hag were converted into blessings, and Phil was now beplastered with praise almost as annoying as the abuse, for she followed him shouting, "It's you that's the *rale* gintleman, and who dare say agin it — angels make your bed! — long life to your honour — I'm sure it's not a gintleman but a *lord* you are!" He was obliged to quicken his pace to escape her, and he said to himself, as he turned into Westmorelandstreet, "Now how could that old woman know I was



not us people : befel h glass in "'Twa Sir —'t " I'll without " Foi " Th " Two

" Is j.

Kinneg

to carry a cane? How sharp these town ?!" In Westmoreland-street a worse accident — for he poked his cane through a pane of shop-window. A man ran from the shop. — I that did it," said Phil — "I beg your pardon, res all an accident "

> pounds," said the man, I's apology.

> oke, Sir." Phil stared. "repeated the shopman. why a pane of glass in s."

" It is plate-glass you man, iken," said the shopman.

Phil cast a melancholy stare at the shattered pane, and finding remonstrance useless put his hand in his pocket, and took out the money at which he gave a more melancholy look; the shopman took it out of his open hand with great alertness, and with a brief "Thank you, Sir," left Phil staring alternately at the broken pane, and his walking cane. "Faith it's a dear stick you are to me," said Phil, as he walked on towards Carlisle-bridge.

Here he saw a crowd assembled, looking through the balustrades of the bridge. "What's the matter?" said Phil to a by-stander.

"Why then did n't you hear of it?" said the fellow, by whom Phil was, again, known for a flat.

"No," said Phil, in great simplicity.

"Sure it 's the wondherful wager was laid by the Kildare Club, on a race between a pig and a salmon."

"A pig and a salmon!" said Phil in wonder.

"Oh! it's truth I'm tellin' you," said the fellow, winking to a companion who was enjoying the quiz.

"And which is expected to win, Sir," returned the comrade, to help the joke.

"Oh, indeed the salmon tuck the lade at first, but the tide is goin' out, and if the pig does n't cut his throat

۱

before low water, of course be will have the advantage when be comes to the mud."

Phil endeavoured to poke his head through the balustrades to see this wonderful race, but could not get a view, and while so engaged he was accosted by a carman, thus : ---

"Do you want a car, Sir?"

"No," said Phil.

The carman waited a minute or two and repeated the question. He was once more answered in the negative.

"Do you want a car, Sir?" again said the driver.

"I told you often enough before I did not," answered Phil somewhat angrily.

"So your honour does n't want a car?"

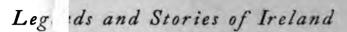
"No!" said Phil like thunder.

"Maybe then," said the carman, casting a knowing look at Phil's boots and spurs, and twisting the lash of his whip between his fingers, — "maybe your honour wants a horse?"

"Well, what's that to you," returned the country hero, who began to feel annoyed.

"Oh, nothin', Sir," said the impudent rascal with a grin enough to provoke a philosopher. "Only I thought it was a pity such iligant boots and spurs should have a holy-day." And he turned on his heel, and left Phil in wonder at his assurance.

While Phil was staring after the carman, a little street vagabond picked his handkerchief from his pocket, and before he had recovered from his surprise, he was tapped on the shoulder by a celebrated wag, who said, "Sir, that fellow gone over the bridge has picked your pocket," and he pointed after the delinquent. Phil instinctively applied his hand hastily to his pocket, and perceived his handkerchief was gone. He ran after the depredator that had been pointed out to him, and struck him with his dandy stick so smartly that he broke at once his own cane, and the assaulted man's temper, for, turning



fiercely 1 und, the person exclaimed, "Who are you, you ruffian who dare to strike me?"

"Oh ou pretend not to know me now," said Phil.

"I'll ake care I will know you, you ruffian, and if you are vorthy of a gentleman's notice I'll chastise your ins

" Giv

«Wh

wag poin

pocket.

"I mean you to tet," a gentleman as you 'm tricks, as grand as you to use ed."

tet," said Phil, "as fine 'm up to your Dublin ed."

oundrel ? " said Major

d fire-eater whom the

an who had picked his

hief," said Phil.

"You are too contemptible, you clod," said the Major, "for gentlemanly vengeance, but I'll give you a lesson you won't forget in a hurry," and so saying he collared Phil, who, after some resistance, was obliged to submit to go to a police office, where the Major made a heavy charge of assault against him. Phil was called upon for bail, and was not able to procure any, being an utter stranger in town; and it being after the magistrates' sitting hour, he was obliged to remain until the following morning in custody of the police. In this dilemma he had to pay handsomely to the underlings in office, to be allowed any trifling comforts capable of being procured in his state of durance, and Phil thought the afternoon and night he was in captivity would never pass.

The next morning his case did not come on soon either, for the Major was no "starter," and did not hurry himself in going to the office. All this time "Masther Phil" had not had the comfort of a change of clothes, and had been obliged to sit up all night in the lock-up house, and he looked no very prepossessing person, when called before the magistrates. The Major's charge was substantiated, and Phil endeavoured to explain how the mistake occurred.

"Under these circumstances then, Major," said the magistrate, "I suppose you will not prosecute?"

"No," said the Major, " but I think this young spark ought to get a lesson to regulate the use of his cane for the future."

" Certainly," said the magistrate.

"Bad luck to it for a cane," said Phil in his own mind, "'t is trouble enough it has brought me into."

"Now, Sir," said the Major, "I will not prosecute you on one condition, if you abide by that."

"I can't abide prosecution at all," said Phil, "if that's what you mane."

"I won't prosecute you, Sir, if you consider my condition reasonable."

"I know I consider my condition very unreasonable," said Phil, "to be kept here for a day and a night, without laying my side to a bed."

"You committed a breach of the peace, young man," said the magistrate.

"'T was in a mistake," said Phil, — "I took him for a pickpocket."

The magistrates and the attendants in the office could not help laughing, while the Major adjusted his stock, and ran his fingers through his whiskers as if he did not hear the observation. When the titter subsided, he said, "Young man, do you know such a place as the Mendicity?"

"Oh! murther!" said Phil, "sure you're not going to send me to the Mendicity — there's no law in the land for *that* any how."

"Silence, Sir !" said the magistrate.

"I mean to say," said the Major, addressing the bench, "that if you approve of it, I shall be willing to withdraw my charge, and relinquish the prosecution if the prisoner pays ten pounds to the Mendicity Institution."

"Very kind of you, Major," said the magistrate.

"Very kind," said Phil, "to pay ten pounds for slap-

Leg ids and Stories of Ireland

ping a t for half "W eithe the pro with a swith, - by dad, I'd let him thrash me day, with a bigger one, for half the money."

cannot lose time, Sir," said the magistrate, by the money or enter into securities to abide ution."

the pro The pounds was let the Ma Phil' going 1

bill, w excepti was no use in debating — Phil had not ten "knuckling down," he an acknowledgment to

ce. by this time, that on obliged to call for his

obliged to call for his y enough to discharge, is passage in the canal

boat been and often protested it was the greatest den of abuse, extortion, gambling, pickpocketing, lying, browbeating, false imprisonment and mulcting, that ever any unfortunate rustic set his foot in.

. hot

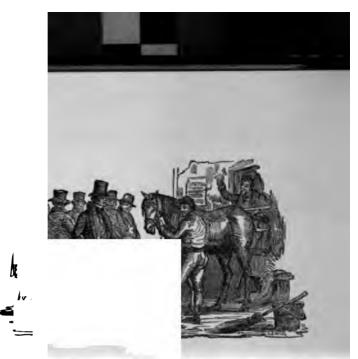
"I don't believe it, Phil," said his father, " but you 're a fool, Phil, and a fool comes badly off anywhere. Now, what business had you, according to your own account, (for Phil had told a very pitiful story on his return,) what business had you, I say, with a fanciful stick, like a grandee? Now, all your misfortunes were owing to that first foolish thing you did; — here Matty! bring me the pen and ink — there 's nothing like Voster and the figures for making things plain. I'll make out a bill for you, and a mighty divartin' account it will be let me see. —

First, there's a new fangled cane . . . I I O
(God forgive you for throwing away your money !)
Half a crown to an ould woman you blinded, I dare say she took the worth of it out o'

	£		d.
Then there's the pane of glass you broke (I'd glaze my whole house for the money.)		0	0
And the Major's plaister to cure his honour	5	0	0
(Plaster indeed ! — by dad, 't was a blister to you.)			
Let me see — that comes to	8	3	6
Oh! I forgot the money screwed out o' you		Ū	
in the watch-house "			
"'T was n't a watch-house, father," said Phil,			
" in dudgeon, 't was called a police station."			
"Well let it be a station — a station, sure			
enough — you performed penance there,			
a ny how 			
Well — the station	0	12	6
That makes	8	16	0

"Eight Pounds Sixteen Shillings! and all in one day. — Oh! murther, murther, and on account of a dirty cane — 't was n't a sugar cane to you, Phil, any how oh! murther — Eight Pound Sixteen, an' all for a stick. 'T was the dearest bit o' timber in the memory o' man, barrin' the owld ancient tree o' knowledge. Well Phil, all I can say to you afther your thravels is, that

" A fool and his money are soon parted."



KNOCKED UP AND KNOCKED DOWN

THERE is scarcely anybody free from some peculiarity of habit, either of mind or body, that often renders them ridiculous, and, it maybe, sometimes disagreeable.

The latter, fortunately, is not so often the case as the former, and even that we ought to endeavour to correct, if we wish to avoid becoming the jest of our friends. Many a trivial peculiarity of this sort, from being indulged in from childhood, has become so firmly rooted as to defy correction at a later period, and when any such is remarked in young people, it becomes no immaterial duty on the part of parents, or those in charge of them, to correct it. How general a tendency there is in children to protrude the tongue when they are using a scissors, and make it as well as the scissors cut very extraordinary figures indeed; this ought to be corrected when observed, for the indulgence in any one such peculiarity may lead to the contraction of worse. I knew a lady who, though agreeable enough in other ways, made herself excessively ridiculous by a habit she indulged in to excess, of shutting her eyes when she spoke to any one, and it was

rendered still more comical by her saying at the same time — "I see, I see."

A gentleman told her one day that he had just witnessed in passing through the next street a trial of skill between a kicking horse and a carter, and that the stubbornness of the garron was an over-match for the whip of the driver.

"Oh dear me!" said the lady, "I can't bear to see an animal beaten;" and she kept her eyes shut, as if in support of her attestation to her own tenderness of heart.

"I don't think you are likely," said the gentleman, scarcely suppressing a smile. "But the horse, madam, was so ungovernable."

"Oh! \overline{I} see, I see," said the lady, and she shut her eyes closer than before.

I happened to know a very affected gentleman once, who had a similar habit, with this difference, that he always was candid enough to say, "I can't see." He was a person much inclined to doubting what most people had not the least doubt about, and in proportion to the universal belief of everybody else, his doubts encreased. He was very fond of hearing himself expatiate at length on such matters, and one day, elevating his brows and shutting his eyes, he began with — " Well, I confess I cannot see what a great many philosophers have asserted to exist, that — "

"It would be exceedingly hard for you, Sir," said a very blunt person who was present, "while you keep your eyes shut." This put an end to his doubts for that time. I was assured that on one occasion he indulged in the manner described, for such a length of time, that the person to whom he addressed himself stole softly out of the room without the *blind* gentleman perceiving his retreat.

I could give many other comical examples of such sorts of habit; and who is there that could not remember

Leg ids and Stories of Ireland

many ir ridiculou peculiar touch u presenti somethi I hope,

Thei conceite very fe were no stiffest knowing ances in point? But there is one example of a consequence attendant upon such a personal that fell under my notice, that induced me to n this subject thus slightly, for the purpose of to the readers of THE PENNY MAGAZINE, amusement, and which,

> , who was a particularly tagined that there were elicity to see him, who is gentleman wore the on his hat in the most employed in carrying a

cane, and the other in being placed a-kimbo, and walked very much as if he were picking his steps amongst china, or as the saying is, as if he were "treading on eggs." — His friends, (and none are so likely to make *illnatured* remarks upon people as *their friends*) — his friends, from the very elastic tread that distinguished him, (for he seemed as if he were hung upon springs) called him *jaunting* CARR — and others, in consequence of his stiff collar forcing him to wriggle his neck about in an extraordinary manner, giving him the appearance of nodding in whatever direction he looked, protested that " Jaunting Carr" was not so appropriate a name for him as "Noddy."

Mr. Carr, alias Jaunting Carr, alias Noddy, was very near getting into a serious quarrel one day by giving one of the superfine jerks of his empty head, as he passed along a crowded street; for it happened that a more rash than wise cavalier was escorting a lady at the moment that Mr. Carr came into contact with them, and poked out his chin so much like a salutation to the lady, that her fiery escort thought it a piece of impertinence on the part of Mr. Carr, and it was very ample explanation that saved him from giving the gentleman satisfaction — that is to say, shooting him the next morning.

But the ridiculous consequence to which I have previously alluded arose from Mr. Carr having strutted one day into an auction-mart where horses were put up for sale, and, from his continual nodding, he was mistaken by the auctioneer for a bidder.

The persons attending the auction, also, in consequence of his giving a nod for every horse that was produced, considered him a *puffer*, and at last an opportunity offered for punishing him in their own way, for such conduct.

After several good animals had been disposed of, a very wretched hack was produced — a most melancholy specimen of horse-flesh — an over-worked jade, without a leg to stand on, and blind into the bargain. The auctioneer commenced, — "What will you allow me to say, gentlemen, for this horse? well, give me a bidding yourselves — say any thing you like for him."

"Faix we can't say much for him," said a horsedealer who was present, and sometimes did the facetious, hitting off a "good thing," while he struck a bargain, and indifferently cracking either his joke or his whip.

"What shall I put him up for ?" said the auctioneer. "He had better put him up for the crows," said the dealer, in an undertone to the by-standers, "for I think they always *bid fair* for such as him."

"Well, gentlemen!" reiterated the auctioneer, "what will you allow me to say! — any thing to begin? — Five pounds — four pounds, — three pounds, — two pounds, — dear me! Two pounds and no bidding. — I never saw horses going so badly."

"Faix an he's not able to go at all," said the dealer.

"Two pounds and no bidding !!! — well, gentlemen, any thing to begin; — one pound !"

Mr. Carr here gave a fanciful jerk to his head. "Thank you, Sir!" said the auctioneer. — "One pound is bid — one pound one — two — three — four — one pound four — going for one pound four — five — six seven — one pound eight — one pound nine — ten." —

Leginds and Stories of Ireland

Here a airy-man came to the rescue — he wanted an old hack o use in a cart for drawing grains to his cows, and he was met in the market by a skinner who wanted a horse to hang his skins on — indeed, the horse's own skin was hanging on him, which, perhaps, gave the idea

of a purchase didates the from Mr.

It was now of tious horseon tunity forg the they bega again or so, at ae, and t Between these two canunds fifteen, and a nod ee pounds.

cnowing ones, the facethought it a good opporin for a *bargain*, and arr, raising five shillings never to give the auc-

tioneer an opportunity of anothing down the lot to them, for whenever he was about to let his hammer fall, another encrease of bidding was made, until the nodding worthy relieved them from their responsibility, and, at last, they managed matters so well, and Mr. Carr's nods were put in so opportunely, that the horse was knocked down to him at ten pounds.

He was applied to, on the spot, for the money.

"For what?" said Mr. Carr, nodding at the same time. For the horse you bought, Sir," was the answer.

"I bought no horse," replied Mr. Carr in wonder.

"Faix he's *hardly* a horse sure enough," said the mischievous wag of a dealer who was one of many who crowded around to enjoy the joke.

"Oh, Sir, excuse me, you are the purchaser of the last lot," said the auctioneer.

"Ay in throth; and I think you 'll have a *dead* bargain of him in about a week," said the dealer.

"I insist upon it, I never bid for the horse," said Carr, beginning to be annoyed at the circumstance.

"I appeal to the gentlemen here, Sir," said the auctioneer, "they all saw you bidding as well as me."

"Thrue for you, faith," said the waggish dealer, " and I never seen bowlder biddin' in my life; and faix it's a

rale sportin' horse the same horse is, for he's fit for the bounds, and nothin' else."

"Why, Sir," said Mr. Carr, very indignant, "do you think I would buy such a horse ?"

"I declare, Sir, I don't wish to pry into any gentleman's intentions. All I know is, that you bid for the horse."

"Why, Sir," said Carr, "he can't stand."

"He was the more in need of your support, Sir," said the dealer.

"Look at his legs, Sir," said the indignant buyer — "he's all puffed."

"Throth you may say that," said the little dealer — "he's puffed sure enough."

"All I know is that you bought him, Sir," said the auctioneer, " and I 'll thank you for a deposit."

"I'll not submit to it," said Carr, with a fierce nod. I never bid for the horse. What would I want of such a horse? Why he's blind as well as lame."

"An' well for the poor craythur he is," said the droll dealer, "for if he could see he'd be ashamed of bimself!"

"Every one gives it against you, Sir," said the auctioneer. — "You certainly bid for the horse, and I must be paid. I am answerable for the money."

The end of it was, Mr. Carr, with a great deal of grumbling and wry faces, was obliged to pay for the horse, that so many were willing to bear witness he had bid for. "But, by all that's sacred," said he, "I never opened my mouth to bid for the horse — I never said a word during the auction."

" No, Sir," said the auctioneer, " but you nodded to me, and every one knows that when a gentleman nods at the auctioneer it is universally understood to imply a bidding."

"To be sure it is," said the horse-dealer, laughing, and besides, Sir," added he, grinning at the disconsolate purchaser, "you know there's a good owld saying that

" A nod is as good as a wink for a blind horse,"



THE RIVALS

THERE is no profession so high, nor occupation so low as to be above or beneath that species of jealousy which is invariably observed to exist between persons of the same pursuit — nor is this feeling confined to profession. The studier of fashion, the virtuoso, the *belle*, and the retailer of anecdote, are equally jealous of

each other's superiority in their respective spheres. - I have heard a dandy exult in the "horrid tie" that some other exquisite was guilty of in putting on his cravat, (when such things were worn) at the same time passing his hand in evident self-complacency over his own; and I have scarcely ever heard one acknowledged " beauty " praised in presence of another that some remark was not made insinuating a detraction from her charms, such as, "What a pity her hair was not a little darker," or "If she was not quite in such rude health, though to be sure some people admire that very high colour." Who has not seen when the hours wax late in a ball-room, that in despite of hair pins, et cetera, curls will fall, and tresses that lately rivalled the tendrils of the vine in their crisp involutions, assume a snaky character, without rendering the wearer a Medusa? — Who has not seen at such a time, the envious glances cast at the least damaged head in the room, and a remark at the same time perhaps, that "it was a wonder Miss ----- made such a fright of herself wearing blue."

As for poets it has been said ---

"What poet ever liked his brother — Wits are game cocks to one another."

Painters are prone to look at the shadowy side of the qualifications of their brother artists, and musicians are still more jealous — a-propos to musicians. A lady once asked Mr. — what he thought of a certain singer. "Does he not sing very well?" said the lady, putting the question direct at once, which had been so long evaded. "Ahem ! — oh ! yes indeed — very well, certainly — I've heard many object to his style, but for my own part I must own that I — that is — ahem !"

Seeing that this was not quite his opinion she next said, "Why you'll own, I'm sure, he sings very high?"

" Very high indeed ! "

"Well, and he sings very low, too."

VOL. 1. - 17

Lege ids and Stories of Ireland

"Ver low, indeed ! - oh, he certainly does - he sings ver bigb - and very low - and very middling."

But it is not alone in the arts that this illiberal feeling exists. I remember once a gentleman praising a boy who had een first in his employment as a helper in his stables, nor his usefulness in many household employments, te ad advanced him, and

ly

serva

these pr

vant who

boy was e

beginning

knives ve. so happend

knife-cleaning, and he

sharpens all the backs."

ad advanced him, and a superior in-door serthe way in which the "That boy, James, is house. He cleans the ," said the master. It imself on his power of I, "Ah! Sir, sure be

There is a well-known anecdote of an Irish hod-man, that as it serves to illustrate my proverb, I hope I will be pardoned for repeating. Two hod-men, while serving bricklayers who were finishing a very high building, had disputed for some time as to the superiority of each other's powers, and, at last, the point at issue was to be decided by trying which could carry the other, in his hod, highest up the ladder that was reared against the building.

"In with you there," said Paddy to his English rival — "Into the hod with you — and the ugliest hod-full it 'll be ever I carried."

The labourer seated himself in the hod and Pat carried him safely to the very summit of the building. "Fellow me that in John's-lane," said he triumphantly, and they descended the ladder again, that the Englishman should endeavour to do the same. He accomplished the feat as well as the Irishman, but as Paddy put his foot on the topmost scaffolding from the hod of his rival, he said — "By gor you done it, sure enough, but I was in hopes you wor bet (beaten) when your *fut slipped nigb-hand the top*." Here was rivalry carried to extraordinary extent indeed, when loss of life was overlooked in the desire of superiority.

But I have a better example, still lower in the scale. What do you think of the professional emulation of a scavenger?

Tom and Bill were sweeping the streets together, and having a heavy job on hand, Tom said — "I say Bill, I I wish we had Jim here."

"For what?" said Bill.

"Why because he's a good hand," said Tom.

"I don't think he's any such great things," said Bill, giving a most contemptuous twitch of his broom at the same time.

"Not Jim!" said Tom in surprise, and he paused and leaned on his shovel in wonder.

"No, not Jim," said Bill, confronting him, and leaning on his broom with equal dignity.

"Why," said Tom, "I never saw a chap could sweep a street faster nor cleaner than Jim, since I have been at the *profession*."

"Oh yes!" said Bill, "to be sure — he's well enough at a rough job, but he is nothing at all at fancy work. I'd like to see what hand he'd make of *sweeping round* a lamp-post," and Bill gave a knowing twirl of his broom as he spoke, a beautiful evidence that —

" Two of a trade can never agree."



WOUNDED IN SPIRIT

COME men are possessed with a spirit of underrating every thing that others do, or possess. There is no more unamiable quality of mind, nor one more calculated to make a man disliked by his fellows. In some instances it gives rise to his acquaintances seeking means of procuring him annoyance by making other men's successes or perfections their themes of conversation whenever they address him, and in others, it affords ample scope for merrymaking to the mirthful, by piquing this jealous propensity in some ridiculous way, so as to make the man the butt of his own weakness - by the way, the severest, and at the same time the most poetical justice. This propensity is to be found not only in individuals, but in whole nations; and there is no country more possessed of such a spirit than the English. The Englishman most religiously believes England to be the very pearl of the earth, and every thing English to be the very best thing in the world : not content with having his country distinguished for excellence in many

particulars, John Bull is not content unless the palm be conceded to him for excellence in all. This weakness of Johnny's is very much laughed at on the Continent of Europe, and many a joke on this subject is current there at his expense. Indeed the Continent of Europe has been rather an *expensive* concern to Johnny in more ways than one; but as that does not concern the immediate matter in hand, I will say no more about it.

But before I drop, altogether, the subject of national peculiarity, let me point out a different mode in which Scotch pride exemplifies itself. The Scot does not believe Scotland to be the finest country in the world, but he thinks Scotchmen the cleverest men in the world, and, therefore, Sandy *leaves* Scotland to make his fortune elsewhere, and wherever he meets another Scotchman he makes brotherhood with him, and takes his part through thick and thin; and so they proceed helping one another to the end of the chapter, and the consequence is, you can scarcely visit any portion of the globe in which you do not meet prosperous Scotchmen.

Let me not be mistaken in making these remarks. I do not make them unkindly, and I hope no one will receive or use them in such a spirit. The spirit is a noble one in both instances, it is only the *abuse* of it that becomes ridiculous or offensive. Love of country is as noble a passion as ever expanded the human heart. A great man, (and to the pride of Scotland be it spoken, a Scotchman) has asked —

> "Lives there a man with soul so dead, Who never to himself hath said — This is my own, my native land!"

And the wretch whose heart did not vibrate at the thought is unworthy of the being with which heaven has endowed him.

The love of our countrymen, and a desire for their advancement, is not so romantic a feeling, but a more

Leges is and Stories of Ireland

and remin

and toad proud of

kings, who:

2111

nor half-crown, perhaps; .

kindred or , and to the individual more practically useful, and, : I have before premised, if not abused, one to be praised rather than depreciated.

this time that I am prosing about other Now : people's p ide, has not an Irishman a pride of his own too? To be sure he has But I'm afraid it is not so useful a p shman's or the Scot's. An Irishn here's the like o' the Emerald]

" Island of Saints : " " dhruv every sarpint t o' the place," and some ancient line of r kingdom nor crown, ill swear that an Irish-

man will fight "any man out, at all," and, indeed, to do Pat justice, it is only fair to say that he'll be as good as his word as often as any chose to try him; - but he has not that English pride of country which rejoices in the soil that gave him birth taking her suitable position amongst the nations of the earth, at the present moment, though Pat prides himself on her ancient glory; nor has he that universal feeling of the Scot to advance a countryman's interest merely on the score of compatriotism. Would to God he had both! I hope to see the day when Irishmen shall have entered into such bonds of useful fellowship, and stand by each other for the prosperity of themselves and their native land. - But where am I rambling to? I began with the intention of giving a comic instance of an overweening pride in one's own possessions being made the source of ridicule and loss to him who indulges in so weak and unamiable a propensity. Here I am at the end of a column moral-Doing the philosopher. Little claim, or none izing. indeed, have I to such title. Whatever trifle of philosophy may be about me is certainly of the laughing order. But I so seldom trespass on philosophic ground that I hope for pardon; and now --- to my story.

Mr. Bull was an Englishman who visited Ireland in the capacity of traveller to a London commercial establishment, and thinking he saw an opening for commencing trade on his own account in Dublin, he forthwith settled in this our Hibernian metropolis. But though he considered that Ireland suited his views better than England, he, notwithstanding, never dreamt of giving up one golden dream of British pre-eminence, and Irish inferiority. Imagination - no - not imagination : -Englishmen are not much troubled with that Irish poetical and unprofitable commodity. It was not imagination but the genius of habit, had settled on his soul like a night-mare, which kept eternally humming to him that good old ditty of "Rule Britannia," which his father and grandfather before him had lived and died in the belief of, and which he, therefore, conceived to be the best belief in the world. To such a man many practices in Ireland, were unpleasing. Our potatoes which he in his economy of language clipped to the cockney standard of "taties," were, for a long time a source of offence to him by being boiled with their jackets on, and it required some time to convince him that the English plan of peeling them, and soaking them in water before boiling, only made them spongy and unwholesome food. - Next in excellence, however, to all things in England, was every thing in his house in Ireland. I believe he even went so far as to say that his servant had the greatest brogue in Ireland, but he invariably protested vociferously that decidedly no man in Ireland had such good whiskey as his. - How he continued to monopolise all the good whiskey in Ireland he never would explain, but swore stoutly to the fact.

He became a member of a club called "the queer fellows," and a very appropriate name it was; for some of the greatest wags in Dublin belonged to it, and no night passed at this club without some capital bit of whim being put in practice, and as for humour, it was

Leg ds and Stories of Ireland

the hab al language of the club-room. To such a knot of rsons did Mr. Bull attach himself. Ireland, he acknowledged was the land of wit, and he believed himself r be the wittiest person in it. The club received h i as a member, merely to laugh at him, and many a war of mirth which his absurdity often occa-

sioned, 1

clevernes

began to -

to him, excellen

them wit

at all.

re but tributes to his meeting, he, as usual, every thing belonging mbers remarking what the house had supplied was not good whiskey

"You certainly have a superior judgment in whiskey; I own to that," said one of the club, winking at the same time to the rest of the company, "and I often wonder how an Englishman could get his tongue round the real taste of it so well."

"An Englishman! Sir," said Bull; "and why not an Englishman? Sir, I maintain that the taste of an Englishman in all things is equal if not superior to any other man's on the face of the earth."

"In one thing I admit," replied the other, "you Englishmen have a great taste for *eating* — but as for *drinking* I won't give up to you. I can't, Bull. But considering you are a stranger you have a large share in that particular too, but, man alive, you don't set up, I hope, to know good whiskey better than the natives that were fed on it!"

"I do," replied Bull. "I will stake a wager on my superior judgment in whiskey; and I repeat that this whiskey you praise so much is *not* so superior — very fair though — fair whiskey — but, Sir, no more to be compared to my whiskey! — "

"Well, now, Johnny, my boy," said an old hand at humbug, interrupting him, "I'll show you a way to decide the matter fairly and on the spot. Just send for



a bottle of this wonderful whiskey, this aqua mirabilum of yours, and we'll impanel a jury of 'good men and true,' to try it."

"Well said," cried another of the members, "our facetious friend Bull is only hoaxing us, I believe. He's a deep wag. He merely pretends to have this inimitable whiskey, or I'm sure he would have sent us a specimen of it, of his own accord, long ago."

"No," said Bull, "it is no hoax. I am a wag, to be sure, I don't deny it; but 'pon my life it's no hoax. I have the whiskey, but as for sending you a bottle of it, I *cawnt*, because, Sir, as how, I never keeps any whiskey in bottle. I keeps it always in the cask."

"If it's so precious it is worthy of a *casket* instead of a cask."

"No, no, Sir, a cask is better. You'll excuse me; but a cask is the true thing to keep it in."

"So it appears, sure enough," said the senior of the club. — "For 'pon my conscience it *keeps* yours very safe?"

There was a laugh at this rejoinder which Mr. Bull did not perceive the point of, but pursued his discourse, insisting on the efficacy of wood for the better *keeping* of whiskey, which only increased the laugh at his expense.

"Oh, you may laugh if you like," says Mr. Bull, "but I assure you I'm right. It is not all whiskey that is worthy of so much care, but I pick my whiskey."

"Why you told us just now you had it on draught." "Well, and what then?"

"Why, I suppose you draw it off the cask as you want it?"

" Exactly so."

"Well then, you must take it as it comes."

"Certainly."

"And how can it be picked whiskey if you take it as it comes?"

Lege ds and Stories of Ireland

Here as another laugh at poor Johnny's expense, who, the h he fancied himself a wit, could not perceive any of the equivoke that was going forward against him, and he s d, at last — "I'm sure I don't know what you're all laughing at. — I say my whiskey is in the cask, and or I would give you

or I would give you to convince you that world."

I'll settle all that diffibed-post. You have write a note to her, the stuff, we'll send a rgain."

There was no getting over this proposition, and as Mr. Bull knew that he did not enjoy the reputation of being the readiest man in the world to part with those good things he was so fond of bragging of, he felt that to hesitate for a moment on the occasion would have been to stamp himself for ever with the character of a niggard, so the note was written, to the effect suggested by his companions, and the waiter despatched with a bottle, and the written authority for its being filled.

The note ran thus: ----

i bottle .

one with

there is n'

"Mr.

culty for the mistr

desiring a

messenger

"MY DEAR DOLLY — Fill the bottle the bearer takes, with my particular whiskey, and be sure you don't shake the cask. I will be home, my love, very soon.

"Yours till death,

"BENJAMIN BULL."

Now one of the precious pack by whom he was surrounded, saw what poor Bull had written, and leaving the room unnoticed, he went to the proprietor of the tavern and procured from him a bottle of awful dimension which he knew to be in his possession, and *this* enormous vessel was sent by the wag as *the* bottle which poor innocent Bull named in his note. This bottle was absolutely a curiosity in its size, something resembling

those proudly paraded in an apothecary's shop, whose red and green rotundities, as they glare through the streets at night, are the delight of little boys, and the plague of weak-eyed old women. Such was the bottle sent to Mrs. Bull's house. Such was the bottle filled with many a sigh and groan over her husband's extravagance, by the parsimonious Mrs. Bull, and such was the bottle that was not produced in the club-room. No. The perpetrator of the joke waited the messenger's return, and instead of Bull's superfine, he sent up stairs by the hands of the messenger, a bottle of downright bad whiskey, which he had procured in the mean time.

"Now, gentlemen," said Mr. Bull, on the appearance of the messenger and bottle, — "now you shall have a treat," and he uncorked the bottle himself, and gave them a good example by mixing a glass of the precious spirit into a tumbler of punch, which he tasted, and pronounced to be unrivalled. The bottle passed round, tumbler after tumbler was made from it, and as Bull saw the first wry face that was made on tasting the mixture, he exclaimed — "What! — you don't mean to say you don't like it?"

"Not much, indeed," said the person he addressed.

"Why you never tasted such whiskey before!"

"Faith I never did, and I hope never will again," was the answer — and similar disapproval of the whiskey was echoed round the table. Poor Mr. Bull, in the mean time, never perceived the trick that had been practised upon him in having another whiskey substituted for his own, and his indignation rose to a great height, when he found that his vaunted whiskey was rejected by every one who tried it, and that he had the remainder of the bottle left all to his own share. This he, in pure despite, drank the greater portion of, and, as they say "anger is dry," perhaps his rage assisted him in disposing of some extra tumblers of bad whiskey punch, which sent him reeling home that night, and left



Leg ids and Stories of Ireland

him nex head-acb Ben, ho of whish if you as "It w

Bull, as

his tem

matter it the whol

day in a state of helplessness from burning His "dear Dolly," next day asked her dear he could think of sending for such a quantity 7. "No wonder you have a head-ache indeed, your friends drank all that."

> ty, my dear," said poor old Irish nurse bathed ater, - " no such great t I had to drink nearly

Mrs. Bull in terror. said the husband-

" Is it " Thr "what a

> "The whiskey you sent for last night," said the wife. "I only sent for a bottleful."

"Oh, but such a bottle, Ben !!!"

"Was n't it a common bottle?"

"Faix no," said the nurse who now chimed in, "but it was the most ancommon bottle I ever seen. I'd be upon my affidavy that it held somethin' to the tune o' three gallons and a half."

"How could you do such a thing as give away my matchless whiskey in that manner?" roared out poor Bull, whose rage began to help his head-ache.

"You ordered me, Ben, my love. You wrote to me to fill the bottle the bearer brought."

"I meant a wine bottle. Who ever dreamt of a bottle of whiskey of three gallons."

"Faix that would be the fine dhrame if it kem thrue," said the nurse.

"I could n't refuse your order, Ben dear."

"I wonder you did n't see there was a trick in it."

"I think you should have taken care of that," said the wife.

"Oh, the rogues ! the tricking villains," said the sick wretch, "I see they have hoaxed me."

"Throth, they 're up to every schkame in life," said

the nurse. "They'd thrick the mother that bore them."

"How could any one foresee the trick? No man is safe with such humbuggers. I thought I was secure in ordering *a bottle* of whiskey."

"What a take-in!" said Mrs. Bull, "to send such a bottle."

"Aye, indeed, ma'am dear," said the nurse, "there was the cuteness of the vagabones, for it was only a bottle afther all."

"But I never meant such a bottle, woman!" said poor Bull, in whom the ardour of indignation overcame the lassitude of sickness, and he rose on his elbow in the bed, and repeated — "I never meant such a bottle, woman!"

"Stay quiet jew'l, be quiet — you'll disthract your poor head — there now — lie down again — ah, never mind the dirty schkamers — don't compare with them at all — sure you're not aiqual to the kimmeens of sitch complate desceivers at all, at all."

This wounded Bull's vanity, who thought himself a very smart fellow, and replied to the nurse with some tartness—"What do you talk about, woman—they deceived me by a most *unfair* trick—very unfair—if a man's own order in his own handwriting is not security for himself, I don't know what can be."

"Well, masther dear, you'll know betther another time—(shut your eye dear, or the vinegar 'ill scald it). —Security, indeed — faix you must be up airley the day you'd get inside o' sitch chaps as them. You must be more partic'lar for the futhur, for b'lieve me, when you dale with sitch schkamers as them, you must —

"Never bowlt your door with a boiled carrot."



LIGHT HEARTS AND LIGHT HEELS

`HERE is not a people on the face of the earth who possess a more elastic temperament than the Irish : no circumstances, however adverse, can subdue their cheerfulness; no fatigue break it down, and even hunger, which, as the proverb says, "breaks through stone walls," even that potent agent, cannot conquer an Irishman's habitual hilarity. There is certainly no people in Europe, and, perhaps, not in the world, so ill provided with the comforts, I might almost say, the necessaries of life, as the humbler classes of the Irish, and it is a fact they may be proud of, that they do not repine at the want of such bodily enjoyments as their neighbouring countrymen are in the possession of. A peasant, to whom I once spoke on the subject answered me in a proverb --- "Sure, Sir," said he, " What the eye never sees the heart never grieves for ; '--- and sure we never see anything from year's end to year's end but the praties, and well off we are when we have the butther-

milk along with them, and though we know that there's more cattle and pigs, and sheep, sent out o' the counthry than id feed nine times over what's in it; yet, as none of uz can afford it, why one is n't betther off than another, and so as I said afore, 'What the eye never sees the heart never grieves for,' and we 're used to the hard living."

Scott apostrophises the hardihood of the Irish soldier, in the midst of the dangers of war, where even the prospect of death cannot impair the mirthfulness of his nature.

" Hark ! from yon stately ranks what laughter rings, Mingling wild mirth with war's stern minstrelsy; His jest while each blithe comrade round him flings, And moves to death with military glee. Boast, Erin, boast them ! -- ''

A friend of mine mentioned to me that in travelling through Scotland, at a period when there was a great scarcity of provisions in that country, he happened to have seated beside him, as fellow-passenger, outside a stage-coach, an Irishman who seemed to be a dependant on one of the inside passengers, and this Irishman seemed very much surprised at seeing large posting-bills stuck upon every prominent wall, pier, and gable, stating the dreadful hardships the lower orders were suffering, and appealing to the humanity of the public for their relief. --The coach-offices and turnpike-gates were studded with these appeals to the charitable, in hopes of inducing travellers to contribute, and at one of these places, the Irishman I have mentioned, had time to read over the contents of this petition. It stated, amongst other grievances, that such was the uncommon distress of the poor, that they were absolutely reduced, in some instances, to two meals a day !

"Two males a day!" said the Irishman aloud; "faith, an' myself often seen them in Ireland with only one male a day; and they never put it in prent as a curosity. Two males a day, — faix an' it's many a strappin' fellow is



Legends and Stories of Ireland

workin' on that same, in poor Ireland. Arrah, then, Sir, do you see that?" said he, turning to my friend; "throth then it's long till they'd put sitch a postscript at the beginnin' of a famine in Ireland; —but it's a folly to talk of comparin' with us at all: — augh! sure, there is none of them can stand the starvation with uz !"

What a

Some

near Kii

way, and

to rest th

of the Liver

England, to loc

national triumph! group of Irish labourers ently, travelled a long bank, near the harbour, the time for the sailing they were all going to ensuing harvest, as the

reaping-hook slung over der declared. I entered into conversation with one of these men, and asked him if he had been in England before. — He told me he had. I asked him if he liked being there.

"Why thin, indeed, your honour, I'm not covityous of goin' there at all, only in the regard of makin' the rint, and keepin' the house over the heads of the wife and the childer."

"Then you do make the rent?" said I.

"Oh yis, Sir!" said he, "they give fine wages when the crap is heavy, and the saizon onsartin, — and maybe a scarcity of hands at the same time, — and they know that we'll slave a power to rise the money."

"Then why should you not like to go there?" said I.

"Oh! Sir, sure they despise us, an' look down on us, for laving our own country, an' sure how can we help that? when them that ought to stay at home wid us, and give us work and purtection, goes away from us, and laves us to the marcy of the wide world."

"But if you tell the English people *that* they won't despise but rather pity you."

"Pity is a *cowld* word, Sir, and it's not behowlden I'd be to any man's pity; moreover, far less a sthranger's and that same a proud sthranger."

"But the English have cause to be proud," said I.

"Sure, and that's true indeed, Sir; but they might take pride out o' themselves without hurtin' another man's feelings; and, indeed, sometimes my blood rises when they go on with their consait, and throw our poverty in our teeth."

"And are they in the habit of doing that ?"

"Throth and they are, but I never let it go wid them without giving them a word or two in exchange, and more, maybe, if they're saucy." And he gripped his stick tight as he spoke, and gave it a knowing jerk.

"One thing, Sir, they 're mighty consaited about is, their fine aitin' and dhrinkin', and God knows but it's a poor thing for a christhan to be proud of, for sure a brute baste is as sinsible of good aitin' as a man, and a man ought to know better: but as I was sayin', Sir, they are consaited about it, and a chap says to me, one day, that I was workin' task-work, just as he was aitin' his dinner in the field, undher the shade o' the hedge, and as I raped up to him, when I kem to the end of the ridge, and says he, ' Do you know what that is ?' says he, howldin' up a fine big piece of ham forninst me.

"' Is n't it cheese ?' says I, purtendin' not to know, and humbuggin' the fellow.

"' No, it are n't cheese,' says he, - he said are n't, Sir; - indeed, they all say are n't - not undherstandin' the jography o' their own language, which is far greater disgrace than poverty. 'It are n't cheese,' says he, 'but a *dam* fine piece of ham,' says he. — Think o' that, Sir, he said dam to the ham ! cursin' the mate that was feedin' him.

"And what is that?' says he, howldin' up a brave big mug of fine yolla ale.

" ' Indeed and I don't know,' says I. ' If it be milk,' says I, 'it's very much tanned with the sun,' says I.

"'It are n't milk,' says he, 'you poor ignorant cretter,' says he — he wanted to say craythur, but they VOL. 1. -- 18

Leg ids and Stories of Ireland

can't say them soft words at all, but chops them all short like a s arlin' dog. — 'No, it are n't milk,' says he, 'but da t fine yale.' You must know they say yale instead of ale — they dunna how to convarse at all! And you see he said dam to the dhrink as well as to the mate,

. But you

" No,' say

says I.

reland,' says he. God, we 've whiskey !'

do you says taytees? ne. ' call the co' the 'And what do you dt

r yale, nor cheese, what ratees,' says I.'—' Is it ratees,' says I ;—' don't nd you'll obleege me.' rs he. 'Wather,' says

I, when we've no betther; but sometimes we relish the pratees with a squib of butthermilk.' 'Oh, that 's what we feeds our pigs on here,' says he. ' It's well for the pigs,' says I. 'And your poor cretters,' says he, ' have n't you no better than butthermilk to drink to your taytees ?' says he. 'We think ourselves well off when we get that same,' says I. 'I wonder then how you can work at all,' says he, 'on such poor victuals.' 'Well you see we can,' says I. 'But you can't be strong,' says he, 'on sitch rubbishy stuff.' Think o' that, Sir, to call the fine pratees, that God's word makes grow in the earth for his craythurs, and the fine milk, rubbishy stuff !! 'Oh, don't talk o' stuff,' says I; --'we don't use them for stuff,' says I : - 'we only ate to satisfy wholesome hunger, but it is you that stuff vourselves at every hand's turn, making your stomach a'most like a panthry, crammin' all the mate you can get into it, at all hours.' 'Aye!' says he, 'and look at the fine stout fellows we be,' says he - 'there be three inches o' fat outside o' my ribs,' says he. 'Aye, and the same inside o' your head,' says I, ' and a power o' sinse outside. --- And are you the sthronger in arm, or stouter in heart, for all your crammin'?' says I. 'Will

you cut as much corn in a day ?' 'I would n't make a slave o' myself like you,' says he. 'I am a slave, it's thrue,' says I; 'but if it was n't God's will that I should be a slave it would n't be, so I'm contint,' says 'But tell me, Paddy,' says he, 'how you can I. work with nothing to eat but taytees and buttermilk?' 'Then I'll tell you,' says I, 'whatever we ate, we bless, but you curse what you ate; and so the few pratees we have does us more good than all your meat.' 'We don't curse what we ate,' says he, in a great rage. 'Oh! but you do,' says I; 'sure you say damn to every thing - sure it's only a while ago you said it to your ham, and to your ale, while if it's only on dhry pratees, without even a grain o' salt, we say, God bless it, and av coorse He makes it thrive with us;' so, you see, Sir, I was down on his taw there."

"Well, I hope," said I, " you will always continue in the same humble spirit of contentment, and submit with cheerfulness to whatever lot Providence has been pleased to call you."

" Please God! Sir," said the poor fellow, in the truest spirit of Christian resignation.

"But," said I, "however you may have your temper and forbearance occasionally tried in England, where the comforts of those in the same class of life with yourself are calculated to create comparisons likely to make you jealous, yet, in poor Ireland, so many are obliged to submit to the same lot that it makes it the easier for you to bend your back to the burden."

"Thrue, for you, Sir."

"Besides when you see no others enjoying the comforts of life, a great cause of jealousy is removed, for "What the eye never sees the heart never grieves for," said I, thus making use of what I heard one of his own class say on the subject.

" Indeed and a good sayin' that same is, Sir."

"But you seem tired," said I.

Legends and Stories of Ireland

"And no wondher," said the poor fellow, "I have walked betther nor forty miles since mornin'."

" That's a long march."

"Well, sure I'll sleep the soundher an the deck o' the staymer."

Just at this t ance, groping at the porch of a nouwhere these travel-ti ascertained his position he began to rasp his fumaking himself he: conciliate the tasto fiddler made his appeark wall, until he arrived tood nearly opposite to were resting, and having of a gentleman's house, furiously, in the hope of vain. With a view to viity he endeavoured to

scrape acquaintance with some of the most popular modern airs, but finding these unavailing, he dashed out into an Irish jig - one of those inimitably joyous compositions that might make a man dance at his own wake, as we say in Ireland. The poor wearied fellow, who had walked forty miles that day, exhibited strong marks of excitement, the moment the fiddle had been played, but as soon as the jig commenced he jumped up, ran over to the porch, where the blind man was playing, and stepping up softly, immediately behind him, began to dance, in true Connaught style, to the characteristic music, and as he capered in the rear of the fiddler, he cast a waggish look behind him at his companions, as much as to say, "See all the fine dancing I'm getting for nothing." Nothing could be more irresistibly comic than the quiescent unconsciousness of the blind man and the active merriment of Paddy; the example was electric in its effect, for all the reapers got up and began to dance as well as their companion. The blind fiddler never perceived the extensive fraud that was practised upon him, and not having been able to reduce the house he had laid siege to, to a contribution, he decamped.

After having mused in wonder for some time, that any man, of however lively a nature, should *dance*, from choice,

after a walk of forty miles, I addressed my dancing acquaintance, and said, laughingly, I thought he had taken an unhandsome advantage of the fiddler.

"Not at all, Sir," said he, "sure he was n't playin' for uz at all, but for the *quolity*, that often gives him nothin' I'm thinkin' — and sure, when I seen him standin' over there, with no livin' craythur to hear him, barrin' the door he was playin' forninst, myself thought it was a pity so much good music should be goin' to waste, and, by dad, I could n't keep my heels quiet at all at all."

"But you know there's an old saying that 'Those who dance should pay the piper.'"

"Oh! but he's only a fiddler, Sir, and moreover nor that, he's a blind fiddler, — and sure your honour towld me, not ten minutes ago, that —

"What the eye never sees the heart never grieves for."





LEGENDS AND STORIES OF IRELAND

SECOND SERIES







то

THOMAS MOORE, Esq.

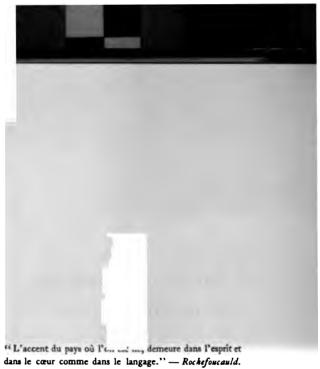
THIS LITTLE VOLUME

IS INSCRIBED,

AS A TRIBUTE OF ESTEEM AND ADMIRATION,

FROM HIS FRIEND AND COUNTRYMAN,

SAMUEL LOVER





CONTENTS

									PAGE
LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	ix
Address	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	xi
BARNY O'REIRDON, THE NAV	IGA'	FOR	•						
Chap. I. Outward-bound	•		•	•	•			•	3
II. Homeward-bour	nd	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	54
THE BURIAL OF THE TITHE					•	•	•	•	50
THE WHITE HORSE OF THE the Boyne.	PE	PPE	RS.	A	L	gei	nd	of	
Chap. I						•		•	78
II. The Legend of	the	Litt	le V	We	ive	r of	D	u-	
leek Gate.	A 7	Fale	e of	Ch	ival	lry	•	•	110
III. Conclusion of	the	W	hite	H	orse	; of	E tl	he	
Peppers .	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	124
THE CURSE OF KISHOGUE.									
Introduction		•	•	•	•	•	•	•	133
The Sheebeen House .									135
The Curse	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	146
THE FAIRY FINDER	•		•	•	•	•	•	•	154
THE LEPRECHAUN AND THE	Geni	US	•		•	•	•	•	178
THE SPANISH BOAR AND THE	Iris	н В	ULI	L.	A	Zo	olo	g-	
ical Puzzle					•	•	•	•	184
LITTLE FAIRLY									194
JUDY OF ROUNDWOOD						•		•	224
IRISH SKETCHES									211





A D D R E S S



GENTLE READER, I send up my card, and I hope you will not say you are "not at home."

It is some time since I paid you a visit, and you received me then so well, though quite a stranger, that I am tempted to hope you will not drop my acquaintance, now that you know who I am.

It is no easy matter to have a card presented to you, seated as you are in the Temple of Public Favour: — Critics are the lacqueys that line the hall leading to the sanctuary, and it is not every one's card they will send in; while, sometimes, an unfortunate name gets so roughly handled amongst them, as to be rendered quite illegible.

However, they were extremely obliging to me, the last time I needed their good offices, and as I have done nothing since to offend

Address

them, I hope they won't keep me standing at the door, in these Easterly winds, till I catch a Spring cough, though, I dare say, my friends in the Row would be well pleased if I were driven into on.

Be that

me aga slight alteration. since last I appeare they will know rowd, although a ce in my costume e them. I then raw recruit, but

wore a *caubeen*, being I raw recruit, but as I was permitted, at once, to rise from the awkward squad, and since then have been promoted, on the strength of my first exercise, to the rank of *third edition*, I gratefully carry the honour that has been conferred upon me, and hope I may, for the future, be permitted to wear the feather in my cap.



xii



5

ī

ş

٦

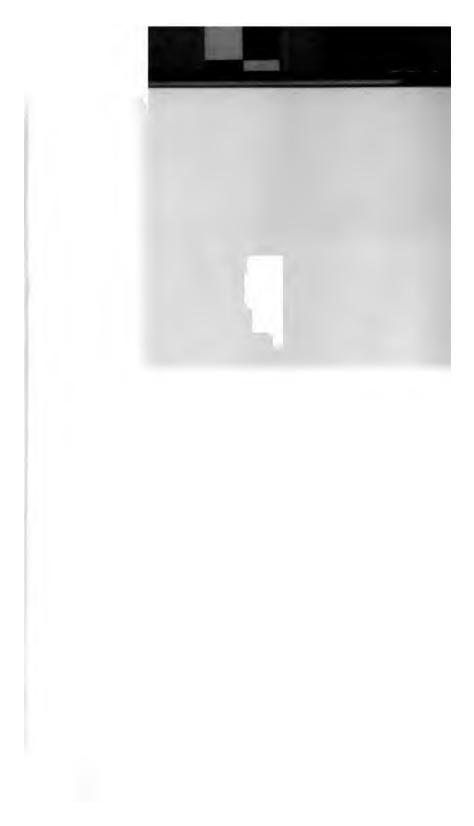
:

.

LEGENDS AND STORIES OF IRELAND

SECOND SERIES

VOL. 11. - 1













•





BARNY O'REIRDON

THE NAVIGATOR

CHAPTER 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 country-

men where a better may be found, and one equally tending to produce a similar result, and I consider a deep-seate | spirit of emulation to originate this peculiarity. Parenologists might resolve it by supposing the organ of the love of approbation to predominate in our Irish craph

the least a

gist, I le-

question, with whi

man to i

sometimes

; but as I am not in y little of a phrenoloto settle the point in knowledge of the fact villingness of an Irishit, it is likely, may us positions; but it is of surpassing one an-

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

men

equally propable, that u

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 nor 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 looked up to, rather, 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 oysterdredgers and cockle-women must be! Such was Barny O'Reirdon.



Seated one night at 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 aff your balderdash, Mr. O'Reirdon, by the powdhers o' war it's enough, so it is, to make a dog bate his father, to hear you goin' an as if you war Curlumberus or Sir Crustyphiz Wran, whin ivery one knows the divil a farther you ivir wor, nor ketchin' crabs or drudgin' oysters."

"Who towld you that, my Watherford Wondher?" rejoined Barny; "what the 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 it's your cousin Molly Mullins knows me well, and maybe I don't know you and yours as well as the mother that bore you, 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 soul 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 i it the Widda O'Sullivan's boy you'd be that left this come Candlemas four years?"

"The same."

"Throt a thin you might know betther manners to your eldhers, though I'm glad to see you, any how, agin;

but a little

times," said

"Throth.. what I say, t all his life h thracthericks.....

This silenced any

Where Fingal lay was

yant ourselves sometuously.

' myself yit, and it 's a fishin' aff the land apare in the regard o' ailed to Fingal."

nent on Barny's part. o him; but, unwilling

to admit his ignorance, he covered his retreat with the usual address of his countrymen, and turned the bitterness of debate into the cordial flow of congratulation at seeing his cousin again.

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

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

"Why thin," said one, "that field o' whate o' Michael Coghlan, is the finest field o' whate 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 (quict) 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 is n't fit to hould a candle to Michael Coghlan in the regard o' farmin'."

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

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

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

"Augh! don't talk to me about knowing," said the other, rather contemptuously. "Sure I gev in to you that he has a 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 has n'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 canvas any day than 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 ould fogies, smokin' from mornin' till night, and doin' no good."

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

"Pooh! sure Solomon Ousen o' Sheba, said there was time enough in

"Thrue for

far in a day, is a good "Well, maybe you'l.

makin' in the harbour o some good." beyant in Dublin, is

an, " fair and aisy goes

"We'll see whether i said the obdurate O'Reirdon. n improvemint first,"

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

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

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

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

"Aye, there's the matther, that's what larnin' can do; and wondherful it is intirely! and the way it is, is this, as I hear it, for I never seen it, but h'ard 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 can 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 Ingineers there can 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.¹

"No, it is not a blessed bell."

"Why thin now do you think me sitch a born nat'hral 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 unpossible."

"Ah, nothin's unpossible to God."

"Sure I was n'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!

¹ 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.



- "but i) talk of the ringin' iv a bell doin' the like is beyant tl : 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.

"Well, have it you won't hear rayson son and you may say it's heerd them that know say — " with an air of triumph, he carried the listeners

. There's them that have belief in larnin'; y if you plaze; but I than iver you knew

"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 rail-roads; but here's long life and success to the man that invinted the impairil (imperial) quart;¹ 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

¹ 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 that Barny was too experienced a campaigner under the banners of Bacchus, or that Mrs. Quigley's boast was a just one, namely, "that of all the drink in her house, there was n'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, 'T will chase the pensive tear; 'T is not so sweet as woman's lip, But, oh, 't is more sincere: Like her delusive beam, 'T will steal away the mind; But, like affection's dream, It leaves no sting behind."

Is not this very elegantly saying, "There's not a headache 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, and began "to chew the cud of sweet and bitter thought." He first reflected on his own undoubted weight in his little community, but still he could not get over the annoyance of



the

O'S

the .

runn

a few repu

side

nam.

on 1

thou

of leaving

so n____ of defeat, notion. No; he z

his

eding night, arising from his being silenced by an; "a chap," as he said himself, "that lift four years agon a brat iv a boy, and to think iv in' back and outdoin' his elders, that saw him about the place, a gassoon, that one could tache

too bad. Barny saw his osition, and began to conbe retrieved. The very him; it was a plague spot here incurably. He first ogether; but flight implied d not long indulge in that "in spite of all the O'Sul-

livans, 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 did n't know which way to choose. At last, after turning himself over in the sun several times, a new idea struck him. Could n'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 his speculations, and on looking up, who should it prove to be but his friend " the long sailor from the Aysthern Ingees." 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 guid 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 in practice a plan he had formed for the fulfilment of his determination of rivalling O'Sullivan.

He thought of the "sni a likely per to (a favour and, accord he accosted God save you ki "an' what is it bringPeter Kelly, being one ighbourhood, would be 'spec," as he called it, the word speculation), the "big farm-house," sual "God save you." returned Peter Kelly, Barny," asked Peter,

"this fine day, instead o' bein' out in the boat?" — "Oh, I'll be out in the boat soon enough, and it's far enough too I'll be 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 're a knowledgeable man an land, but I 'm afeard it 's a bad bargain you'd be at say."

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

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

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

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

"O! 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 Barny rejoined, that "praties were so good in themselves there never could be too much o' thim anywhere." But Peter being a knowledgeable man, and up to all the "savcrets 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 by 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 jib 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 tready and a lovely fine breeze aff or 1

"Oh! never you n business anyhow, an' i ordher his own boat to s

"Oh! I was only thin betoken, as I said befor and ---- " eve I know my own it is, if a man can't e plazes." are — and a pity more the beautiful breeze,

"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 would n't know you with the lickin' I'd give you; but I scorn your dirty insiniation; no man ever seen Barny O'Reirdon afeard yet, anyhow. Howld your prate, I tell you, and look up to your betthers. What do you know iv navigation? maybe you think it's as aisy 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 to him to understand (under Heaven) that it would n'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 newfangled a'most as a child with a play-toy."

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

"Don't b'lieve it," said Barny, emphatically. "Now, don't you know yourself that there is some days that the fish won't come near the lines at all, and that we might as well be castin' our nets an the dhry land as in the say, for all we'll catch, if we start an an unlooky day; and sure I towld you I was waitin' only till I had it given to me to 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 how the VOL. 11. - 2 17



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 y me sitch a bladdherang

as for to go to shuperins-"No; I was only go

wor goin' to steer?"

"You'll find out soo and so I bid you agin' lain your pump. Shure woight an my mind, a ng I wasn't aiquil to?" you what coorse you

when we get there e, — just keep your toe

e at the helm, and a tther for you, Jim, to

mind your own business and lay me to mind mine; away wid you there and be handy, haul taut that foresheet there, we must run close an the wind; be handy, boys; make everything dhraw."

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

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

The stars, twinkling in mysterious brightness through the silent gloom of night, were the first encouraging, because visible guides to the adventurous mariners of antiquity. Since then, the sailor, encouraged by a bolder science, relies on the unseen agency of nature, depending



on the fidelity of an atom of iron to the mystic law that claims its homage in the north. This is one refinement of science upon another. But the beautiful simplicity of Barny O'Reirdon's philosophy cannot be too much admired. To follow the ship that is going to the same place. Is not this navigation made easy?

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

For this purpose he went to windward of the ship and then fell off again, allowing her to pass him, as he did not wish even those on board the ship to suppose he was following in their wake; for Barny, like all people that are quite full of one scheme, and fancy everybody is watching them, dreaded lest 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 't would 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 are n'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 lor would n't be beautiful, a at the end of a week hitherto kept a-head of h down upon him, as he did; and Barny began to ship could want with hi swers to the questions and maybe it's the whate eat plenty of it." It was e ship which Barny had wed symptoms of bearing ht, and, sure enough, she ecture what the deuce the commenced inventing anight it possible might be

put to him in case the ship spoke 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 did n'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 anything about it ?" asked Barny, somewhat sturdily.

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

"O 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 undher saycret ordhers?" said Barny, endeavouring to foil the question by badinage.

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

"Oh, it 's a 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 bowld in axin' questions an it. Why tare-an-ouns, sure I 've as much right to be here as you, though I haven't as big a ship nor as 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 would n'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 uz, 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 mor hooker began to fai., recourse to the *scalpeens* got seriously uneasy at t likely greater length, fo contrary, and, urged at of his companions, he light, to gain on the ship , the provisions in the y were obliged to have stenance, and Barny then th of the voyage, and the ing he could see to the his own alarms and those nabled, 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 honour," 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."

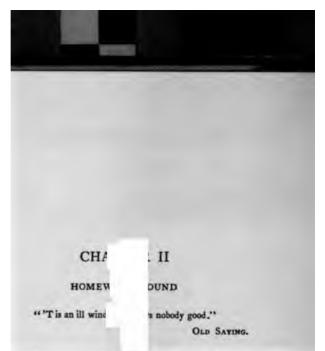
"How should I frighten you?" asked the captain.

"Why, thin, your honour, to tell God's thruth, I heerd you were goin' *there*, an' as I wanted to go there too, I thought I could n'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, "is n't it to Fingal?" "No," said the captain, "'t is to *Bengal.*" "Oh! Gog's blakey!" said Barny, "what 'll I do now at all at all?"



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 wid you at all at all! and my curse light on you, Terry O'Sullivan, why did I iver come acrass you, you onlooky vagabone, to put sitch thoughts in my head? An' so it's *Bingal*, and not *Fin*gal, you're goin' to, captain."

"Yes, indeed, Paddy."

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

"A trifle or so, Paddy."



"Och, thin, millia murther, weirasthru, how 'ill 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 honour was before me."

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

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

"Can't your 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* o' 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 childher spylt thim intirely, rootin' holes in the flure."

"What the plague are you talking about ?" asked the captain.

"Was n't your honour 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 cardinals! faix an' it's a great respect I have for them, your honour. Sure, ar'n't they belongin' to the Pope?"

"Confound you, you blockhead!" roared the captain in a rage — "'t would 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 did n't know somethin' al captain dear, you must ta suspect me o' the like o' a By gor, I know as much o

"Indeed I believe so,"

"Oh, you may laugh ... same that you don't know. edication, captain." thing if a sayfarin' man wind any how. Why, or a nath'ral intirely to win' all about the wind. rind a'most as a pig." out the captain.

laze, and I see by that t the pig, with all your

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

"Well, what if I have?"

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

"Maybe so, Paddy, but all this knowledge in piggery won't find you your way home; and, if you take my advice, you will give up all thoughts of endeavouring to find your way back, and come on board. You and your messmates, I 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



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

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

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

"Three times as many."

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

"That is rather more than five hundred miles."

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

"That's what I say," said the captain; "and, therefore, I recommend you 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 honour, 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 it's break her heart the craythur would, thinkin' I was lost intirely ; and who'd be at home to take care o' the childher, and airn thim the bit and the in I'd be away? and who knows but it's all de 'd be afore I got back? Och hone! sure the hear irly break in my body, if hurt or harm kem to th rough me. So, say no more, captain dear, only a thrifle o' directions how I'm to make an offer tin' home, and its myself that will pray for you 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 whin you stand bechuxt the aist and the west, the north is forninst you."

"And when the north is forninst 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' disthress, 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 bealth of so noble a gintleman."

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

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

"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, wid 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 captain, respecting the wonders of the nautical profession, and at last put the question to him plump,

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

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

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



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

"Branches," said Barny, "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 Bingal (oh bad luck to it for a Bingal, it's the sore Bingal to me), is it so far off as you say?"

"Yes, Paddy, half roui

orld."

" Is it round in airnest,

" Aye indeed."

ear? Round about?"

"Oh thin ar'n't you the top and that you're go sliddherin away intii maybe? It's bad enous

at whin you come to o go down, that you 'd never be able to stop is, goin' down-hill by

land, but it must be the dickens all out by wather."

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

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

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

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

"In the East Indies."

"Oh that is where they make the *tay*, is n't it, sir?" "No, where the tea grows is farther still."

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

"Yes, Paddy."

" Is it like hay, your honour?"

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

"Oh! only bekase I hear them call it Bohay."

"A most logical deduction, Paddy."



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

"Yes, Paddy, China it is called."

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

" Exactly, Paddy."

"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 pardin 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 did n'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, goodhumouredly, "but it's seldom I ever went out to look for wool and kem home shorn, anyhow," said he, with a look of triumph.

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

"My name's not Paddy, your honour," said Barny



returning the laugh, but seizing the opportunity to turn the joke aside, that was going against him, "my name is n'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 gathe honour," said Barny, wit tain, and a complimentary " and God bless you for b

"And what's your na captain. rledge, any how, your icant look at the caphand to his caubeen, ood to me."

s Barny?" asked the

" O'Reirdon, your hor name." rny O'Reirdon 's my

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

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

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

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

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

"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 the 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, you 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 coorse, 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."

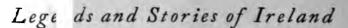
"Good bye, and God bless you, your honour, and send you safe."

"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 canvas, cleaving the billows before her, manned by an able crew, and under the guidance of experienced officers. The finger of science to point the

VOL. 11. - 3



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 inexperienced fishermen to manage her; no certain means to guide them

over the vast ocean the ing of the "fickle wind from perishing in the wi the feeling excited is so By the other, of his utter expanse of ocean could less." To the other, it Yet the cheer that bu traverse, and the holdy chance of their escape f waters. By the one, that of man's power. ness. To the one, the be considered "trackste indeed.

the ship, at parting, was

answered as gaily from the nooker as though the odds had not been so fearfully against her, and no blither heart beat on board the ship than that of Barny O'Reirdon.

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

But each 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 uninterrupted by the kindred sound of human voice; and, as it fell upon his ear, it smote upon his heart. But he rallied, waved his hat, and the silent signal was answered from the ship.

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

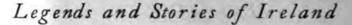
"Lay me alone," said Barny, "I'll talk to you when I see her out o' sight, but not a word till thin. I'll look



afther him, the rale gintleman that he is, while there's a topsail of his ship to be seen, and then I'll send my blessin' afther him, and pray for his good fortune wherever he goes, for he's the right sort and nothin' else." And Barny kept his word, and when his straining eye could no longer trace a line of the ship, the captain certainly had the benefit of "a poor man's blessing."

The sense of utter loneliness and desolation had not come upon Barny until now; but he put his trust in the goodness of Providence, and in a fervent inward 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

Again he was hailed.

"Oh! bad luck to the Another hail.

" Spake loudher you 'd still holding on his cours

A gun was fired ahead

"By my sowl you or 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, "did n'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 ould sayin'."

Another shot was ineffectually fired.

"I'm thinking that 's a Connaughtman that 's shootin'," said Barny, with a sneer.¹ The allusion was so

¹ This is an allusion of Barny's to a saying prevalent in Ireland. When a sportsman returns home unsuccessful, they say, "So you 've

" said Barny, jeeringly,

l go to you."

oudher that time, sure



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 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 would n't go aboord to plaze them. Now, who's right? Ah, lave me alone always, Jimmy; did you iver 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, thin, 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."

killed what the Connaughtman shot at." Besides, the people of Munster have a profound contempt for Connaught men.

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

"Arrah, sure, that's part o' the saycrets o' navigation, and the varrious 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 gentleman s, Barny, says he; Sir, says he. I know that, says I; you've come the says I, bekase I like to k. od bowld offin', says I, in contrairy places. Spc good sayman, says he. That's my prenciples, s They 're the right sort, says he. But, says he u ce), I think you wor wrong, says he, to pass th turn in the ladieshoes,1 says he. I know, says I, nane 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 could n'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' did n'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, was n't it

¹ Some offer Barny is making at latitudes.

Barny O'Reirdon

looky that I kem acrass him at all, or maybe we might be cotch by the Naygurs, and ate up alive."

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

Thus it was that Barny continued most marvellous accounts of the ship and the captain to his companions,



and by keeping their attention so engaged, prevented their being too inquisitive as to their own immediate concerns, and for two days more Barny and the hooker held on their respective courses 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 thed, the more directly she came athwart Barny's

"May the divil sweep ... nothin' else sarve you the a-way. Brig-a-hoy there ! tiller to one of his messm of his boat. "Brig-a-ho 'long out o' my Nor-Aist co aid Barny, "and will in' forninst me thatited Barny, giving the standing at the bow — bad luck to you, go 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 ever more — 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?"



Barny O'Reirdon

'T was 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 did n't come from a betther place, I go bail."

"Where are you bound to?"

"To Fingal."

"Fingal — where's Fingal?"

"Why thin ain't you ashaimed 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 provision on board."

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

"What have you eatable?"

"The finest o' scalpeens."

"What are scalpeens?"

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

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

It chanced that the brig was a West Indian trader, that unfavourable winds had delayed much beyond the expected period of time on her voyage, and though her water had not failed, everything catable had been consumed, and the crew reduced almost to helplessness.

In such a strait the arrival of Barny O'Reirdon and his scalpeens was a most providential succour to them, and a lucky chance for Barny, for he got in exchange for his pickled fish a handsome return of rum and sugar, much more than equivalent to their value. Barny lamented much, however, that the brig was not bound for Ireland,

that he might practise his gation; but as staying wit he got himself put into his ploughed away towards hor

The disposal of his cargo in more ways than one. most profitable market he it enabled him to cover uliar system of naviig could do no good, t coorse once more, and

great godsend to Barny rst place, he found the ve had; and, secondly, at from the difficulty

which still was before him ot 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 anyhow. To be sure, now that the scalpeens is sowld, there's no use in goin' to Fingal, and we may as well jist 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, "what does he know what's an iligant place? What knowledge has he of iligance? I'll go bail he never was



Barny O'Reirdon

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 grate dale longer anyhow, than he towld me he was."

"To be sure we wor," said Barny, "he wint skulkin' by the short cut, I tell you, and was afeard to keep a bowld offin' like me. But come, boys, let uz take a dhrop o' that bottle o' sper'ts we got out o' the brig. By gor it's well we got some bottles iv it; for I would n'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 coarse, 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 tolerably certain that the vessel in sight was an American, for though it is needless to say that he was not very conversant in such matters, yet from the frequency of his seeing Americans trading to Ireland, his eye had become sufficiently accustomed to their lofty and tapering spars, and peculiar smartness of rig, to satisfy him that the ship before him was of transatlantic build : nor was he wrong in his conjecture.

Barny now determined on a 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 calculated the American was bound for Ireland, and as she lay, *almost* as directly in the way of his "Nor-Aist coorse" as the West Indian brig, he bore up to and spoke her.

He was answered by a shrewd Yankee Captain.

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

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

"Oh throth I could n'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."



Barny O'Reirdon

"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 could n'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, an' 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 aff the land, an' blew us to say out intirely, an' that's the way iv it, your honour."

" I calculate we got a from the Nor-East."

"Oh, directly !" said enough, 't was the Nor enough; but no matther — sure we'll have a job

"Well, get aboard then

her it we've met wid you ob yhow."

the American.

the same gale; 't was

"faith you're right

trse we wor an sure

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

"Why sure it's not going 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 varrious 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 be thankful if you won't let them disturb me antil I'm wanted, for sure till you see the land there 's no use for me in life, an' throth I want a sleep sorely."

Barny's request was granted, and it will not be wondered at, that after so much fatigue of mind and body, he slept profoundly for four-and-twenty hours. He then was called, for land was in sight, and when he came on deck the captain rallied him upon the potency



Barny O'Reirdon

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 landmark 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 ould head! an' where 's the head like you? throth it 's little I thought I'd ever set eyes an your good-looking faytures agin. But God's good!"

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

The hooker put into Kinsale, and Barny sailed the ship into Cove. It was the first ship he ever had acted the pilot for, and his old luck attended him; no accident befell his charge, and what was still more extraordinary, he made the American believe he was absolutely the most skilful pilot on the station. So Barny pocketed his pilot's fee, swore the Yankee was a gentleman, for which the



republican did not thank him, wished him good bye, and then pushed his way home with what Barny swore was the easiest made money he ever had in his life. So Barny got himself paid for piloting the ship that showed him the way bome.

All the fishermen in the world may throw their caps at this feat - none but could have executed so s

And now, sweet reade ever think Barny woul hundred of pens to hea made as to the probable ture. They would fur

nan, I fearlessly assert, a coup de finesse.

ladies I mean), did you ome? I would give a guesses that have been ition of Barny's advenmaterial, I doubt not,

for another voyage. But warmy 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 timekeeper, 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.



Barny O'Reirdon

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.

T was a fine morning in the autumn of 1832, and I was a nne morning in 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 rollicking song, and occasionally broke out into soliloquy - "Why then, an' is n'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 com-



plate"—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 sarvants ? - 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 lal 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 1 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 procthors, 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 could n't turn to any honest thrade afther the coorses they have been used to. Oh what a power o' 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^3 — and indeed if a bridge could be built of false oaths, by my sowkins, they could sware themselves there without wettin' their

¹ The cabhien was an ancient head-dress of gorgeous material, and the name is applied in derision to a shabby hat.

² The crop being often valued in a green state in Ireland, the appraiser becomes a very obnoxious person.

^{*} Botany Bay.



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 his fine mornin'?"

"An' is it yourself why where is it I wou

"I thought so in th

ripe and ready for fun " And small blame

"Why then it was

it was that thought of

in' that same, Mikee ? n' but to the berrin'?"

's yoursef that is always

complate thing, whoever 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 't was Pether Conolly."

"No it was n't, though Pether 's a cute chap - guess again."

"Well, was it Phil Mulligan?"

"No it was n't, though you made a good offer at it sure enough, for if it was n'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 won't have the fun — but see who's before us there. Is n't it that owld Coogan?"

"Sure enough by dad."

"Why thin is n't he the rale fine ould 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 would n't inform an his neighbours."

"God's blessin' be an him and the likes av him that would n'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 it's goin' to the berrin, you are, Mr. Coogan, and long life to you."

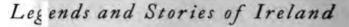
"Aye, boys. — It's hard for an owld horse to leave off his thricks."

"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 would n'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 it's 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 fornint 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 i walk, if walk it might be called.

"Why, thin, don't dad I thought there w did n't know poor Ho

It has been often ob... that the Irish possess their nicknames are give w him, Mr. Coogan? by parish in the county that iligan."

before, the love of *soubriquet* t it not be supposed that 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 would n't be the worse iv it; and in throth the cordheroys themselves are n'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.

"Índeed, 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 favorite intirely."

"Why is he in such distress then?" asked Coogan.

"Faith he's not in disthress at all; he's welkim everywhere 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 drest fiddler yet; " but Houligan was a particularly ill fledged bird of the musical tribe. His cordurovs 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 corduroy. This was what we painters call picturesque. By the way, the vulgar are always amazed that some tattered remains of anything 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 whisp 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, ye

These two things are fiddler's hat. The one other, an enigma in forn

Houligan's fiddle wa and, like its master, som had been broken some s of glue, was continued in see.

i's dancing and an Irish onder in action ; - the

a curiosity as himself, he worse for wear. It times, and yet, by dint 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 fingerboard and below the bridge; that is, when the fiddle was in the best order; for 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 clasp-knife with half a blade, a piece of flint, a doodeen, 1 and some bits of twine and ends of fiddle-strings were all huddled together promiscuously. Houligan himself called his waistcoat

¹ The stump of a pipe.



Noah's ark; for, as he said himself, there was a little of everything in it, barring 1 money, 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 would n'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 did n'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 up to me, and I axed if any one was up a:

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 iew'l, the minit I got into the

yard, nine great vagabthought they 'd ate me a only I had a cowld bon Mrs. Magrane, God b pocket when I was go house that mornin' aft and sure enough lashing the woman has a heart as dogs fell an me, and I nd so they would I b'lieve, nate and some praties that er, made me put in my road as I was lavin' her christenin' that was in it, avings was there; O that's as a king's, and her hus-

band too, in throth; he's a dacent man and keeps mighty fine dhrink in his house. Well, as I was sayin', the cowld mate and praties was in my pocket, and by gor the thievin' morodin' villians o' dogs made a dart at the pocket and dragged it clan 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 was n't it mighty providintial they did n't come 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 unnatharal vagabone that tow!d me the dogs was quite; sure he came back while I was there, and I ups and I 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



much 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' is n'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 du camp aunt to assist in looking after the young ladies. The roughness of the motion of this primitive vehicle was rendered as accommodating 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 patchwork 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 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 meed-looking young fellow,

whose eyes were not put these same eyes might be casionally from his imm to "take a squint" at so gers. This explains "t driver. Sometimes he resting his feet on the s

s head for nothing; and andering backwards ocharge, the dumb baste, naybe one, of his passeni he had " for becoming e crupper of the horse, f 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 the 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 quite.



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 is n't she fed betther?"

"Bekase rogues stales her oats, Dinny. I seen you in the stable by the same token yistherday."

"Sure enough, ma'am, 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 sweetheart 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 which the pig had dared to attempt some impertinent liberties with; 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.

Everything 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 : * of her country, where m rosy mouth whose smile for a moment, and a le stream, and trips lightly

silky-lashed dark grey eyes ient loves to dwell, and a red at once to display her good temper and her fin, h; her colour gets fresher of affectionate recognition brightens her eye, as - he young fellow springs briskly over the steppi ones that lead across the 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' viz," 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 was 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 emblematic 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, i ing this story, in giving the facts connected with it. stating what the Irish peasant's feelings are rest tithe, I have not the most distant notion of putti ard any opinions of my own on the subject. In the uit of my own quiet art, I am happily far removed from he fierce encounter of politics, and I do not wish to on ind against the feelings or opinions of any one in my little volume; 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 't was told to me."

I have said a group of seniors was 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 't was too good news to be thrue."

"Tare anounty," said another, who was the very antithesis of Daddy in his credulous nature, "sure, did n't I see it myself in *prent.*"



"I was towld often that things was in prent," returned Daddy, drily, "that come out lies afther, to my own knowledge."

"But sure," added a third, " sure, did n'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 the 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 anything 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,

VOL. 11. — 5

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 everything 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

that's your sort;" — and the forced his away wid you, the feast by pushing his g scene of action.

This was an ample bar. sizes were spread, loaded stantial character: woode. . s, three-legged stools, broken-backed chairs, etc. e . . e in requisition for the

efore him towards the

tables of all sorts and ands of the most sub-

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 politics 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 He protested that he thought he had lived long hand. 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 founder of the feast, with the usual addenda of long life, prosperity, etc. 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."



is to say all the good

ore if they can invint it;

at all they could say of

ey wor tellin', and so it

ouble."

Legends and Stories of Ireland

" Myself does n't know anything about murners," said O'Hara, "for I never seen anything finer than the keeners1 at a berrin'; but Larry's up to the ways of the quolity, as well as of his own sort."

"But you would n't have keeners for the Tithe, would you? Sure, the ' they can of the departed, a but, sure, the divil a good the Tithe, barrin' it was would only be throwin' aw

" Thrue for you, Lar

"Besides, it is like a berrin' belongin' to the quol'ty to have chief muri s, and you know the Tithe was aigual 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 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

¹ Keeners are persons who sing the Ulican, or death wail, round the coffin of the deceased, and repeat the good deeds of the departed.



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, acc to rayson. Here, my buck," said the rollicking "I'll be your vally de sham myself," and he pro is o put the dress on the terrified tithe proctor.

"Oh, Mr. Lanigan deal me, if you plaze." id he, "don't murther

"Murther you! — arrah, v >'s going to murther you? Do you think I'd dirty my hands wid 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 would n't be right murners at all without them, and the people would think you wor only purtendin'." This last bit of Larry's waggery produced great merriment amongst the by-standers, 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 need n'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 their 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 suggestion, were *boiled*, that they might be *laughing* on the occasion, and over these was hung a rude banner, on which was written, "We may stay at home now."

In this cart, Hoppy Hooligan, 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."¹

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 *morceau* forms the rock of Cashel. Such is the wild legend of this wild spot, and

 1 I think Ware mentions an ancient crown being dug up at "The Devil's Bit."



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 ately succeeded, which winding of a cow's horn 1 called forth scores of fresh ants upon "the berrin." Thus, their numbers were sed every quarter of a mile they went, until, on tr iving at the foot of the reach their final destihill which they were to asce nation, the multitude asse resented a most impos-28 ing appearance. In the c f their march, 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 guarter. 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, of 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, I never knew any one who had seen 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 was n't right," and firmly believed that he never slept at all. His mind was unsettled, and though he never became offensive degree from his mental aberration, yet the nature distemper often induced him to do very extraordi ings, and whenever the gift of speech was upon r he was habitually taciturn), he would make an or ring of some rhapsody, in which occasional bursts very powerful language and striking imagery wo , ir. Indeed the peasants said that " sometimes 't woul 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 attempted to defend their hut, and they were both left for dead. His wife and his daughter, a girl of sixteen, were also murdered. The wretched father, unfortunately, recovered 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



The Burial of the Tithe

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 ¹ at a great rate, and it's wondherful how an owld cock like him can clamber up the hill so fast."

"Aye," said another, " and with the woight he's carrying too."

"Sure enough," said a third. "Faix he's got a fine lob in his wallet to-day."

"Whisht!" said Ó'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?"

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 't will 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.

¹ Pull foot is a figurative expression to express making haste.



"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 craythu to be heard. "He has bi throw a top o' the tithes to wisha! poor craythur!"

"Aye — stones ! " know what stones thes, his manner became inter ment even of madness, id a woman, so loud as a bag full o' stones to them down - O wisha!

maniac; "but do you Look woman —" and pressive from the excitehich 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 aginst 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



The Burial of the Tithe

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 destitute. — 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 that he had approached, and left the scene in silence.



THE WHITE HORSE OF THE PEPPERS

A LEGEND OF THE BOYNE

CHAPTER I

A horse ! a horse ! my kingdom for a horse !

I 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 preceding 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 the laugh, or the song, that so often enliven a military post, mingled not 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 that indicated a rapid approach to the tower, and he soon perceived, through the gloom, a horseman approaching at a gallop. The sentinel challenged the cavalier, who returned the countersign, and was then permitted 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 -f my horse," said he to the sentry, "while I remain astle ? "

"I am a sentinel, sin cannot."

" I will not remain m

" I dare not, sir, while you will find some one of your horse."

vered the soldier, "and

a few minutes." in duty - but I suppose stle that will take charge

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 —'t is 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 remember you under 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 that his general's last words had suggested.

VOL 11.-6

"I came, my liege, to ask permission to bid your majesty 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 he wore, which encircled the portrait of his favor aughter, Anne, and the bild, had excited the same remembrance that she, bi remark from the lips of er - that bitter remembrance came across his L. smote him to the heart. He was suddenly silent s brow contracted - he closed his eves in anguish, d 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, 't is true, for the present, but I do not leave you, until I can 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, it 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 which might win the distinction that your majesty and General Sarsefield are pleased to honour me with."

"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 as faithfully kept," said his follower; "but before I leave, may I beg the favour of a moment's private conversation with your majesty?"

"Speak any thing 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 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 further 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 a 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 that 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 hisd to Gerald Pepper, who kissed it respectfully, and n arose.

"What do you purpose using 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 that your majesty had for your *English* ones;" and he shook his head doubtfully as he spoke, and his countenance suddenly fell.¹

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.

¹ 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.

"Don't be too 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 Sarscfield, 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 addres: 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,¹ 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 to, 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 James too notorious, not to render such a

¹ 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.



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 endure the restraint of his situation and the absence from his family no longer. "My poor Magdalene," said he, "cannot, I know, endure the suspense attendant upon my absence much longer, and 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 that action which we cannot avoid, being a law of nature, and which being a law of nature, and which under the influence of stro Grief and joy, hope and de each an action to distinguist as the distinctions which so the different species.

His friend made no other, wer 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 they sat opposite to 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 laving 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, "nor am I overcome. There was a terrible thought came over me that moment, which quite unmanned me, 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 your best mode of proceeding, as regards 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. " we heard of hundreds of broad acres being so saved, romwell's time."

"That hope of rescue is varred me," said Gerald; "all the disposable cash I h [gave to the king."

"What ! not a rouleau lett ?"

"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 reckon on, 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 decision 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 secure 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 a noble cause. Farewell, my friend ! Thanks and blessings be yours, 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 that 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 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 decending 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 ?"

"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 acrass 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," szid Gerald, devoutly.

" Amen," responded R

" My poor wife, I sup

as been fretting." wondher, the poor mis-

rful, and I was goin' to

"Throth to be sure, a thiss; but she keeps up won Dublin myself to look for you

"You, Rory !"

"Yis, me, and why not? at 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 would n'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 misthiss 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 uz 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 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 impidint 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 thriffe he might have about him; and is n't it all one? Sure, instid of havin' a crow over him for bein' 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, should n'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 oppres and wound up by this v peroration —

"And so that furrin w to rob and plundher ar for what, I'd like to kn for the rale king, your c. is? Bad fortune to him, , they call a king, is goin' dher you intirely, — and Is it bekase you stud up ng, and your counthry, it if he had any honour at

all, he'd only like you the betther iv it; and, instead iv pursuin' you with his blackguard *four-futted* laws,¹ it's plazed he ought to be that you did n't come acrass him yourself when your swoord was in your hand, and the white horse undher you. Oh, the yollow-faced thief! he has no gratitude !!"

A great 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 that 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 intind stoppin' in Swoords to-night; but you 'll see me afore long, any how."

¹ Some mystification of Rory's about "forfeited."



"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 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 that subject may not be inapposite.

Rory Oge was foster-brother to Gerald Pepper, and hence the affection and familiarity of address that 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 as verv 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 something 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 prin-

cipally 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 skirts of a village, and a the back of a cottage c group of young people a sexes were dancing on the green sod, in the rear to the inspiring music of had been thus employed. his pipes. More than an i ig, when a fresh couple and the twilight was advant stood up to dance, and] ter inflating his bag and giving forth the deep nu his drone, let forth his chaunter into one of his b.... gs, and was lilting away in his merriest style; but the couple, instead of commencing the dance, joined a group of the by-standers, 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 does n't like the one you 're plavin'."

"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 could n'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 hav n't fought another battle."



"No; but one would think you wor a witch, Rory; for, if it's not a battle, 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 should n't see the sojer as well as everybody 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 did n'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 me 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 yours, in throth, Rory," said Aggy, in her own little coaxing way. — "Ah, now, Rory!"

"'T won't do, Aggy; you think to come over me now with the blarney; but you 're late, says Boyce:"¹ and so saying, off he trudged, leaving the dancers in dudgeon.

¹ 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

VOL. 11. - 7

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 enter conversation with the hostler, as a preliminary ing the same with the he address so peculiar to soldier: this he contrived his country and his class, nding that the stranger intended going northward ... morning, the suspicion which had induced him to the dance and visit the public ripened into uneasin s to the object of the stranger, and, desirous to and closer to the truth, he thought he might test the intentions of the trooper in a way that 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 that 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 foster-brother 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.

treason, and offered to betray the secrets 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.



"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, Drokhë-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 borreens 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 that 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 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,¹ I suppose," said Peter, with a wink.

¹ One's own legs.

"No; Teddy Ryan's horse," said Rory. "An' I suppose your honour will be for startin' in the mornin'?"

"Yes," said the soldier; and he thereupon arranged with his intended guide upon the hour of their undertaking their journey on the morrow; after which, the piper wished him good night, and retired.

The conjecture of R tity of the English soldier adherents of King Willia emolument, an immediate for the enriching a gre religious animosity as a community at large. So to secure this almost incust nate plunder, that " no

was right as to the idenwas one of those English whose gratification and nission had been issued iv, inflamed as well by at the expense of the it was the haste displayed

courts of judicature were opened for proceeding regularly and legally."¹ 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 goods, from the headlong haste it was necessary to proceed with.²

It was in the grey 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,

1 Leland's Ireland, book vi. chap. vii.

² 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 majestie's obedience." - Leland's Ireland, book vi. chap. vii.



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 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 dispatching 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 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."¹ The offered palm was met by that of his friend, after a similar observance on his part, and they shook hands heartily, 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 better nor he looks, like a singed cat, and, if we can't go in a

¹ This practice is continued to this day, and is supposed to be propitiatory to good fortune.

hand gallop, sure there's the owld sayin' to comfort us, that ' fair and aisy goes far in a day.'"

"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 frind is preferrable 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. "Is n'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*."¹

There was scarcely any tower or house that 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

¹ 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.



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 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 cast at 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 afeard 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, anyhow," 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 w nigher hand to this than one that is in Duleek.

p?"

"And how far is Duleek ?"

"'Deed, an' it 's a good

"What do you call a

"Why it 'ill take a p.____ day to go there."

"Curse you," said the a n, yond his constitutional phle, it s "can't you say how many miles?"

n, at last, provoked beat such evasive replies;

"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 the 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' Ballygart 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 thataway 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 bighly saisoned family for you. Now, which o' them i you mane? is it White Pepper, or Black Pepper, or wong 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 the '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 de-



positing 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 relation the smith, as he told the betrayed trooper how "provoking it was that he was n't in the forge at that present, — but was expected at every hand's turn, and that the very first instant minute he kem home, Ally (that was his wife) would run up and tell his honour, and the horse should 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 antil 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 com-



fort the inward man; the more particularly, as it was not only 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 that 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 that 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 that 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 that did it." ¹

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.

¹ 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.



"Why then, an' did you never hear of the Little Waiver of Duleek Gate?"

" Never."

"Well, that 's wondherful !!" said Rory.

"I don't see how it's 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's 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 GAT

A TALE OF CHIVALRY

Y^{OU} see, there was a waiver lived, wanst upon time, in Duleek here, hard by the gate, and very honest industherous man he was, by all account He had a wife, and av coorse they had childhre, at 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 did n'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 ¹ 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,

¹Porridge.

and what would you think but whin he looked at it, it was as black as a crow; for you see, it was in the hoighth o' the summer, and the flies 'lit upon it to that degree, that the stirabout was fairly covered with them.

"Why then bad luck to your impidince," says the waiver, "would no place sarve you but that? and is it spyling my brequest yiz are ou dirty bastes?" And with that, bein' altogether cr ed tempered at the time, he lifted his hand, and he made one great slam at the dish o' stirabout, and killed ne less than three score and tin flies at the one blow. I was three score and tin exactly, for he counted the cas ases one by one, and laid them out an a clane plate, for o 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,¹ and faith the poor wife herself thought the same whin 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'd 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,

¹ Deranged.



nothin' but a poor waiver, when it is Saint George or the Dhraggin I ought to be, which is two of the siven champions o' Christendom."

"Well, suppose they christened him twice as much," says the wife, "sure what 's that to uz ?"

"Don't put in your prate," says he, "you ignorant sthrap," says he. "You're vulgar, woman — you're vulgar — mighty vulgar; but I'll have nothin' more to say to any dirty snakin' thrade again — devil 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.

vol. 11. — 8



"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 friend o' his, a painther and glazier, and made him paint an his shield, in big letthers —

> "I'M THE MAN OF ALL MIN, THAT KILL'D THREE SCORE AND TIN, AT A BLOW."

"When the people sees *that*," says the waiver to himself, "the 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 the 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 weight 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 weaver, "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 is n't the first sheep's head was dhress'd in it."

"Your sarvant, 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. "That 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 axercise 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 late; —away galloped the waiver, and took the road to Dublin, for he thought the best thing he could do was to go to the King o' Dublin — (for Dublin was a grate place thin, and had a king iv its own) — and he thought, maybe, the King o' Dublin would give him work. Well, he was four days goin' to Dublin, for the baste was not the best, and the roads worse, not all as one was now; but there was no turnpikes then, glory be to God !!¹ 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

¹ 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.

grass was growin' out betune the stones; every 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,"¹ says the king, "bekase his dhress is outlandish."

"And does n'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 accordianly, 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."

¹ Foreigner.



"For what, plaze your majesty?" says the lord.

"To kill that vagabone dhraggin, 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 was n't aiqual 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," says 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 yours 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 riverince," 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 kill'd three score and tin at one blow, I undherstan'," 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 "inanthry wid aitin' their powlthry, and I'm lost for want of eggs," says the king.

"Throth thin, plaze your vorship," says the waiver, you look as yollow as if you swallowed twelve yolks, this minit."

"Well, I want this dhra king. "It will be no throu only sorry that it is n't betthe is n'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 that in the laste," says the waiver; "for the last three score and tin that 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 an 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, antil 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 dhraggin, the dhraggin !" and he could n'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 off to a three that was growin' nigh hand, and away he clambered up into it as nimble as a cat; and not a minit he had to spare, for the dhraggin kem up in a powerful rage, and he devoured the horse, body and bones, in less than no time; and then he began to sniffle and scent about for the waiver, and at last he clapt his eye an him, where he was, up in the three, and says he, "In throth, you might as well come down out o' that," says he, " for I 'll have you as sure as eggs is mate."

"Divil a fut I'll go down," says the waiver.

"Sorra care, I care," says the dhraggin, "for you 're as good as ready money in my pocket this minit; for I'll lie undher this three," says he, "and sooner or later you



must fall to my share;" and sure enough he sot down, and began to pick his teeth with his tail, afther the heavy brekquest he made that mornin' (for he ate a whole village, 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' thundher —

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.

That minit, the waiver began to creep down the three, as cautious as a fox; and he was very nigh hand the bottom, when, bad cess to it, a thievin' branch, he was dipindin' an, bruk, and down he fell right a top o' the dhraggin: but if he did, good luck was an his side, for where should he fall but with his two legs right 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 away like mad; and where do you think did he 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, anyway, he flew and he flew till he kem slap up agin the palace o' the king; for, bein' blind with the rage, he never seen it, and he knocked his brains out; that is, the small 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, viz must be ready wid the fire ingines," 1 says he, " for to put him out." But when they seen the dhraggin fall down outside, they all run down stairs and scampered out 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, afore 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, thundersthruck, like, at his own good luck.

¹ Showing the great antiquity of these machines.



"I will," says the king; "and as you are the first man I ever heer'd tell of that rode a dhraggin, you shall be called Lord *Mount* Dhraggin," says he.

"And where's my estates, plase your holiness?" says the waiver, who always had a sharp look-out afther the main chance.

"Oh, I did n'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.¹

¹ 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 or Thaddeus, Patriarch of this familye, was of Phœnician descente. There is a tradytione in y^e familye that y^e arte of waivynge was firste introduced into Irelonde by themme from Tyre, theye beinge thence called Tyros, since y^e whiche tyme alle beginners so-everre, are so-called. Hence also is it inferred that y^e Redde Kertle, which prevails amongste y^e Irishers is of y^e true Tyrian Dye; which hath soe moche disturbed y^e repose of y^e curious, heretofore.

"Thisse noble familye beareth for theire achievemente and hathe for theire SHIELDE, a potte lidde propperre, quarterlye of three :



" 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 daughter 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.

Argente, Azure, and Gules : Ande overre all a younge chylde displayed, proper.¹ The same withinne a Horse collarr propperre, charged as an honnorrable distinction for valoure and prowesse with 'Drag-onne.'²

"CRESTE. Onne a waiverrs shuttle Or. a potte, charged with Stirre-a-bowte and potte-sticke — all propperre.⁸

"SUPPORTERS. Dexterre a Dragonne Gules, winges elevated Or — Sinisterre a flie Azure.⁴

"MOTTOE. I flie."

¹ This allusion to the weaver's large family, by a child, three quarterly, is very happy.

² 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.

⁴ A blue bottle, evidently.

⁶ A triple allusion to the weaver's first heroic deed, his masterly retreat from the dragon, and his homeward victorious flight upon him.

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 read, as an imaginary boundary between the past day and e ensuing morning. Let him, in his own fancy, settle how the soldier watched, slept, dreamt, or ed 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 that Rory had departed, being "obliged to lave the place early on his own business, but sure his honour could have any accommodation in life that 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 everything 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 amongst stones and mud. On arriving at its extremity, he proceeded to throw down some sods, and pull away some brambles, that 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 around."

"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 run, and led him down the slope of the hill to a small valley, intersected by a sluggish stream that lay at its foot. When the boy arrived at this valley, he ran 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 p ol from his holster. The boy still continued his flight, a d the trooper fired — but ineffectually — upon which ** : boy stopped, and after making a contemptuous action it 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 points, 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'."

"And leaps."

"Whoo! - over the moon, if you axed him."

"That horse must trot at least ten miles the hour."

"Tin! — faix it would n't be convaynient to him to throt undher fourteen," — and with this assurance on the part of the groom, they 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 unavaili

Gerald still maintained the cearing, which characterized his first meeting with the Euglishman on his threshold — it was that of reserved c urtesy. Magdalene, his gentle wife, was seated near is table, with an infant child sleeping upon her lap; Jer 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, that recent sorrows 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 that 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," said 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 that property, for all Pepper's possessions have been forfeited."

The baby, as it slept in its 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 that 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

VOL. II. — 9



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 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.

"'T is 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 the man 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 curvetings, 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 Gerald Pepper looked after his noble steed while bred. he remained within sight, and thought no one was witness to the tear he dashed from his eve 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 that had preserved to him his estate, the white horse was introduced into his armceial hearings, and is, at this day, one of the heraldic distin f the family.¹

¹ As the reader may hav the *historical* personages that History of England for King am enabled to account, by g distinguished officer, underne, record his fate: — sh to know what became of this story, I refer him to the and for General Sarsefield I ght of a rare old print of that , the following curious lines

"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 CURSE OF KISHOGUE

INTRODUCTION

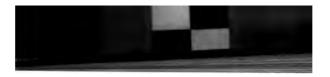
I DO not mean to say that cursing is either moral or polite, but I certainly do think, that, if a man curse at all, he has a right to curse after what fashion he chooses. Now, I am not going to curse, nor swear neither, but I am about writing about the very superior curse, as above named, and I have 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 either startle 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 " I hope I may not be cons intention of putting forwas its "companion." Somet been wanted, and should considered the person wl hope Doctor Southey wil.

Curse of Kehama," and oo presumptuous in the urse to their notice, as f the sort, I think, has the distinction of being upplied the deficiency, I ne the further happiness

of dedicating the story to him. I here 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 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 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 then might a reasonable man want, than a sheebeen house, under such circumstances?

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 despatched 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 overhea. orders issued to her by "the misthriss" from tim ime, while I was drying myself before the fire.

"Judy — here, — com See!" — Then, in an quol'ty¹ room; — hurry it Judy; but before she hau 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 in making merry.

"Well, no matther for that; scoop out a pratee,² 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 'live³ 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 is so pleasant, you 'll hardly make another as good to-night, and I like to see people about me."

¹ Quality. The term applied to persons of the higher classes.

² A potato, with a hole scooped out of it, is, often, a succedaneum for a candlestick amongst the peasantry.

³ Lighted turf.

, Judy, 1 tell you. tone, "Get ready the on." Then away trotted many steps there was



The Curse of Kishogue

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

"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 *rale* 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 aisily 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 tendency to admire military heroes, but this is peculiarly the case 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 exultation in s triumphs, had a deeper motive than mere admiration of a warrior: — what that motive was, it would be foreign to my pages to touch upon, therefore, let me resum :

The conversation 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 could take him presoner? 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 ¹ Frank — the captain, I mane, said he seen him there himself."

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

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

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

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

"Well, sure I heerd them makin' spaches 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*

¹ 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.



The Curse of Kishogue

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 composed as he is by the wide oceant, 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 pris'nor 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 villians to have him under that burnin' climax. I wondher what is it."

"I did n'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 divil 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 endayvour, 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.



What more divarshin might a man desire Than to be sated by a nate turf fire, And by his side a purty wench, And on the table a jug o' punch ? Toor a loo, etc.



The Curse of Kishogue

The Muses twelve and Apollio famed, In *Castilian* pride dhrinks *permicious*¹ sthrames; But I would not grudge them tin times as much, As long as I had a jug o' punch.

Toor a loo, etc.

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, etc.

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

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' punch !! Oh ! more power to your elbow, my jug o' punch !!!

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

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

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

"Well, fill your glass again with it," said Terry, doing the honours, and then, resuming the conversation, and

¹ How beautifully are Castaly and Parnassus treated here !

addressing Phil again, he said, "Why then, Phil, you have a terrible fine voice."

"Throth an' you have, Phil," said another of the party, "it's a pity your mother had n't more of yez, oh that I may see the woman that desarves 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."

۰.

"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 mimory," said Terry, "sing us the song you deludhered owld Roony's daughther 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."



The Curse of Kishogue

"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 insure 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 that good old plan of a Dutch concert, where every man plays his own tune. At last, one of the revellers, who had just 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 must n't go yet," said the president.

"By dad I must, Terry."

"Ah then, why?"

ļ

i

" 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 slame 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, 1 more betoken, and no knowin' where the fairies would be."

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

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

"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

¹ Fairies are supposed to haunt all old mounds of earth, such a: Raths, Tumuli, etc. etc.



The Curse of Kishogue

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 were 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 on 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.

145

THE CURSE OF KISHOGUE

"Ireland is the only country in the world where they would make a come 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 called Kishogue — and not a complater chap wa in the siven parishes nor himself — and for dhrinkin' c coortin' (and by the same token he was a darlint amon the girls, he was so bowld), or cudgellin', or runnin or wrastlin', or the like o' that, none could come nea 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 di not belove him so well as his own sort - that is th eldherly gintlemen, for as to the young 'squires, by gc they loved him like one of themselves, and betthe a'most, for they knew well, that Kishogue was the bo to put them up to all sorts and sizes of divilment an divarshin, and that was all they wanted - but the owle studdy (steady) gintlemen — the responsible people like did n't give into his ways at all - and, in throth, the used to be thinkin' that if Kishogue was out of th counthry, body and bones, that the counthry would no be the worse iv it, in the laste, and that the deer, an the hares, and the pattheridges would n't be scarcer i the laste, and that the throut and the salmon would lad an aisier life: - but they could get no howlt of hir good or bad, for he was as cute as a fox, and there wa no sitch thing as getting him at an amplush, at all, fo he was like a weasel, a'most — asleep wid his eyes open.

The Curse of Kishogue

Well; that's the way it was for many a long day, and Kishogue was as happy as the day was long, antil, 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' dhrink 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.¹

"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, 't won'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.

¹ So called from being established by Sir Robert Peel.

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

"But supposin' 't was a mistake ?" says Kishogue.

"By gor it 'ill 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 complimint to the King for his lodgin'. Besides, to a chap like him, that was used all his life to goin' round the world for sport, the thoughts o' confinement was altogether contagious, though indeed his friends endayyoured for to make it as agreeable as they could to him, 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 thruth: 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, that you'd think he 'd never have done readin'; and it was all about Kishogue — as we heerd afther — but could not make out at the time — and no wondher: and in throth, Kishogue never



The Curse of Kishogue

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 swore away afther this manner, and must n't spake a word?"

"Howl' your tongue!" says my lord the judge. And so afther some more jabberin' and gibberish, the little man in the spectacles threwn down the paper and asked Kishogue if he was 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 was n'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 wit-



nesses, that would sware a bole 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 would n't do, they could not make it plazin' to us judge and the jury, and my poor Kishogue was co ed for to die; and the nd indeed it is not bejudge put an his black t comin', and discoorsed the th of fine language, and advice, that it was a gev Kishogue a power o mortyal pity Kishogue di et sooner; and the last words the judge said was, e 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 genteely 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 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 swaddlers¹ 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 plazin' to be goin' to be hanged, sup-

¹ Methodists.



The Curse of Kishogue

posin' you die in a good cause itself, as my uncle Jim towld me whin he suffer'd for killin' the gauger. Well you see, they always stopped tin minutes at the publichouse, not to hurry a man with his dhrink, and, besides, to give the pris'nor 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 a 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 called out as stout as a ram, "Sind me out Tim Riley here," - Tim Riley was the fiddler's name, - " sind me out Tim Riley here," says he, "that he may rise my heart wid 'The Rakes o' Mallow'; "¹ 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 tindher-hearted, 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 frind 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 would n't touch it. — "Take it out o' my sight,"

¹ A favourite tune.

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 't was the first time Kishogue was ever known to refuse the dhrop ' that it was the change o' dhrink, and many rem before death was comin' on

Well, away they rowled he gallows, where the sheriff res'ner, and the sheriff was no delay in life for asked him if he had any he suffered; but Kishogue - n't a word to throw to a dog, and av coorse he sa would n't say a word that m

he gallows, where there

to say to him before thin' to the sheriff, and t be improvin', even to

the crowd, by way of an idihcation; and indeed a sore disappointment it was to the throng, for they thought he would make an iligant dyin' speech; and the prenthers there, and the ballad-singers, all ready for to take it down complate, and thought it was a dirty turn of Kishogue to chate them o' their 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 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 outside 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 was n't a white horse but a black horse, only white



The Curse of Kishogue

wid the foam. He was dhruv to that degree, and the man had n't a breath to dhraw, and could n'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 grewn 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 And then the sheriff shouted out, "Stop, you them. villians, and bad luck to yiz, you murtherin' vagabones," says he to the sojers; "is it goin' to murther the man you wor? - It is n't him at all I mane, but the man that's hangin'. Cut *bim* down," says he : and they cut him down; but it was no use. It was all over wid poor Kishogue; he was as 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, "is n'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 would n'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' bis liquor behind bim.

THE FAIT FINDER

"He got a halfper

t it was a rap."

"Riddle me, riddle Tell me what I d Idle me right; st night."

INDING a fortur a phrase often heard amongst the peasar ... / f 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 any old woman who told such stories without plenty of listeners.



Now, Darby Kelleher was one of the latter class, and there was a certain collioch¹ 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 with Darby Kelleher, and quite his equal in idleness. A day never passed without Darby and Oonah paying the old woman a visit. She was sure to be "at home," for age and decrepitude rendered it impossible for her to be otherwise, the utmost limit of her ramble from her own chimney corner being the seat of sods outside the door of her hut, where, in the summer time, she was to be found, so soon as the sunbcams fell on the front of her abode. and made the seat habitable for one whose accustomed vicinity to the fire, rendered heat indispensable to com-Here she would sit and rock herself to and fro in fort. the hot noons of July and August, her own appearance and that of her wretched cabin being in admirable keeping. To a fanciful beholder the question might have suggested itself, whether the hag was made for the hovel, or it for her; or whether they had grown into a likeness of one another, as man and wife are said to do, for there were many points of resemblance between them. The tattered thatch of the hut was like the straggling hair of its mistress, and Time that had grizzled the latter, had covered the former with gray lichens. To its mud walls, a strong likeness was to be found in the tint of the old woman's shrivelled skin; they were both seri-

¹ Old woman.



ously 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, h fast falling to decay.

Here were Darby K sure to meet every day. ance thus: --

r and Oonah Lenehan might make his appear-

umbled out the crone.

" Good morrow kindly

" The same to you, ay

" Here's some 'baccy to

, granny." " Many thanks to you by. I did n't lay it out

for seeing you so airly, the day."

"No, nor you would n'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."

W."

" Good boy, Darby."

"Throth an' it's a hot day that's in it, this blessed day. Phew ! Faix it's out o' breath I am, and mighty hot intirely; for I was runnin' a'most half the way, bekase it's an arrand you see, and the squire towld me to make haste, and so I did, and wint 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, avic - 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 say to myself often; and why might n'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 vartue 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 turf¹ 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 agon, down there in the big field, that you wor in a hurry."

"And so I am in a hurry, and would n'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 coal² 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

¹ 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.

² The peasantry often say "a coal o' turf."



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 misthiss say to that, I wondher?"

"Oh I left them safe enough, and they 're able to take care of themselves for a ind I wanted to ax the granny about a dhrame "

"Sure so do I," said come first sarved is a good o you own to it that the dhrames." ; "and you know first sayin'. And so, granny, a power o' vartue in

A long-drawn whiff of : 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.

"Well, you see," said Darby, "I dhremt I was goin' along a road, and that all of a suddint I kem to *crass* roads, and you know there's 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 an, Darby," said the hag.

"Well, I thought the gratest 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 remimber they did fly heavy, and I said to myself there would be rain soon, the crows was flyin' so heavy."

"I wish you did n't dhrame o' rain, Darby."

"Why, granny? What harm is it?"

"Oh nothin', only it comes in a crass place there."

"But it does n't spile the dhrame, I hope."

"Oh no. Go an."

"Well, with that, I thought I was passin' by Doolin's, the miller's, and says he to me, 'Will you carry home

this sack o' male for me?' Now you know, male is money, every fool knows."

" Right, avic."

;

1

"And so I tuk the sack o' male an my shouldher and I thought the woight iv it was killin' me, just as if it was a sack o' goold."

"Go an, Darby."

"And with that I thou it I met with a cat, and that you know, manes an ill r hur'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 was n't that mighty sharp i 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 toker 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 betther 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 sc it will be only a frindly disappointment, or maybe a fallin' out with an acquaintance."

"Oh what matther," said Darby, " so the dhrame is to the good still !! "



"The dhrame is to the good still; but tell me if you dhremt o' three sprigs o' sparemint at the ind iv it?"

"Why, then, now I could not say for sartin, bekase I was nigh wakin' at the time, and the dhrame was not so clear to me."

"I wish you could be sartin o' that."

"Why, I have it an my mind that there was sparemint in it, bekase I thought there was a garden in part iv it, and the sparemint was *likely* to be there."

"Sure enough, and so you did dhrame o' the three sprigs o' sparemint."

"Indeed I could a'most make my book-oath that I dhremt iv it. I'm partly sartin, if not all out."

"Well, that 's raysonable. It 's a good dhrame, Darby."

"Do you tell me so?"

"'Deed an' it is, Darby. Now wait till the next 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 *bas* 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

VOL. 11. --- 11

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 hi in so great a degree, those that none have ever yet be... overreached in the "keen enhis meeting with mortals al casioned by his possessing bounded wealth on whoever ca

property of deceiving, hance to discover him, own whom he has not ter of the wits," which produces. This is ocower of bestowing unkeep him within sight

until he is weary of the surveilla ce, 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 eve 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.



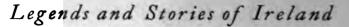
But that was all in the hands of Fate, and must be waited for: in the mean time there was the castle and the "crock o' goold" for a certainty, and, under the good omens of the "sharp dhrame" he had, he determined on taking that affair in hand at once. For his companion in the labour of digging, and pulling 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 Lenchan 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 j fairy! musha, more power cotched it in airnest now!" s it's she that is the rale you, Darby, but you've

did not satisfy Darby But the fairy he had c so far, as to make him give ne pursuit for the future. He was still on the watch 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 omadhaun?"

"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's quiet agin."

"May the d—l run a huntin' wid you for a big omadhaun; 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 occurrence, that Darby Kelleher had a meeting with a certain Doctor Dionysius Mac Finn, whose name became much more famous than it had hitherto been, from the wonderful events that ensued in consequence.

Of the doctor himself it becomes necessary to say something: his father was one Paddy Finn, and had been so prosperous in the capacity of a cow doctor, that his son Denis, seeing the dignity of a professor in the healing art must increase in proportion to the nobleness of the animal he operates upon, determined to make the human, instead of the brute creation, the object of his To this end he was assisted by his father, who care. 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 bis 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, declarue imself a full physician of one of the Spanish unive s; his name of Denny Finn transformed into Docto Dionysius Mac Finn, or, as his neighbours chose to c it, Mac Fun, and fun enough the doctor certainly e birth to. The little in his pursuit of promoney he once had was fessional honours, and he led 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 't was only a pony, and if he had but occasion to go to the end of the village on a visit, the pony was ordered on ser-He was glad to accept an invitation to dinner vice. 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 saddle and bridle were accordingly removed, and his desire complied with.

The doctor's appearance in the drawing-room, attired as he was, caused no small diversion, but attention was speedily called off from him by the announcement of dinner, that electric sound that stimulates a company at the same instant, and 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."

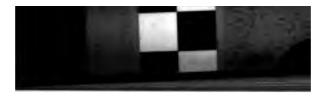
Here an explanation ensued, and the squire ordered a fresh attempt to be made to take the fugitive; but, though many fresh hands were employed in the attempt, the pony baffled all their efforts; — every manœuvre, usually resorted to on such occasions, was vainly put in practice. He was screwed up into corners, but no sooner was he there than, squealing and flinging up his heels, he broke through the blockade; — again his flank was turned by nimble runners, but the pony was nimbler still; a sieve full of oats was presented as an inducement, but the pony was above such vulgar tricks, and defied all attempts at being captured.

"Oh, my good man," : take so much trouble; — jus. proceeding to the spot where ing on the rich grass of th low whistle, and the little ann with as much tractability as bridling did not take much he doctor, "pray don't me go with you;" and pony was still luxuriatuire's lawn, he gave a walked up to his owner og. The saddling and e, 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 hearts' 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 !! — 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," said 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 cr

farmer, if you say God a

"What do you hold me

" Just for fear you'd va you well."

"Then, my good man, i me with proper respect, if y ottomy — by the holy 'll cut your throat."

sht for ? "

you see. Oh, I know

know me so well, treat lease."

"Divil send you respect espect 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 profissionil 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 ha'pny!!! — Why, then, do you think me sitch a gom, all out, as to put me off wid fourpence ha'pny? Throth, for three sthraws, this minit I'd thrash you within an inch o' your life for your impidince. 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 murdher 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 Leprauchaun, you desaiver o' the world!"

"A Leprauchaun !" said the doctor, in mingled indignation and amazement. "My good man, you mistake."

"Oh, how soft I am !— 'T won'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 Leprauchaun; — I'm Doctor Mac Finn."

"That won't do either! you think to desaive me, but 't won't do: — just as if I did n't know a docthor from a Leprauchaun. 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 Kellcher!"

"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 doctor has dirty owld tatthers o' black clothes an him, and is n'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, an' 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 \overline{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 Leprauchaun, 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 Leprauchauns is the biggest liars in the world."

"Sure I know that!" said Darby, "as well as you. Oh! all the throuble I've had wid 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 like 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; "it's not the likes o' you I want when I'm sick; luck to you, you little imp, m my babby, or it's a *Banshe* and sing for my death. Shut looky to be howldin' discoorse "Output discoorse" id the likes iv him."

"Oh!" said the doctor ut his cries were soon stifled by the lid of the cheining closed on him. The key was turned, and Oonan rinkled some holy water she had in a little bottle that hung in one corner of the cabin over the lock, to prevent the fairy having any power over it.

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, remember, 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 grind-stone 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 any thing."

"Well, you must first prepare the mystificandherumbrandherum."

"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 their prize. At last the doctor's friends got him out of the house, and proceeded to the town to supper, where the whole party kept getting magnificently drunk, until sleep plunged them into dizzy dreams of Leprechauns and Fairy Finders.

The doctor for some days swore vengeance against Darby, and threatened a prosecution; but his friends recommended him to let the matter rest, as it would only tend to make the affair more public, and get him nothing but laughter for damages.



As for Darby Kelleher, nothing could ever persuade him that it was not a *real* Leprechaun he had caught, which, by some 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."

As the superstitious reader may have been disappointed in not hearing of a real fairy in the foregoing tale, I will now give an account of a meeting between two superhuman beings; and as prose is too heavy a material wherewith to treat such a subject, I will attempt the story in rhyme.



THE LEPRECHAUN AND THE GENIUS

HIBERNIA'S Genius passed one day Through one of her sweet mountain vallies, Whose emerald Verdure is begot

Where Sun with Show'r so frequent dallies.

Turning around a granite rock, She popp'd upon a shady nook, Where, whisp'ring to some blushing flow'rs, There lisp'd an amatory brook.

It was the very place for love, For vows, that never should be broken,

「いいはやすい」、「「たいれたいい」、「たいない」をすることではないたというという。

1

\$

And forty other silly things,

That never, never should be spoken.

Fancy her wonder then, when in

This sweetest "place for lovers only,"

She saw a Cobbler — making love?

No; — making brogues — and all alonée.



The Leprechaun and the Genius

Alonée, proudée, like a child. None more conceited could you meet; Though his pride was not for his own, But for his neighbour's greater feet. Like most conceited men, too, he Was little, and like little men Was very active too; in short, With him 't was, " Cut and come again." And on he cut, and on he stitch'd, And seem'd to be in greatest gig, For every stitch he gave his brogue, He put another in his wig.¹ Sips from a bottle oft were taken, In which, from mountain side, a few Bright dew-drops from the heath were shaken; In fact his drink was, mountain dew. The Genius, - (by the by 't is odd What lots of geniuses we boast here;) First, as a lady always ought, Look'd round about to see the coast clear. For she, in sooth a single lady, The monster Scandal well might gobble her, If in a solitary glen She was seen talking to a Cobbler. 'T is true that he was very little, And age upon his face did linger; But there's much mischief, it is said, Even in the devil's little finger. 1 "Stitching your wig " means getting tipsy.

And years don't always virtue bring, But he was very, very old, And very, very, ve—ry little; In short, the truth may 's well be told :

1

He was not more than two feet high, With three-coc^{1,*}d hat, red inexpressible, Which, lucky dog was all his own, Seeing he had, 1 home, no Jezebel.

A coat to match, and a flapp'd vest, Over his body — somewhat logy, — At once, to cut description short, He was just like a cut-down fogy.¹

She saw he was a Leprechaun, And at the drams he swill'd galore of, As he was of the "world of spirits,"

Her wonder gradually wore off.

He was a spirit himself — 't was but A kindred link, in social feeling, With other spirit that he wove, And so from *weaving* went to *reeling*.

But to my tale: — The Genius now Thought she might make her fortune featly, If she could catch the Leprechaun, And make him hand the hundreds neatly.

You 'll wonder that a genius, thus, The filthy lust of gold could lure; But pray remember, ere you blame, That geniuses are always poor.

¹ The slang name for a pensioner of the Royal Hospita Ireland. The name will soon be obsolete, as the establishn is to be broken up, and transferred to Chelsea.



The Leprechaun and the Genius

And here, the fate I might lament Of Irish genius in particular, Whose shaft of Hope is sadly bent From its original perpendicular.

The deadly Demon of Decay Has had a fatal sweeping rap at all; Not only is the column bent, But where the d-l is our capital ? Little is left - and what remains How few there are that will " embark " it, Except in steam-packets, to feed The interest of a foreign market. But this is foreign to my tale, And bordering upon political Economy — on which I don't Intend to become analytical. But it accounts the further, why The nymph, of whom my story 's told, Should strive, her tatter'd robe of green To 'broider with the fairy's gold. She stole upon him, but the sprite Was up to trap - not lurking blindly -And, as he finish'd a heel-tap, Look'd up, and said, "Good morrow kindly." Whether the heel-tap of his glass It was, or the heel-tap of leather

He finished, I don't know, — but it Was either — or p'rhaps both together.

"Good morrow," said the Genius, though She wish'd he had not been so circum--Spect, — for she thought the lad to clutch, Altho' she did not mean to Burk him.



She ask'd politely after 's health, And, touching next upon the news, Inquir'd what 't was he work'd upon; He said, "A pair of dead man's shoes."

"A dead man's shoes?" s	he said ; - "why he
Won't want them ?"_	With a devilish air,
" No," said the sprite;	at I can get
What price I fix on-	n his heir."

"Well, that 's more sen	e," said she,
"Than making brog	for living folk,
For while I'm to the f	indeed,
That would be an a	ing joke."

" You?" said the Leprechaun; "I'd beat All women cobblers put together; You ladies may have finer souls, But match me at an upper-leather!

- "For cobbler's duty I will yield To no brogue-maker in the nation;
- My work is *super*, ma'am." Said she, "Indeed 't is super—erogation.
- "Give o'er thy toil, thou senseless sprite; Thy labour's vain. You ought to see
- 'T is useless making brogues for those Whose brogues are ready-made by me.
- "Your brogues are good, I don't deny; But though you made them ne'er so stout,
- They can't endure as long as mine, For those I give will ne'er wear out.
- " Take up your awl, good man, and trudge; And as for bragging — Voce Sotto,
- Your upper-leathers down must go, And give up mending heels in toe toe.



The Leprechaun and the Genius

"Take up your awl, I say, and go." She hoped he'd turn, and she could catch him; But he'd a trick worth two o' that, For, as to tricking, who could match him?

"Maybe you'd give it me," says he; "T is there, behind you, on the stone." She turn'd — and *bis awl* was not there, — When she look'd back — *ber all* was gone.



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

Spanish Boar and Irish Bull

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 Spaniard, 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, one fine day, in a toil, 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 ho some hanks of onions or a Spanish guitar for his intenpresent, and the bright thought struck him, that if could only procure this wonderful savage of the woo of whom report spoke so prodigiously, that it would the most acceptable offering he could make to his friend, and he accordingly set to work to obtain the bris curiosity, and succeeded 1 his negotiation. It was agree that the Boar should remain ashore until the ship y ready for sea, in the pos ssion of his captor, who und took to lodge the curic ity safely on board, whene required, but the captai, having occasion to sail su denly, was unable to set I timely notice to the Spania who happened not to l at home when the captain, person went to demand mis Boar.

ź

2.4

This was unfortunate, but as the occasion was urge and the Irishman could not possibly wait, he was oblig to endeavour to get his pet pig to the ship as well as could without the assistance of the Spaniard, who und stood all about "such small deer," and the consequer was, that the Boar was too much for the sailor, and use the captain's own words, the headstrong bri "slipped his cable and bore right away down the towr to the infinite horror of the worthy townspeople.

"The boar! the boar!" was shouted on all sides, a according to the established rule in such cases, those front of the danger ran before it, and those in the re ran after it, until such a prodigious crowd was screechi at the heels of the Boar, that he was the most terrifi of the party, and in his panic, he turned down the fi open court he saw, off the high street, and ran for life.

Now it happened, that of all places in the world, t spot he selected was the Exchange — and moreover was 'Change hour, and the merchants were very solem rengaged in the mysteries of percentage, when the Be made his appearance amongst them. The Exchange,

Spanish Boar and Irish Bull

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 into 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,

"'T is 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 that the celebrity attached to being a boar-owner had become hacknied, Mrs.

began to think this acq enviable matter, and she hanging to the rafters of than parading up and do the yard which he occupie other purpose than a "par mannerly gentleman had domain, and no one in th of a wild pig no such 1 rather have seen him tchen in ham and flitch, her premises; — besides, rendered useless for any for the pig," for the unmilitary possession of his slishment dared approach

him; to such a degree had this terror arrived, that, at last, his 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 occurrence:

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." This 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!"



Spanish Boar and Irish Bull

" 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 authorities 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 up 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 dhriving to mind?" says Jim.

"Oh, they 're not horses at all," says Mike, "but unnath'ral bastes, you see, that they keep up in the Park beyant."

"And what would they be at all?" says Jim.

"Och, the quarest outla. says Mike, "and all bek employs me; and indeed a all day; — indeed, it's a'm only I sit an a cart ins. Cabrowley." craythurs ye iver seen," to the gintlemin that sant life I have, dhrivin' good as a gintleman's, of being sayted in a

"And what do you com 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 does n'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."

"Blur 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



Spanish Boar and Irish Bull

craythur?" says Mike; "sure that's in the north of Amerikay, where the Hot-in-pots lives."

"Ah, you thief," says Jim, "you did n'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 had n'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, *agrab* !"

"Throth an' I will, and welkim," says Mike; "just get up behind there, 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 did n't take the life iv him."

Jim was sent, heels over head, into the mud, by the Boar brushing by 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. Apple-stands, 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-fan nothing to it; suffice it . until he arrived at the M a mile and a half. Ther was driven into a court, w bay for some time, as in the more experienced than his unruly cattle, flung his fries and over the head of the fugitive, and finally, with some help, secured him.

uddery hunt would be he never cried "stop" Iospital, a run of about flank being turned, he he held his pursuers at ioa affair, until a Paddy, bours in the taming of

I shall not enter into the particulars of how he was, at last, installed in the gardens, - of how 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 last, the gentleman became so unruly, that a large placard, readable a mile and a half off, bearing the one significant word, DANGEROUS, was put up over his The intractability of the beast amounted to domicile. 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



Spanish Boar and Irish Bull

the projector of this scheme was particularly fond; but the lady, that it was intended should have the honour of introducing the 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 mean time, 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 Sorv."

So much, gentle reader, for Spanish *boars* and Irish *bulls*. VOL 11.-13 193



LITTLE FAIRLY

"The world was very guilty of such a ballad some three ages since; but, I think, now `t is 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, etc. etc. (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 foot 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 lived, as the story goes, beyant there, and was a t ried little Shane Ruadh' like her father before mighty cute, and industl wife she was to a sthrivi nighty dacent man that er the back o' the hills man ever afther he marhther, and she was little, dawnshee craythur, but ower, always, and a fine 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 did n'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 whopper, by my sowl! throth she was the full of a door, and was called by the neighbours garran more,² for in throth she was a garran, the dirty dhrop was in her, a nasty 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 divil a chick nor child he had but herself, so that she was a great catch for who-

¹ Red John.

² Big Horse.



ever could get her, as far as the fortin' wint; 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 he goes to Doody and puts his *comether* an the girl, and faix she was glad to be ax'd, and so matthers was soon settled, and the ind of it was they wor married.

Now maybe it's axin' you'd be how he could marry two wives at wanst; but I towld you before, it was long ago, in the good owld ancient times, 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 Well, she had a son of her own soon, and first wife. 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, but 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 cud n'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 mother or father was n'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 did n't care three thraneens for the darlint little chap. And 't was 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 unnath'ral doin's to his own flesh and blood, and

the sayin' through the "There's owld Fairly is the weight of bis sins." same bed he never riz, 1 every day, and sint for the wicked owld sinner, God 1 and sure the priest done w after the priest wint away

was, from one and all, ed to take to bis bed with sure enough off o' that ew weaker and weaker t to make his sowl, the me for sayin' the word, r he could for him; but ed 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 mind — (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 endayyour to make your footin' in heaven," says she, "mayourneen."

"Don't put in your prate 'till you re ax'd," says the owld savage, no ways obleeged that his trusty little owld woman was wantin' to give him a helpin' hand tow'rds puttin' his poor sinful sowl in the way o' glory.

"Lord look down an vou!" savs she.

"Tuck the blanket round my feet," says he, " for I 'm gettin' very cowld."



So the big owld hag of a wife tucked the blankets round him.

"Ah, you were always a comfort to me," says owld Fairly.

"Well, remember my son for that same," says she, for it's time I think you'd be dividin' what you have bechuxt uz," says she.

"Well, I suppose I must do it at last," says the owld chap, "though, hegh! hegh! hegh! Oh this thievin' cough — though 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.

"Hal" says the big owld sthreel again.

"And my farmin' ingraydients," says he.

"Ha!" says she again, takin' a pinch o' snuff.

"And all my cattle," says he.

"Did you hear that, ma'am ?" says the garran more, stickin' her arms akimbo, and lookin' as if she was goin' to bate the woman.

"All my cattle," says the owld fellow, "every head," says he, "barrin' one, and that one is for that poor scaldcrow there," says he, "little Fairly."

"And is it only one you lave my poor boy?" says the poor little woman.

"If you say much," says the owld dyin' vagabone, "the divil resave the taste of 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 he could not reach up so and he run into the next ro to come at the crack'd tayp iv a rag and brought it to h.

" Open it," says the fat

"I have it open now,"

"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 goin' to behave like the hoighth of a gentleman, as I am," says he; "I'll give you your mother's fortune," 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 the 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 lie gotherin' in that taypot, ever since the day I got it from Shane 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. 200

to do as he was bid, but as the corner cupboard, or a stool to stand upon d he got the owld piece her.

ttle Fairly.



"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 whin 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 ould mother snug enough, antil he got a little mud cabin built for her, and the cow gev them milk, and the craythurs got on purty well, antil 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 was n'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 it 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 sh her off the land, but big fellow used to come and the cow was as little and cute her masther - she was a Kerry cow, and there's a er o' cuteness comes out o' Kerry. Well, as I was ng, the cow used to go off as quite as a lamb; but minit the big bosthoon used to turn his back, whoo ! jewel, she used to leap the ditch as clever as a hunth and back wid her again to graze, and faix good us : 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 does n'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, thinkin' how poor little Fairly's cow would be killed. And now was n't he the dirty threacherous, black-hearted villian, 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 dbu dheelish over her, and 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 immediantly, and began to shkin the cow, "and any how," says he, "the cow is good mate, and my ould 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 soals for your brogues for many a long day."

"Oh, I'll do betther wid 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 would n't tell his saycrets to a stone wall, let alone a companion. And what do you think he done wid 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 an partic'lar places he knew av himself, and thin he goes and he gets his mother's fortin', the six shillin's I tould 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 h'ard farther nor a bigger man) well he began to cry out, "Who wants to buy a hide ?—the rale hide — the ould 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 ould chap, that was always poachin' about for bargains — "I never heard 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 would n'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 devil 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 ould 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! it's yourself elbow for it," says Fairly = that you're above the cc favour." nd I see by that same, n, and desarvin' of my

Well, my dear, at the we the people that was gothe

desarvin' o' my favour,"

the fair a'most was there), organ 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 was n'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 ould 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 was n't rich enough before." Well, the ould 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 ould fellow's luck.

"Why nat?" says another, "sure he'd shkin a flint any day, and why would n'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 was n't so high thin as they are now, by rayson of the staymers, that makes gintlemin av 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.¹

You may be sure the poor owld mother of little Fairly was proud enough whin 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 time," says little Fairly, "but you must set off to my brother's now, and ax him to lind me the loan av his scales."

"Why, what do you want wid a scales, honey?" says the owld mother.

"Oh! I'll tell you *that* another time too," says little Fairly, "but be aff now, and don't let the grass grow undher your feet."

Well, off wint the owld woman, and maybe you'd want to know yourself what it was Fairly wanted wid the scales. Why, thin, he only wanted thim just for to make big Fairly curious about the matther, that he might play him a thrick, as you'll see by-an-by.

Well, the little owld woman was n't long in bringin' back the scales, and whin she gave them to little Fairly, "There, now," says he, "sit down beside the fire, and there's a new pipe for you, and a quarther 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 curosity 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 was n't there long when he seen them both crassin' a style hard by, and in he jumped into the gripe o' the

¹ On Easter Sunday, in Ireland, whoever is not proscribed, by the dire edicts of poverty, from the indulgence, has a morsel of meat, as a *bonne bouche* after the severe fasting in Lent, enjoined by the Roman Catholic Church.

ditch, and run 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 was n't well in, whin the cord o' the latch was dhrawn, and in marched big Fairly, and the garran more, his mother, without " hy your lave," or " God save t all.1 Well, my jewel, you," for they had no bree the minit they clapped th es an the goold, you'd think the sight id lave th s; and indeed not only their eyes, let alone, but tongues in their heads a word either o' them was no use to thim, for t could spake for beyant a e minutes. So, all that time, little Fairly kept ... nindin' them, but wint an a weighin' the goold, as oney as a nailor, and at last, whin 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." — "Thin 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 any thing but your poor beggarly cow, and she's dead."

"Throth, then, she is dead; and more by token, 't was yourself done for her, complate, any how; and I'm behoulden to you for 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

¹ Good manners.



a rap you see here I'd have had if my cow was alive, for I wint 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, whin I got there, there was no ind to the demand for hides, and the divil a one, good, bad, or indifferent, was there but my own, and there was any money for hides, and so I got a hundher guineas for it, and there they are."

"Why thin 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 apiece for all their hides," and accordingly off he wint to the next fair, hard by, and he brought a car load o' hides, and began to call out in the fair, "Who wants the hides? — here 's the chape hides — only a hundher guineas apiece !"

"Oh do you hear that vagabone that has the assurance to come chatin' the country again?" says some people that was convaynient, and that heerd o' the doin's at the other fair, and how the man was chated by a *sleeven* 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.

VOL. 11. -- 14

"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 an the spot," says they - and with that they fell an him, and thrash'd him like a shafe, till they did n't lave a spark o' sinse in him, and then they left him sayin', "Are you " v, my boy! - faix you'll be a warnin' to all rogues futhur, how they come to fairs, chatin' honest min their money, wid cockand-bull stories about their -but in throth I think your own hide is n't much tter of the tannin' it got to-day - faix an' it was the oak bark was put to it. and that's the finest tan st the world, and I think it 'ill sarve you for the reyour life." - And with that they left him for dead.

But you may remark, it's hardher to kill a dirty noxious craythur than any thing good, — and so by big Fairly — he conthrived to get home, and his vagabone mother sawdhered him up afther a manner, and the minit he was come to his sthrenth 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' shillely in his fist — and "Oh," says he, "you little mischievous miscrayant," says he, "what made you ruinate me by makin' me kill my cows?" says he.

"Sure I did n't bid you kill your cows," says little Fairly — and that was all thrue, for you see, *there* was the cuteness o' the little chap, for he did n't *bid* him kill them sure enough, but he *let an* in that manner, that deludhered the big fool, and sure divil mind him.

"Yes, you did bid me," says big Fairly, "or all as one as bid me, and I have n't a cow left, and my bones is bruk all along o' your little jackeen *manyeuvers*, you onlooky sprat that you are, but by this and that I'll have my revinge 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 could n'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 ould 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 ould 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 ould mother was a nurse to the Souire 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 to 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 ould 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 ould 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 you, Masther Tommy," ther Jimmy, Miss Matty "an' I'm glad to see yould Mammy nurse com "and she's down by the gingerbread for yiz," say to her first 'ill get the m. e, and says he, "God save e, "God save you, Mas-Miss Molshee," says he, ll, and sure there's the e yiz, childhre," says he, n the garden, and she has and whoever o' yiz runs gerbread; and I'd rekim-

mind viz 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 wid sitch voylence, that the first o' thim run whack up agin the poor ould 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 viz see my lovely ould mother is dhrowned by these devil's imps o' childhre ? " says he. " Oh Masther Jimmy, is that the way you thrated the poor ould mammy nurse, to go dhrownd her like a rot afther that manner?" "Oh, the childhre did n'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 sitch 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' ould 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 mornin's work, and that he had very little for his money in a dead ould woman, but sooner than have the childhre get into throuble and have the matther made a blowin' born of, he gev him the fifty guineas, and the ould 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 ould 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 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 did n'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' 213

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 would n'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 w let me lave the house u faix he gev me fifty guin.

" Is it fifty guineas fo

"It's thruth I'm tell into the bargain, and the no sitch thing to be ha ould woman — there's and by dad he would n't t sellin' her to him, and her."

pse ? "

, and was much obleeged n is, you see, that there's ove or money, as a dead in' them at all at all, so

that a dead ould 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 whin I tell you. Little Fairly had n't well turned his back, whin the big savage wint into the house where his ould 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 iv 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 heerd the vagabone talkin' of fifty guineas for an owld woman, he began to laugh at him; but whin he opened the sack, and seen how the poor owld cravthur was murthered, he set up a shout. "Oh, you vagabone," says he, "you sack-im-up villian !" 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 docthor 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 miscrayint?" says he.

"I have n'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 *spidbogue* 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 danted by the fierce looks o' the big bosthoon.

"Whisht! you vagabone!" says the big chap. "You did n'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 could n't help havin' 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."¹

"Whoo! that's the you're puttin' an us no faith it's the only thing him."

"Yis, I larned how fi chap less than myself, a how good a scholar I am it, for I towld you just choolmasther's speech is little Fairly, " and larned, I b'lieve, from

ig it is to whop a little ll see, with a blessin', ame; and you desarve fore 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 boghole, in the Bog of Allen, and if you throuble me afther that, faix I think it 'ill 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 tarin' rage, straight for the Bog of Allen. Well, to be sure, he could n't help stoppin' at a public-house, by the road side, for he was dhry, with the 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 was n'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);

¹ A lady assured me of this as the genuine speech of a hedge schoolmaster.



and so, as he was goin' in, 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 beaven."

"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 did n'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 thruth," 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?"

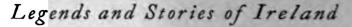
"Faix, they are on their road there, at all events," says little Fairly, " and if they lose their way, it's their own fault."

"Oh thin," says the farmer, "maybe you'd let me get into the sack along wid you, for to go to heaven too."

"Oh, the horse that's to bring us does n't carry double," says little Fairly.

"Well, will you let me get into the sack instead iv 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 impidince to ax me to do the like." And with that, the farmer ontied the sack, and little Fairly popped out his head. "Why, thin." I think," says he, "that a hangin'-bone lookin' to you, has a right to go to heaven afore me?"

"Oh," says the farm in my time, and I have tell you the thruth, I'd sack, if it's thrue what ve been a wicked sinner h longer to live; and, to to get to heaven in that me."

"Why," says little "don't you know it is by sackeloth and ashes that the faithful see the light o' glory?"

"Thrue for you indeed," says the farmer. "Oh murther, let me get in there, and I'll make it worth your while."

"How do you make that out?" says little Fairly.

"Why, I'll give you five hundher guineas," says the farmer, "and I think that's a power o' money."

"But what's a power o' money compared to heaven?" says little Fairly; "and do you think I'd sell my sowl for five hundher guineas?"

"Well, there 's five hundher more in an owld stockin', in the oak box, in the cabin by the crass-roads, at 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 yours also, if you let me into that sack, that I may go to heaven instead o' you."

"Oh think o' my poor little soul," says Fairly.



Little 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 agin, and you'll hear o' things you never done at all," says little Fairly, "but never say a word, or you won't go where I was goin'. Oh! why did I let you persuade me?"

"Lord reward you !" says the poor farmer.

"And your conscience will be sthreckin' you all the time," says little Fairly; "and you 'll think a'most it's a stick it sthrekin' you, but you must n'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 mislaydin' you, and just do you keep quite (quiet) and you'll see the ind 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 wollor poor baste, and the sack he thought, the big fool), where his little brother w and to gibe, and jeer hi his divarshin. But the poor farmer did as little towld him, an' never a word he said at all, thou could n't help roaring out every now and thin, v felt the soft ind of big Fairly's shillelah across chone; and sure the poor fool thought it was his u onscience and the seven

deadly sins was tazin' him; but he would n'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 whin he had him there, faix he was n't long in choosin' a boghole for him - and, my jew'l, in he popped the poor farmer neck and heels, sack and all; and as the soft 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 wid 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 in 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 whin he seen it was himself, he wondhered, to be sure, and



Little Fairly

small blame to him — and says he, "Well, as cute as I knew you wor, by gor, this last turn o' yours 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 this 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 — it's thruth I'm tellin' you — O, divil sitch meadows I ever seen, and whin 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 1. many o' them as your hea wid you.'— 'Why sure,' myself, up out of the bog afther me?'— 'Oh,' say for you have nothin' to c way over there,' says he enough, my darlint, I got Vell,' says he, 'take as res, and bring them home , 'how could I get back, t alone dhraggin' bullocks the way is aisy enough, lhrive them out the back in' to a gate. And sure bastes you see here, and

dhruv them out, and here 1 am 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 should n'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 whin 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, cryin' out as he passed him, "I'll win the day!



Little Fairly

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 run to that degree, and he was afeared that little Fairly would bate him and get all the cattle, and he was wishin' for a gun that he might shoot him, whin the cute little divil, just as he kem close to the edge o' 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 was n't well out of his mouth whin 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 "Hurroo! [" says little Fairly, gettin' an his legs of it. 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

"Here will be an old abusing of

DWOOD¹

ce and the King's English." SHAKSPEARE,

THERE is a little named Roundwoo. the many beauties of that

village in Wicklow, s a sort of outpost to c and lovely county,

and, consequently, often made a scopping place by those ramblers who can steal a day or two from toil and care, and have the dust of Dublin blown from about them by the mountain breezes of the alpine county 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 the 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 custom to this original, Judy would salute the weary

¹ 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 Standard Actor."



Judy of Roundwood

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 high 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 withdrawing her apron with one hand, from over the measure of spirits 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; viz 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 vol. 11. - 15 225

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 bap. If you want your brek, it's a good one you may expec; if you want your din, this is the place k in; and Ju will give you the opportu, the cons d the materia, and the timpta; and if you only w I, ring the bell. That's what I said the other (O'Toole; the ignorant people calls him Mr. C but he's not Misther O'Toole, but O'Toole, descinded from King O'Toole, of these parts. morrow, Judy, says he. - Thank you, kindly, sit, I. Here's a gent that

is come to see you, says uc, 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 calls 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 trinds, 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



Judy of Roundwood

pinch o' snuff: and he, bein' a rale gintleman, av coorse liked the blackguard;¹ 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 furriners takes, sure there's no good in any thing or anybody that is n't always dbry, 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 - makin' a low curtshee for the civil - I give 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 incrase their admira for the beauties 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 sitch 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 nowhere 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

¹ Lundy Foot's celebrated snuff.

rasher, says I; for the *artif* of my *abrevia*, 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 — coming into th to enjoy the admira of said, I brought in the ra Wal was indig; and, saylike to a dacent man? says I, the necess is my an self wid the laughin'. the po'thry an the walks

ty Wick with a short stick attices of na — Well, as I a cracked plate, and Sir How dar you bring the hat do you think I said? thought he'd split himthat he wint to reading at last he kem to one

that a young vag — from the Col — the Univer — Trin. Coll. Dub, wrote an me — and I put my hand over it; — Don't read that, sir, says I — for I purtended 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, 't was written by a culga, and 't would shock your sinsibil, if any thing 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 gintlemen 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.



Judy of Roundwood

T. M., says I.

Who's T. M.? says he.

You're mighty ignorant, says I, to Sir Wal. Was n'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 wor 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 sarvants, by a way o' my own.

You 've taken the *worth* out of my name, Judy, says she, mighty good-nathured.

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 would n'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?

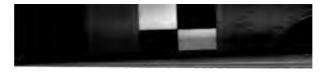
Oh, I wish you seen the look he gave when I said that!



!



IRISH SKETCHES



IRISH BARDS AND IRISH MUSIC

A MONG the most certain as well as the pleasantest criteria of a people's antiquity is their possession of national music. It is like the distinction of high birth — no one despises but he who is without it. There is no country that has enjoyed but has shown its sense of such a treasure, and it has often proved the most enduring title that a land can make to ancestral honours. Should any one question those of Ireland, she has only to point to her music and say, "Behold my title deeds!" Upon this particular, at least, however it may have carried upon others, public opinion has been unanimous. The world's concurrent and applausive testimony has acknowledged the right of Ireland to be styled "the land of song."

The history of her music is that of her bards. They were the great favourites of the Celtic tribes at the earliest period of which we have any record. Strabo, Diodorus, and others tell us that they flourished before the time of Augustus, and were held in higher honour among the Celtic nations than the Gothic. In Ireland, however, they enjoyed a notable pre-eminence. They formed an established order, which could boast of its high appointments and its lucrative possessions. They also discharged distinguished functions - they were the poets, the Court minstrels, and the genealogists of their In a country where antiquity was particularly time. prized, the services were duly valued of those who could unravel its mysteries, from Milesius down to their own

day, and from Adam down to Milesius. Besides this, who but the bard could enliven great festivities with songs of love and merriment — who could so depict the loveliness of woman — who so rehearse the joys of wine — who so celebrate the valour and the triumphs of his chieftain, or raise the impassioned lament over departed worth and great

The musical eminence as his social. As early was as celebrated for her out Europe for her lean scholars to all nations, en students; and the vener the custom of the Englis bard was as well attested seventh century Ireland sly as she was through-She has been furnishing her own sons or in her de tells us that it was ll ranks to retire to her

shores for study and devotion, and to acquire the harper's In the fourteenth century Giraldus Cambrensis, art. though a native of Wales - which was famous for its music - frankly gives the palm to Ireland for pre-eminence in that pursuit; whilst Caradoc, another Welshman, with equal candour acknowledges that his countrymen owed to the Irish all their instruments, tunes, and measures. Even Scotland, in those early days, did not disavow her obligations. John de Fordun, a Scottish priest who visited the "land of song" towards the end of the fourteenth century, proclaims it to be the "musical fountain" which had flowed over into Wales and Scotland; and John Major, in his panegyric on James I. of Scotland, calls him an Orpheus that touched the harp even more exquisitely than the Irish, who were its most eminent professors.

The harp, then, was the national instrument. Mr. Beauford, in his essay on its history, says that "its true figure was discovered by the bards" — and "on examination it will prove to have been constructed on exact harmonic principles"; and among the proofs that its fame was widely diffused at an early period, the illustrious Dante had an Irish harp of whose makers he



observes that they not only excelled in its construction, but had been unrivalled in its use for ages. The Irish had four kinds of harps, the larger of which — the *clar seagh* — was used only by the minstrels, whilst the other and smaller instruments were appropriated by ladies, ecclesiastics, and members generally of the higher classes. Again, their musical vocabulary was wholly distinct from any other, clearly proving an original school; and in naming the strings of the instrument, they showed that poetic and descriptive power of language which is remarkable in the conversation of the Irish to this day.

The use of the harp, then, in Ireland, was co-extensive with the love of music. It was one of the usages of good society. At any festive meeting the instrument was handed round to all the company in turn, when every one was expected to display his skill and taste on it. Its use was, in fact, a part of a gentleman's education — the want of which would have been considered a very discreditable deficiency. It is clear, therefore, that the chief performers on an instrument such as this must have been great favourites with all classes, and their influence was not lessened when their social standing was combined with so much political importance.

By their impassioned songs in honour of their country the bards kept alive the spirit of national independence. They thus became a body obnoxious in the greatest degree to their rulers, and were very soon subjected to a cruel persecution. This occurred earliest perhaps in Wales, where harpers, having prompted the boldest resistance to the Saxon yoke, were, of course, among the first to undergo the invader's vengeance. When the Saxons in their turn were subjected by the Normans, their own bards were in like fashion doomed to expulsion or extinction; and when, in the blending of Norman and Saxon, the wrongs of conquest were forgotten then war was proclaimed against the bard of Ireland, as an opponent of Anglo-Saxon rule.

Music, however, the object of such hatred, was destined to triumph over her assailant. If undelivered by her sword, Ireland recovered in her harp the lasting acknowledgment of her renown, and the testimony was all the greater considering how arbitrary was its source. It was at the command of Henry VIII. that the harp, the emblem of Ireland, w uartered in the arms of England. Still, agreeably he old saying, that "we may be favourable to the on, and yet may hate the traitor " -- in those days it a s that, much as they liked the music, they detested musicians. Capital enactments were passed again " harpers, rhymers, and genealogists " - and so it a e to pass that, whilst the harp was honourably hung in e quarterings of England, the unhappy harpers themselves were both hung and quartered in Ireland.

Still, in spite of all this cruelty, the bards survived and flourished. They were welcomed, housed, and sheltered by the people in all directions, and however liberal and cordial was the entertainment they received, it was fortunately in their power to give ample in return. It is curious to observe that England is the only country where laws were enacted against music, and one is almost tempted to conjecture that her long and herce crusade against the national strains of Ireland is to be numbered among the causes of her having no native music of her own. So long as the bard was connected with rebellion and was hunted down in one land, his was an office that was scarcely likely to become popular in the other.

Henry's illustrious daughter Elizabeth was one of the great lovers of Irish music. The "Talbot Papers" contained in Lodge's *Illustrations of British History* give a letter from the Earl of Worcester to the Earl of Shrewsbury, which has this decisive passage — "We are frolic here in Court — much dancing in the Privy Chamber of country dances before the Queen's Majesty, who is exceedingly pleased therewith. Irish tunes are at



this time most pleasing to her." Again, that Irish songs must have been current in England at that period may be deduced from the fact that Shakespeare uses in his Henry V. the burthen of an Irish song — the words, that is to say — and in the original language, — a fact which, by the bye, has much disturbed the repose of commentators, and given rise to a quantity of discussion which might have been avoided had these gentlemen, in addition to their other stores of knowledge, only possessed that of Irish.

The last of the purely Irish bards was Carolan. It is now little over a century that he died and left behind him some of the most original and delightful songs and music of his country. Blind from the age of eighteen, his reading must have been very limited; and yet, considering the period he lived in, his literary accomplishment was something wonderful. Goldsmith testifies to this, who saw him in his own boyhood, and in reference to his poetic power compares its vigour to that of Pindar. To a highly convivial spirit he united, in his love effusions, a singularly pure and delicate feeling, and as an evidence of his constancy, as well as of the exquisite sense of touch which is peculiar to the blind, the story is related of him that he recognized his early love, from whom he had been parted twenty years, by the simple pressure of her hand. His charming song of Mabel Kelly well illustrates his poetic fancy; which was as graceful as it was tender, and especially the second verse : ----

To gaze on her beauty, the young hunter lies

'Mong the branches that shadow her path in the grove.

But, alas ! if her eyes

The rash gazer surprise,

All eyesight departs from the victim of love,

And the poor blind one steals home with his heart full of sighs.

THE IF

BRIGADE

THE story of the Ir interesting episodo people. Their ardent n the results of their Celti, many centuries, in savag.

gade is one of the most he history of the Irish pirit, which was one of had been wasted through among themselves, or in

fruitless resistance to their invaders — and when at length it had become disciplined, under Sarsefield and St. Ruth, and acquired a force which might have vielded England the greatest service in her ensuing wars, it was lost to her through the intolerance which proscribed the religion of a nation.

The laws of the period, which forbade Catholics to bear arms under the English crown, blindly renounced all the advantages to be derived from their devotion, and compelled the army of James II., when disbanded at the Peace of Limerick, to pass over to the continent, and enrol under its various monarchs. Almost every throne of Europe profited by the bold hearts and stalwart frames of the buoyant sons of the Emerald Isle, except only the one that still nominally claimed their allegiance whilst repudiating their services. It was in France, however, that James's army was found principally to reassemble, — owing, probably, to the greater sympathy of the Hibernian and the Celtic temperaments,— and there formed themselves into a body, which soon became distinguished under the title of the "Irish Brigade."

These gallant emigrants, who left behind them all their social and domestic ties, carried abroad with their



untarnished honour and their indomitable courage all their unconquerable gaiety, and their undying love for their native country. Almost as deep, however, perhaps, was their love for their native music. So strong was it, indeed, that they refused to march to the French tunes, and on all military occasions insisted on the use of their national airs — a gratification that was conceded to them, though the same favour was denied to the Swiss. For this, however, there was a reason. The music of the *Ranz des Vaches* awoke in the breast of the latter such a passionate longing for home, that it often led to desertion; whilst in the poor Irishman, whose home was lost to him, no such danger was to be feared.

A continuous evil resulted from the expatriation of these men. The Brigade, which was sent into exile when over 14,000 strong, was always actively recruited in Ireland, however illegally, and at some risk, — and thus, year after year, the valorous youth that ought to have fought under the flag of William and Marlborough, went abroad to espouse the cause and swell the forces of their enemies — until, at length, it fell to their lot to face the heroes they should have shouldered, and to inflict on England her greatest military disaster throughout the century. It was the impetuous charge of the Irish Brigade that won for the French the battle of Fontenoy. Well might George II. exclaim, on reviewing such a fact — "Sad indeed are the laws that deprive me of such soldiers."

During the course of almost a century the Brigade was enrolled in the French army, and had an honourable share in all the latter's brightest achievements in Flanders, Spain, and Italy. Many instances of its staunch fidelity and its daring, decisive courage might be quoted from the military records of those days; but one especially may be selected, which in its singular combination of the heroic and the grotesque must be regarded as very national.

Cremona, besieged by Prince Eugène, and defended by the French, was surprised one morning before dawn, and would inevitably have been lost but for the promptitude of the Irish. Whilst the punctilious and ornate Frenchmen were deliberately buttoning up their regimentals, the former, at the sound of their trumpets, ly staying to buckle on jumped out of bed, and their crossbelts and car boxes, seized their guns and hurried to the Squar e, on forming in fighting " Halt - dress ! " were, order, their commander's at least in one respect, s ous. Their indifference was all the greater that to appearances on this or the period was mid-wint d the city was near the In this condition the ere charged by the Aus-Alps.

trian Cuirassiers. It was steel-coats against night-shirts; but the linen trade of Ireland proved the more formidable of the two. The Austrians were driven back, and the French had time to form and recover possession of the town. For this brilliant service the Brigade was honoured with the emphatic thanks of Louis XIV., and also had their pay increased.

But these fearless fellows, as may be supposed, carried abroad to their new service not only their courage and fidelity, but all their exuberance as Irishmen. Their rollicking spirit and love of fun were quite as great as their love of fighting, and at times were so opposed to propriety and discipline, that the martinets of the French ranks had to make formal complaints on the matter. It was on one such occasion that a great compliment was paid them by the brave Duke of Berwick, who, however, had good reason to love them for their devotion to his father. "Marshal," said the king to him, "this Irish Brigade gives me more trouble than all my army put together."- "Please your Majesty," replied the Duke, "vour enemies make just the same complaint of them.'

The idol of the Brigade was the celebrated Marshal



Saxe, whose great bravery, in union with his jovial, mirthful temperament, gave him a character that was so engaging and so kindred to their own. It was in reference to him originated one of the blunders of poor Pat that has so often been repeated and localised everywhere. The Marshal was wounded in some engagement, and, moreover, it was reported — in his back. None of the Brigade, however, would believe it. "When did he ever show his back to them?" was the general exclamation. "Was n't it his face they knew the most of, and was n't it *their* backs that he knew best?" At last a solution of the mystery was hit upon. — "He was purshuing 'em, you see, and just to make the villins think that, on the conthrary, he was retrating, he buttoned his coat behind him !"

Of the anecdotes and jokes told of the Brigade during their extended foreign service — proofs of a humour and light-heartedness which even exile could not subdue the number is indeed legion. Gallic vanity forced them often into the attitude of censors, and several of their repartees are excellent, and as full of sense as they were of pleasantry. Among the mass of these is one that has been often referred to other sources, — when a Frenchman, claiming for his country the invention of all the elegances, named among other things a ruffle, and Pat answered, "We improved on it — we put to it a shirt."

In the same spirit, but less known, was his retort upon a shopkeeper in some petty town where he was quartered. The place had rather a pretentious gate, and the grocer, dilating on its grandeur, and asking what the Irish would say if they possessed it — "Faith, they'd say," was his reply, "we'll kape the big gate shut, or the dirty little town will be after running out of it." The sarcasm, however, was deeper and more essentially Hibernian when, on his going somewhere to dine, after hearing great praises of French cookery, he saw a pot of soup brought in with a bit of meat floating on the top of

VOL. 11. - 16

it, — upon which he pulled off his coat, and being asked why he did so, said, "Sure I am going to have a swim for that little bit of mate there."

Among the adventures recorded of the Brigade, one of the most amusing was an occurrence in the time of the Regent Orleans, in honour of whose birthday a in Paris. It was a highgrand masquerade was class affair ; tickets we ble louis d'or each - all the rank and beauty c. were assembled round the rious supper crowned the Regent, and a costly as attractions of the night ilst the entertainment was proceeding, one of the e's suite approached and whispered to him, " It h your Royal Highness's while to step into the cooms; there is a yellow

Domino there, who is the most extraordinary cormorant ever witnessed; — he is a prodigy, your Highness — he never stops eating and drinking; and the attendants say, moreover, that he has not done so for some hours." His Royal Highness went accordingly — and sure enough there was the yellow Domino, laying about him as described, and swallowing every thing as ravenously as if he had only just begun. Raised pies fell before him like garden palings before a field-piece — pheasants and quails seemed to fly down his throat in a little covey — the wine he drank threatened a scarcity, whatever might be the next vintage.

After watching him for some time, the Duke acknowledged he was a wonder, and laughingly left the room; but shortly afterwards, on passing through another, he saw the yellow Domino again, and as actively at work as ever, — devastating the dishes everywhere, and emptying the champagne bottles as rapidly as they were brought to him. Perfectly amazed, the Duke at last could not restrain his curiosity. "Who," he asked, " is that insatiate ogre that threatens such annihilation to all the labours of our cooks?" Accordingly, one of the suite was dispatched to him. "His Royal Highness the



Duke of Orleans desires the yellow Domino to unmask." But the Domino begged to be excused, pleading the privilege of masquerade. "There is a higher law," replied the officer—"the royal order must be obeyed." "Well, then," answered the incognito, "if it must be so, it must;" and unmasking, exhibited the ruddy visage of an Irish trooper.

"Why, in the name of Polyphemus!" exclaimed the Regent as he advanced to him, "who and what are you? I have seen you eat and drink enough for a dozen men at least, and yet you seem as empty as ever."

"Well, then," said the trooper, "since the saycret must come out, plase your Royal Highness, I am one of Clares' Horse, — that's the guard of honour to-night, and when our men was ordered out, we clubbed our money to buy a ticket, and agreed to take our turn at the supper-table, turn and turn about."

"What!" exclaimed the Duke, "the whole troop coming to supper?"

"Oh, it's asy, plase your Highness; sure one domino would do for all of us, if ache tuk it in turn. I'm only the eighteenth man, and there's twelve more of us to come."

The loud laughter of the jovial Duke, probably the heartiest he had had for a long time, was the response to this explanation, followed by a louis d'or to the dragoon, and a promise to keep his "saycret," till the entire troop had supped.

The career of the Irish Brigade closed with the approach of the French Revolution — and fortunately for them, no doubt; since, had they remained in France, there is little question they would have maintained their loyalty, and been massacred like the Swiss. But before they were broken up, they were addressed by the king in person, who, thanking them with much emotion for their devotion to the house of Bourbon, which they had displayed throughout a century, presented them with a

banner in which the shamrock and fleur de lis were interwoven, with a laudatory motto. There was some ground for the king's emotion, if the historians of the Brigade are at all to be relied on — that in the course of the century upwards of 450,000 Irishmen had died in the ranks of France. What an army lost to England — what a comment on the Penal C





OUTLAWS AND EXILES

I RELAND has had her outlaws, civil and political, almost as numerously as her exiles. They were, in the first instance, her patriots, who retreated to their wilds and fastnesses in order to sustain the national freedom. Ordinarily the history of such people has more romance in it than crime. They may be called outlaws by their invaders, and they may make invasion rather troublesome, but our sympathies are likely rather to go with them than against them, — as in English history, for instance, we side with the Welsh who took to their hills, rather than with the Saxons who dispossessed them, and — when the rule of the latter was overthrown rather with the Saxon that succumbed and suffered, than with the Norman that oppressed.

Our repugnance has only arisen when such men have at length been tempted to forget the general good in the indulgence of their own — when, in their refusal to submit to new laws, they have at length failed to respect the oldest — till, all authority being at an end, all order has expired with it, or, on being re-established in some individual will, that will became released from all moral obligations. Some exceptions to the rule of the latter are, of course, to be adduced, as in the case of Robin Hood, whose merry life in Sherwood forest, however insubordinate, was tempered with so much generosity and gaiety, that its character will always appear to us much more romantic than really criminal.

Of the patriot class of Irish outlaws, the victorious O'Neil, known in English annals as Tyrone, is one of

the earliest and most memorable - the ingenuity and skilfulness of the resources he adopted being not less remarkable than the courageous spirit that sustained them. As time, however, advances, a lower type succeeds. We have the robber pur et simple, as in the case of "Ned of the Hill," but who still contrived to mingle

some little romantic el He was an accomplish intrepid captain - co sword, and was quite a. sex as to the coarser.

with his predatory doings. cian, as well as a highly is tongue as well as his us, it appears, to the fairer

Less graceful, but no iventurous, was the long-Irish title of *Cabir na* (He was a One of the He

He was a Queen's County nero, where tradition, I believe, still points to his grave among the hills, and was more distinguished as a robber of cattle than of ordinary property, making constant inroads on the English settlements, and carrying off their horses, which, it is said, he dragged away by their tails, in the manner of the classic giant, in order to avoid their being tracked. Numerous stories are recounted of his cleverness as well as boldness, and in the sale of his stolen merchandise, as well as in its seizure. On one occasion, it is said, a purchaser asked him to be candid. " Is it a good horse you are selling me?" "For what do you want him?" was the answer. "To send to England." "Oh, he 'll do for that; he's a good horse for exportation; he's very well at sea, if he is n't worth much upon land."

At some interval of time succeeded the "Claude Duval" school of outlaws --- the gentlemanly highwaymen, who elevated robbery almost into a refinement, and of whom the great exampler was the famous Redmond O'Hanlon. His exactions were all levied with as much courtesy on the men, as they were marked by a fine air of gallantry towards the ladies. His example became infectious - others assumed his courtly manners,



and one even had the audacity to make use of his name. Whereupon, jealous of a fame which had made his career so exceptional, he disguised himself and contrived to fall in with his presumptuous counterfeit, — and when politely asked for his purse in the name of Redmond O'Hanlon, he with equal grace, demurring to being pillaged by himself, speedily disarmed the pretender and carried him off to the neighbouring town, where, by means of his emissaries, he gave him up to justice.

The disbanding of James the Second's army led to the next phase of outlaw life, when the better portion of those soldiers having enrolled themselves in foreign service, the dregs remained behind, and formed the worst kind of marauders, under the title of Rapparees. The derivation of their name is uncertain, though it is commonly connected with their principal implement - a pike; but no doubt lingers as to their character, the viciousness of which had acquired a tinge of ferocity from their military experience. These were succeeded in the next century by bands of political offenders, --- the "Whiteboys" and "Peep o' Day Boys," - who rose against the Penal Code, or in hostility to a rival communion. These men were not robbers in the ordinary sense of the term; but they were outlaws, nevertheless, and in many cases suffered the extremest penalties of the law.

The ludicrous, however, in their instance, as in that of grander culprits, was often mingled with a gloomy fate and a stern display of justice. A White-boy, who was a blacksmith, and who was condemned to transportation for life, excited powerful sympathy on the score of his professional merits. He lived in a hunting county where his aid was thought so valuable, that an application was made to the judge in order that his sentence might be mitigated. "He is the only man, your honour," said the influential deputation, "who can shoe a horse for miles about us." "Impossible, gentlemen," replied the Rhadamanthus; "an example must be made." "Very true,"

observed the applicants; "but, you see, we have only got one blacksmith, whilst we have a crowd of idle weavers. Could not you take one of the weavers?"

The Rapparees, as I have said, were the worst marauders Ireland has produced. Disbanded soldiers of the lowest class, they united to their vices sufficient order to enable them to rob othe country under pret it must be owned that, we lows had a spice of humou. its nationality, unmistaka

One of them, arrested 1 ighway rebrought before a magistrat, serted the entitled to be pitied than to be punished.

ighway robbery, on being serted that he was more punished.

"Pitied !" exclaimed the justice, whilst his eyebrows arched with more than ordinary wonder and contempt — "and on what account, pray?"

"Sure, on account of my misfortune."

"Your misfortune, indeed! What, that we have caught you, I suppose?"

"Oh, the jintleman that's brought me here knows my misfortune well enough."

But the gentleman was as astonished as the magistrate himself, and as incapable of guessing the culprit's meaning.

"You will own, I suppose," said his worship, "that you stopped this gentleman on the highway?"

"Oh, ves! I did that same."

"And that you took from him fifty pounds in Bank of Wexford bills?"

" And there your honour's right again."

"Well, then, you perplexing vagabond, what do you mean by your misfortune?"

"Sure, I mean that the money was n't in my pocket above a week, when the dirty bank stopped payment, and I was robbed of every shillin'."



BULLS AND BLUNDERS

`HE Irish have achieved a great celebrity in the matter of bulls and blunders. By the uninitiated these are terms which are constantly confounded, but when they are looked into, it will be seen there is the greatest difference between them. Blundering arises from stupidity, and the stupid are a race who are found all over the world; but the bull - a peculiarity that belongs exclusively to Ireland --- is always connected with thought, and originates in the imaginative power of its people. It is not at all a dull absurdity which no one can comprehend — it is always comprehensible, even when it is most confused. It proceeds, not from the want, but the superabundance of ideas, which crowd on each other so fast in an Irishman's pericranium, that they get jammed together, so to speak, in the doorway of his speech, and can only tumble out in their ordinary disorder.

Confusion may indeed be called a national characteristic. It pervades all Irish history. If the stream of the latter in early days has its gleams of bright tranquillity, sorely troubled does it become as it descends the steeps of Time, till, as it flows on in later ages, it encounters obstructions political and religious, which give it a turmoil and perplexity that we cannot survey without deploring. As with the affairs of unhappy Ireland, so has it ever been with its peasantry. Public and social disorders have communicated a jar to the brains of Pat; and if he can be accused now and then of being a little erratic in his sayings and doings, he

can at least console himself by pointing to a long historical authority. He may say — "Arrah! now, why would n't I be confused? Was n't all of us confused, and from the airliest times, and is n't a man to be consistent? Would you have him turn his coat when scarcely a rag of it is left him?"

A good example of a hull may be cited in the case of the two Irishmen who, other, crossed the street ing their error — "I b " Oh, don't mention . mutual mistake; you s you thought it was me of us."

A good pendant to this ... I of two friends who met and referred to the illness of a third.

"Poor Michael Hogan ! 'Faith, I'm afraid he's going to die."

"And why would he die?"

"Oh, he's got so thin. You're thin enough, and I'm thin — but, by my sowl, Michael Hogan is thinner than both of us put together."

A bull is sometimes produced by the false use of a word, as in the case of an Irish watchman giving evidence at a police office.

"What is this man's offence?"

"He was disorderly, your worship, in the strates, last night."

"And did you give him warning before you took him into custody?"

"I did, your worship. I said to him - 'Disparse!'"

Again, a bull may be occasioned by a confusion of identities — as when it was said of an ugly man, that he was handsome when an infant, but he was unluckily changed at nurse; or as it was shown in the fervour of a girl, who, desiring her lover's miniature, and he fearing it might lead to a discovery — "Oh, it need n't,"



she exclaimed; "I'll tell the painter not to make it like you."

And, again, a bull may be owing to a limited amount of knowledge — as in the case of an old woman going to the chandler's for a farthing candle, and being told it was raised to a halfpenny on account of the Russian war — "Bad luck to them !" she exclaimed, " and do they fight by candlelight ?"

Apart, however, from all of these, the ordinary sayings of the Irish have an imaginative quality which is just as characteristic, and not at all confusing. As, for instance, when they say of a man who is irretrievably ruined — "Saltpetre would n't save him, and that is a strong pickle;" or when they would advise another to avoid arrest — "Be off whilst your shoes are good;" or, as they delicately say of an elderly lady whose number of years they forbear to mention — "A kitten of her age would n't play with a cork."

And apart from all of these, again, is the genuine humour of the Irish, which has nothing of the bull in it whatever, but, on the contrary, the clearest notions, and very often the shrewdest sense. I will only cite a couple of instances, which will not be the less welcome if they happen to have been heard before.

A gentleman seeing an Irishman staggering homewards from a fair, and observing to him, "Ah, Darby, I'm afraid you'll find the road you're going is rather a longer one than you think." — "Sure, your honour," he replied, "it's not the length of the road I care about, it's the *breadth* of it is destroyin' me."

And again: — In the Bog of Aughrim, in the last century, plenty of gun-barrels used to be found as a memento of its great battle, and there was a blacksmith who dug them up in order to make use of their material. On one occasion one of them exploded in his furnace, when he exclaimed, "Bad luck to your love of murther ! Is n't the battle of Aughrim out of you yet ?"

ST. PATRICK AND THE SARPENT

A GUII

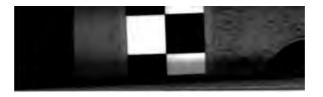
TORY

O^N a lovely day in Lakes of Killarne attractions, a party of visinow in sailing over their at their silvery waterfalls,.

er, when the delightful putting forth all their ad been enjoying them, il waters, now in gazing a listening to their pleasruck with the perturbed

ing echoes, when they were appearance of a well-known little lake, which presented such a contrast to the general calmness of the group. "Oh, sure ! " exclaimed the guide, " the wather 's always disturbed in that way; biling over like a kettle a'most." "And what 's the reason ?" they inquired. "'Faith. then, ladies and gentlemen, there's rayson enough and to spare: it's all owing to the Sarpent !" " The Serpent !" they exclaimed. " The Sarpent that St. Patrick rowled into the Lake centuries ago, and beyant that, and that has been tryin' ever since to twist himself back to land again." The whole party were of course in ignorance of any such bewildering event. "Oh, it's the truth that I am telling ve: the Sarpent's in a box, you see, and he 's trvin' to get out of it, and it 's his flappin' of the lid which kapes the wather in such a flutther." Excitement was at its height, and their cicerone was requested to oblige them with the particulars.

"Well, then, you all know, ladies and gentlemen, that it was St. Patrick that druv the sarpents and venomous bastes out of Ireland, and made it what it is — the swatest jewel of the world to live in. Well, there was one sarpent, I must tell you, that was too strong to be druv



out, and beyant that, you must know, was a most onraisonable baste besides — for he would n't listen to the hape of argyments St. Patrick was discoorsing to him, when he towld him to get out o' that, and be off to Botany Bay. 'Oh, bathershin!' says the Sarpent; 'is it an Absentee you want to make of me? I love the country too well to lave it — it's my native mud, and I'll have no other.'

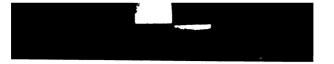
"'Oh, very well, then,' says the Saint; 'if them's the pathriotic sentiments that inspires your venomous breast. I must make a nice house for you to live in." And so the Saint set to work, you see, and made a big iron chist, with as many locks and bars on it as they say they 've got at Newgate, and then went to the cave where the Sarpent lived in retirement, and began to whistle for him, and coax him out just to look at the house he had made for him. But the Sarpent, you see, was cunning, like the first one of his breed --- he 'd got a notion that St. Patrick would n't be the asiest of landlords --- so says he, 'I thank your riverence mightily for all the thrubble you have been takin', but I'd rather stop where I am.' 'Oh, just come out now, and see the house — that won't hurt you,' says St. Patrick; 'and if you don't like it, you can lave it."

"Well, to make a long story short, the baste did come out at last; but he did n't like the look of the box at all, and began to find all sorts of faults with it. 'It's too small for me,' says he; 'axing your riverence's pardon, that's a house that would n't howld me.' 'I'll lay a gallon o' porther,' says St. Patrick, 'the house is big enough for two of ye.' Now, the Sarpent was a dry baste — he was n't a *water*-snake at all, — and he was uncommon fond o' porther, and he thought — the cunning villain — that he 'd play the Saint a trick, and chate him clane out of the liquor. So in he rowls himself into the box, and, just to show it would n't howld him, he swells himself out for all the world like an alderman

who was swallerin' his third bottle at a Dublin dinner, and be token of that what does he do but, moreover, lave half of his long tail hanging out.

" Look there, now,' says the Sarpent - ' you see I can't get in. You 've lost the bet, your riverence.' But what does the Saint do but suddenly clap down the lid of the box on him, when whips in his tail for fear 't would be cut off, and sc packed into the chist as tight as a hundredweight (ter. 'There now,' says St. Patrick, 'I've won the rou see.' 'Then let me out,' says the Sarpent, 'an l pay you like a gentleman.' 'Oh, I'm in no says St. Patrick. 'You shall pay me when I ax y it, and that won't be for a day or two;' and so he the box down the hill,

and then pitches it into the lake, where it has been lying iver since; and the villain, day and night, has been trying to get it open, — but as the lid, you see, is too heavy for him, he kapes it flappin' without ceasin', and that 's the rayson that the wather is always in such a flutther."



THE DUBLIN FISHWOMAN

THE Dublin fishwoman is a character. It has been considered one of the features of the lower order of the Irish that they are not fond of money, but if asking three times the value of what they may have got to sell were considered a proof to the contrary, I am afraid the practice of the fishwomen would not tend to my country's credit. The fair ones of this class, too, always like to moisten their mouths before they commence negotiations, declaring "that a drop in rayson" can do no one any harm.

Early in the day Judy is heard in the streets crying, "Haddick, fine haddick!" Mrs. Farrell, a worthy housekeeper, hurries to the door and calls to her. Judy pauses and looks round. "Ah, is it you, Mrs. Farrell? Long life to you, ma'am, but it's glad I am to see you. I hope you're going to buy a power of me to-day, for my heart 's broke a'most, carrying this sieve of mine so far. Oh, musha! but I'm thirsty." The lady pities her, and says, "Well, you shall have a drink, Judy." "Oh, long life to you, ma'am !" Mrs. Farrell then despatches her servant girl for a glass of water. Judy sees it, and exclaims, "Wather! oh, Mrs. Farrell, sure you would n't put me off with wather - I don't like wather in my shoes, ma'am, and myself is made of better leather - the laste taste of whisky, if you plase, ma'am - whisky, if you 've a Christian sowl in you."

The whisky is at length sent for, but only for the purpose of being diluted, which when Judy detects, she

exclaims, "Oh, if you plase, ma'am, don't put wather to it — the whisky never harms me, but the wather tossicates me sadly — just one glass, if you plase, ma'am; it's as good as five years' life to me." Mrs. Farrell, forced to consent, but anxious as much as possible to minimise the evil, then sends for a small liqueur glass, hoping that the elegance of prm may reconcile her

hoping that the elegance of friend to the modesty of Judy," she observes, filling i "that is a very old glass for upwards of forty years." plies. "'Pon my word, th little of its age! Your hea you!" orm may reconcile her dimensions. "There, inute vessel to its brim, has been in my family 'orty years!" Judy re-Mrs. Farrell, it's very na'am, and long life to

"And now, Judy, I want a haddock from you." "Well, and there's a beauty, ma'am; it's enough to look at, not to ate. Oh, it 's a fine fish." "Well, and what do you ask for it?" "The fish was scarce this mornin', ma'am - the weather is so hard, you see, they would n't come out at all; and small blame to 'em for that, for who would come out that could help it, cowld and blowin' as it is ?" "Yes, but what do you want for it ?" "So the fish was scarce this mornin' - and - " "What do you ask for it? I can't wait." "Well, ma'am, as you 're a good customer, you shall have it for three shillings." "Three shillings !" "If you plase, ma'am." "Take away your fish, Judy; it is quite out of the question." "Well, say half a crown." "Take it away; I can't think of it." "Well, two shillings." " Take it away, I say." "Oh dear, ma'am, will you give me nothin' for it? If you see how scarce the fish is in the market! Well, then, what will you give me, ma'am ?" " A shilling." "Oh ! it 's not mine for the money — say eighteenpence." "A shilling." "I could n't do it if I was to stale 'em, ma'am." "A shilling — and no more."

Mrs. Farrell, being a decided woman, is now about to



close the door, when Judy vehemently exclaims, "On the vartue of my oath, ma'am, I paid fifteen for it myself --- well, I suppose you must have it, for 1 'm tired of carrying such a load of 'em." "Why, you 've just said they were scarce in the market." "So they wor, ma'am - when I bought 'em - but won't you let me have anythin's for the intherest o' my money ? Well, Mrs. Farrell, you must take it - they 'll only spoil if I kape 'em - fish and famale beauty, as you know, ma'am, is perishable commodities, -- here it's for you." "No - that 's not the same fish." "Oh, murther! must you have it for a third of the price, and the pick of the sieve in the bargain ? Well, there it 's for you." "And there's the shilling; and now will you tell me, Judy, one thing, - why do you lose so much of your time in asking so much more than you are always ready to take?" "Lose my time, indeed ! - Faix, I lose more than my time, ma'am : I lose five hundred a year, at laste, by not getting what I ax."

PADDY AN

THE negroes of An the Irish. The ca be difficult to say, unless blacks were not only stu though he could excuse la HE BEAR

ere never favourites of he repugnance it would that Pat had heard the particularly lazy; and in Ireland, where there

was so little incentive to work, ne thought it a crime in America, where labour was so well paid. An amusing instance of this dislike, that plunged him into a predicament out of which all his courage was required to deliver him, is related of an Irish emigrant who went southward to join his family, and on reaching their locality and inquiring for his brother, was told he was in the fields at work, near some blacks who belonged to a neighbouring plantation.

On Pat's way to him he entered a wood where his attention was attracted by a huge black bear, stretched at his length in its agreeable shade, to which he had wisely retreated to escape the glare of the sun. Paddy's eyes were no sooner fixed on him than all his antipathy was roused. "There's one of 'em," he exclaimed — "one of them lazy blacks, and just as I h'ard say of 'em. Oh, the idle vagabone, skulking away from his day's work, and lying down here at his aise, when he ought to be 'arning his bread like the honest boys about him." Upon which, walking up to the offender, whose back was turned towards him, he gave him a hearty kick, accompanying it with the popular injunction — "Get out of that, you blackguard!" The bear rolling over



and rising slowly with a growl, Pat's description of what followed must be given in his own words : ---

"Well, as I'm a man, sir, he was one of the ugliest villins mortial eyes was ever clapped on. He had a head more like a pig, and he was as hairy as a spannel. You might have cut him up into door-mats, and sowld him at a fine profit. Well, when the vagabone turned round, he was scarsly able to sit up — whether he had n't larnt it among other matters of his neglected edication, I could n't tell, of coorse — but then he began to grin and growl at me. 'Howld your prate,' says I, 'I don't understhand your dirty language; but jist get up now, and go on before me, and show me where my brother Mick is.' With that, instead of doing what he was bid, the vagabone kem up to me as if he was going to wrastle.

"' Don't dare lay hands on me,' says I, 'you ill-looking thief of the world! kape off now, kape off - and faix, when I come to look at you, it's little you trouble the barber any how. Kape off, I say. You won't ? - Oh, well, if you 're for a wrastle, here 's at you, my black jewel! Hillo — murther! what a squaze! Let me get a grip o' you, you villin ! Where 's your waistband ? - tare and agers ! who 's your tailor ? I want to know. Whoop ! by the powers, you 've nothing on you, I believe, you hairy brute ! - don't squaze me so till I get a grip o' you somewhere ! Ow ! murther, then - don't choke me! Is it killing me you are? If you don't let me go I'll do for you. I'll sarch for my knife, you villin - you know you're not wrastlin' fair now. Tare and ouns ! do you mane to choke me ? Here's my knife out - and you'll have it if you squaze me so again.' And as the murtherin' blackguard was persistin', and my last breath was going out of me, sure enough I was as good as my word — and there was an end to all his squazing.

"Down he tumbled on the ground, and lay rowled

up all of a hape, mighty like a feather bed that 's been well punched before they make it. 'Oh, wow, wow,' says I - I have n't hurt you much, I hope, now.' Upon which he gives a grunt. 'Oh, don't say that,' says I, 'I did n't mane to harm you — on'y to onconvanience you a little.' — And then he grunts ag'in. 'I

have n't killed you, hav man, only spake out;' growl. 'Oh, bad luck forgive me before you g going — just give me give it tight enough ju you loved me.' But, v ing; out he stratched as a load of granite. ays I; 'if you're a dead only rowled over with a !!' says I; 'but you'll n't bear malice, if you're of your hand; sure, you — you squazed me as if o! there was no use talks a crutch, and as deaf as

"So off I ran to Mick - and sorrowful enough, as you may suppose, when the first word I had to tell him was to say I had committed murther. 'Mick,' says I; 'how are you? I have come to deliver myself up to justice.' 'What do you mane by that?' says he. 'I killed one o' your blacks,' says I. 'Tare and ouns!' says he, 'that's worse than murther hereabouts - he's worth one thousand dollars at laste, and his master will sue you for every shillin' of the money; but maybe he ain't dead yet, for the nagers take a dale of killin'.' And we ran back to the wood, when all of a sudden Mick pulls 'Howld on a bit,' says he, 'howld on; there's a up. big villin of a bear we are all afraid of, in these bushes. He robs us of all our pigs, and does n't care about our He must have as many bullets in his hide as any shots. soger in his cartridge-box.'

"'Oh, never mind the bear,' says I — 'let's look to the poor nager.' And at last I sees him, and runs up to him. 'There's the black,' says Mick. 'Why, Larry, don't you know your spacies better? It's the bear that you've been killin'; it's not a murtherer that you are, darlin' — but a public benefactor.' And



with that he gave me a hug himself, that almost choked me over agin. 'Why,' says he, 'you'll have a bounty; the District will give you twenty dollars for stickin' a knife into that varmint.' 'Well then, sure,' said I, 'I wouldn't ask for anything betther than to kill one every day. I'd put up over my door what the barbers do in Dublin — "Another fine bear slaughtered!"' And sure enough I got the money, and was thanked for my sarvices to boot."

THE IRISH POST-BOY (1835)

IN the Irish post-boy we are not presented with the white-jacketed, silk-hatted, top-booted, and brightspurred gentleman we are accustomed to in England, as trim as his own horses, and as silent, till he touches his hat to get his fee for driving them. The Irish postboy, on the contrary, is as scanty in his attire as he is abundant in his intelligence, having always something to tell his passenger of the localities they pass through, as though he took him for a book-maker who was taking notes upon the way. He fulfils a double function he is guide as well as driver, and his humour often lies as much in what he does as in what he says. He will commence something in this fashion : —

"Do you see that house, yer honour, yonder? I suppose you know that 's Mr. d'Arcy's." "Yes, I do. Mr. d'Arcy is very rich, I believe ?" "Well, sir, maybe he is and maybe he is n't." "Why, I thought he was a man of fortune." "Well, you see, he was purty well off, sir, till he got howld of the property." " Till he got it ! What do you mean ?" "Why, sir, when he was *heir* to the property he had great expectations, and so on the strength of that, you see, he got whatever money he wanted." "Well, and so he ought, when he was heir to £ 5000 a year." "That's true, yer honour, that 's true, sir ! But then, you 'll understand, he was heir to £5000 a year that was spint." "Oh, I see !" "So when he got the property, of coorse the gintleman was ruined."



"Hillo! take care — you were nearly in the ditch then." "Never fear, sir; it's that blackguard mare that is always shyin'! Hurrup!" "How close her ears are cut." "Yis, they are, sir — oh, they're close enough; but nothing will cure the villain." "Cure her! How do you mean?" "Why, sir, I persaved that, whenever she started, she always cocked her ears up, so I cut them off, you see, to make her lave off the trick of startin'; but, bad luck to the vagabone! she's just as bad as ever."

In a particularly dangerous part of the road, with a precipice on one side of you, you observe the post-boy keeps casting an inquiring glance towards his vehicle. "What's the matter?" you inquire; "rather an awkward bit of road here." "Oh, it's nothin', sir; it's a grand prospect." "Yes — of going over. Why, it is some hundred feet to the bottom." "Well, it maybe — but look at the prospect, sir; them mountains — oh, they're grand, sir; they beat the world for dignity. You'd never see their likes again, if you was to go over twenty precipusses."

After many other tales and difficulties you reach your journey's end, and then the post-boy, as you have surmised, expects a good gratuity. You give him what you consider to be a handsome reward of his services, but still he is not contented.

"Sure, your honour," he exclaims, "would n't mind another shillin'?"

" No," you reply, "I think I've paid you liberally."

" But you 'll consider the way I drove you, sir?"

"Not a pleasant one, by any means."

"And the power of stories I told you?"

"Some of which I have heard before."

"Well, then, give me another shillin', sir, and I 'll tell you somethin' which I will undertake to say you never heard before."

"Very good; then, there's a shilling. Now, what's the story I have never heard?"

"Well, then, of coorse your honour remembers the three miles we came along with the cliff upon one side of us?"

" Remember it ? - I shall never forget it ! "

"Well, then, you don't know, sir, that I drove you them three miles without pin !"



IT'S MIGHTY IMPROVIN'

HE Irish peasantry have tales of a parabolic character, --- stories which by means of some striking action or circumstance set forth a hearty moral. On hearing such, their usual phrase is - " Oh, it is mighty improvin'." And that too is what Molly Malone, a worthy washerwoman, used to say - and say almost invariably — after hearing a sermon on Sunday. One day, however, her clergyman, who was not quite content with this generality, spoke to her respecting his discourse, and Molly suddenly became what they call in Ireland a little bothered. Nevertheless, she got out of her difficulty with one of those parabolic answers which are such favourites with her class, and which, whilst it completely evaded the question, satisfactorily replied to it.

Rev. Well, Molly, you liked the sermon, you say?

Mol. Oh yes, your riverence — it was mighty improvin'.

Rev. And what part of it did you like best?

Mol. Well, sure, sir, I liked every part.

Rrv. But I suppose there were some portions of it that you were more struck with than you were with others?

Mol. In throth, plase your riverence, I don't remember any part exactly, but altogether 't was mighty improvin'.

Rev. Now, Molly, how could it be improving if you don't remember any part of it ?

word o' the sarmi out o' me — but when it's over, fo

.

.

•

,

.

DUBLIN PORTERS, CARMEN, AND WAITERS

A LL these have characteristics which are worthy of a moment's noting. We land at Kingston as her Majesty's mail packet is made fast and is pouring forth her varied crowd of passengers on the jetty. Instantly we have a swarm of porters round us, some with tickets on their arms, and some without - the former the legitimate assistant of the traveller; the latter the poacher, who lays hand on any stray bird he can catch. Between these contending parties, of course, an active war goes on — the one grand in their authority, the other adroit in their devices. An example strikes us instantly. A man without "a number" is walking off with a passenger's luggage. "Stop!" cries out a ticket man ; "you have no business with that jintleman." "No business!" exclaims the forager. "Well, then, sure it's a pleasure I have in sarving him." "Stop, I say !" shouts his antagonist; "you know you 've got no number." "No number, do you say? - but I have, tho'. Sure my number is nine, barrin' a tail to it."

Next you are laid hold of by a crowd of carmen. "Here's the car, your honour — that's the beauty." "Don't belave him," cries his rival; "he'll break down, sir. Look at his springs! ain't they tied up with a piece of rope?" "Well," replies the first one, "we'll go the faster for all that — won't we have the spring ti(e)de with us?" The traveller is laid hold of by both arms and pulled about in all directions, while

half of his luggage is on one car, and half is jerked on the other, he doubting which he will be permitted to go upon himself, when the conflict suddenly subsides into a mysterious consultation. "Done!" cries one of the carmen; "Done!" says the other, and they plunge their hand into their pockets.

"What are you about?" shouts the bewildered passenger. "We're just goin' to toss for you, sir;" and they literally cry, "Heads or tails?" for who shall have the honour of his honour's company. The man of the broken springs loses; but with infinite good-humour he transfers the luggage to the car of the winner, helps the traveller to his seat, — when, with a mischievous twinkle in his eye, he says, "You lost me, sir" (he never says, "I have lost you"). "I'm sorry you lost me, for you won't be able to ate your breakfast when you get to your howtell." "Why not?" demands the traveller. "You'll get such a jolting with them strong springs, sir, they'll shake every tooth out of your head."

Other instances are related of the humour and shrewdness of these gentry. A stranger on one occasion asked a car-driver to set him down at a certain address in Dublin, which was only round an adjacent corner, and when Pat had brought him to the spot, the gentleman complained of it as an imposition. "You might have pointed out the place to me." "Pointed it out !" exclaimed Pat. "Is it a finger-post you'd make of me? Sure, then, you might have paid me for my pointing, and left me where you found me." - To return, however, to our traveller. He is driven to an hotel, and despite the prediction of the rival car-driver, he retains his powers of mastication, and readily calls for breakfast. Here another national characteristic comes out in the person of the waiter. He does not move about like other waiters, formal and smooth as his own napkin, absorbed in the point of what you'll take next, and only muttering the "Yes, sir," or "No, sir," of a London



place of entertainment. He gives you politics with the hot water, and flattery with the buttered rolls.

"You look wonderful well, sir, after the say-sickness. Some gentlemen looks as yellow as lemons, and maybe twice as sour. Do you like green or black tay, sir? They say the tays will rise, sir, since the French went to war with Moroca. Great meeting to-day in Dublin, sir. I suppose you are going to attind it; perhaps you mane to spake, sir." "No, indeed I don't." "Oh, I'm sorry for that — you 've such a spaking face, sir." "Have you any soda-water?" "We have, sir." "Is it good?" "'Pon my honour, I don't know, sir — I never dhrink it myself."

The wonderful composure of some of these persons, though sometimes very irritating, is certainly very laughable. I once learnt what was the judicious rule of a Galway waiter for taking liberties. I had left my notebook on my breakfast table while I went for some letters that were in my bedroom, and on my return I saw this personage quietly inspecting my private records. On my reproving with some emphasis the impertinence he had been guilty of, he answered with the greatest calmness — "Oh, I beg your pardon, sir; I did not think you were in the room, or I would n't have thought of doing it." --- Their excuses for table deficiencies are at times diverting enough. "Bring me a hot plate, waiter! - the beef is good, but the plates are cold." "The hot plates is not come in yet, sir." "Well, get them in, sir." "I mane, sir, they are not in saison : hot plates comes in in October and goes out in May."-On another occasion a man asks for currant jelly to his haunch of mutton. "Beg your pardon, sir, the jelly is gone; but I can get you some beautiful lobster sauce."

PADDY AT SEA

IT has been the fashion to consider the Irishman rather as a soldier than a sailor, and yet the sea seems to offer something congenial to the Hibernian spirit. Its dark depths — its flashes of light — its terrible energy — its sportive spray — its striking alternations of frowning storm and smiling calm — reflect the Irishman so vividly, that one would think it his peculiar element.

Many, however, have denied this, and have even gone so far as to say that the Irish make bad sailors, though one of England's greatest admirals, Nelson's co-mate, the noble Collingwood, bears direct testimony to the contrary. In one of his letters to an officer who superintended the manning of his ships, he says - "Do not send me any lubbers; but, if you can, get me some more of those Irish lads you sent me - they were all fine fellows, and are now top-men, every one of them." The Irish have a right by national descent to be good sailors. The Phœnicians, I need not say, were the great seamen of antiquity, and that the Irish may claim them as progenitors is a fact that has been long established. The Irish buildings, arms, and language are all among its clearest evidences.

Pat's fitness for the sea might further be illustrated by the well-known skill and courage of the numerous fishermen and pilots who toil around his rocky shores, and pursue their avocations in the most tempestuous and dangerous weather. I am tempted, however, at this moment,



rather to fall in with the popular notion, and recount the experience of an honest Irishman whose sympathies, as will be seen, lay more with the land than with the water, and whose extreme innocence of the latter resembled that of a peasant, who was observed crossing a ferry constantly, without any apparent object; and, on being asked the reason, said he was shortly going to emigrate, and so took the ferry every morning "just to practise the say-sickness."

Jimmy Hoy was a County Cork boy, who made one in the great exodus that was occasioned by the famine. Jimmy was not ashamed of his name — he boasted that it was "always ould and respectable;" that there "was cows in the family wanst; "" " and that a pig was niver a stranger to them, nor a rasher of bacon at Aisther." Misfortune, however, had ground them down, as it had done a thousand others, to indigence, leaving at last only Jimmy and his old mother in existence; and when he found that existence was daily a harder thing to support, he turned his face to the west, and induced his mother, whom he loved with true Irish warmth, to accompany him. Accordingly, selling off all they possessed, and making the best of their way to Cork, where a fleet of emigrant ships were loading, it so happened that in the hurry and excitement of the time, and amidst the crowd of people they encountered, they unluckily got separated, and went on board of different vessels -. an error that Jimmy only discovered when his own had hoisted anchor and was standing out to sea. From this

hoisted anchor and was standing out to sea. From this point it will be best to allow our friend to speak for himself.

"So 1 scrambled, you see, on boord, and the minit my fut was under me—'Is my mother here?' says I. With that a scowlin' fellow that was haulin' in a rope that samed to have no end to it, turns to me and tells me I might go to—well, I won't say where. 'Not before you, sir,' says I; 'after you is manners,' making him a

bow; and so I cries out and again, 'Plase, is my mother here aboord of ye?' and then as no one chose to answer me I ran about to look for her, on all the flures they call the decks, though the people stood as thick as a drove of cattle in an alley, and scrouging and roaring like that same, and I'd to squaze myself betwixt 'em from one flure to another; but not a squint of her could I ketch, sir, nor of any one as know'd her, — and so at last, when I kem back again, and was tearin' round the upper flure, plump I runs into the stomach of a grand burly man at the back, with a red face and a big nose, and a gowld band about his cap — and who should he be but the Capt'n.

"' Who the d-l are you?' says he, pumping up all the brath I had left him. 'I axes your honour's pardon,' says I; 'my name is Jimmy Hoy, and I was looking for my mother.'

"' And did you take me for your mother, you omadhaun?' says he. 'Oh, not a bit,' says I, 'sir; for if I had, you'd have found it out — you'd have got a hug that would have set you scraming. And so now, perhaps, you'll tell me, sir, if my mother is aboord of ye?'

"' 'How should I know?' he roars out, for now his brath was coming back, and he was lookin' mighty fierce. 'And what brings you here at all, you lubberly son of a sea-calf?' 'Sure, sir,' says I, 'I — I'm going to Ameriky; and as to my father, you're mistaken he was no say-baste at all, but Dennis Hoy, a County Cork man, and —'

"'I don't remember you,' says he; 'you have n't paid your passage.' 'Axing your pardon,' says I, 'but I have, tho'. I paid it an hour ago, on shore, sir.' 'But you did n't pay it to me,' says he. 'Why, of coorse not,' says I, 'sir. You would n't have me pay it twice, would you?'

"" Well, if you have n't paid it to me,' says he, 'you have n't paid it at all; so hand out your money, if you 're



going to make the voyage in this ship.' 'By my faith, sir,' I said, 'I can't, — and, saving your presence, if I could I would n't, seein' I 've done that same already. But, sure, I don't want to be intruding; if I 've got into the wrong ship, you 've only got to stop her till you put me aboord of the right one.'

"'Well, that 's a capital joke,' says he. 'Oh, it 's not joking that I am,' says I, 'for I'm only axin' you what 's fair, sir — for then, you see, I'd find my mother, and my mind would be at aise.'

"'You and your mother may go to Chiny,' the Capt'n bellows out — growing as red as any turkey-cock, and stamping his fut upon the flure till you'd have thought he'd drive it through it. 'Axin' your pardon again,' says I, 'sir, we're goin' to Ameriky, — and as for Chiny, all I know about it is what I 've seen upon a plate, and — '

" 'Howld your jaw,' says he, 'you vagabone, and pay your passige money at wanst.' 'I paid it wanst,' says I, 'sir, and I'd want a pocket as big as your ship to go on paying it for iver.'

"' You swindlin' Irish scamp!' says he, 'don't provoke me, or I will be the death of you;' and then all of a sudden he got quiet — oh, so terrible quiet, sir, and with such a hard look about his eyes that, to say the truth, he frekened me. 'See now, my buck,' says he, — 'since you can't pay your passige, you shall work your passige.' 'Work it, sir ?' says I. 'Oh, I would, and willin', — if I only knowed the way.' 'Oh,' says he, with a wicked wink at me, 'we'll soon tache you that; we've a turn here for instructhin' people that want to get their voyage for nothin'.' And with that he put his hand to the side of his mouth, and give a whistle that would split a flag, and up runs to him a hairy villin that was enough to scare a herd of oxen, if he'd come upon 'em onawares.

[&]quot; ' Tare-all,' says he, ' just take this chap in hand and vol. 11. - 18 273

tache him how to work his passige. Don't spare him do you hear now?' 'Aye, aye, sir,' growled out Tareall, giving me a nod, and howlding up his finger as much as to say — 'You'll come this way.'

"And so after him I wint, sir; and sad enough, as you may suppose - not thinking of myself, but what 11 had become of my poo other. After him I wint, to learn how I was to w passige over - and by my throth, sir, it was the hing I'd ever had to larn as yet. Were you evd a ship, sir ? - Oh, then sure it must have be you to hear the puzzlin' names they 've got the on't they always make a she' sir, you will remimwoman of her? A sl ber, - and don't they it her waist to you - and, by my faith, it's not a summe one - and tell you some-

times ' she 's in stays,' too, tho' I can't say I ever seen 'em. Though, to be sure, they say besides that she 's often mighty hard to manage — and that 's like a woman sartainly.

"Then see the names they give to a rope, sir. First it is a hawser; then it's a painter — though what it paints I never knowed, sir; then it's a rattlin, — but that it's always doin'; and then it's the shrouds, which manes, I suppose, that the poor passengers always get into them when the ship is going to the bottom. At the same time they 're always agraable to tache you what it's made of — they 'll give you a taste of a rope's end a good deal sooner than a glass of whisky. And what is it like? perhaps you'll ask. Work your passige out to Ameriky, and you'll learn it fast enough. They're so ignorant they don't know their right hand from their left. It's all starboord or larboord with them, though, by my throth, as every night I'd got to slape upon the flure, I found it mighty hard boord.

"The sailors, you see, are snug enough. They've got what they call their hammicks — little beds tied up to hooks that they swing about in at their aise; and

it was after I'd been looking at them for a night or two in the deepest admiration, that I says to myself, says I, 'Why would n't I be making a little hammick for myself, to take a swing in like the rest, and not be lying here on the bare boords like a dumb baste in an outhouse?' And so the next day, looking round me, what should I see but a hape of canvas that no one seemed to care about; so I cut out of it a yard or two just to make the bed I wanted, and that done, says I, 'Jimmy Hoy, you'll slape to-night as snug as a cat in a blanket, any how,' — but I did n't for all that.

"I had n't turned in half an hour when one of the crew crapes up to me — Bob Hobbs, sir, was his name, — and says he to me, 'Jimmy Hoy,' says he, 'it's mortial tired I am with my day's work, and the night before; not a wink of slape I 've had,' says he, 'for this blessed eight-and-forty hours, so be a good fellow, Jimmy, now, and take my dooty for to-night.' Well, not liking to be ill-natured, though I did n't care much for the fellow, I tould him that I would, and so I slips out of my new bed, and mighty quick, sir, he slips into it, and up I goes on deck, to take his place on the look-out.

"And thin ther kem on such a night, sir, — oh, murther! you'd have thought the divil himself was out at say, and was taking his divarshun — blowin', hailin', and rainin' for six mortial hours and more — and pitchin' the oushen up into the sky, as if he was makin' haycocks. I thought the poor ship would have gone crazy. She jumped and rowled about as if her thratement was past endoorin'. Sure, if I had bargained for a bad night I could n't have got a betther. Well, sir, the mornin' kem at last, and found me as well pickled as any herrin' in Cork harbour, and I was crawlin' off to my hammick, just to get a little slape and dry myself, when up comes the Capt'n in a tearin' rage, and says he —

"'You 're a pretty blackguard, ain't you now?' 'Not to my knowledge, sir,' says I. 'Your knowledge, indeed, you vagabone!' 'Why, what is it I done?' says I. 'Done?' says he, 'you villin — when you 're upsettin' the ship's discipline! You took Bob Hobb's watch last night.'

"'Tuk what?' sa murther, Capt'n!' s boy of his charakter says he. 'But I did Bob Hobb's watch, n or woman ayther. I for I was rared in h sidered in my schoolin for Bob Hobbs tould me 'His watch, sir.' 'Oh, Would you rob a poor say you did, you rascal,' ,' says I. 'I never took atch of any other man scorn the dirty action orinciples, and 't was cone be token, sir, I could n't,

for Bob Hobbs tould me muself that he had pawned his watch in Cork before he ever kem aboord.'

"'You stupid rascal!' he cried out, 'don't you know the manin' of what I say to you? but I'll make you understand me presently — if you've got no brains, you 've got a back.' And what do you think he meant by that, sir? The ould tiger was goin' to flog mebut, luckily for me, you see the storm was gettin' worse. One of the sails was split in halves, and another was torn away entirely; so the Capt'n, divil thank him ! had to think about the ship, and not to be indulgin' his dirty vingeance upon me. So he roars out mighty loud, 'Set the storm jib there !' and half the crew run up the riggin' as quick as a crowd of monkeys, when - whisteroo ! - would you belave it, sir ? by the book in my pocket, if that same jib was n't the very piece of canvas that I cut the two yards out of, jist to make myself a bed, - and the minit the Capt'n spied it he roars out agin like thunder, 'Who the d-l cut out that?'

""'T was I, sir,' says I, 'but I only tuk two yards of it.'

"' Give him a dozen,' says the Capt'n.



"'Thank you, sir,' says I, 'but the two is quite enough for me.'

"And what do you think the villin meant by givin' me a dozen ? — it was lashes that he meant, sir. Not contint with the rope's end I'd had already — though there was no end to it at all — he towled the hands to lay howld on me, and tie me to the mast, — but before the miscreant could plaze himself, there kem a thunderin' crack right overhead, and down kem hapes of sticks and canvas — and the Capt'n bellows out agin, 'Clare the wrack ! clare the wrack ! — we'll sarve this lubber out directly.'

"Well, I was willin' to wait, sir — and sure they'd enough to do. I thought at first it was all over with us, and the ship would be capsizin' — and they had scarcely got her to rights a bit, and my mind was getting aisy, when I h'ard a voice callin' in the distance, 'Jip a Hoy! Jim a Hoy!' and I was lost in wonder entirely — 'for who knows me,' says I, 'or cares for me, in the middle of the great Atlantic oushen? Is it guardian angels that's taking pity on me, and coming here to save me from a lashing?' So I tried hard to loose myself, and looking round, what did I see but a ship sailing towards us, and the voice that know'd me kem'd from that, and I h'ard it cry again — 'Jip a Hoy! Jim a Hoy!' 'Here I am,' says I; 'here's the man you're wantin'.'

"" Howld your jaw !' says the Capt'n. "Why, is n't it me they 're spakin' to ?' says I — 'and is n't it civil in me to answer 'em ? Is my mother got aboord of ye?' 'Bad luck to you and your mother! will you be quiet?' says the Capt'n. 'No, I won't,' says I. 'Why would n't I answer when I'm spoke to?' And with that the voice kem again — 'Jip a Hoy! Jim a Hoy!' 'Here I am,' says I agin — 'any news, plaze, of my mother?'

"And with that the Capt'n took a spakin' trumpet just to put me down, sir — to kape me from bein' h'ard;

Ø

oh, I could see that plain enough — so I roared out louder than ever, 'Here's the man you're wantin';' but the trumpet give him the advantage of me. I could n't make out what he said at first, it was such a bellowing he kep up; but at last I h'ard him roar, 'Carried away fore-yard.'

"'Don't be tellin' lies of me,' says I; 'it's only two yards that I tuk. Just now you said I tuk a watch, and now it's four yards I've been staling. Oh, Capt'n, but it's cruel of you to ruin my charakter as you're doing, and in hearin' of the ship too — and my mother perhaps aboord of her.'

"And then the voice kem from the ship agin — "Where are ye bound to?"

"' I'm bound to the mast,' says I, ' and the Capt'n is going to murther me.'

"'Will you howld your tongue, you rascal?' says the Capt'n, looking pistols at me. 'No, I won't,' says I; 'I'll expose you to the whole world for the shameful way you 're thrating me.'

"Well, we soon lost sight of the ship; but the storm was as bad as iver, and only one good kem of it — they were too busy with the danger to be amusin' themselves with me. So I got myself loose at last, — and then, seeing what a way they were in, I had n't the heart to desart them, notwithstandin' my bad usage. 'No,' says I, 'I'll be ginerous, and stand by them like a man.' So I goes up to the Capt'n, and overlookin' all he 'd done, says I to him, quite kindly, 'Capt'n, is there anythin' I can do for you ?'

"' Kape out of my way, you vagabone, or I shall be tempted to do for you!' says he. And with that he made a kick at me as bad as a horse stung in a sand-pit; but I made allowance for the throuble he was in, and did n't mind his timper.

"All this time I h'ard the sailors saying something about the anchor, and at last the Capt'n was struck with



a notion, and shouts out to them about me, 'Where's the best bower?'

"'Here he is,' says I, 'sir,' running up to him agin, and making a low bow at the same time. 'I'm the best Bower on boord, sir, for my mother, when I was at school, paid tuppence a week extra to have me taught manners.'

"' I wish your neck was broke,' said he, 'you vagabone!' making another terrible kick at me in return for all my kindness to him; and then kem up the Bos'n, and the Capt'n says to him, says he, 'Have you let go now ?' 'Aye, aye, sir,' answers Hairey-face, — and I may just make the remark that 's all he ever did answer, the whole way acrost the oushen.

"' Then, I think,' says the Capt'n, 'we may depind on the best bower.' 'Oh, you may do that,' says I, 'sir; you may depind on *me* with sartainty!' 'Take that fellow out of my sight,' said he, 'if you don't want me to murder him;' so at that I walks away with Hairey-face to the other end of the ship, where I hear the sailors saying 'the anchor was coming home,' and that the Capt'n ought to know it.

"'He ought, you say,' says I; 'then of coorse I'll go and tell him, if it's only to show him I bear no malice, and I'm still willin' to be useful.' Upon which I runs back to him and says I, 'Capt'n, the anchor's coming home.'

" ' Tunder and ouns ! ' says he.

"'Don't be angry, Capt'n,' says I, —' small blame to it for comin' home on such a night as this. Who'd stay out, sir, that could help it ?'

"Upon which Hairey-face runs up, and the Capt'n then cries out to him, 'Is this thrue I hear — is the anchor coming home?'

"' Aye, aye, sir,' growls out Hairey-face.

"' Then we must cut and run,' says he; 'but we must try and save the anchor, so throw over the buoy.'

"Well, now, I must just stop to tell you that of all the mischievous little blackguards that ever desarved drowning, the cabin-boy was him, sir. And so, still wishing to be useful, notwithstandin' all their bad thratement of me, I ran off to ketch the villin; but the little vagabone was so nimble, I could n't at all lay howld of him; howsomedever, under the sarcumstances, I did the best I could, and then I ran back to the Capt'n.

" 'Is the buoy overboard ?' says he.

"'Faith, then, I am sorry to say,' says I, 'Capt'n, the boy 's not overboord, for the young d—l run so fast I could n't clap a hand on him, but the next best thing to be done, I did. I threw over the black cook — and that will lighten the ship beautifully.'

"' Threw overboard the cook, you murderin' villin !' roared the Capt'n. 'You 've saved me the job of doing it; you 'll be hanged, thank heaven, at last.'

"But hanged I was n't, I beg to say, for, in the confusion of the night, it was a big tar barrel I threw overboord instid of the black cook, that same being much of his own size and colour.

"Well, to make a long story short, sir, in spite of the storm and all our danger, we got to Ameriky at last, when the Capt'n felt so happy, that he gave up his anymosity and the vingeance he vowed aginst me, and only laughed at the mistakes I 'd made in turnin' my hand to the Say sarvice. And, what 's more, when we reached New York, sir, who should I find but my ould mother, that had got in a week before me, in the ship I ought to have come in, and that had had no storm at all — but mine's the bad luck of the Hoys, sir. And so, when I was on dhry land agin, I took a solemn oath, sir, that I 'd niver work my passage any more across the Atlantic; and, by my sowl, if you 're a wise man, I think you 'll do the same."









SAMUEL LOVER'S WRITINGS

THE STORIES OF SAMUEL LOVER, the distinguished Irish writer, and his novels of "Handy Andy," "Rory O'More," and "He would be a Gentleman," have been published in various forms, and have found many readers. A good collected Library edition of his whole works, including the dramas, has, however, been hitherto unobtainable.

The London *Athenaum* said of "Legends and Stories of Ireland": "The ready retort, the mixture of cunning with apparent simplicity, and the complete thoughtlessness combined with shrewdness, so frequently found in Ireland, have never been better portrayed than in these volumes."

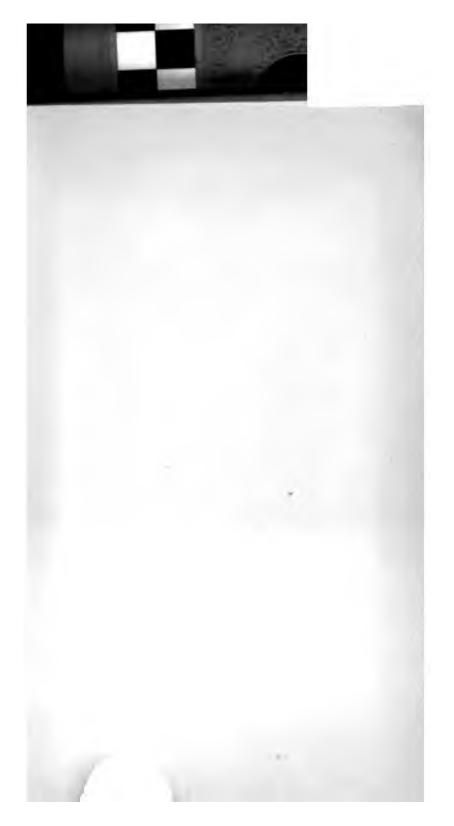
The mirth-provoking qualities and the contrasts of character which "Handy Andy" displays have always been acknowledged. *The Dublin Monitor* styled it "the best story of the day, full of frolic, genuine fun, and exquisite touches of Irish humor." And of "Treasure Trove," afterwards published under the title of "He would be a Gentleman," *The London Monthly Review* said, "All Mr. Lover's art, and humor, and purely natural pathos are here brought into full play."

This new library edition is complete in 6 vols., 12mo, cloth, extra, gilt top, \$1.50 per volume. The set, 6 vols., half crushed morocco, gilt top, \$19.50.

LITTLE, BROWN, & COMPANY publishers

254 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON, MASS.





. .

