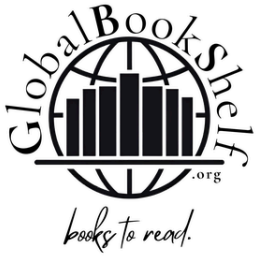
SAMUEL LOVER

LEGENDS AND STORIES OF IRELAND

GLOBALBOOKSHELF.ORG

Legends and Stories of Ireland

by Samuel Lover



Contents

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 reader is for the first time made tangible to the greater portion of those who do me the favour to become such.

Many of them were originally intended merely for the diversion of a few friends round my own fireside;--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 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 straightforward, 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 cees to you," will not be considered very offensive.

Nay, I will go further, and say, that their frequent exclamations of "Lord be praised," - "God betune us 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 peouliar 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 district of Ireland--and chiefly of the latter.

They are rather prone to curtailing their words; *of,* for instance, is very generally abbreviated into *o'* or *i'*, except when a succeeding vowel demands a consonant; and even in that case they would substitute *v.* The letters *d* and *t* as finals, they scarcely ever sound; for example, pond, hand, slept, kept, are pronounced *pon*, *han, slep, kep.* These letters, when followed by a vowel, are sounded as if the aspirate *h* intervened, as tender, letter--*tindher*, *letther.* Some sounds they sharpen, and *vice versa*. The letter *e*, for instance, is mostly pronounced like *i* in the word litter, as *lind* for lend, *mind* for mend, etc.; but there are exceptions to this rule--Saint Kevin, for example, which they pronounce K*a*vin. The letter *o* they sound like *a* in

some words, as off, *aff* or *av*--thus softening *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, while they alter the sound of *e* to that of *i*, they substitute the latter for the former sometimes--as hinder, *hendher*--cinder*, cendher; s* they soften into *z*--*as* us, *us.* 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 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 these 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.

Glossary

ALPEEN--A cudgel.

BAD SCRAN--Bad food.

BAD WIN, BAD CESS--Malediction. Cess is an abbreviation of success.

BAITHERSHIN--It may be so.

BALLYRAG--To scold.

CAUREEN--An old bat. Strictly, a *little* old hat. *Een,* in Irish, is diminutive.

COLLEEN DHAS--Pretty girl.

COMETHER--Corruption, of "Come hither." "Putting his comether" means forcing his acquaintance.

GOMMOCH--A simpleton.

HARD WORD--Hint.

HUNKERS--Haunches.

KIMMEENS--Sly tricks.

MACHREE--My dear.

MAVOURNEEN--My darling.

MUSHA!--An exclamation, as "Oh, my!" "Oh, la!"

NOGGIN--A small wooden drinking vessel.

PHILLELEW--An outcry.

SPALPHEEN--A contemptible person.

STRAVAIG--To ramble.

ULICAN--The funeral cry.

WAKE--Watching the body of the departed previously to interment.

WEIRASTHRU!--Mary, have pity!

1. King O'Toole and St. Kevin

A LEGEND OF GLENDALOUGH

WHO has not read of St. Kevin, celebrated as he has been by Moore in the melodies of his native land, with whose wild and impassioned music he has so intimately entwined his name? Through him, in the beautiful ballad whence the epigraph of this story is quoted, the world already knows that the skylark, 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 roundabout 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), 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 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 heard o' King O'Toole, your honour?"

"Never," said I.

"Musha, thin, do you tell me so?" said be. "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 didn't hear it afore, that there was wanst a king, called King O'Toole, who was a fine ould king in the ould ancient times, long ago; and it was him that 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--throth, it's yourself that's right enough there; but you know the place is called 'The Churches,' bekase they wor built *afther* by St. Kavin, and wint by the name o' the Churches iver more; and therefore, av coorse, the place bein' so called, I say that the king ownded the Churches--and why not, sir, seein' 'twas his birthright, time out o' mind, beyant the flood? Well, the king, you see, was the right sort--he was the *rale* boy, and loved

sport as he loved his life, and huntin' in partic'lar; and from the risin' o' the sun, up he got, and away be wint over the mountains beyant afther the deer. And the fine times them wor; for the deer was as plinty thin--aye, throth, far plintyer than the sheep is now; and that's the way it was with the king, from the crow o' the cock to the song o' the redbreast.

"In this counthry, air," added he, speaking parenthetically in an undertone, "we think it onlooky to kill the redbreast, or 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 ould, by raison he was stiff in his limbs, and when he got athriken in years, his heart failed him, and he was lost intirely for want o' divarshin, bekase he couldn't go a-huntln' no longer; and, by dad, the poor king' was obleeged at last for to get a goose to divart him."

Here an involuntary smile was produced by this regal mode of recreation, "the royal game of goose."

"Oh, you may laugh if you like," said he, half-affronted, "but it's thruth I'm tellin' you; and the way the goose diverted him was this-a-way: you see, the goose used for to swim acrass the lake, and go down divin' for throut (and not finer throut in all Ireland, than the same throut), and cotch fish on a Friday for the king, and flew every other day round about the lake divartin' the poor king, that you'd think he'd break his sides laughin' at the frolicksome tricks av his goose; so in coorse o' time the goose was the greatest pet in the counthry, and the biggest rogue, and diverted the king to no end, and the poor king was as happy as the day was long. So that's the way it was; and all went on mighty well, antil, by dad, the goose got sthricken in years, as well as the king, and grewn stiff in the limbs, like her masther, and couldn't divert him no longer; and then it was that the poor king was lost complate, and didn't know what in the wide world to do, seein' he was done out of all divarshin, by raison that the goose was no more in the flower of her blame.

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

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

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

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

." 'Oh, 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 be, '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 acqaintance, 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 kem you to know about my goose?' says the king.

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

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

"'Maybe I've a betther way of making money rnyself' 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,' say. the saint; 'I'm no tinker by thrade, King O'Toole; I've a betther thade than a tinker,' says he--' what would you say,' says he, 'if I made your old 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 his head, 'and,' says he--'troth, thin, I'd give you more money nor you could count,' says he, 'if you did the like; and I'd be behoulden to you into the bargain.'

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"'*By Jaminee*,' says King O'Toole, 'if you do, bud I'll say you're the cleverest fellow in the aivin 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 nothing '; what'll you gi' me, if I do the job for you?--that's the chat,' says Saint Kavin.

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

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

"'I will,' says the king.

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

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

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

"'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.'

"With that, my dear, he tuk up the goose by the two wings--'Criss o' my crass and 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 of rain. Away she went down there, right fornist you, along the side o' the clift, and flew over Saint Kavin's bed (that is where Saint Kavin's bed is *now,* but was not *thin,* by raison it wasn't made, but was conthrived afther by Saint Kavin himself, that the women might lava 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 rooks 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' Ruthdrum, 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 out it down into a gap, as is plain to this day; and faith, sure enough, it's the same sauce he sarv'd the joyant, soon and suddent, and chopped him in two like a pratie, for the glory of his sowl and owld lreland)--well, down she flew over the clift, and fluttberin', over the wood there at Poulanass (where I showed you the purty watherfall--and by the same token, last Thursday

was a twelve monthsence, 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, Fm given to undherstand--and indeed a purty couple they wor). Well, as I said, afther fluttherin' over the wood a little bit, to *plaze* herself, the goose flew down, and lit at the fut o' the king, as fresh as a daisy, afther flyin' roun' his dominions, just as if she hadn't flew three perch.

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

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

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

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

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

"'But will you gi'e me all the ground the goose flewn over?' says Saint Kavin.

"'I will,' says King O'TooIe. 'And you're welkim to it,' says he, 'though it's the last acre I have to give.'

"'But you'll keep your word thrue' says the saint.

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

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

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

"Well, whin the king was as good as his word, Saint Kavin was *plased* with him, and thin it was that he made himself known to the king. 'And,' says he, 'King O'Toole, you're a decent man,' says he, 'for I only kem here to *thry you.* You don't know me,' says he, 'bekase I'm disguised.' [A person in a state of drunkenness is said to be *disguised*.]

"'Troth, then, you're right enough,' says the king. 'I didn't perceave it,' says he; 'for, indeed, I never seen the sign o' aper'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, bleesin' himself.

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

"'I am,' says Saint Kavin.

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

"'Well, you know the differ now,' says the saint. 'I'm Saint Kavin,' says he, 'the greatest of all the saints.'

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

"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*; and so, when he *done* the ould king out iv his property for the glory of God, he was *plased* with him, and he and the king was the best o' frinds ivermore afther (for the poor ould king was *doatin',* you see), and the king had his goose as good as new to divert him as long as be lived; and the saint supported him afther he kem into his property, as I tould you, antil the day iv his death--and that was soon afther; for the poor goose thought he was ketchin' a throut one Friday, but, my jewel, it was a mistake he made, and instead of a throut, It was a thievin' horse-eel, and, by gor! instead iv the goose killin' a throut for the king's supper, by dad! the eel killed the king's goose, and small blame to him; but he didn't ate her, bekase he darn't ate what Saint Kavin laid his blessed hands on.

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

2. Lough Corrib

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

Thus, Mrs.--, an accomplished Englishwoman, 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 exist, in the national character of the two people, in noticing the prevalence of certain customs, superstitions, etc. 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 solitude, 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 loath to have his fling at "the invaders "--a term of reproach he always cut upon the English.

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

3. A Legend of Lough Mask

THE evening was closing fast as the young Cormac O'FIaherty 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, youth Cormac, to the eye of the painter, might have seemed a living *Antinous*--all the grace of that beautiful antique, all the youth, all the expression of suspended motion were there, with more of vigour and impatience. He paused--not to take breath, Sir Walter Scott; for, like your own Malcolm Graeme,

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

and our young O'Flaberty was not to be outdone in breasting up a mountain side by the boldest Graeme 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 sunbeam had long since departed, and mists were already wreathing round the overhanging heights, and veiling the distance in vapoury indistinctness - though you looked into some wizard's glass, and saw the uncertain conjuration of his wand, On the one side all was glory, light, and life--on the other all was awful, still, and almost dark. It was one of Nature's sublimest moments, such as are seldom witnessed, and never forgotten.

Ere he descended the opposite declivity, Cormac once more bent back his gaze; and now it was not one 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 haven't it soon upon us"

"Then let us speed," said Cormac; "for the high hill and the narrow path must be traversed ere our journey be accomplished." And he sprang down the steep and shingly, pass before him, followed by the faithful Diarmid.

"Tis sweet to know there is as eye to mark
Our coming and grow brighter when we come."

And there *was* a bright eye Watching for Cormac, and many a love-taught look did Eva cast over the waters of Lough Mask, impatient for the arrival of the O'Flaherty. "Surely he will be here this evening," thought Eva; "yet the sun is already low, and no distant oars disturb the lovely quiet of the lake. But may he not have tarried beyond the mountains--he has friends

therein recollected Eva. But soon the maiden's jealous fancy whispered: "He has friends *here* too." And she reproached him for his delay; but it was only for a moment.

"The accusing spirit blushed," as Eva continued her train of conjecture. "'Tis hard to part from pressing friends," thought she, "and Cormac is ever welcome in the hall, and heavily closes the portal after his departing footsteps."

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

She took her harp. Every heroine, to be sure, has a harp; but this was not the pedal harp, that instrument *par excellence* of heroines, but the simple harp of her country, whose single row of brazen wires had often rung to many a sprightly planxty, long, long before the double action of Erard had vibrated to some fantasia from Rossini or Meyerbeer, under the brilliant finger of a Bochsa or a Labarre.

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

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

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

Cormac instantly stopped--as instantly his weapon was in his hand; and with searching eye he sought to discover through the gloom what bold intruder dared cross the path of the O'Flaherty. His tongue now demanded what his eye failed him to make known, and the same

rude voice that. first addressed him answered: “Thy mortal foe! Thou seek’st thy bride, fond boy, but never shalt thou behold her--never shalt thou share the bed of Eva.”

“Thou liest, foul traitor!” cried Cormac fiercely. “Avoid my path; avoid it, I say, for death is in it!”

“Thou say’st truly,” answered the, unknown, with a laugh of horrid meaning. “Come on, and thy words shall be made good!”

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

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

“Yes,” answered be 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, Diarmuid,” 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 lapse of the storm hope ventured to whisper he yet lingered in the castle of some friend beyond the mountains. The morning dawned, and silently bore witness to the’ commotion of the elements of the past night. The riven branch of the naked tree, that in one night had been shorn of its leafy beauty; the earth strewn 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 mountain, wore a dress of sombre grey, and the small, scattered clouds were straggling over the face of heaven, as though they had been rudely riven asunder, and the short and quick lash of the waters upon the shore of Lough Mask might have told to an accustomed eye that a longer wave and a whiter foam had broken on its strand a few hours before.

But what is that upthrown upon the beach? And who are those who surround it in suck consternation? It is the little skiff that was moored at the opposite side of the lake on the preceding eve, and was to have borne Cormac to his betrothed bride. And they who identify the shattered boat are those to whom Eva’s happiness is dear; for it is her father and his attendants, who are drawing ill omens from the tiny wreck. But they conceal the fact, and the expecting girl is not told of the evil-boding discovery. But days have come and gone and Cormac yet tarries. At length ‘tis past a doubt; and the father of Eva knows his child is

widowed ere her bridal--widowed in heart, at least. And who shalI tell the fatal tale to Eva? Who shall cast the shadow o'er her soul, and make the future darkness? Alas! ye feeling souls that ask it, that pause ere you can speak the word that blights for ever, pause no longer, for Eva knows it. Yes; from tongue to tongue--by word on word from many a quivering lip, and meanings darkly given, the dreadful certainty at last arrived to the bewildered Eva.

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

The remainder of the melancholy tale is briefly told. Though quite bereft of reason, she was harmless as a child, and was allowed to wander round the borders of Lough Mask, and, its immediate neighbourhood. A favourite haunt of the still beautiful maniac was the Cave of Cong, where a subterranean river rushes from beneath a low natural arch in the rook, and passing for some yards over a strand of pebbles, in pellucid swiftness, loses itself in the dark recesses of the cavern with the sound of a rapid and turbulent fall. This river is formed by the waters of Lough Mask becoming engulfed at one of its extremities, and hurrying through a subterranean channel until they rise again in the neighbourhood of Cong, and become tributary to Lough Corrib. Here the poor girl would sit for hours; and believing that her beloved Cormac had been drowned In Lough Mask, she hoped, in one of those half-intelligent dreams which haunt a distempered brain, to arrest his body, as she fancied It must pass through the Cave of Cong, borne on the subterranean rlver.

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? Getaway! 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."

4. A White Trout

A Legend of Cong

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 home 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 couuty Mayo, which, presenting large flat muses of limestone, intersected by patches of verdure, gives one the idea much more of a burial-ground covered with monumental slabs than a formation of Nature. Yet (I must make this remark *en passant)* such is the richness of the pasture in these little verdant interstices, that cattle are fattened upon it in a much shorter time than on a meadow of the most cultured aspect; and though to the native of Leinster this *land* (if we may 'be pardoned a premeditated *bull*) would appear all *stones,* the Mayo farmer knows it from experience to be a profitable tenure. Sometimes deep clefts occur between these laminae of limestone rock, which, closely overgrown with verdure, have not infrequently occasioned serious accidents to man. and beast; and one of these chasms, of larger dimensions than usual, forms the entrance to the celebrated cave in question.

Very rude steps of unequal height, partly natural and partly artificial, lead the explorer of its quiet beauty, by an abrupt descent, to the bottom of the cave, which contains an enlightened area of some thirty or forty feet, whence a naturally vaulted passage opens, of the deepest gloom. The depth of the cave may be about equal to its width at the bottom; the mouth is not more than twelve or fifteen feet across; and pendent from its margin clusters of ivy and other parasite plants bang and cling in all the fantastic variety of natural festooning and tracery. It is a truly beautiful and poetical little spot, and particularly interesting to the stranger from, being unlike anything else one has ever seen, and having none of the noisy and vulgar pretence of regular *show-places*, which calls upon you every moment to exclaim "Prodigious!"

An elderly and decent-looking woman had just filled her pitcher with the deliciously cold and clear water of the subterranean river that flowed along its bed of small, smooth, and many-coloured pebbles, as I arrived at the bottom; and perceiving at once that I was a stranger, she paused, partly perhaps with the pardonable pride of displaying her local knowledge, but more from the native peasant politeness of her country, to become the temporary *Cicerone* of the cave. She spoke some word of Irish, and hurried forth on her errand a very handsome and active boy, of whom she informed me she was the great-grandmother.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Troth, sir,” said she, with the figurative drollery of her country, “we live here as long as we like.”

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

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

“That was beginning early,” said I.

“Thrue for you, sir; and faith, Noreen (that’s my daughter, sir)--Noreen herself lost no time either; I suppose she thought she had as good a right as the mother before her--she was married at seventeen, and a likely couple herself and her husband was. So you see, sir, it was not long before I was a granny. Well, to make the saying good, ‘As the ould cock crows, the young bird cherrups,’ and faiks, the whole breed, seed, and generation tuk after the owld woman (that’s myself sir); and so, in coorse of time, I was not only a granny, but a *grate* granny; and, by the same token, here comes my darling Paudeen Bawn, with what I sent him for.”

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

“Now, your honour, it’s what you’ll see the pigeon-hole to advantage.”

“What pigeon-hole!” said I.

“Here where we are,” she replied.

“Why is it so called?” l inquired.

“Because, sir, the wild pigeons often build in the bushes and the ivy that’s round the mouth of the cave, and in here too,” said she, pointing into the gloomy depth of the interior.

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

“Now, sir, follow me,” ‘said my conductress.

“I am sorry you have had so much trouble on my account,” said I. “Oh, no throuble in life, your honour, but the greatest of pleasure;” and so saying, she proceeded into the cave, and I followed, carefully choosing my steps by the help of her torch-light along the slippery path of rock that overhung the river. When she had reached a point of some little elevation, she held up her lighted pine branches, and waving them to and fro, asked me could I see the top of the cave.

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

She shouted aloud, and the cavern - echoes answered to her summons. “Look!” said she--and she lighted the wisp of straw, and flung it on the stream. It floated rapidly away, blazing in wild undulations over the perturbed surface of the river, and at length suddenly disappeared

altogether. The effect was most picturesque and startling; it was even awful. I might almost say sublime!

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, yer honour, and tells mighty quare stories about it.”

“What are they?” I inquired.

“Troth, it’s myself doesn’t know the half o’ them--only partly; but sthrive and see it before you go, sir, for there’s them that says it isn’t lucky to come to the cave and lave it without seein’ the white throat. And if you’re a bachelor, sir, and didn’t get a peep at it, throth, you’d never be married, and sure that ‘id be a murther.”

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

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

“Who--what?” said I.

“The throut, sir.”

I immediately perceived the fish in question, perfectly a trout in shape, but in colour a creamy white, heading up the stream, and seeming to keep constantly within the region of the enlightened part of it.

“There it is, in that very spot evermore,” continued my guide, “and never 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 bear it, and you will oblige me.”

“Och! it’s only laughin’ at me you’d be, and call me an ould fool, as the misthiss beyant in the big house often did afore, when she first kem among us--but she knows the differ now.”

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

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

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

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

“Well, sir, in coorse o’ time the white throut, God bless it! was seen in the sthrame beyant, and sure the people didn’t know what to think av the crathur, seein’ as how a *white*throut was never heerd av afore nor sence; and years upon years the throut was there, just where you seen it this blessed minnit, longer nor I can tell--aye, troth, 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 sojers kem to these parts, and laughed at all the people, and gibed and jeered them for thinkin’ o’ the likes; and one o’ them in partic’lar (bad luck to him; God forgi’ me for sayin’ it!) swore he’d catch the throut and ate it for his dinner--the blackguard!

“Well, what would you think o’ the villiany of the sojer?--Sure enough he cotch the throut; and away wid him home, and puts an the fryin’-pan, and into it he pitches the purty little thing. The throut squeeled all as one as a Christian crathur, and, my dear, you’d think the sojer id split his sides laughin’--for he was a harden’d villian; and when he thought one side was done, he turns it over to fry the other; and what would you think, but the divil a taste of a burn was an it at all at all; and sure the sojer thought it was a *quare* throut that couldn’t be briled. ‘But,’ says he, ‘I’ll give it another turn, by-and-by ‘--little thinkin’ what was in store for him--the haythen!

“Well, when he thought that side was done, he turns it again--and lo and 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 endayvours 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 minnit he puts his knife into the fish, there was a murthenin’ screech, that you’d think the life id lave you if you heerd it, and away jumps the throut out av the fryin’-pan into the middle o’ the flure; and an the spot where it fell, up riz a lovely lady--the beautifullest young crathur that eyes ever seen, dressed in white 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.

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

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

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

“Well, the sojer thought the life id lave him at the thoughts iv his bein’ turned into a pinkeen, and begged for mercy; and with that, says the lady:

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

“‘Oh, my lady,’ says the sojer, ‘how could I have the heart to drownd a beautiful lady like you?’

“But before he could say another word, the lady was vanished, and there he saw the little throut an the ground. Well, he put it 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 be came to the cave agin, and threw the throat into the river. The minnit he did, the wather was as red as blood for a little while, by raison av the cut, I suppose, until, the sthrame washed the stain away; and to this day there’s a little red mark an the throut’s side where it was cut.

“Well, sir, from that day out the sojer was an althered man, and reformed his way; and wint to his duty reg’lar, and fasted three times a week--though it was never fish he tuk an fastin’ days; for afther the fright be 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 Throut.”*

5. The Battle of the Berrins; or, The Double Funeral

I was sitting alone in the desolate churchyard 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 anything I had ever heard in my life. I confess I was startled. I paused in my occupation, and listened in breathless expectation. Again this seemingly unearthly sound vibrated through the still air of evening, more audibly than at first, and partaking of the vibratory quality of’ tone I have noticed in so great a degree as to resemble the remote sound of the ringing of many glasses crowded together.

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

It waa 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 churchyard 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 bad 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 pallbearers, ever equalled in *poetry* or *picturesque* these poor people, bearing along on their shoulders in the stillness of evening the body of their departed friend to its “long home “--the women raising their arms above their heads in the untaught action of grief their dark and ample cloaks, waving wildly about, agitated by the varied motions of their wearers, and their wild cry raised in lament

“Most musical, most melancholy.”

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

Scarcely had the spade upturned the green sod of the burial-ground, when the wild peal of the *ulican* again was heard at a distance. The young men paused in their work, and turned their heads, as did all the bystanders, towards the point-whence the sound proceeded.

We soon perceived another funeral procession wind round the foot of the hill, and immediately the grave-makers renewed their work with redoubled activity, while

exclamations of anxiety on their part for the completion of their work, and of encouragement from the lookers-on, resounded on all sides; and such ejaculations as “Hurry, boys, hurry I” - “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 churchyard 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 meantime, 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 wouldn’t let them have the advantage of us, that-a-way, and lave my darlin’ boy wanderhin’ about, dark an’ ‘lone in the long nights. Work, ‘boys! work! for the bare life, and the mother’s 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 doesn’t want the poor boy to be walkin’, as of coorse he must, barrin’ they’re smart.”

“What do you mean?” said I. “I don’t understand you.”

“Whisht! whisht!” said he; “here they come, by the powers, and the Gallaghers at the head of them,” as be 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 yon. Didn’t you hear me, Rooney?” said he, as he laid his muscular band on the arm of one of the party he addressed, and arrested him in his occupation.

“I did hear you,” said Rooney; “but I didn’t heed you.”

“I’d have you keep a civil tongue in your head,” said the former. ‘

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

“Lave, off, I tell you!” said our Hercules, in a higher tone, “or, by this and that, I’ll make you sorry!”

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

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

“You may thank your grey hair, that I don’t make you repent of your words,” said Gallagher, and his brow darkened as he spoke.

“Time was,” said the old man, “when I had something surer than grey hairs to make such as you respect me;” and he drew himself up with an air of patriarchal dignity, and displayed in his still expansive chest and commanding height the remains of a noble figure, that bore testimony to the truth of what he had just uttered. The old man’s, eye kindled as he spoke--but ‘twas only for a moment; and the expression of pride and defiance was succeeded by that of coldness and contempt.

“I’d have beat you blind the best day ever you seen,” said Gallagher, with an impudent swagger.

“Troth you wouldn’t, Gallagher!” said a contemporary of the old man; “but your consait bates the world!”

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

A low and jeering laugh followed this hit of my friend Rooney; and Gallagher assumed an aspect so lowering that a peasant, standing near me, turned to his companion and said significantly:

“By gor, Ned, there’ll be wigs an the green afore long!”

And he was quite right.

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

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 jawbone--a narrow white cravat was drawn tightly round his spare neck; a single-breasted coat of rusty black, with standing collar, was tightly buttoned nearly up to his chin, and a nether garment of the same, with large silver knee-buckles, meeting a square-cut and buckram-like pair of black leather boots, with heavy, plated spurs, that had seen the best of their days, completed the picture. His horse was a small, well-built hack, whose long, rough coat would have been white, but that soiled litter

had stained it to a dirty yellow; and taking advantage of the liberty which the abandoned rein afforded, he very quietly turned him to the little fringe of grass which bordered each side of the path, to make as much profit of his time as he might, before his rider should resume his seat in the old high-pommelled saddle which be 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 main haste, and jumping from the top of the wall, proceeded with long and rapid stride, towards the combatants, and brandishing a heavy thong whip which he carried, he began to lay about him with equal vigour and impartiality on each and every of the peace - breakers, both parties sharing in the castigation thus bestowed, with the most even, and, I might add, *heavy*-handed justice.

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

Seeing this result, I descended from my perch and ran, towards the scene that excited my surprise in no ordinary degree. I found this new-comer delivering to the multitude he had quelled a severe reproof of their “unchristian doings,” as be 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 Gods word.”

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

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

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

“Tut! tut!” rapidly answered the priest, anxious, perhaps, to silence this very palpable appeal to his own interest. “Don’t talk to me about doing a good-natured turn. Not,” added he, in a subdued undertone, “but that prayers for the souls of the departed faithful 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 clergy--God’s blessin’ be an them night and day! But I was only going to put in a word for Mikee Rooney, and sure it wasn’t him at all, nor wouldn’t be any of us, only for Shan Gallagher, that wouldn’t lave us in peace.”

“Gallagher!” said the priest, in a deeply reproachful tone. “Where Is he?”

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

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

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

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

No very great time was consumed in making the necessary preparation. The ‘“narrow beds” were made, and as their tenants were consigned to their last long sleep, the solemn voice of the’ priest was raised in the “De Profundis “; and when he had concluded the short and beautiful psalm, the friends of the deceased closed the graves, and covered them neatly with fresh cut sods, which is what *Paddy* very metaphorically calls

“Putting the daisy quilt over him.”

The clergyman retired from the churchyard, and I followed his footsteps for the purpose of introducing myself to “his reverence,” and seeking from him an explanation of what was still a most unfathomable mystery to me*,* namely, the cause of the quarrel, which, from, certain passages in his address to the people, I saw he understood, though so slightly glanced at. Accordingly, I overtook the priest, and as the old 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 posesses 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 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 thin 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 among the peasantry in this particular district that the ghost of the last person interred in the churchyard 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.”

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 churchyard dark and lone in the long nights,” became at once intelligible. Father Roach gave me some curious illustrations of the different ways in which this superstition influenced his “poor people,” as he constantly called them. But I suppose my readers have had quite enough of the subject, and I shall therefore say no more of other “cases in point,” contented with having given them one example, and recording the existence of a superstition which, however wild, undoubtedly owes its existence to an affectionate heart and a poetic imagination.

6. Father Roach

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

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

“Neatly sanded floor - “

(an earthen one, by the way)--we traversed diagonally to an opposite corner, where an open door admitted us into a small but comfortable *boarded* apartment, where breakfast was laid, unostentatiously but neatly, and inviting to the appetite, as far as that could be stimulated by a white cloth, most promising fresh butter, a plate of evidently fresh eggs, and the best of cream, whose rich white was most advantageously set off by the plain blue ware of which the ewer was composed; add to this an ample cake of fresh griddle bread, and

“Though last, not least,”

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

“Gave dreadful note of preparation.”

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

“O’Connell and Liberty;”

and underneath the semi-circular 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 advance towards intimacy. Those who have mingled much in the world have often, no doubt, experienced, like myself, how much easier it is to enter at once, almost, into friendship with some, before the preliminaries of common acquaintance can be established with others.

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

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

“For what else can I call myself,” said the humble priest, “when I depend 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 be was a native; and for him and his brothers nothing was left but personal exertion.

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

“I, and a younger brother, who lost his father ere he could feel the loss, remained in poor Ireland. I was a 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, there might be some reserve between penitent and confessor on a subject where the existing government might be looked upon something in the light of a step-mother.

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

"In all cases?" said I.

"Without an exception," answered he.

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

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

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

And he proceeded to give me the following narrative.

7. The Priest’s Story

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

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

“What makes you think of his return so soon?” said I.

“I don’t know,” said she; “but somehow, I’m uneasy about him.”

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

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

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

“It is! it is!” said she; “I hear him coming.”

And now the sound of a horse’s feet in a rapid pace became audible. She rose from her chair, and with a deeply aspirated “Thank God!” went to open the door for him herself. I heard the horse now pass by the window; in a second or two more the door was opened, and instantly a fearful scream from my mother brought me hastily to her assistance. I found her lying in the

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

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

I dismounted immediately, but the horse, was so extremely restless that the difficulty I had in holding him prevented me from observing the road by the light of the lantern which I carried. I perceived, however, it was very much trampled hereabouts, and bore evidence of having been the scene of a struggle. I shouted to the party in the rear, who soon came up and lighted some faggots of 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 in vain. We continued our search for the discovery of his body for many hours without success, and the morning was far advanced before we returned home. How changed a home from the preceding day! My beloved mother could scarcely be roused for a moment from a sort of stupor that seized upon her when the paroxysm of frenzy was over which the awful catastrophe of the fatal night had produced. If ever heart was broken, here 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 end convulsive sob, he told me, in a voice almost suffocated by terror, that he had been guilty of bloodshed. I shuddered, but in a short time I recovered myself, and asked how and where he had deprived a fellow-creature of life? Never, to the latest hour of my life, shall I forget the look which the miserable sinner gave me at that moment. His eyes were glazed, and seemed starting from their sockets with terror; his face assumed a deadly paleness--he raised his clasped hand up to me in the most imploring action, as if supplicating mercy, and with livid and quivering lips he gasped out - “Twas I who killed your brother!”

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

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

I found the blood-stained sinner supporting me, roused from his own prostration by a sense of terror at my emotion; for when I could hear anything, 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 be had adopted, as the opportunities which it gave him of being often with me as his confessor were likely to still every suspicion of his guilt in the eyes of the world; and in making me the depositary of his fearful secret, he thus placed himself beyond the power of my pursuit, and interposed the strongest barrier to my becoming the avenger of his bloody dead.

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 brother 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 be guessed he would travel on that fatal night, and springing from his lurking-place, he stabbed my noble Frank in the back.

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

One gloomy evening in March I was riding along the very road where my brother had met his fate, in company with his murderer. I know not what brought us together in such a place, except the hand of Providence, that sooner or later brings the murderer to justice; for I was not wont to pass the road, and loathed the company of the man who happened to overtake me upon it. I know not whether it was some secret visitation of conscience that influenced him at the time, or that he thought the lapse of years had wrought upon me so far as to obliterate the grief for my brother's death, which had never been, till that moment, alluded to, however remotely, since he confessed his crime. Judge then my surprise when, directing my attention to a particular point in the bog, he said:

"Tis close 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; "twas there I buried him, poor fellow, after I killed him."

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

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

"'Twas under the seal of confession," said I, "that you disclosed the deadly secret, and under that seal my lips must have been for ever, closed; but now, even in the very place 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 confessions of the criminal, and I was handed this instrument, absolving me from further secrecy, a few days before the trial. I was the principal evidence against the prisoner. The body of my brother had, in the interim, been found in the spot his murderer had indicated, and the bog preserved it so far from decay as to render recognition a task of no

difficulty. The proof was so satisfactorily adduced to the jury that the murderer was found guilty and executed, ten years after he had committed the crime.

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

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

8. The King and the Bishop

A Legend of Clonmacnoise

THERE are few things more pleasant to those who are doomed to pass the greater part of their lives in the dust and din and, smoke of a city than to get on the top of a stage-coach early some fine summer morning, and whirl along through the yet unpeopled streets, echoing from their emptiness to the rattle of the welcome wheels that are bearing you away from your metropolitan prison, to the

“Free blue streams and the laughing sky”

of the sweet country. How gladly you pass the last bridge over one of the canals I 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 ‘tranquility and freedom of a country ramble.

Such have my sensations often been - not a little increased, by-the-by, as I hugged closer to my side my portfolio, well stored with paper, and heard the rattle of my pencils and colours in the tin sketching box in my pocket. Such were they when last I started one fresh and lovely summer’s morning, on the Ballinasloe coach, and promised myself a rich treat In a visit to Clonmacnoise, or “the Churches,” as the place is familiarly called by the peasantry. Gladly I descended from my lofty station on our dusty conveyance, when it arrived at Shannonbridge, and engaging a boat, embarked on the noble river whence the village takes its name, and proceded 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,

“Where ivied arch, or pillar Ione,
Plead haughtily for glories gone,”

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

One day l 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 Clonnmacnoise, one on the top of the hill, and one close beside the plashy bank of the river - he accounted for the difference by a piece of legendary information with which he favoured me, and which may, perhaps, prove of sufficient importance to interest the reader.

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

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

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

“Well, sure enough, he kep his word, and wouldn’t let man nor mortyel go nigh them to help them; and faiks the masons didn’t like the notion of losing, their honest airnins, and small blame to them; but sure they wor starvin’ all the time, and didn’t know what in the wide world to do, when there was a fool 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 better av your axin,’ says they.

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

“Tut, you fools!’ says he; ‘sure isn’t it aisier to take down two stones nor to put up one?’

“Wasn’t that mighty cute o’ the fool, sir? And wid that, my dear sowl, no sooner said than done. Faiks, the masons began to pull down their work, and whin they went an for some time, the bishop bid them stop, and he’d let them down; but faiks, before he gev in to them they had taken the roof clane off; and that’s the raison that one tower has a roof, sir, and the other has none.”

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

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

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

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

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

“I do,” said I.

“God spare you your 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, wid the sivin churches, let alone the two towers, and the bishop, and plinty o’ priests, and all to that.”

“Two towers?” said l; “then l suppose one has fallen?”

“Not at all, sir,” said he; “but the other one that you can’t see is beyant in the hollow by the river-side.”

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

“Troth it was, sir, and is still, for to this day it *bates* the world in regard o’ pilgrims.”

“Pilgrims!” I ejaculated.

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

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

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

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

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

“Some says ‘twas the bishop, your honour, and indeed it is them that has larnin’ says so; but more says ‘twas a king had it long ago, afore the Churches was there at all, at all; and sure enough It looks far oulder nor the Churches, though them is ould enough, God knows. All the knowledgable people I ever heerd talk of it says that; and now, sir,” said he, in an expostulatory tone, “wouldn’t it be far more nath’ral that the bishop id live in the Churches? And sure,” continued, he, evidently leaning to the popular belief, “id stands to *raisnon* that a king id live in a palace, and why *shud* it be called a palace if a king didn’t live there?”

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

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

“Well, sir, it was all mighty well, antil the ould bishop I mintioned arrived at the Churches; but whin he kem, he tuk great scandal at the goings-an of the king, and he determined 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 o’ them all, ‘More shame for them that *wor* before me*,’* says the bishop.

“But to make a long, story short, the king looked mighty black at the bishop, and the bishop looked twice, blacker at him again, and so on, from bad to worse, till they parted the bittherest of inimies: and the king, that was the best o’ friends to the Churches afore, swore be this and be that he’d vex them for it, and that he’d be even with the bishop alore 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 fallin’ of his own in regard of a dhrop, and that he knew the differ betune wine and wather, for, poor ignorant crathurs, it’s little they knew about whisky in them days. ‘Well, the king used often to send *lashins* o’ wine to the Churches, by the way, as he said, that they should have plinty of it for celebrating the mass--although he knew well that it was a little of it went far that-a-way, and that their Riverinces was fond of a hearty glass as well as himself - and why not, sir, if they’d let him alone - for, says the king, as many a one said afore, and will again, I’ll make a child’s bargain with you, says he: do you let me alone, and I’ll let you alone; *manin’* by that, sir, that if they’d say nothin’ about the girls, he would give them plinty of wine.

“And so it fell out a little before he had the *scrimmage* with the bishop, the king promised them a fine store of wine that was comin’ up the Shannon in boats, sir, and big boats they’wor, I’ll go bail--not all as one as the little *drolleen,* [wren] of a thing we’re in now, but nigh-hand as big as a ship; and there was three of these fine boats-full comin’--two for himself, and one for the Churches; and so says the king to himself, ‘The divil receave the dhrop of that wine they shall get,’ says he, ‘the dirty beggarly neygars; bad cess to the dbrop,’ says he, ‘my big-bellied bishop, to nourish your jolly red nose. I said I’d be even with you,’ says he, ‘and so I will; and if you spoil my divarshin, I’ll spoil yours, and turn about is fair play, as the divil said to the smoke-jack.’ So with that, sir, the king goes and he gives ordhers to his servants how it wid be when the boats kem up the river with the wine--and more especial to one in partic’lar they called Corny, his own man, by raison he was mighty stout, and didn’t love priests much more nor himself.

“Now, Corny, sir, let alone bein’ stout, was mighty dark, and if he wanst said the word, you might as well sthrive to move the rock of Dunamaise as Corny, though without a big word at all, at all, but as *quite* [quiet] as a child. Well, in good time, up kem the boats, and down runs the monks, all as one as a flock o’ crows over a cornfield, 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 Riverince,' says Corny, 'we'll unload it ourselves, your Riverince,' says he.

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

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

"Well, sir, at the word divil, 'twas as good as a play to see the look Corny gave out o' the corner of his eye at the monk.

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

"'God bless your work, boys,' says the bishop; for, sure enough, 'twas the bishop himself kem down to the river side, having got the *hard word* of what was goin' an. 'God bless your work,' says he, as they heaved the first barrel of wine out of the boat. 'Go, help them, my sons,' says he, turning round to half-a-dozen strappin' young priests as was standing by.

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

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

"'Where I tould them,' says Corny.

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

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

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

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

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

"'Do you mane to say, you scruff 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 *villlian!* says the bishop, 'the king never did the like.'

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

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

"'He has my commands for what he done,' says the king, quite stout; 'and more be token, I'd have you to know he's no villian at all,' says he, 'but a thrusty servant, 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 divil receave the dhrop,' says the king.

"' And what for?' says the bishop.

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

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

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

"'Yes, sir--the mass,' says his Riverince, colouring up to the eyes -' the mass.'

"'Oh, *baithershin!'* says the king.

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

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

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

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

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

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

"With that, my dear, you couldn't hould the bishop with the rage he was in; and says he," You think to dhrink all that 'wine--but you're mistaken,' says he. 'Fill your cellars as much as you like,' says the bishop, '*but you'll die in drooth yit;'* and with that he went down on his knee. 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 whit home to the Churches.

“Well, sir, sure enough, the king fell sick of a suddent, and all the docthors in the country round was sent for; but they could do him no good at all, at all--and day by day he was wastin’ and wastin’, and pinin’, and pinin’, till the flesh was worn off his bones, and he was as bare and as yallow as a kite’s claw; and then, what would you think, but the drooth came an him sure enough, and be 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 dbrunk as much that day--ay, troth, as much as would turn a mill; and he called to his servants for a dhrink of *grule* [gruel].

“‘The grule’s all out,’ says they.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“‘You’ve no gruel?’ says the king.

“‘No,’ says they.

“‘Nor *whay?*’

“‘No,’ ‘says the sarvants.

“‘Nor wine?’ says the king.

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

“‘Have you no *tay?’* says he.

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

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

“And what would you think, sir, but there wasn’t a dhrop of wather in the place.

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

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

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

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

"'Well,' says the poor king, 'run down to the Shannon,' says be, 'and sure, at all event,, 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 heer the Shannon ass gone dhry, it wint to his heart; and he thought o' the bishop's curse an him--and givin' one murtherin' big *screech* that split the walls of the palace, as may be seen to this day, he died, sir--makin' the bishop's words good, that *'he would die of drooth yit!*

*"*And now, air," says 'my historian, with a look of lurking humour in his dark grey eye, "isn't that mighty wondherful--*iv it's true?"*

9. Jimmy the Fool

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

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

"Ah, ah! by dad, you must work now, boys," said he, "here comes Danger. Bad luck to you, Daddy Danger, you dirty bloodsucker! sure the earth's heavy with you." But suddenly stopping in his career of commonplace abuse, he looked with an air of contemplative dislike towards the man, and deliberately said:

"There you are, Danger! and may I never break bread, *if all the turf in the bog 'id warm me to you."*

Such are the occasional bursts of figurative language uttered by our fools, who are generally mendicants; or perhaps it would be fitter to call them dependents, 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 be was sure to pick up a good deal of money from his gentlemen friends. Aware of this fact, Mr.----, meeting Jimmy one morning on the road, and knowing what errand he was bound on, asked him where he was going.

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

"Why, what can bring *you* there?"

"Oh, I've business there."

"What business--?"

"I'll tell you to-morrow."

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

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

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

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

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

It so happened Mr.----had gone to Dublin that morning; and no assurances nor persuasion, on the part of that gentleman’s confidential clerk, could induce the fool to hand him the parcel--thus observing strict obedience to the commands of his master. But he adhered still more literally to his commission; for when he was told Mr.--had gone to Dublin, and that, therefore, be could not give him the packet, he said: “Oh, very well, Jimmy ‘ill go back again;” but when be 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 be 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 churchyard, 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 of 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 henwife, who rushed upon him with a broomstick, full of dire intent upon Jimmy’s skull.

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

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

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

stile, and with all the usual terrific formulae of “Boo,” “Fee-fa-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 bad iv you,” said Jimmy.

“Boo!” says Raw-head, “I’ll eat you--I’ll eat you.”

“The divil do you good with me,” says Jimmy. And so the ghost was at a nonplus, and Jimmy, won the field.

I once heard of a joint-stock company having been established between a fool and a blind beggar-man, and for whom the fool acted in the capacity of guide. They had share and share alike in the begging concern, and got on tolerably well together, until one day the blind man had cause to suspect Jimmy’s honour. It happened that a mail-coach passing by, the blind man put forth all his begging graces to induce the “quality” to “extind their charity,” and’ succeeded so well, that not only some copper, but a piece of silver was thrown by the wayside. Jimmy, I’m sorry to say, allowed “the filthy lucre of gain” so far to predominate, that in picking up these gratuities, he appropriated the silver coin to his own particular pouch, and brought the 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 didn’t *see* it.” “Well, look for it,” says the blind man. “Well, well, but you’re cute, daddy,” cried Jimmy; “you’re right enough, I see it now;” and Jimmy affected to pick up the sixpence, and handed it to his companion.

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

Presently Jimmy was summoned, and he stepped forward to receive the plate that was handed him; but in its transit from the 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 In the dish. Again the acute sense of the blind man detected the fraud; he sniffed the scent of the purloined provision; and after poking with hurried fingers amongst the potatoes, he exclaimed: “Ha! Jimmy, Jimmy, I smelt meat.” “Deed and deed, no,” said Jimmy, who had, in the meantime, 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 be, as he cautiously approached the brink. “Oh, I will, daddy,” said Jimmy; “give me your hand.”

But Jimmy thought a good opportunity had arrived for disposing of one whom he found to be an over-intelligent companion, and leading him to a part of the bank where no friendly stepping-stone was placed, he cried: “Step out now, daddy.” The poor blind man obeyed the command, and tumbled plump into the water. The fool screamed with delight, and clapped his hand. 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 man’s reach.

“Oh, my curse light an you, you black-hearted thraitor,” said the dripping old beggar, “that has just wit enough to be wicked, and to play such a hard-hearted turn to a poor blind man.”

“Ha! ha! daddy,”‘ cried Jimmy, “*you could smell the mate--why didn’t you smell the wather*?”

10. The Catastrophe

JOHN DAW, of the county ------, gent., who, from his propensity to look down his neighbours' chimneys, was familiary called Mr. Jaokdaw, 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 beet 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 Shakespeare's opinion that:

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

and after the fall of Napoleon, whom be 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 whole 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, busybody, 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, arbitary 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 be 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 roadside, 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 be 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 annoyance--it was insufferable. That he should have, every Sunday at he went to church, his Christian serenity disturbed' by passing so heathenish a temple as a mass-house, and witness the adoration of "damnable idolaters," was bad enough; but that he one of the staunchest Protestants in the county; one of the most unflinching of the sons of ascendancy, should be delayed on his way to church by a pack of "rascally rebelly papists," as he charitably called them, was beyond endurance, and he deeply swore he would never go to church by that road

again to be obnoxious to so great an indignity. And he kept his word. He preferred going a round of five miles to the ample and empty church of--, than again pass the confined and crowded little chapel.

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

If he went out of his way to avoid one popish nuisance, he was "*put* out of his way" by another, namely, by having his residence in the vicinity of a convent; yea, within earshot 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 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 an 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 forthwlth 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. "Ay, ay," would he mutter to himself, "they were always deep as well as dangerous--they're too cunning to commit themselves by anything 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 this 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 the Hesperian garden, where, be 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 convent wall, to which point they both directly hurried. What the noise originated in we shall soon see, but a moment's pause must be first given to say a word or two of Mr. Daw's friend.

He was a little bustling man, always fussing about something or other, eternally making frivolous excuses for paying visits at unseasonable hours, for the purpose of taking people by surprise, and seeing what they were about, and everlastingly giving people advice; and after any unpleasant accident, loss of property, or other casualty, he was always ready with an assurance that "if that had been his case he would have done so and so," and gave ample

grounds for you to understand that you were very little more or lees 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 anything worth notice was within eyeshot, and when failure ensued, in that case be 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,” be was reconnoitring the quarter where it stood with the eye of a lynx. Unsuccessful there, be would proceed, myhap, 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 postmark and superscription, to try if he could glean any little *hint* from them. “So, so! a foreign postmark. I see--ha! I daresay, now, this is from your cousin--his regiment’s abroad, I believe? Eh! Miss Emily?” (rather knowingly). Miss Emily might reply slyly: “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 maitre* and eavesdropper, he enjoyed a *sobriquet* as honourable as Mr. Daw, and was called *Little Beau Peep.*

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

“Little Beau Peep
He 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

“Trlmm’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 rather a 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 noise of Beau Peep was heard in the hall by the affrighted Fitz-Altamonts. No herd of startled deer was ever half so terrified by the deep bay of the ferocious staghound 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 everything 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, 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 at 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 saIt a moment before, and was certain something unlucky was going to happen)--and the dear, romantic girls, Angelina and Iphigenia, were at the moment boiling their eggs, when that dreadful, little man got into the house. It's very laughable, to be sure--he! he! he!--when one knows all about it; but *really,* I was never 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 off 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 a-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, Jamie); 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 presupposing 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 of settin’ night-lines,” said O’Brien; “and I was thinkin’ maybe it’s for that your honour id be.”

“Oh!” said Beau Peep, “‘tis nothing 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 were now 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 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 time that Jack Daw, with the boat-hook, secured the basket.

"I've got it!" exclaimed Day, 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.

"Throth, 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."

"My dear fellow," said Daw, "let us go ashore immediately, and, by the exercise of walking, you may counteract the bad effects that this accident may 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*,"* said O'Brien, as he pulled towards the shore, 'may I make so bould as to ax your honour what curiosity there is in an ould basket, to make yiz take so much throuble, and nigh-hand drowndin' yourselves afore you cotcht it?"

"Oh, never you mind," said Mr. Daw; "you shall soon know all about it. By-the-by, my dear friend," turning to Terrier, "l think we had better proceed, as soon as we get ashore, to our neighbour Sturdy's--his is the nearest house we 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 tree 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 heavens!" exclaimed the excellent lady of the mansion (for the ladies had not yet withdrawn), on perceiving 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 dear 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 till 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 rather of an indelicate nature and not fit for ladies’ ears?”

“No, no. We’ll stay here, and Mrs. S. and my 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 beard a faint cry; “and then, sir” said he, “we were at once awake to the revolting certainty that the nuns had thus intended 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 the basket that I met the accident, Mr. Sturdy, that has occasioned you so much mirth. However, I believe you will acknowledge now, Mr. Sturdy, that my discoveries by water have been rather important - “

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

“Oh! by this and that,” roared out O’Brien, “the devil resave the bit of a child I seen, I’ll be upon my oath! And I wouldn’t say that in a lie - “

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

“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 gentleman pick up, O’Brien?”

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

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

“Yes, sir, undher God - “

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

“Throth, 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 pen-knife 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 baby!” 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, isn’t it a darlint?” said O’Brien, with the most provoking affectation of pathos in his voice, 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 the 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 bear 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 the 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 sympathies 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 gintlemen 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 Christian 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 good glass of 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 thinkin’ 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 swear 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 whisky to drink repose to the souls of the cats?”

“Good luck to your honour,” said O’Brien, “and 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 - “

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 crestfallen, and as the ladies had overheard the whole affair, they were both anxious to get out of the house at 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.

“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 with so very curious a *cat*--astrophe!”

11. The Devil's Mill

Beside the River Liffey stands the picturesque ruins 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 after takin' off the ould mill you'd be, sir?"

I answered in the affirmative.

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

"With pleasure," said I, as I untied the strings of my portfolio, and drawing the sketch from amongst its companions, presented it to him. He considered it attentively for some time, and at length exclaimed:

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

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

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

"Almost," said I.

"And 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 whisky - "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 be said himself, he proceeded to give an account of the mill in question.

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

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

"Oh, sure your honour must have head how the pass was sould, 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 laist said is soonest mended--howsomever, he got a power of money for that

same, and lands and what not; but the more he got, the more he craved, and there was no ind to his sthrivin' for goold evermore, and thirstin' for the lucre of gain.

"Well, 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 soul in exchange."

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

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

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

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

"' As much as you like,' says Ouid Nick. 'How much will you have?'

"You must fill me that room,' says he, pointin' into a murtherin' big room, that he emptied out on purpose--'you must fill me that room,' says be, 'up to the very ceilin' with goolden guineas.'

"'And welkim,' says the divil.

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

"Well, he worked away for an hour and more, and at last he began to get tired; and he thought it *mighty odd* that the room wasn't fillin' fasther. Well, afther restin' for a while, he began agin, and he put his shouIdher to the work in airnest; but still the room was no fuller, at all, at all.

"'Och! bad luck to me,' says the divil; 'but the likes of this I never seen,' says he, 'far and near, up and down--the dickens a room I ever kem across afore,' says he, 'I couldn't cram while a cook would be crammin' a turkey, till now; and here I am,' says he 'losin' my whole day, and I with such a power o' work an my hands yit, and this room no fuller than if I began five minutes ago.'

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

"Ho! ho!' says 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 great big hole in the flure that the Colonel made through the ceilin' in the room below; and that was the work

he was at afther he left the divil, though he purtended he was only waitin' for him in his parlour; and there the divil, when he looked down 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 putting his head through the hole, he called down to the Colonel:

"'Hillo! neighbour,' says he.

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

"'Musha, bad luck to your impudence!' says Ould Nick; 'is It sthrivin' to chate *me* you are,' says he, 'you villain?'

"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 doesn'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 took 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 entirely--not a greater in Ireland, throth."

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

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

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

"Oh, the Lord forbid, your honour! but don't be impatient, and you'll hear all. They say, at last, after many years of prosperity, that the old 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 came upon him; and sure enough, while he had such mournful thoughts, the dlvii kern to him, and tould him *he should go meld hiss.*

"Well to be sure the ould 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 *ould friend* wouldn't inconvaynience him, that a-way - "

"Well," said I, laughing at the "put off" of *going to a party,* "the devil, of course would take no excuse, and carried him off in a flash of fire?"

"Oh, no, sir," answered the old man, in something of a reproving, or, at least, offended tone - "that's the finish, I know very well, of many a story such as we're talkin' of, but that's not the way of this, *which is thruth every word,* what I tell you."

"I beg your pardon for the interruption," said I.

"No 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 couldn’t do, he wasn’t obleeged to go.

“‘That’s thrue,’ says the divil.

“‘I’m glad you’re as good as your word, anyhow,’ says the Colonel.

“‘I never bruk my word yit,’ says the ould chap, cocking up his horns consaitedly--’ honour bright,’ says he.

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

“‘Your will is my pleasure,’ says the ould chap, and away he wint; and the Colonel thought he had nick’d Ould Nick at last, and wint to bed quite aisy in his mind.

“But, *jewel machree,* sure the first thing he heerd the next mornin’ was, that the whole counthry round was runnin’ to see a fine bran-new mill, that was an the riverside, where, the evenin’ before, not a thing at all, at all but rushes was standin’, and all, of coorse, woudherin’ what brought it there; and some sayin ‘twas not lucky, and many more throubled in their mind, but one and all agreein’ it was no *good;* and that’s the very mill forniust you, that you were takin’ aff and the stone that I noticed is a remarkable one--a big coign-stone--that they say the divil himself laid first, and has the mark of four fingers and a thumb an it, to this day.

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

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

“‘Oh, that won’t do,’ says his frind; ‘I can’t wait no more,’ says he.

“‘I don’t want you to wait, my dear frind,’ says the Colonel; “all I want is, that you’ll be plazed to kill me before you take me away.’

“‘With pleasure,” says Ould Nick.

“‘But will you promise me my choice of dyin’ one partic’lar way?’ says the Colonel.

“‘Half a dozen ways, if it plazes you,’ says he.

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

“‘I’ve always one about me,’ says the divil, ‘to obleege my frinds,’ says he; and with that he pull 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, grinnn’, with a terrible laugh.

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

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

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

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

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

"'You don't deserve it,' says the divil, 'but I don't care if I do;' for you see, sir, be 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 throwin' open, and in ran his daughter, and fell down at his feet, telling him her mother had just dhropped dead.

"The minit the door opened, the divil runs and hides himself behind a big elbow-chair; and the Colonel was frekened almost out of his siven sinses, by raison of the sudden death of his poor lady, let alone the jeopardy he was in himself, seein' how the divil had *forestall'd* him every way; and after ringin' his bell, and callin' to his servants, and recoverin' his daughter out of her faint, he was goin' away wid her out o' the room, whin the divil caught hould of him by the skirt of the coat, and the Colonel was obleeged to let his daughter be carried out by the servants, and shut the door afther them.

"'Well,' says the divil, and he grinn'd and wagg'd his tail, and all as one as a dog when he's plaz'd--' 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 better keep a civil tongue in your head,' says he; 'and it doesn't become a gintleman to forget good manners.'

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

"Well, the poor Colonel, God forgive him! was grieved for the loss of his lady, and she had an *iligant berrin,* and they say that when the prayers was readin' over the dead, the ould Colonel took it to heart like anything, and the word o' God kem home to his poor sinful sowl at last.

"Well,' sir, to make a long story short, the ind if 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 didn'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 of the house, and bid no one disturb him

an no account, and struv to make his heart bould with the words iv life; and sure it was somethin' strinthened him at last, though as the time drew nigh that the *inimy* was to come, he didn't feel aisy. And no wondher! And, by dad! the three days was past and gone in no time, and the story goes that at the dead hour o' the night, when the poor sinner was readin' away as fast as he could, my jew'l! his heart jumped up to his mouth at gettin' a tap on the shoulder.

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

"'It's me,' says the *ould one,* and he stood right forninst 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 minits,' says he.

"'Lave aff your palavering, you snakin' 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 wouldn't harm him antil the bit o' candle that was just blinkin' in the socket before him was burned out.

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

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

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

12. The Gridiron or Paddy Mullowney's Travels in France

MATHEWS, in his "Trip to America," gives a ludicrous representation of an Irishman who has left his own country on the old-fashioned speculation of "seeking his fortune," and who, after various previous failures in the pursuit, at length goes into the back settlements, with the intention of becoming interpreter-general between the Yankees and the Indian tribes; but the Indians reject his proffered service, "the *poor ignorant craytures,"* as he himself says, *"just because* he did not understand the language." We are told, moreover, that Goldsmith visited the land of dykes and dams, for the purpose of teaching the Hollanders *English*, quite overlooking (until his arrival in the country made it obvious), that he did not know a word of *Dutch* himself. I have prefaced the following story thus, in the hope that the *"precedent,"* which covers so many absurdities in *law*, may be considered available by the *author,* as well as. the *suitor,* and may serve a turn in the court of criticism, as well as in the common pleas.

A certain old gentleman in the west of Ireland, whose love of the ridiculous quite equalled his taste for claret and fox-bunting, 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 season, either from former services, general good conduct, or the delinquent's "wife and childher," that always turned the scale.

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

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

"What!" exclaims Sir John, in feigned surprise, "was Pat ever in France?"

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

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

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

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

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

“I believe, Pat, ‘twas when you were crossing the Atlantic?’ says the master, turning to Pat with a seductive air, and leading into the “full and true account” (for Pat had thought fit to visit *North Amerikay,* for “a raison he had,” In the autumn of the year ‘ninety-eight).

“Yes, sir,” says Pat, “the broad Atlantic,” a favourite phrase of his, which be gave with a brogue as broad almost as the Atlantic itself.

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

“Well, sure enough, the masts went by the boord at last, and the pumps were choak’d (divil choak them for that same), and av coorse the wather gained ‘an us; and throth, to be filled with wather is neither good for man or baste; and she was sinkin’ fast, settlin’ down, as the sailors call it; and faith I never was good at settlin’ down in my life, and I liked it then lees nor ever; accordingly, we prepared for the worst, and put out the boat, and got a sack o’ bishkets, and a cashk o’ pork, and a keg 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 dhas* went down like a lump o’ lead, afore we wor many strokes o’ the oar away from her.

“Well, we dhrifted away all that night, and next mornin’ we put up a blanket an the ind av a pole as well as we could, and then we sailed iligant; for we darn’t show a stitch o’ canvass the night before, bekase it was blowin’ like 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, throth, our provisions began to run low - the bishkits, and the wather, and the rum--throth, *that* was gone first of all, God help us!--and oh, it was thin that starvation began to stare us in the face. ‘Oh, murther, maurther, captain darlint,’ says l; ‘I wish we could see land anywhere,’ says I.

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

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

“‘Whisht, whisht, Paddy!’ says the captain, ‘don’t be taikin’ bad of anyone,’ says he; ‘you don’t know how soon you may want a good word put in for yourself, if you should be called to quarthers in th’ other world all of a suddint,’ says he.

“‘Thrue for you, captain darlint,’ says I--I called him darlint, and make free wid him, you see, bekase disthress makes us 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, ind by gor, the *wather itself* was all gone at last, and we passed the night mighty cowld--well, at the brake o’ day, the sun riz most beautiful out o’ the waves, that was as bright as silver and as clear as crysthal. But it was only the more cruel upon us, for we wor beginnin’ to feel *terrible* hungry; when all at wanst I thought I spied the land--by gor, I thought I felt

my heart up in my throat in a minit, and ‘Thunder and 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 than anyone else--’tut, you fool,’ says he, ‘that’s *France,’* says he.

“‘Tare an ouns!’ says I, ‘do you tell me so? And how do you know it’s France it is, captain dear?’ says I.

“‘Bekase this is the Bay o’ Bishky we’re in now,’ says he.

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

“Well, with that my heart began to grow light; and when I seen my life was safe, I began to grow twice hungrier nor ever. ‘So,’ says I, ‘captain jewel, wish we had a gridiron.’

“‘Why, then,’ says he, ‘thunder an’ turf,’ says he, ‘what puts a gridiron into your head?’

“‘Bekase I’m starvin’ with the hunger,’ says I.

“‘And sure, bad luck to you,’ says he, ‘you couldn’t ate a gridiron,’ says he, ‘barrin’ you wor a *pelican o’ the wiidherness,’* says he.

“‘Ate a gridiron!’ says I. ‘Och, in throth, I’m not sitch a *gommoch* all out as that, anyhow. 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, couldn’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 stirabout in airnest now,’ says he. ‘You gommoch,’ says he, ‘sure I towld you before that’s France--and sure they’re all furriners there,’ says the captain.

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

“‘What do you mane?’ says he.

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

"'Make me sinsible,' says he.

"'By dad, maybe that's more nor 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.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"So with that it was no sooner said than 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 t'other, tow'rds a little bit iv 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, eating their dinner round a table, quite convaynient. And so I wint up to the door, and I thought I'd be very civil to thim, as I heerd the Frinch was always mighty p'lite intirely, and I thought I'd show them I knew what good manners was.

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

"Well, to be sure, they all stopt ating at wanst, and begun to stare at me, and faith, they almost look'd me out o' 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 o' wantin' the gridiron; and so says l: 'I beg your pardon,' says I, 'for the liberty l take, but it's only bein' in disthress in regard of ating,' says I, 'that I make bowld to throuble yez, and if you could lind me the loan of a gridiron,' says I, 'I'd be entirely obleeged to ye.'

"By gor, they all stared at me twice worse nor before; and with that, says I, knowin' what was in their minds: 'Indeed, it's thrue for you,' says I, 'I'm tatthered to pieces, and God knows I look quare enough; but 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 plazed to lind us the loan of a gridiron,' says I, makin' a low bow.

"Well, sir, with that, throth, they stared at me twice worse nor ever, and faith, 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 l 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. Aren't you furriners?' says I--'*Parly voo frongsay?*"

"'We munseer,' says he.

"'Then, would you lind me the loan of a gridiron,' says I, 'if you plaze?'

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

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

"'Thou, would you lind me the loan of a gridiront' 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 wor all neygars, for all their fine manners; and throth,' my blood begun to rise, and says. I: 'By my sowl, if it was you was in disthress,' says I, 'and if it was to 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 sinaible at last; and so says I, wanst more, quite slow, that he might undherstand: *'Parly--voo--frongsay,* munseer?'

"'We munseer,' says he.

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

"'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.'

"Well, what would you think but be shook his ould noddle, as much as to say he wouldn't, and so says I: 'Bad cess to the likes o' that I ever seen! Throth, if you wor in my counthry it's not that-a-way they'd use you. The curse o' the crows an you, you ould 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 ould 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 voo frongsay*?' says I.

"'We munseer,' says he.

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

“Well, sir, the divil resave the bit of it he’d gi’ me and so with that the ‘curse o’ the hungry an you, you ould neygarly villian,’ says I. ‘The back o’ my hand and the sowl o’ my fut to you, that you may want a gridiron yourself yit,’ says I; ‘and wherever I go, high and low, rich and poor, shall hear o’ you,’ says I. And with that I left them there, sir, and kem away; and in throth, it’s often sense that *I thought that it was remarkable.”*

13. Paddy the Piper

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

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

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

"Well, to come to my story. 'Twas afther night-fall, and we wor sittin' round the fire, and the praties wor boilin', and the noggins of butthermilk was standin' ready for our suppers, whin a knock kem to the door.

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

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

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

"'Oh, it's a folly to purtind any more,' says my father; 'they're too cute to be put off that-a-way,' says he. 'Go, Shamus,' says he to me, 'and see who's in it.'

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

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

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

"'Who's there?' says I.

"'It's me,' says he.

"'Who are you?' says I.

"'A frind,' says he.

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

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

"'Divil a taste,' says I.

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

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

"'Sorra one else,' says he.

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

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

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

"'Sure, I know that,' says he, 'God help me; and 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 Yeos ketches you,' says I, 'they'll murther you, as sure as your name's Paddy.'

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"You see, afther sleeping for some time, Paddy wakened up thinkin' It was mornin', but it wasn't mornin' at all, but only the light o' the moon that 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 everyone gave it up to Paddy that he was iligant an the pipes, and played 'Jinny bang'd the Weaver' beyant tellin', and the 'Hare in the Corn,' that you'd think the very dogs was in it and the horsemen ridin' like mad.

"Well, as I was sayin', he set off to go to the fair, and he wint meandherin' along through the fields, but he didn't go far, antil climbin' up through a hedge, when he was comin' out at t'other side, his head kem plump agin somethin' that made the fire flash out iv his eyes. So with that he looks up--and what do you think it was, Lord be merciful to us! 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 'twas thrue for him, for it would make the heart of a stouter man nor Paddy jump to see the like, and to think of a Chrishthan crathur being hanged up, all as one as a dog.

"Now, 'twas the rebels that hanged this chap--bekase, you see, the corpse had got 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 anybody wid good clothes an him, but only the poor and definceless crathurs like us; so, as I said before, Paddy knew well it was the *boys* that done it;

‘and,’ says Paddy, eyin’ the corpse, ‘by my sowl, thin, but you have a beautiful pair o’ boots an you,’ says he, ‘and it’s what I’m thinkin’ you won’t have any great use for thim no more; and sure, it’s a shame to 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 *traneeens*, and a corpse with such an iligant pair o’ boots, that wants someone to wear thim. So, with that, Paddy lays hould of him by the boots, and began a-pullin’ at thim, but they wor mighty stiff; and whether it wis by raison of their bein’ so tight, or the branch of the three a-jiggin’ up an’ down, all as one as a weighdee buckettee, an’ not lettin’ Paddy cotch any right hoult o’ thim--he could get no *advantage* o’ thim at all--and at last he gev it up, and was goin’ away, whin lookin’ behind him agin, the sight of the iligant fine boots was too much for him, and he turned back, determined to have the boots, anyhow, by fair means or foul; and I’m loath to tell you now how he got thim--for indeed it was a dirty turn, and throth, it was the only dirty turn l 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 finds before; and sure, ‘twas the wondher of everyone, that two knowledgable men, that ought to know betther, would do the likes, and give and take sharp steel in frindship; but I’m forgettin’--well, he outs with his knife, and what does he do, but be cuts off the legs of the corpse; ‘and,’ says he, ‘I can take off the boots at my convaynience;’ and throth, it was, as I said before, a dirty turn.

“Well, air, he tuck’d the legs undher his arms, and at that minit the moon peeped out from behind a cloud--’Oh! is it there you are?’ says be to the moon, for he was an impidint chap--and thin, seein’ that he made a mistake, and that the moonlight deceaved him, and that It wasn’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 *he* was found walking the counthry at that time--by gar, he turned about, and walked back agin to the cow-house, and hidin’ the corpse’s legs in the sthraw, Paddy wint to sleep agin. But what do you think? the divil a long Paddy was there, antil the sojers came in airnest, and by the powers, they carried off Paddy--and faith, it was only sarvin’ him right for what he done to the poor corpse.

“Well, whin the mornin’ kem, my father says to me: ‘Go, Shamus,’ says he, ‘to the shed, and bid poor Paddy come in, and take share o’ the praties, for I go bail, he’s ready for his breakquest by this, anyhow!’

“Well, out I wint to the cow-house, and called out ‘Paddy!’ and afther callin’ three or four times, and gettin’ no answer, I wint in, and called agin, and divil an answer I got still.

“Blood-au-agers!’ says I ‘Paddy, where are you, at all, at all?’ and so, castin’ my eyes about the shed, I seen two feet stickin’ out from undher the hape o’ straw--’ Musha! thin,’ says I, ‘bad luck to you, Paddy, but you’re fond of a warm corner, and maybe you haven’t made yourself as snug as a flay in a blanket? but I’ll disturb your dhrames, I’m thinkin’,’ says I, and with that I laid hould of his heels (as I thought, God help me!), and givin’ a good pull to waken him, as I intinded, away I wint, head over heels, and my brains was a’most knocked out agin’ the wall.

“Well, whin I recovered myself, there I was, an the broad o’ my back, and two things stickin’ out o’ my hands like a pair o’ Husshian’s horse-pist’ls--and I thought the sight ‘id lave, my eyes when I seen they wor’ two mortial legs.

“My jew’l, I threw them down like a hot pratie, and jumpin’ up, I roared out millia murther. ‘Oh, you murtherin’ villian,’ says I, shakin’ my fist at the cow; ‘oh, you

unnath'ral *baste,'* says I, 'you've ate poor Paddy, you thievin' cannible; you're worse than a neygar,' says I; 'and bad luck to you, how dainty you are, that nothin' 'id serve you for your supper but the best piper In Ireland. *Weirasthru! weirasthru!* what'll the whole counthry say to such an unnath'ral murther? And you lookin' as innocent there as a lamb, and atin' your hay as quite as if nothin' happened.' With that I run out--for throth, I didn't like to be near her--and goin' into the house, I tould them all about It.

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

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

"'Is it ate, Paddy?' says they.

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

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

"'I wish I was as sure of a new pair o' brogues,' says I. 'Bad luck to the bit she has left iv him but his two legs.'

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

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

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

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

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

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

"'By my sowl, thin,' says my father, 'she shan't be undber 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 <u>makin</u>' a gommagh of yourself,' says he.

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

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

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

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

"So aff I wint--and it's no lie 'I'm tellin' whin I say it was sore agin my will I had anything to do with sich a villian of a baste. But howsomever, I cut a brave long wattle, that I might dhrive the manather 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 wus 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 grey 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 doesn’t know,’ says I--and that was thrue enough, you see, bekase I was bewildhered like about the baste entirely.

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

“‘Och,’ says I--not likin’ to let him suspict there was anything wrong wid her--’ och,’ says I, in a careless sort of a way, ‘sure, no one can tell what a baste ‘ill bring, antil they come to the fair,’ says I, ‘and see what price is goin’.’

“‘Indeed, that’s nath’ral enough,’ says he. ‘But if you wor bid a fair price before you come to the fair, sure you might as well take it,’ says he.

“‘Oh I’ve, no objection in life,’ says I.

“‘Well, thin, what ‘ill you ax for her?’ says he.

“‘Why, thin, I wouldn’t like to be onraisonable,’ 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 wasn’t somethin’ the matter, it’s not for that you’d be sellin’ the fine milch cow, as she is to all appearance.’

“‘Indeed, thin,’ says I, ‘upon my conscience, she *is* a flue milch cow.’

“‘Maybe,’ says he, ‘she’s gone off her milk, in regard that she doesn’t feed well?’

“‘Och, by this and that,’ says I, ‘In regard of feedin’ there’s not the likes of her in Ireland. So make your mind aisy; and if you like her for the money, you may have her.’

“‘Why, Indeed, I’m not in a hurry,’ says he, ‘and I’ll wait to see how they go in the fair.’

“‘With all my heart,’ says I, purtendin’ to be no ways consarned--but in throth, I began to be afeard that the people was seein’ somethin’ unnath’ral about her, and that we’d never get rid of her, at all, at all. At last we kem to the fair, and a great sight o’ people was in it--throth, you’d think the whole world was there, let alone the standin’s o’ gingerbread and iligant ribbins, and makin’s o’ beautiful gownds, and pitch-and-toss, and merry go-rouns, and tints with the best av dhrink in thim, and the fiddles playin’ up t’ incourage the boys and girls; but I never minded thim at all, but detarmint to sell the thievin’ rogue av a cow afore l’d mind any divarsh 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 ‘Tattberin’ Jack Welsh,’ and, my jew’l, in a minit the cow cock’d her ears, and was makin’ a dart at the tint.

“‘Oh,’murther!’ says I, to the boys standin’ by, ‘hould her, says I, ‘hould her--she ate one piper already, the vagabone, and bad luck to her, she wants another.’

“‘Is it a cow for to ate a piper?’ says one o’ thim.

"'Divil a bit o' lie in it, for I seen his corpse myself, and nothin' left but the two legs,' says I; 'and it's a folly to be sthrivin' to hide it, for I *see* she'll never lave it aff--as poor Paddy Grogan knows to his cost, Lord be marciful to him!'

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

"'Oh, hould him too,' says I. 'Keep him av me, for it's not himself at all, but his ghost,' says I; 'for he was kilt last night to my sartin knowledge, every inch av him, all to his legs.'

"Well, sir, with that, Paddy--for it *was* Paddy himself, as it kem out afther--fell a laughin', that you'd think his sides 'ud split; and whin he kem to himself, he ups and he tould us howit was, as I tould you already; and the likes av the fun they made av me was beyant tellin' for wrongfully misdoubtin' the poor cow, and layin' the blame iv atin' a piper an her. So we all wint into a tint to have it explained, and by gor, it tuk 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 or sence, even from Paddy himself--and av coorse, the poor slandhered cow was dhruv home agin, and many a quite day she had wid us afther that; and whin she died, throth, my father had sitch a regard for the poor thing, that he had her skinned, and an iligant pair of breeches made out iv her hide, and it's in the fam'ly to this day; and isn't it mighty remarkable it is, what I'm goin' to tell you now, but it's as thrue as I'm here, and from that out, anyone that has them 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 pIayin'--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."

14. The Priest's Ghost

"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 St. John, as well as I can remember, that the old dame gave as the date of the supernatural occurrence.

"Whin Mary O'Malley, a friend of my mother's (God rest her sowl!) and it was herself tould me the story: Mary O'Malley was in the chapel hearin' vespers an the eve o' Saint John, whin, you see, whether it was that she was dbrowsy or tired afther the days work--for she was all day teddin' the new-cut grass, for 'twas haymakin' sayson--or whether it was *ordhered* and that it was all for the glory of God, and the repose of a throubled sowl, or how it was, it doesn't become me to say, but howsomever, Mary fell asleep in the chapel, and sound enough she slep', for never a wink she wakened antil every individhial craythur was gone, and the chapel doors was looked. Well, you may be sure, it's poor Mary O'Malley was freken'd, and thrimbl'd till she thought she'd ha' died on the spot, and sure, no wondher, considerin' she was locked up in a chapel all alone, and in the dark, and no one near her.

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

Well, my poor dear Mary thought the life 'id lave her, for she dhreaded the priest was not of this world, and she couldn't say a word; and whin the priest ax'd three times was there no one there to answer the mass, and got no answer, he walked back agin into the vesthry, and in a minit all was dark agin; but before he wint, Mary thought he looked towards her, and she said she'd never forget the melancholy light of his eyes, and the look he gave her quite pitiful like, and she said she never heerd before nor 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 anything 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 heard to her clergy, his Riverence, undher God, was enlightened to see the maynin' of it all; and the maynin' was this, that he undherstood from hearin' of the priest appearin' in black vestments, that it was for to say mass for the dead that he kem there; and so he supposed that the priest durin' his lifetime had forgot to say a mass for the dead that he was bound to say, and that his poor sowl couldn't have rest antil that mass was said, and that he must walk antil the duty was done.

So Mary's clergy said to her, that as the knowledge of this was made. through her, and as his Riverence said she was chosen, he ax'd her would she go and keep another vigil in the chapel, as his Riverence said--and thrue for him--for the repose of a sowl. So Mary, bein' a stout girl, and always good, and relyin' on doin' what she thought was her duty in the eyes of God, said she'd watch another night, but hoped she wouldn't be ax'd to stay long in the chapel alone. So the priest tould her 'twould do if she was there a little store twelve o'clock at night; for you know, sir, that people never appears antil afther twelve, and from that till cock-crow. And so accordingly Mary wint on the night of the vigil, and before twelve down she knelt in the chapel, and began a-countin' of her beads, and the craythur, she thought every minit was an hour antil she'd be relaysed.

Well, she wasn't kep' long; for soon the dazalin' light burst from out of the vesthry door, and the same priest kem out that appeared afore, and in the same melancholy voice he ax'd, when he mounted the althar: 'Is there anyone here to answer this mass?'

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

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

So never say, sir, It's no good praying for the dead; for you see that even the sowl of a priest couldn't have pace for forgettin' so holy a thing as a mass for the sowl of the faithful departed."

15. New Potatoes

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

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

Such was the case, as I happened to overhear a conversation between Katty, a *black-eyed* dealer in "New pittayatees!" and her friend Sally, who had "Fine fresh Dublin Bay herrings!" to dispose of. Sally, to do her justice, was a very patient hearer, and did not interrupt her friend with her own cry in the least; whether it was from being interested in her friend's little misfortunes, or that Katty was one of those "out-and-outers" in storytelling, who, when once they begin, will never leave off; nor even allow another to edge in a word as "thin as a aixpence," 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 PITTATATEES!"

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

KATTY - "*My new Pittayatees!--My-a-new Pittayatees!--My new - "--(Meeting a friend.)--*
Sally darlin', is that you?
SALLY--Throth, it's myself; and what's the matther wid you, Katty?
KAT.--'Deed, my heart bruk oryin' - "*New pittayatees* "--cryin' afther that vagabone.
SAL.--Is it Mike?
KAT.--Throth, it's himself indeed.
SAL.--And what is it be done?
KAT.--Och he ruined me with his - "*New pittayatees* "--with his goin's-an--the ould thing, my dear.
SAL.--Throwin' up his little finger, I suppose?
KAT.--Yis, my darlint; he kem home th' other night, blazin' blind dhrunk, cryrn' out - "*New pittayatees!* "--roarin' and bawlin', that you'd think he' rise the roof aff o' the house.

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

So, with that, I knew the villian was *mulvathered;* let alone the heavy fut o' the miscrayint an the stairs, that a child might know he was done for - *"My new pittayatees!*"--Throth, he was done to a turn, like a mutton-kidney.

SAL.--Musha! God help you, Katty.
KAT.--Oh, wait till you hear the ind o' my - *"New pittayatees!"*--O' my throubles, and it's then you'll open your eyes - "*My new pittayatees!"*
SAL.--Oh, bud I pity you.
KAT.--Oh, wait - wait, my jewel--wait till you hear what became o' - "*My new pittayatees!*"--wait till I tell you the ind of it. Where did I lave aff? Oh, ay, at the stairs.

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

SAL.--Why would you call such a 'tarnal vagabone darllnt?
KAT.--My jew'l, didn't I tell you I thought it best to soother him with - "*New pittayatees!* "--with a tindher word; so, says I, "Mikee, you villian, you're disguised," says I; "you're disguised, dear."

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

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

SAL.--Oh, the ruffin.
KAT.--Dirty breed, indeed! By my sowkins, they're as good as his any day in the year, and was never behoulden to - "*New pittayatees!* "--to go a-beggin' to the mendicity for their dirty - "*New pittayatees!* "--their dirty washin's o' pots, and sarvints' lavin's, and dogs' bones, all as one as that cruk'd disciple of his mother's cousin's sisther, the ould dhrunken asperseand, as she is.
SAL.--No, in throth, Katty dear.
KAT.--Well, where was I? Oh, ay, I left off at - "*New pittayatees!* "--I left off at my dirty breed. Well, at the word "dirty breed," I knew full well the bad dhrop was up in him--and faith, it's soon and suddint he made me sinsible av it, for the first word he said was - "*New pittayatees!* "--the first word he said was to put his shouldher to the door, and In he bursted the door, fallin' down in the middle o', the flure crylin' out - "*New pittayatees!* "--cryin' out. "Bad luck attind you," says he. "How dar you refuse to lit me into my own house, you sthrap," says he, "agin the law o' the land," says he, scramblin' up on his pins agin, as well as he could; and as he was risin', says I - "*New pittayatees!* "--says I to him (screeching out loud, that the neighbours in the flure below might hear me), "Mikee, my darlint," says I.

"Keep the pace, you vagabone," says he; and with that he hits me a lick av a - *"New pittayatees!"*--a lick iv 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 villain!
KAT.--Oh, that's not all! As I was riisin', my jew'l, he was goin' to sthrek me agin; and with

that I cried out - "*New pittayatees!* "--I cried out: "Fair-play, Mikee," says I; "don't sthrek a man down;" but he wouldn't listen to raison, 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 l am. God help me!!!)

SAL.--Oh! but you're to be pitied, Katty dear.
KAT.--Well, puttin' up the child betune me and harm, as he was risin' his hand - "Oh I" says I, "Mikee darlint, don't sthrek the babby;" but, my dear, before the word was out o' my mouth, he sthruk the babby. (I thought the life id lave me.) And iv coorse, the poor babby, that never spuk a word, began to cry - "*New pittayatees!* "--began to cry and roar and bawl, and no wondher.
SAL.--Oh, the haythen, to go sthrek the child.
KAT.--And, my jew'l, the neighbours in the flure below, hearin' the skrimmage, kem runnin' up the stairs, cryin' out - "*New pittayatees* "--cryin' out: "Watch, watch, Mike M'Evoy," says they. "Would you murther your wife, you villain?" "What's that to you?" says he. "Isn't she my own?" says he, "and if I plans to make her feel the weight o' my--' *New pittayatees!* '--the weight o' my fist, what's that to you?" says he. "It's none o' your business, anyhow, so keep your tongue in your jaw, and your toe in your pump, and 'twill be betther for your--' *New pittayatees* '--'twill be betther for your health, I'm thinkin',", says he; and with that he looked cruked at thim, and squared up to one o' thim--a poor defincelees craythur--a tailor.

"Would you fight your match?" says the poor innocent man.

"Lave my sight," says Mike, "or by jingo, I'll put a stitch in your side, my jolly tailor," says he.

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

And with that, Mike. was goin' to hit him with *a - "New pittayatees* "--a lift-hander; but be 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 wile (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 give a man a lickin' every day in the week; you're bowld an the head now, you vagabone," says she; "but if I had you alone," says she, "no matther if I wouldn't take the consait out o' your--' *New pittayatees* ' - out o' your braggin' heart;" and that's the way she wint an ballyraggin' him; and by gor, they all tuk patthern afther her, and abused him, my dear, to that degree, that I vow to the Lord, the very dogs in the sthreet wouldn't lick his blood.

SAL.--Oh, my blissin' on thim.
KAT.--And with that, one and all, they begun to cry - "*New pittayatees!* "--they began to cry him down; and, at last, they all swore out: "Hell's bell attind your berrin," says they, "you vagabone," as they just tuk him up by the scruff o' the neck, and threw him down the stairs; every step he'd take, you'd think he'd brake his neck (Glory be to God!), and so I got rid o' the ruffin; and then they left me cryin' - "*New pittayatees!* "--cryin' afther the vagabone--though the angels knows well he wasn't desarvin' o' one precious 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, everyone 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 off my head into tatthers--throth, you might riddle bulldogs through it; and bad luck to the hap'orth he left me, but a few - *"New pittayatees!"*--a few coppers; for the morodin' thief spint all his - "*New pittayatees!* "--all his wages o' the whole week in makin' a baste iv himself; and God knows but that comes aisy to him! and divil a thing had l to put inside my face, nor dhrop to dhrlnk, berrin' a few - *"New pittayatees!"*--a few grains o' tay, and the ind iv a quarther o' sugar, and my eyes as big as your fist, and as black as the pot (savin' your presence), and a beautiful dish iv - "*New pittayatees!* "--dish iv, delf, that I bought only last week in Temple Bar, bruk in three halves in the middle o' the ruction--and the rint o' the room not ped--and I dipindin' only an - "*New pittayatees!* "--an cryin' a sieve-full o' praties, or schreechin' a lock o' savoys, or the like.

But I'll not brake your heart any more, Sally dear. God's good, and never opens one door but he shuts another, and that's the way iv it; and strinthins the wake with - "*New pittayatees!"*--with His purtection---and may the widdy and the orphin's bleesin' 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 blessed minit; and--

[*A voice at a distance call, "'Potatoes."*]

KAT.--Who calls? *(Perceives, her customer.)* Here, ma'am! Good-bye, Sally darlint--good-bye! *"New pittayatees.!"*

[*Exit Katty by the Cross Poddle*.]

16. Paddy the Sport

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

He was a tall, loose-made, middle-aged man, rather on the elder side of middle-age, perhaps--fond of wearing an oil-skinned hat and a red waistcoat--much given to lying and tobacco, and an admirable hand at filling a game-bag or emptying a whisky-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 sell-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 dusting a three-legged stool to offer to “the gintleman,” and “Paddy the Sport” was hailed with welcome by everyone in the house, with whom he entered into conversation in his usual strain of banter and mystification.

I listened for some time to the passing discourse; but the bad weather still continuing, I began to amuse myself, until it should clear, in making an outline of a group of dogs that were stretched upon the floor of the cabin, in a small green-covered sketching-book that I generally carry about me for less important memoranda. This soon caused a profound silence around me; the silence was succeeded by a broken whispering, and Mr. Paddy, at last approaching me with a timidity of manner I could not account for, said: “Sure, sir, it wouldn’t be worth your while to mind puttin’ down the pup?” pointing to one that had approached the group of dogs, and had commenced his awkward gambols with his seniors.

I told him I considered the pup as the most desirable thing to notice; but scarcely were the words uttered, until the old woman cried out: “Terry, take that cur out o’ that--I’m sure I don’t know what brings all the dogs here;” and Terry caught up the pup in his arms, and was running away with him, when I called alter him to stop; but ‘twas in vain. He ran like a hare from me; and the old lady, seizing a branch of a furze-bush from a heap 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 everyone in the cottage was altered towards me; and, instead of the civility which had saluted my entrance, estranged looks, or direct ones of no friendly character, were too evident, I was about to inquire the cause, when Paddy the Sport; going to the door, and casting a weather-wise look abroad, said: “I think, sir, we may as well be goin’--and indeed, the day’s clearin’ up fine afther all, and ‘ill be beautiful yit. Good-bye to you, Mrs. Flannerty “--and off went Paddy; and I followed immediately, having expressed my thanks to the aforesaid Mrs. Flannerty, making my most engaging adieu, which, however, was scarcely returned.

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

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

After looking sharply for some time, he said: *”It* a bird, is it?--throth, it’s a bird that never flew yet.”

“What is it, then?” said I.

“It’s a dog that’s hangin’,” said he.

And he was right--for as we approached, it became more evident every moment. But my surprise was excited when, having scarcely passed the suspended dog, another tree rose up in my view, in advance, decorated by a pendent 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 perceived, had been smothered.

“Thank myself!” said I - “how?’

“By my sowl, you frekened the whole country this mornin’,” said he, “with that little green book of yours--.”

“Is it my sketch-book?” said I.

“By gor, all the people thought it was a *ketch*-book, sure enough, and that you wor goin’ round the counthry to ketch all the dogs in it, and make thim pay - “

“What do you mean?” said I.

“Is it what I mane you want to know, sir?--throth, thin, I don’t know how I can tell it to a gintleman, at all, at all.”

“Oh, you may tell me.”

“By gor, sir, I wouldn’t like offindin’ your honour; but you see (since you must know, sir), that whin *you tuk* that little green book out iv your pocket, *they tuk* you for--savin’ your presence--by gor, I don’t like tellin’ you.”

“Tut, nonsense, man,” said I.

“Well, sir (since you *must* know), by dad, they tuk you--I beg your honour’s pardon--but, by dad, they tuk you for a tax-gatherer.”

“A tax-gatherer!”

“Divil a lie in it; and whin they seen you takin’ off the dogs, they thought it was to count thim, 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.

“‘Twas too much, Paddy,” said I, “to practise so far on innocent people.”

“Innocent!” said Paddy. “They’re just about as innocent as a coal o’ fire in a bag o’ flax.”

“And the poor animals, too!” said!.

“Is it the blackguard curs?” said Paddy, in the most sportsmanlike wonder at my commiserating any but a spaniel or pointer. “Throth, thin, sir, to tell you thruth, I let thim go an in their mistake, and I seen all along how ‘twould be, and, ‘pon my conscience, but a happy riddance the counthry will have o’ sich riff-raff varmint of cabin curs. Why, sir, the mangy mongrels goes about airly in the sayson, moroding through the corn, and murthers the young birds and does not let them come to their full time, to be killed in their nath’ral way, and ruinin’ gintlemen’s sport into the bargain, and sure, hangin’ is all that’s good for them.”

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

Paddy being a professed story-teller, and a notorious liar, it may be naturally inferred that he dealt largely in fairy-tales and ghost-stories. Talking of fairies one day, for the purpose of exciting him to say something of them, I inquired if there were many fairies in that part of the country?

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

“But I daresay you have seen them sometimes?”

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

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

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

“And that was all?”

“Divil a more; and by dad, ‘twas more nor I’d like to see or bear agin”

“But you never absolutely saw any fairies?”

“Why, indeed, sir, to say that I seen thim, that’is with my own eyes, wouldn’t be thrue, barrin wanst, as I said before, and that’s many a long day ago, whin I was a boy, and I and another chap was watchin’ turf in a bog; and whin the night was fallin’ and we were goin’ home, ‘What would you think,’ says I, ‘Charley, if we wor to go home by old Shaughnessey’s field, and stale a shafe o’ pays?’ So he agreed, and off we whit 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 see sitch white in my born days--they wor as white as the blown snow, and runnin’ like the wind, and I knew at wanst that they wor fairies, and I threw myself down an my face, and by dad, I was afeard to lockup for nigh half an hour.”

I inquired of him what kind 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 l 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?” said I.

“Oh, by dad, I can say I seen thim, and aware it for that matther; at laste, there was somethin’ I seen as white as the blown snow.”

“Maybe they were ghosts, and not fairies,” said I. “Ghosts, they say, are always seen in white.”

“Oh, by all that’s good, they warn’t ghosts, and that I know full well, for I know the differ betune ghosts and fairies.”

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

“Faix, you may say that. Oh, I had a wondherful great *appearance* wanst that kem to me, or at laste to the house where I was, for, to be sure, it wasn’t to me it kem--why should it? But it was whin I was livin’ at the lord’s in the next county, before I kem to live with his honour here, that I saw the appearance?’

“In what shape did it come?”

“Throth, 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 heard it was gone.”

“But how do you know that it was a ghost?”

“Oh, sure, all the counthry knew the house was throubled, and indeed, that was the raison I had for lavin’ it, for when my lord turned me off he was expectin’ that I’d ax to be tuk back agin, and faith, sorry he was, I go bail, that I didn’t, but I wouldn’t stay in the place and it 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 kem to me, and whin I hid my head undher the clothes, sure, didn’t I feel the sper’t sthrivin’ to pull them aff o’ me. But wait and I’ll tell you how it was. You see, myself and another sarvant was sleepin’ in one room, and by the same token, a thievin’ rogue he was the same sarvant, and I heerd a step comin’ down the stairs, and 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 cowld), but the fire was a’most gone out, and with that it went to the turf-bucket to see if there was any sod there to throw an the fire; but not a sod there was left, for we wor sittin’ up late indeed (it being the young lord’s birthday, and we wor drinkin’ his health), and when it couldn’t find any turf in the bucket, bad cess to me, but it began to kick the buckets up and down the room for spite, and divil sich a clatter I ever heerd as the sper’t made, kickin’ the turf-bucket like a futball round the place; and whin it was tired plazin’ itself that-a-way, the appearance came and shuk me agin and I roared and bawled at last, and thin away it wint, and slammed the door afther it, that you’d think it id pull the house down.”

“I’m afraid, Paddy,” said I, “that this was nothing more than a troublesome dream.”

“Is It a dhrame, your honour! That a dhrame! By my sowl, that Id be a quare dhrame! Oh, in throth, it was no dhrame it was, but an appearance; but indeed, afther, I often thought it was an appearance for death, for the young lord never lived to see another birthday. Oh, you may look at me, sir, but it’s thruth. Aye, sad 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 when 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 be understood the difference between a ghost and a fairy, he proceeded to enlighten me with the further distinction of a spirit, from either of them. This was so very abstruse, that I shall not attempt to take the elucidation of the point out of Paddy’s own hands; and should you, gentle reader, ever have the good fortune to make his acquaintance, Paddy, I have no doubt, will clear up the matter as fully and clearly to your satisfaction as he did to mine. But I must allow Paddy to proceed in his own way.

“Well, sir, before I go an to show you the differ betune the fairies and sper’ts, I must tell you about a mighty quare thrick 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 family for many a long day; for they say there was a prophecy standin’ agin the family that there should be no son to inherit; but at last there was a boy, and a lovely fine babby it was, as you’d see in a summer’s day; and so, one evenin’, that the fam’ly, my lord and my lady, and all o’ thim, was gone out, and gev the nurse all sorts o’ charges about takin’ care o’ the child, she was not long alone, whin the housekeeper kem to her and ax’d her to come downstairs, where she had a party; and they expected to be mighty

pleasant, and was to have great goin's 'an; and so the nurse said she didn't like lavin' the child, and all to that; but howsomever, she was beguiled into the thing; and she said at last that as soon as she left the child out iv her lap, where she was hushin' it to sleep, foreninst the fire, that she'd go down to the rest o' the sarvants and take share o' what was goin'.

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

"But I must tell you, that before she whit down at all, she left one o' the housemaids to stay in the room, and charged her, on her apparel, not to lave the place until she kem back; but for all that, her fears wouldn't let her be aisy; and indeed, it was powerful lucky that she had an inklin'' o' what was goin' an. For what id you think, but the blackguard iv a housemaid, as soon as she gets the nurse's back turned, she ups and she goes to another party was in the sarvants' hall, wid the undher-sarvants; for whin the lord's back was turned, you see, the house was all as one as a play-house, fairly turned upside down.

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

"Well, afther passin' the two first flights, sure enough she heard the child a-screechin', that id go to your heart; and with that she hurried up so fast that the candle a'most wint out with the draught; and she run into the room and whit up to the bed, callin' out, *My lanna ban'n,* and all to that, to soother the child; and pullin' open the bed-curtain to take the darlin' up--but what would you think, not a sign o' the child was in the bed, good, bad, or indifferent; and she thought the life id lave her; for thin she was afeard the child dhropped out o' the bed--though she thought the curtains was tucked so fast and so close that no accident could happen; and so she run round to the other side to take up the child (though, indeed, she was afeard she'd see it with its brains dashed out), and lo and behould you, divil a taste av it was there, though she heard it screechin' as if it was murtherin'; and so thin, she didn't know what in the wide world to do; and she run rootin' into every corner o' the room lookin' for it; but bad cess to the child she could find--whin, all iv a suddint, turnin' her eyes to the bed agin, what did she perceave but the fut-carpet that whit round the bed, goin' by little and little undher it, as if someone was pullin' it; and so she made a dart at the carpet, and cotch hould o' the ind iv it--and. with that, what should she see but the babby lyin' in the middle o' the fut-carpet, as if it was dhrawin' down into the flure undher the bed. One half o' the babby was out o' sight already, undher the boords, whin the nurse seen it, and it screechin' like a sae-gull, and she laid houl' iv it; and faith, she often towl' myself that the was obleeged to give a good sthrong pull before she could get the child from the fairies."

"Then it was the fairies were taking the child away?" said I.

“Who else would it be?” said Paddy. “Sure, the carpet wouldn’t be runnin’ undher the bed itself, if it wasn’t pulled by the fairies; besides, I towl’ you there was a prophecy stannin’ agin the male boys of the lord’s 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 givin’ (undher God) to undherstan’ the screechin’ in her ears, and arrived betimes to ketch howlt o’ the carpet and baulk the fairies, for all knowledgable people I ever heerd says that if you baulk the fairies *wanst,* they’ll lave you alone evermore.”

“Pray, did she *see* any of the ‘fairies that were stealing the child?”

“No, sir; the fairies doesn’t love to be seen, and seldom at all you get a sight iv them; and that’s the differ I was speakin’ iv to you betune fairies and sper’ts. Now, the sper’ts is always seen in some shape or other; and maybe it id be a bird, or a shafe o’ corn, or a big stone, or a hape o’ dung, or the like o’ that, and never know ‘twas ‘a sper’t at all, antil you wor made sinsible av it somehow or other. Maybe it id be that you wor comin’ home from a friend’s house late at night, and you might fall down and couldn’t keep a leg undher you, and not know why, barrin’ it was a sper’t misled you, and maybe it’s in a ditch you’d find yourself asleep in the mornin’ when you woke.”

“I daresay, Paddy, that same has happened to yourself before now?”

“Throth, and you may say that, sir; but the commonest thing in life is for a sper’t for to take the shape iv a dog--which is a favourite shape with sper’ts--and indeed, Tim Mooney, the miller in the next town, was a’most frekened out iv his life by a sper’t that-a-way; and he’d ha’ been murthered, only be had the good-loock to have a *rale* dog wid him--and a rale dog is the finest thing in the world against sper’ts.”

“How do you account for that, Paddy?’

“Bekase, sir, the dog’s the most sinsible, and the bowldest baste, barrin’ the cock, which is bowldher for his size than any o’ God’s craythurs, and so, whin the cock crows, all evil sper’ts vanishes; and the dog bein’, as I said, bowld and sinsible also, is mighty good; besides, you couldn’t make a cock your companion--it wouldn’t be nath’ral to raison, you know--and therefore, a dog is the finest thing In the world for a man to have with him in throublesome places; but I must tell you, that though sper’ts dhreads a’ dog, a fairy doesn’t mind him, for I have heard 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 was 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 an 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 sthraight an his head, that he was obleeged to put his hand up to his hat and shove it down an his head, and three times it was that way, that his hair was risin’ the hat aff his head with the fright, and he was obleeged to howld it down, and his dog growlin’ all the time, and the black thief iv a dog keepin’ dodgin’ him along, and his eyes like coals o’ fire, and the terriblest smell of sulphur, I hear, that could be, all the time, till at last

they came to a little sthrame that divided the road, and there, my dear, the sper't disappeared, not bein' able to pass runnin' wather; for sper'ts, sir; is always waken'd with wather."

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

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

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

"Oh, murther, murther! there I made a slip agin, and never seen it till your honour had the advantage o' me. Well, no matther, it's good, anyway; 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 cowld I got, and indeed, myself doesn't know how I cotch cowld, barrin' that I slep' in a field last night and forgot to shut the gate afther me."

"Ah, Paddy," said the Squire, "the old story--you were drunk as usual, and couldn't find your way home. You are a shocking fellow, and you'll never get on an long as you give yourself up to whisky."

"Why, thin, your honour, sure that's the raison I ought to get an the fasther, for isn't a 'spur in the head worth two in the heel,' as the ould sayin' is?"

Here a laugh from the Squire's guests turned the scale in Paddy's favour.

"I give you up, Paddy," said the master; "you're a sad dog, worse than Larry Lanigan."

"Oh, murther! Is it Lanigan you'd be afther comparin' me to?" said Paddy. "Why, Lanigan is the complatest dhrinker in Ireland; by my sowkins, more whisky goes through Lanigan than any other *worm* in the county. Is it Lanigan? Faiks, that's the lad could take the consait out iv a gallon o' sper'ts without quittin' it. Throth, Lanigan is just the very chap that id go to first mass every mornin' in the year if holy wather was whisky."

This last reply left Paddy in possession of the field, and no further attack was made upon him on the score of his love of "the dhrop "and this triumph on his part excited him to exert himself in creating mirth for the gentlemen who formed the shooting party. One of the company retailed that well-known joke made by Lord Norbury, viz., when a certain gentleman declared that he had shot twenty hares before breakfast, his lordship replied that *he must have fired at a wig.*

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

"Seventy-five brace!" was laughed forth from everyone present.

"Bad loock to the lie in it," said Paddy.

"Oh, be easy, Paddy," said his master.

"There it is now, and you won't b'live me? Why, thin, in throth, it's not that I'm proud iv it, I tell you, for I don't think it was any great things iv shootin', at all, at all."

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

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

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

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

"Which of them?"

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

"Yes."

"Well, It's not that. But you know - "

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

Paddy turned on this plebeian intruder with the coolest contempt and said: "Hurry no man's cattle; get a jackass for yourself," and then resumed: "Well, sir, but you know the islan with the sharp headlan' - "

"Yes."

"Well, it's not that either; but if you - "

"At that rate, Paddy," said the Squire, "we shall never hear which island this wonderful rabbit burrow is in. How would you steer for it after passing Innismoyle?"

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

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

"By my sowl, there is, beggin' your 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 farther cross-questioning of Paddy, whose readiness of converting his answers into joke 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, place your honour," said Paddy; "though I know full well the divil a one word iv it you b'live, nor the gintlemen won't either, though you're axin' me for it, but only want to laugh at me, and call me a big liar whin my back's turned."

"Maybe we wouldn't wait for your back being turned, Paddy, to honour you with that title."

“Oh, indeed, I’m not sayin’ you wouldn’t do it as soon foreninst my face, your honour, as you often did before, and will agin, place 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’s uncommon, sure enough; but you see, gintlemen, you must, remimber that the fox is the cunnin’est baste in the world, barrin’ the wran - “

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

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

“Well, you see, he kem home one night mighty tired--for he was out wid a party in the domain, cock-shootin’ that day; and whin he got back to his lodge, he threw a few logs o’ wood at the fire to make himself comfortable, an he tuk whatever little matther he had for his supper; and afther that he felt himself so tired that he wint to bed. But you’re to undherstan’ that though he wint to bed, it was more for to rest himself like than to sleep, for it was airly; and so he jist went into bed,, and there he diverted himself lookin’ at the fire, that was blazin’ as merry as a bonfire on 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 out an the door, with a swingin’ boord to it, that the dogs might go in or out accordin’ as it plazed thim; and by dad, the fox came in, as I tould you, through the hole in the door, as bowld as a ram, and walked over to the fire, and sat down foreninst it.

“Now, it was mighty provokin’ that all the dogs was out--they wor rovin’ about the wood, you see, lookin’ for to catch rabbits to ate, or some other mischief, and so it happened that there wasn’t as much as one individual 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, be could hardly keep his timper, at all, at all, when he seen the fox take his pipe aff o’ the hob, where he left it afore he wint to bed, and puttin’ the bowl o’ the pipe into the fire to kindle it (it’s ‘as thrue as I’m here) he began to smoke foreninst the fire, as nath’ral as any other man you ever seen.

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

“So with that he watched antil the fox wasn’t mindin’ him, but was busy shakin’ the cindhers out o’ the pipe whin he was done wid it, and so the ranger thought he was goin’ to go immediately afther gitten’ an air o’ the fire and a shough o’ the pipe; and so says he: ‘Faiks,

my lad, I won't let you go so aisy as all that, as cunnin' as you think yourself;" and with that he made a dart out o' bed and run over to the door, and got betune it and the fox; and 'Now,' says he, 'your bread's baked, my 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 hadn't the impidence of a highwayman's horse, It's not into my very house, undher my nose, yu'd daar for to come;' and with that he began to whistle for the dogs; and the fox, that stood eyin' him all the time while he was spakin', began to think it was time to be joggin' whin he beard the whistle, and says the fox to himself: 'Throth, indeed, you think yourself a mighty great ranger now,' says he, 'and you think you're very cute, but upon my tail, and that's, a big oath, I'd be long sorry to let sich a mallet-headed bog-throtter as yourself take a dirty advantage o' me, and I'll engage,' says the fox, 'I'll make you lave the door soon and suddint;' and with that he turned to where the ranger's brogues was lyin' hard beside the fire, and what would you think, but the fox tuk up one o' the brogues, and wint over to the fire and threw it into it.

"'I think that'll make you start,' says the fox.

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

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

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

"'Oh, you thievin' varmint,' says the ranger, 'you won't lave me a tack to my feet; but no matther,' says he, 'your head's worth more nor a pair'o' brogues to me, any day; and by the Piper o' Blessin'town, you're money in my pocket this minit, says he; and with that the flngers 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 forepaws into his mouth, makin' game o' the ranger--(bad luck to the lie I tell you).

"Well, the ranger, and no wondher, although in a rage he was, couldn't help laughin' at the thought o' the fox mockin' him, and by dad, he tuk sitch a fit o' laughin', that he couldn't whistle, and that was the cuteness o' the fox to gain time; but whin his first laugh was over, the ranger recovered himself, and gev another whistle; and so says the fox: 'By my sowl,' says he, 'I think it wouldn't be good for my health to stay here much longer, and I mustn't be thriflin' with that blackguard ranger any more,' says he, 'and I must make him sinsible that it is time to let me go; and though he hasn't understan'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 tould me out iv his own mouth, and said be would never have b'lived it, only he seen it--the fox tuk a lighted piece iv a logout o' the blazin' flre, and run over wid it to the ranger's bed, and was goin' to throw it into the sthraw, and burn him out of house and home; so when the ranger seen that, he gev a shout out iv him:

"'Hilloo! hilloo! you murdherin' villian,' says he, 'you're worse nor Captain Rock; is it goin' to burn me out you are, you red rogue iv a Ribbonman?' and he made a dart betune him and the bed, to save the house' from bein' burned; but, my jew'l, that was all the fox wanted--and as soon as the ranger quitted the hole in the door that he was standin' foreninst, the fox let go the blazin' faggit, and made one jump through the door and escaped.

“But before he wint, the ranger gev me his oath, that the fox turned round and gev him the most contemptible look he ever got in his life, and showed every tooth in his head with laughin’; and at last he put out his tongue at him, as much as to say:

“You’ve missed me, like your mummy’s blessin’,’ and off wid him!--like a flesh o’ lightain’.”

17. The White Horse of the Peppers

A Legend of the Boyne

IT was the night of the 2nd of July, in the year 1690, that a small remnant of a discomfited army was forming its position, in no very good order, on the slope of a wild hill on the borders of the county of Dublin. In front of a small square tower a sentinel was pacing up and down, darkly brooding over the disastrous fight of the 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 bill on the faint breeze that sometimes freshens a summer's night, but neither the laugh nor the song, which so often enlivens a military post, mingled with, the sound. The very trumpet seemed to have lost the inspiring tingle of its tone, and its blast sounded heavily on the ear of the sentinel.

"There come more of our retreating comrades," thought he, as he stalked before the low portal it was his duty to guard. "Retreating. Curse the word! Shall we never do anything but fall back and back before this d--d Dutchman and his followers? And yesterday too, with so fine an opportunity of cutting the rascals to pieces, and all thrown away, and so much hard fighting to go for nothing. Oh, if Sarsefield had led us, we'd have another tale to tell!" And here he struck the heavy heel of his war-boot into the ground, and hurried up and down. But he was roused from his angry musing by the sound of a horse's tramp, which indicated a rapid approach to the tower, and he soon 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 of my horse," said he to the sentry, "while I remain in the castle?"

"I am a sentinel, sir," answered the soldier, "and cannot."

"I will not remain more than a few minutes."

"I dare not, sir, while I'm on duty--but I suppose you will find some one in the castle who will take charge of your horse."

The stranger now knocked at the door of the tower, and after some questions and answers in token of amity had paased between him and those inside, it was opened.

"Let some one take charge of my horse," said he; "I do not want him to be stabled, as I shall not remain here long, but I have ridden him hard, and he is warm, so let him be walked up and down until I am ready to get into the saddle again" He then entered the tower, and was ushered into a small and rude apartment, where a man of between fifty and sixty years of age, seated on a broken chair, though habited in a rich *robe de chambre,* was engaged in

conversation with a general officer, a man of fewer years, whose finger was indicating certain points upon a map, which, with many other papers, lay on a rude table before them. Extreme dejection was the prevailing expression that overspread the countenance of the elder, while there mingled with the sadness that marked the noble features of the other a tinge of subdued anger, as certain suggestions he offered, when he laid his finger from time to time on the map, were received with coldness, if not with refusal.

“Here at least we can make a bold stand,” said the general, and his eye flashed, and his brow knit as he spoke.

“I fear not, Sarsefield,” said the king, for it was the unfortunate James the Second who spoke.

Sarsefield withdrew his hand suddenly from the map, and folding his arms, became silent.

“May it please you, my liege,” said the horseman, whose entry had not been noticed by either Sarsefield or his sovereign. “I hope I have not intruded on your Majesty.”

“Who speaks?”said the king, as he shaded his eyes from the light that burned on the table, and looked into the gloom where the other was standing.

“Your enemies, my liege,” said Sarsefield, with some bitterness, “would not be so slow to discover a tried friend of your Majesty--’tis the White Horseman;” and Sarsefield, as he spoke, gave a look full of welcome and joyous recognition towards him.

The horseman felt, with the pride of a gallant spirit, all that the general’s look and manner conveyed, and he bowed his head respectfully to the leader, whose boldness and judgment he so often had admired.

“Ha! my faithful White Horseman,” said the king.

“Your Majesty’s poor and faithful subject, Gerald Pepper,” was the answer.

“You have won the name of the White Horseman,” said Sarsefield, “and you deserve to wear it.”

The horseman bowed.

“The general is right,” said the king. “I shall never choose to remember you by any other name. You and your white horse have done good service.”

“Would that they could have done more, my liege,” was the laconic and modest reply.

“Would that everyone,” laying some stress on the word, “had been as true to the cause *yesterday!*” said Sarsefield.

“And what has brought you here?” said the king, anxious perhaps to escape from the thought which his general’s last words had suggested.

“I came, my liege, to ask permission to bid your Majesty farewell, and beg the privilege to kiss your royal hand.”

“Farewell?” echoed the king, startled at the word. “Are *you,* too, going? - everyone deserts me!” There was intense anguish in the tone of his voice, for as he spoke his eye fell upon a ring he wore, which encircled the portrait of his favourite daughter, Anne, and the remembrance that she--*his own child,* had excited the same remark from the lips of her father--that bitter remembrance came across his soul and smote him to the heart. He was suddenly silent - his brow contracted--he closed his eyes in anguish, and *one* bitter tear sprang from under either lid at the thought. He passed his hand across his face, and wiped away the womanish evidence of his weakness.

“Do not say I desert you, my liege,” said Gerald Pepper. “I leave you, ‘tis true, for the present, but I do not leave you until I see no way in which I can be longer useful . While in my own immediate district, there were many ways in which my poor services might be made available; my knowledge of the county, of its people and its resources, its passes and its weak points, were of service. But here, or farther southward, where your Majesty is going, I can no longer do anything 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 faithfully kept,” said his follower; “but before I leave, may I beg the favour of a moment’s conversation with your Majesty.”

“Speak anything you have to communicate before Sarsefield,” said the king.

Gerald Pepper hesitated for a moment; he was struggling between his sovereign’s command and his own delicacy of feeling; but overcoming the latter, in deference to the former, he said:

“Your Majesty’s difficulties with respect to money supplies - “

“I know, I know,” said the king somewhat impatiently, “I owe you five hundred pieces.”

“Oh, my liege,” said the devoted subject, dropping on his knee before him, “deem me not so unworthy as to seek to remind your Majesty of the trifle you did me the honour to allow me to lay at your disposal; I only regret I had not the means of contributing more. It is not that; but I have brought here another hundred pieces, it is all I can raise at present, and if your Majesty will 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 be spoke, he laid on the table a purse containing the gold.

“I cannot deny that we are sorely straitened,” said the king “but I do not like - “

“Pray do not refuse it, my liege,” said Gerald, still kneeling - “do not refuse the last poor service your subject may ever have it in his power to do in your cause.”

“Well,” said the king, “I accept it--but I would not do so if I were not sure of having one day the means of rewarding your loyalty and generosity.” And thus allowing himself to be the dupe of his own fallacious hopes, he took from poor Gerald Pepper the last hundred guineas he had in his possession, with that happy facility kings have always exhibited in accepting sacrifices from enthusiastic and self-devoted followers.

“My mission here is ended now,” said Gerald. “May I be permitted to kiss my sovereign’s hand?”

“Would that all my subjects were as faithful,” said James, as he held out his hand to Gerald Pepper, who kissed it respectfully, and then arose.

“What do you propose doing when you leave me?” said the king.

“To return to my home as soon as I may, my liege.”

“If it be my fate to be driven from my kingdom by my unnatural son-in-law, I hope he may be merciful to my people, and that none may suffer from their adherence to the cause of their rightful sovereign.”

“I wish, my liege,” said Gerald, “that he may have half the consideration for his *Irish* subjects which your Majesty had for your *English* ones;” and he shook his head doubtfully as he spoke, and his countenance suddenly fell.

A hard-drawn sigh escaped from Sarsefield, and then, biting his lip, and with knitted brow, be 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 band 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 be inhaled audibly three or four times, as if it were a relief to him.

“Good-night, General Sarsefield!” said Gerald.

“Good-night, my gallant friend!” said Sarsefield, in a voice that expressed much vexation of spirit.

“Be not so much cast down, general,” said Gerald; “better days may come, and fairer fields be fought.”

“Never, never!” said Sarsefield. “Never was a fairer field than that of yesterday; never was a surer game if it had been rightly played. But there is a fate, my friend, hangs over our cause, and I fear that destiny throws against us.”

“Speak not thus, general--think not thus.”

“Would that I could think otherwise--but I fear I speak prophetically.”

“Do you then give up the cause?” said Gerald, in surprise.

“No,” said Sarsefield firmly, almost fiercely; “never! I may die in the cause, but I will never desert it, as long as I have a troop to follow me--but I must not loiter here. Farewell! Where is your horse?”

“I left him in the care of one of the attendants.”

“I hope you are well mounted.”

“Yes; here comes my charger.”

“What!” said Sarsefield, “the white horse!”

“Yes, surely,” said Gerald; “you never saw me back any other.”

“But after the tremendous fatigue of yesterday,” said Sarsefield, in surprise, “is it possible he is still fresh?”

“Fresh enough to serve my turn for to-night,” said Gerald, as be mounted into the saddle. The white horse gave a low neigh of seeming satisfaction as his master resumed his seat.

“Noble brute!” said Sarsefield, as he patted the horse on the neck, which was arched into the proud bend of a bold steed who knows a bold rider is on his back.

“And now farewell, general!” said Gerald, extending his hand.

“Farewell, my friend! Fate is unkind to deny the charm of a victorious cause to so gallant a spirit.”

“There is more gallantry in remaining unshaken under defeat; and you, general, are a bright example of the fact.”

“Good-night, good-night!” said Sarsefield, anxious to escape from hearing his own praise, and wringing the hand that was presented to him with much warmth; he turned towards the portal of the tower, but before he entered, Gerald again addressed him.

“Pray tell me, general, is your regiment here? Before I go, I would wish to take leave of the officers of that gallant corps, in whose ranks I have had the honour to draw a sword.”

“They are not yet arrived. “They are on the road, perhaps, by this time; but I ordered they should be the last to leave Dublin, for as yesterday they suffered the disgrace of being led the first out of the battle, I took care they should have the honour of being the last in the rear to-night, to cover our retreat.”

“Then remember me to them,” said Gerald.

“They can never forget the White Horseman,” said Sarsefield; “and they shall hear you left the kind word of remembrance for them. Once more, good-night!”

“Good-night, general! God’s blessing be upon you!”

“Amen!” said Sarsefield; “and with you.”

They then wrung each other’s hand in silence. Sarsefield re-entered the tower, and Gerald Pepper, giving the rein to his steed, the white horse left the spot as rapidly as he had approached it.

For some days Gerald Pepper remained in Dublin, where he had ridden the night after his interview with the king. The house of a friend afforded him shelter, for he did not deem it prudent to be seen in public, as his person was too well known, and his services to King James too notorious not to render such a course dangerous. He therefore was obliged to submit to being cooped up in an attic in his friend’s house while he stayed in the city. His sojourn In Dublin originated in his anxiety to hear what was going forward at headquarters; for there was but too much reason to fear, from all former examples in Ireland, that forfeitures to a great extent would take place, and to ascertain whether his name should be amongst the proscribed was the object that detained him from his home. His patience, however, became exhausted, and one morning when his friend came to speak with him previously to going forth into the city to see and hear what was stirring, Gerald said he could bear the restraint of his situation and the separation from his family no longer.

“My poor Magdalene,” said he, “can but ill endure the suspense attendant upon my protracted absence, and I fear her gentle nature will sink under so severe a trial; therefore, my excellent, my kind friend, to-morrow, morning I will leave you.”

“Perhaps a day or two more may set your mind at rest--or, at least will end your suspense respecting the course about to be pursued with the adherents of the king.”

“I wait no longer than to-day,” said Gerald; “I am resolved.”

His friend sallied forth, with this parting assurance from his guest, and had not been absent more than an hour or two when he returned. A low tap at the door of Gerald’s apartment announced his presence; the bolt was drawn, and he entered.

“Gerald!” said his friend, grasping his hand, and remaining silent.

“I understand,” said Gerald; “I am a ruined man.”

How deeply expressive of meaning mere voice and action become under the influence of feeling! Here the uttering of a name, and the grasping of a hand, were more potent than language; for words could not so soon have expressed the fatal truth, as the electric sympathy that conveyed to Gerald’s mind the meaning of his friend. How mysterious the influence between thought and action! I do not mean the action that is the result of mere habit, but the action which we cannot avoid, being a law of Nature, and which everyone indulges in, under the influence of strong affections of the mind. Grief and joy, hope and despair, fear and courage, have each an action to distinguish them, as strongly marked as the distinctions which separate different species.

His friend made no other answer to Gerald’s ejaculation than a suppressed groan, and then another fierce grasp of the band and a melancholy look into each other’s eyes passed between them. They then parted palms, and each took a seat, and sat opposite each other for some minutes in perfect silence. In that interval the minds of both were busily engaged. Gerald’s thoughts flew back at ones 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 be saw Gerald sink as he had done, unconscious of the bitter thought that overcame him, he rose from his seat, and laying his hand kindly on the shoulder of his friend, be 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-possession. The voice of his friend had dispelled the terrible vision that fancy had presented him with, and recalled his ideas from home, where his affectionate nature first prompted them to fly.

“I do not despair,” he said. “But there was a dreadful thought arose, which quite unmanned me for the moment, but you see I am calm again.”

“Yes; you look like yourself now.”

“And will not relapse, I promise you. When once I know the worst, I am equal to meet my destiny, whatever it may be: and having said so much, tell me what that fate is. Ruined I know I am; but tell me in what degree. Is my person denounced, as well as my patrimony plundered from me?”

“No. Your life and freedom are not menaced, but your property is forfeited, and in all probability many days will not elapse until you may be dispossessed by some new master.”

“Days!” said Gerald, “hours you mean; these gentry make quick work of such matters. I must hasten home directly.”

“Will not tomorrow answer?” asked his friend;” to-day may be profitably spent here, in consulting as to your best mode of proceeding regarding the future.”

“The lapse of one day might produce a Ioss of some consequence to a man who is robbed of every acre he has in the world.”

“How?” asked his friend.

“I would like to be beforehand with the plunderers, that I might secure any small articles of value, such as jewels or plate, from their clutches,”

“Surely these are not included in the forfeiture of a man’s lands?”

“The troopers of the Prince of Orange will not be very nice in making such legal distinctions; therefore I will hasten home, and save all I can from the wreck.”

“Before you go, one word more,” said his friend. “If your property happen to fall to the lot of a trooper, as you say--one of these fellows would rather have a round sum of hard cash than be encumbered with lands--and if you manage matters well, a few hundred pieces may buy off the invader. I have heard of thousands of broad acres being so saved in Cromwell’s time.”

“That hope of rescue is debarred me,” said Gerald; “all the disposable cash l had l gave to the king”

“What! not a rouleau left?”

“The last hundred I could command I gave him.”

“That’s unfortunate,” said his friend; “the more so, as It is beyond my power to supply the want.”

“I know it--I know it,” said Gerald impatiently; “don’t name it. If Heaven be pleased to spare me life and health, I shall be able to weather the storm. I have as much plate and, other valuables as, when converted into cash, will enable me to carry my family to France, and still leave something in my purse. At the French Court, I hope I can reckon on a good reception, and I have my sword to offer to the service of the French king, and I doubt not, from the interest I think I can command, that I should find employment in the ranks of gallant Louis.”

“You have decided soon on your course of proceeding, Gerald,” said his friend, somewhat surprised at the coolness and consideration he exhibited.

“Yes; and you wonder at it,” said Gerald, “because you saw me cast down for a moment; but the bitter thought that overcame me is past. I see distinctly the path before me which will save my wife and children from want, and that once secured, I repine not, nor shall cast one regret after the property I have lost in so noble a cause. Farewell, my friend! Thanks and blessings be 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 which cost him so much anxiety.

As be 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 be became conscious of how far he had progressed homewards, and of the speed with which be had been going. He drew the bridle when he had arrived at the summit of the hill that commands the extensive plain which lies at the foot of the mountain range that skirts the counties of Dublin and Kildare, and stretches onward into Meath and Lowth, and the more northern counties. The mountains of Carlingford end Mourne spired upwards In their beautiful forms, where the extreme distance melted into blue base, and the sea could scarcely be distinguished from the horizon; but nearer, on his right, its level line of blue was distinctly defined, as glimpses of it appeared over the woods of Feltrum and Malahide, occasionally broken by the promontory of Howth, the grotesque pinnacles of Ireland’s Eye, and the bold Island of Lambay.

As he was leisurely descending the hill into the village beneath him, a figure suddenly appeared on a bank that overhung the road, and leaped into the highway; he ran over towards Gerald, and clasping his knee with both hand., said, with fervour:

“God save you, Masther Gerald dear! Oh, thin, is that yourself safe and sound agin?”

“What!” said Gerald in surprise. “Rory Oge! by what chance are you here?”

“You may say chance, sure enough. Wait a minit, and I’ll tell you, for it’s out o’ breath I am with the race I made across the field, without, when I seen you powdherin’ down the road at the rate of a hunt, and afeard I was you would be gone past and out o’ call before I could get to the ditch.”

“ls my family well,” said Gerald, “can you tell me?”

“They’re all hearty.”

“Thanks be to God! “said Gerald devoutly.

“Amen!” responded Rory.

“My poor wife, I suppose, has been fretting?”

“Throth, to be sure, an’ no wondher; the poor misthress; but she keeps up wondherful, and I was goin’ to Dublin myself to look for you.”

“You, Rory!”

“Yis, me; and why not? and very nigh missin’ you I was, and would, only for Tareaway here,” putting his hand on the neck of the horse; “for you wor so far off when I first got a sight o’ you, that l think l wouldn’t have minded you, but l knew the proud toss of Tareaway’s head, more betoken the white coat of him makes him so noticeable.”

“But who sent you to Dublin to look for me?”

“Myself and nobody else--it was my own notion; for I seen the misthriss was onaisy, and I had a misgivin’ somehow that I’d come upon you, and sure enough, I did, for here you are.”

“But not in Dublin, Rory,” said Gerald, who could not forbear a smile even in his sadness.

“Well, it’s all one, sure,” said Rory, “for here you are, and I found you, as I said before; and now, Masther Gerald dear, that I see you’re safe yourself will you tell me how matthers goes on wid the king and his cause?”

“Badly enough, I fear, Rory, and worse with his friends,” said Gerald, with a heavy sigh.

Rory caught at his meaning with native intelligence, and looking up into his face with the most touching expression of affection and anxiety, said: “God keep us from harm, Masther Gerald dear, and sure, it’s not yourself that is come to throuble, I hope.”

“Yes, Rory,” said Gerald; “l 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 thim vagabone Williamites--thim thraitors to their king and their God and their country--thim 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 b’live they’ll dhrive you out o’ Ballygarth?”

“Ballygarth is no longer mine, Rory. I shall not have an acre left me.”

“Why, who *dar* for to take it from you?”

“Those who have the power to do so now, Rory; the conquerors at the Boyne”

“Why, bad cees to them. Sure, they won the day there, and more’s the pity,” said Rory, “and what do they want more? Sure, whin they won the day, that’s enough--we don’t deny it; and sorry I am to say that same; but sure, that should contint any raisonable faction, without robbin’ the people afther. Why, suppose a chap was impident to me, and that I gev him a wallopin’ for it, sure, that ‘ud be no raison why I should take the clothes aff his back, or rob him iv any thrifle he might have about him; and isn’t it *all one?* Sure, instid of havin’a crow over him for 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, shouldn’t be behave’ as *sitch,* and give a good example, instead of doin’ a dirty turn like that? Why should a king do what a poor man like me would be ashamed of?”

Here Rory broke out into a mingled strain of indignation against the oppressor and lament for the oppressed, and wound up by this very argumentative and convincing peroration:

“And so that furrin moroder, they call a king, is goin’ to rob and plundher and murdher you intirely--and for what, I’d like to know? Is it bekase you stud up for the rale king, your own king, and your counthry, it is? Bad fortune to him, sure, if he had any honour at all, he’d only like you the betther iv it; and instead of pursuin’ you with his blackguard *four-futted* laws, it’s plazed he ought to be that you didn’t come acrass him yourself when your swoord was in your hand, and the white horse undher you. Oh, the yellow-faced thief! he has no gratitude!”

A good deal more of equally good *reasoning* and abuse was indulged in by Rory, as he walked beside the white horse and his rider. Gerald remained silent until they arrived at the foot of the hill, and were about to enter the village, when be asked his companion what he intended doing, now he had found the object of his search.

“Why, I’ll go back, to be sure,” said Rory, “and be of any use I can to you; but you had betther make no delay in life, Masther Gerald, but make off to the misthress 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 tomorrow.”

“It may be a thrifle later nor that, Masther Gerald, for I intind stoppin’ in Swoord’s to-night; but you’ll see me afore long, anyhow.”

“Then, good-bye, Rory, for the present,” said Gerald, as he puts 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 be was, when first introduced into the story; but now that the horseman’s absence gives a little breathing time, a word or two on the subject may not be inapposite.

Rory Oge was foster-brother to Gerald Pepper, and hence the affection and familiarity of address which existed and was permitted between them. In Ireland, as in Scotland, the ties thus originating between two persons who have been nurtured at the same breast are held very dear, and were even more so formerly than now. Rory Oge might thus, as foster-brother to Gerald, have had many advantages in the way of worldly comfort which he not only did not seek for, but had even shunned, Making use of such advantages must have involved, at the same time, a certain degree of dependence, and this the tone of his character would have rendered unpleasing to him. There was a restlessness in his nature with which a monotonous state of being would have been imcompatible; an independence of mind also and a touch of romance which prompted him to be a free agent. To all these influences was added a passionate love of music; and it will not, therefore, be wondered at that Rory Oge had determined on becoming an erratic musician. The harp and the bagpipes he had contrived, even in his boyhood, to become tolerably familiar with; and when he had taken up the resolution of becoming a professed musician, his proficiency upon both instruments increased rapidly, until at length be arrived at a degree of excellence as a performer seldom exceeded. Ultimately, however, the pipe was the instrument he principally practised upon: his intuitive love of sweet sounds would have prompted him to the use of the harp, but the wandering life be led rendered the former Instrument so much more convenient, from its portability, that it became his favourite from fitness rather than choice.

In the cool of the evening, Rory Oge was seated at the back of a cottage on the outskirts of a village, and a group of young people of both sexes were dancing on the green sod in the rear of it, to the inspiring music of his pipes. More than an hour had been thus employed, and the twilight was advancing, when a fresh couple stood up to dance, and Rory, after inflating his bag and giving forth the deep hum of his drone, let forth his chanter into one of his best jigs, and was lilting away in his merriest style; but the couple, instead of commencing the dance, joined a group of the bystanders, who seemed to have got their head. together upon some subject of importance, and listened to the conversation, instead of making good use of their own time, the day's declining light, and Rory's incomparable music.

At length they turned from the knot of talkers, and were going to dance, when the girl told her partner she would rather have another jig than the one Rory was playing. The youth begged of Rory to stop.

"For what?" said Rory.

"Aggy would rather have another jig," said her beau, "for she doesn't like the one you're playin'."

"Throth, it's time for her to think iv it," said Rory, "and I playin' away here all this time for nothin', and obleeged now to *put back the tune.* Bad cees to me, but it's too provokin' so it is. And why couldn't you tell me so at wanst?"

"Now, don't be angry, Rory," said Aggy, coming forward herself to appease his anger. "I ax your pardon, but I was just listenin' to the news that they wor tellin'."

"What news?" said the piper. "I suppose they haven'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 connection with the events he had become acquainted with in the morning, and suddenly rising from his seat, he said: "Faiz, and I don't see why I shouldn'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 didn't begin it yet."

"No; but we will, Rory."

"By my sowl, you won't," said Rory, very sturdily, unyoking his pipes at the same time.

"Oh, Rory," said Aggy, in great dismay - "Rory, if you plaze."

Well, I don't plaze, and there's an end iv it. I was bellowsing away there for betther nor ten minutes, and the divil a toe you'd dance, but talkin' all the time, and thin 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!"

"'Twon't do, Aggy. You think to come over me now with the blarney, but you're late, says Boyce," and so saying, off be trudged, leaving the dancers in dudgeon.

He went directly to the Public, where he found an English officer of King William's cavalry had not only arrived, but intended remaining, and to that end was superintending the grooming of his horse, before he was put up for the night in a shabby little shed, which the landlady of the Public chose to call stable. Here Rory Oge proceeded, and entered into conversation with the hostler, as a preliminary to doing the same with the soldier. This he contrived with the address so peculiar to his country and his class, and finding that the stranger intended going northward in the morning, the suspicion which had induced him to leave the dance and visit the Public ripened Into uneasiness as to the object of the stranger; and desirous to arrive closer to the truth, he thought he might test the intentions of the trooper in a way which would not betray his own anxiety on the subject, at the same time that it would sufficiently satisfy him as to the other's proceedings. To this end, in the course of the desultory conversation which may be supposed to take place between three such persons as I have named, Rory ingeniously contrived to introduce 'the name of "Ballygarth," watching the Englishman closely at the moment, whose attention became at once awakened at the name, and turning quickly to Rory, he said:

"Ballygarth, did you say?"

"Yis, your honour," said Rory, with the moat 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.

"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 tme, by way of a hint not to contradict him.

“Aye, something thereaway,” said the other, assenting, and rubbing the intelligent spot.

“‘Why, Drokhe-da is not more than that from Dublin,” said the trooper, in some surprise.

“It’s Drogheda you mane, I suppose, sir? “said Rory, noticing the Englishman’s false pronunciation, rather than his remark of the *intentional* mistake as to the distance named.

“Aye, Droketty, or whatever you call it.”

“Oh, that’s no rule in life, your honour; for Ballygarth, you see, does not lie convaynient, and you have to go by so many cruked roads and little boreens to come at it that it is farther off *when you get there* than a body would think. Faix, I know I wish I was at the ind o’ my journey there to-morrow, for it’s a *long step* to go.”

“Are you going there to-morrow?” said the trooper.

“Nigh hand it, sir,” said Rory, with great composure; and turning to the hostler he said: “That’s a fine baste you’re clainin’, Pether.”

“My reason for asking,” said the soldier, “is, that I am going in the same direction myself, and as you say the road is intricate, perhaps you will show me the way.”

“To be sure I will, your honour,” said Rory, endoavouring 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 service I can do your honour, only I’m afeard I’ll delay you an your journey, for indeed the baste I have is not the fastest.”

“Shank’s mare, I suppose,” said Peter, with a wink.

“No; Teddy Ryan’s horse,” said Rory. “An’ I suppose your honour will be for startin’ in the mornin’?”

“Yes,” said the soldier, and he thereupon arranged with his intended guide as to the hour of their commencing their journey on the morrow; after which, the piper wished him, good-night and retired.

The conjecture of Rory Oge was right as to the identity of the English soldier. He was one of those English adherents of King William, for whose gratification and emolument an immediate commission had been issued for the enriching a greedy army, inflamed as well by religious animosity as cupidity, at the expense of the community at large. So indecent was the haste displayed to secure this almost indiscriminate plunder, that “no courts of judicature were opened for proceeding regularly and legally.” But a commission was issued, under which extensive forfeitures were made, and there was no delay in making what seizures they could; but this rapacious spirit defeated its own ends in some instances, for the unsettled state of the country rendered it difficult, if not impossible, to secure the ill-gotten good, from the headlong haste it was neccesary to proceed with.

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, 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 despatching his breakfast, Rory lifted his forefoot in a very workmanlike manner into his lap, and commenced, with a rasp, which he had *finessed* from a smith’s forge the evening before for the purpose, to loosen the nails of the shoe. As soon as he had accomplished this to his satisfaction, he retired to his sleeping

place, and remained there until summoned to arise when the soldier was ready to take the road.

At the skirts of the village some delay occurred while Rory stopped at the house of one of his friends, who bad promised him the loan of a horse for his journey, which arrangement he had contrived to make overnight. 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 month, and uttered a sharp sound, something resembling "thp." The offered palm was met by that of his friend, after a similar observance on his part, and they shook hands 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 tould your honour, last night, I was afeard I might delay you a little for that same; but don't be onaisy, he's like a singed cat, betther nor he looks, and if we can't go in a hand gallop, sure, there's the ould 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 halfway."

"Oh, don't be afeard av him in the laste," said Rory. "He's ould, to be sure, but an ould friend 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. "Isn't it a place of difince agin the divil (God bless us!) and all his works; and mighty great people is proud to be berrid in it for that same. There is the Barnewells (the lords of Kingsland, I mane), and they are berrid in it time beyant tellin', and has an iligant monument in it, the lord himself and his lady beside him, an the broad o' their backs, lyin' *dead,* done to the *life*."

There was scarcely any tower or house which came within view of the road they pursued that did not present Rory with an occasion for giving some account of it, or recounting some tale connected with it, and thus many a mile was passed over. It must be confessed, to be sure, that Rory had most of the conversation to himself, as the soldier helped him very little; but as Rory's object was to keep his attention engaged, and 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 be led him from the high road into every small by-way that could facilitate his purpose of delaying, as well as of tiring she trooper; and his horse too, to say nothing of his plan of having a shoe lost by the charger in a remote spot. Many a wistful glance was thrown on the fore-shoe, and at last he had the pleasure to see it cast, unnoticed by the rider. This Rory said

nothing about, until they had advanced a mile or two, and then, looking down for some time as if in anxious observation, he exclaimed: “By dad, I’m 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, thin, it was a shame for whoever *done* it not to make a betther job iv it,” said Rory.

The Englishman then inspected the remaining shoes of his horse, and finding them fast, he noticed the singularity of the loss of one shoe under such circumstances.

“Oh, that’s no rule in life,” said Rory, “for you may remark that a horse never throws two shoes at a time, but only one, by way of a warnin’, as a body may say, to jog your memory that he wants a new set; and indeed, that same is very *cute* of a dumb baste, and I could tell your honour a mighty quare story of a horse I knew wanst, and as reg’lar as the day o’ the month kem round - “

“I don’t want to hear any of your stories,” said the Englishman, rather sullenly; “but can you tell me how I may have this loss speedily repaired?”

“Faix, an’ I could tell your honour *two* stories easier nor *that,* for not a forge I know nigher hand to this than one that is in Duleek.”

“And how far is Duleek?”

“Deed, an’ it’s a good step.”

“What do you call a good step?”

“Why, it ‘ill take a piece of a day to go there.”

“Curse you!” said the dragoon, at last provoked beyond his constitutional phlegm at such evasive replies. “Can’t you say how many miles?”

“I ax your honour’s pardon,” replied his guide, who now saw that trifling would not answer. “To the best o’ my knowledge, we are aff o’ Duleek about five miles, or thereaway.”

“Confound it!” said the soldier. “Five miles, and this barbarous road, and your long miles into the bargain.”

“Sure, I don’t deny the road is not the best,” said Rory; “but if it’s not good, sure, we give you good measure, at all events.”

It was in vain that the Englishman grumbled. Rory had so ready and so queer an answer to every objection raised by the soldier, that at last he remounted, and was fain to content himself with proceeding at a very slow pace along the vile by-road they travelled, lest he might injure the hoof of his charger.

And now Rory, having effected the first part of his object, set all his wits to work how he could make the rest of the road as little tiresome as possible to the stranger; and he not only succeeded in effecting this, but he managed, in the course of the day, to possess himself of the soldier’s secret touching the object of his present journey.

In 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 animal; 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 be believed there was someone of the name of Pepper lived at Ballygarth.

“Someone, is it?” said Bory, looking astonished. “Oh! is that all you know about it? *Someone,* 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 ould ditch.”

“I mean he who is called Gerald Pepper?”

“Why, thin, indeed, I never heard him called that-a-way before, and I dunna which o’ them at all you mane; for you see, there is so many o’ them, as I said before, that we are obleeged to make a differ between 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 called her Ginger; and I think that is a *highly saisoned* family for you. Now, which o’ them is it you mane? Is it White Pepper, or Black Pepper, or Long Pepper, or Whole Pepper, or Pepper-corn?”

“I don’t know any of them,” said the soldier. “Gerald Pepper is the man I want.”

“Oh, you *do* want him, thin,” said Rory, with a very peculiar intonation of voice. “Well, av course, if you want him, you’ll find him; but look forenint you there; there you may see the ould 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 hone shod, and recommended him to go to the abbey, where, of course, the monks would be proud to give “any accommodation in life” to a gentleman like him. But this proposal the soldier did not much relish; for though stout of heart, as most of his countrymen, he was loath to be tempted into any situation where he would have considered himself, to a certain degree, at the mercy of a parcel of Popish monks; and poisoned viands and drugged wine were amongst some of the objections which his Protestant imagination started at the proposal. He Inquired if there was not any Public in the village, and being answered in the affirmative, his resolution was taken at once of sheltering and getting some refreshment there while his horse should be under the hands of the blacksmith.

Here again Rory's roguery came into practice; the blacksmith of the village was his relative, and after depositing the fatigued and annoyed soldier at the little *auberge,* Rory went for the avowed purpose of getting the smith to "do the job," but in reality, to send him out of the way; and this was easily done, when the motive for doing so was communicated. On his return to the Public, there was a great deal of well-affected disappointment on Rory's part at the absence of his near relation, the smith, as he told the betrayed trooper how "provoking it was that he wasn't in the forge at that present, but was expected at every hand's turn, and that the very first instant minute be 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 of work sooner for than Rory Oge here, seein' that be 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 be is stan'in' forninst you--and its not to his face I'd say it, but behind his back too, and often did, and will agin, I hope."

"Thank you kindly, Rory," said Lanty, with a bow and scrape.

Some refreshment was accordingly prepared for the soldier, who, after his fatigue, was nothing loath to comfort the inward man; the more particularly as it was not merely the best, but the only thing he could do under existing circumstances; and after gorging profusely on the solids, the fluids were next put under contribution, and acting on the adage that "good eating requires good drinking," he entered into the feeling of the axiom with an earnestness that Sancho Pauza himself could not have outdone, either in the spirit or the letter.

Rory was in attendance all the time, and still played his game of engaging the stranger's attention as much as possible, with a view to divert him from his prime object, and make him forget the delays which were accumulated upon him. It was in this spirit that he asked him if he ever "heard tell of the remarkable place that Duleek was."

"We made the place remarkable enough the other day," said the soldier, with the insolence which the habit of domination produces in little minds, "when we drove your flying troops through the pass of Duleek, and your runaway king at the head of them. I was one of the fifty who did it."

Rory, influenced by the dear object he had in view, smothered the indignation he felt rising in his throat; and as he might not exhibit anger, he had recourse to sarcasm, and said:

"In throth, your honour, I don't wondher at, all at the brave things you done, in the regard that it was at Duleek; and sure, Duleek was always remarkable for havin' the bowldest things done there and about, ever since the days of the 'Little Waiver.'"

"What little weaver?" said the soldier.

“Why, thin, 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 wondherful,” said the trooper; “for how could I hear of the wearer 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, thin, 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.

“Wondberful!” said Rory. “By my soul, 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 b’live 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’live it; and that’s worse.”

“Perhaps I may,” said the other, whose curiosity began to waken.

“Well, that same is a promise, anyhow, and so here goes!” and Rory then related, with appropriate voice and gesture, the following legend.

18. The Legend of the Little Weaver of Duleek Gate

A tale of Chivalry

You see, there was a waiver lived, wanst upon a time, in Duleek here, hard by the gate, and a very honest, industherous man he was, by all accounts. He had a wife, and av coorse they had childhre--and small blame to them--and plenty of them, so that the poor little waiver was obleeged to work his fingers to the bone a'most, to get them the bit and the sup; but he didn't begridge that, for be was an industherous craythe, as I said before, and it was up airly and down late wid him, and the loom never standin' still. Well, it was one mornin' that his wife called to him, and he sitting very busy throwin' the shuttle, and says she: "Come here," says she, "jewel, and ate your brekquest, now that it's ready." But he never minded her, but wint an workin'. So in a minit or two more, says she, callin' out to him agin: "Arrah! lave off slavin' yourself, my darlin', and ate your bit o' brekquest while it is hot."

"Lave me alone," says he, and he dhruv the shuttle fasther nor before.

Well, in a little time more, she goes over to him where he sot, and says she, coaxin' him like: "Thady dear," says she, "the stirabout will be stone cowld if you don't give over that weary work and come and ate it at wanst."

"I'm busy with a patthern here that is brakin' my heart," says the waiver, "and antil I complate it and masther it intirely, I won't quit."

"Oh, think o' the iligant stirabout, that 'ill be spylte intirely."

"To the divil with the stirabout," says he.

"God forgive you," says she, "for cursin' your good brekquest."

"Aye, and you too," says he.

"Throth, you're as cross as two sticks this blessed morning, Thady," says the poor wife; "and it's a heavy handful I have of you when you are cruked in your temper; but stay there if you like, and let your stirabout grow cowld and not a one o' me 'ill ax you agin;" and with that off she wint, and the waiver, sure enough, was mighty crabbed, and the more the wife spoke to him the worse be got, which, you know, is only nath'ral. Well, he left the loom at last, and wint over to the stirabout, and what would you think, but whin he looked at it, it was as black as a crow; for, you see, it was in the hoighth o' the summer, and the flies lit upon it to that degree that the stirabout was fairly covered with them.

"Why, thin, bad luck to your impidince," said the waiver. "Would no place sarve you but that? and is it spyling my brekquest yiz are, you dirty bastes?" And with that, bein' altogether cruked-tempered at the time, be lifted his hand, and he made one great slam at the dish o' stirabout, and killed no less than threescore-and-tin flies at the one blow. It was threescore-and-tin exactly, for he counted the carcases one by one, and laid them out an a clane plate for to view them.

Well, he felt a powerful sperit risin' in him when he seen the slaughther he done at one blow, and with that be 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 everyone he met, and was

squarin' up into their faces and sayin': "Look at that fist! That's the fist that killed threescore-and-tin at one blow--whoo!"

With that all the neighbours thought he was crack'd, and faith, the poor wife herself thought the same when he kem home in the evenin', afther spendin' every rap he had in dhrink, and swaggerin' about the place, and lookin' at his hand every minit.

"Indeed, an' your hand is very dirty, sure enough, Thady jewel," says the poor wife, and thrue for her, for be 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, 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 us?"

"Don't put in your prate," says he, "you ignorant sthrap," says he. "You're vulgar, woman--you're vulgar--mighty vulgar; but I'II have nothin' more to say to any dirty, snakin' thrade again--divil a more waivin' I'll do."

"Oh, Thady dear, and what'll the children do thin?"

"Let them go play marvels," says he.

"That would be but poor feedin' for them, Thady."

"They shan't want for feedin'," says he, "for it's a rich man I'll be soon, and a great man too."

"Usha, but I'm glad to hear it, darlin'--though I dunna how it's to be, but I think you had better go to bed, Thady."

"Don't talk to me of any bed, but the bed o' glory, woman," says he, lookin' mortial grand.

"Oh, God send! we'll all be in glory yet," says the wife, crassin' herself; "but go to sleep, Thady, for this present."

"I'll sleep with the brave yit," says he.

"Indeed, an' a brave' sleep will do you a' power o' good, my darlin'," says she.

"And it's I that will be the knight!" says he.

"All night, if you plaze, Thady," says she.

"None o' your coaxin'," says he. "I'm detarmined on it, and I'll set off immediantly, and be a knight arriant."

"A what!!!" says she.

"A knight arriant, woman."

"Lord be good to me, what's that?" says she.

"A knight arriant is a rale gintleman," says he, "going round the world for sport, with a swoord by his side, takin' whatever he plazes--for himself; and that's a knight arriant," says he.

("Just a'most like yourself, sir," said Rory, with a sly, sarcastic look at the trooper, who sat listening to him with a sort of half-stupid, half-drunken wonder.)

Well, sure enough, he wint about among his neighbours the next day, and he got an ould 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 potlid, and *that* he was very partic'lar about, bekase it was his shield, and he wint to a frind o' his, a painther and glazier, and made him paint an his shield in big letthers:

"I'M THE MAN OF ALL MIN,
THAT KILL'D THREESCORE-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 tould 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 be put it an his head, and his wife said:

"Oh, murther, Thady jewel! is it puttin' a great heavy iron pot an your head you are, by way iv a hat?"

"Sartinly," says he, "for a knight arriant should always have *a woight on 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 isn't the first sheep's head was dhrees'd in it."

"Your sarvant, ma'am," says he, and of he set.

Well, he was in want of a horse, and so he wint to a field hard by, where the miller's horse was grazin', that used to carry the ground corn round the counthry. "This is the identical horse for me," says the waiver. "He is used to carryin' flour and *mail*, 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 be 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 thin, glory be to God! Whin he got to Dublin, he

wint sthrait to the palace, and whin he got into the coortyard he let his horse go and graze about the place, for the grass was growin' out betune the stones; everything was flourishin' thin, in Dublin, you see. Well, the king was lookin' out of his dhrawin'-room windy for divarshin whin the waiver kem in; but the waiver pretended not to see him, and he wint over to a stone sate undher the windy; for, you see, there was stone sates all round about the place for the accommodation o' the people, for the king was a dacent, 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 letters an it. Well, my dear, with that the king calls out to one of the lords of his coort that was standin' behind him, houldin' up the skirt of his coat, accordin' to raison, 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 contimplatlon of seein' me here lookin' out a' my dhrawin'-room windy for divarshin; but that is no raison 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 be must be a furriner," says the king, "bekase his dhress is outlandish."

"And doesn't know manners, more betoken," says the lord.

"I'll go down and *circumspect* him myself," says the king.

"Folly me," says he to the lord, wavin' his hand at the same time in the most dignacious manner.

Down he wint accordianly, followed by the lord; and when be whit over to where the waiver was lying, sure, the first thing he seen was his shieId 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."

"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 wasn't aiquil to it, but never kem back, and was ate up alive by the' cruel desaiver."

"Sure, don't you see there," says the king, pointin' at the shield, "that be killed threescore-and-tin at one blow; and the man that done *that,* I think, is a match for anything."

So, with that, he wint over to the waiver and shuck him by the shouldher for to wake him, and the waiver rubbed his eyes as if just wakened, and the king says to him: "God save you," said he.

"God save you kindly," says the waiver, *purtendin'* he was quite onknowst who he was spakin' to.

"Do you know who I am," says the king, "that you make so free, good man?"

"No, Indeed," says the waiver; "you have the advantage o' me."

"To be sure I have," says the king, *moighty high;* " sure, ain't I the King o' Dublin?" says he.

The waiver dhropped down an his two knees forninst the king, and says he: "I beg God's pardon and yours for the liberty l 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 serve you, my lord,” says the waiver.

“Very well,” says the king. “You killed threescore-and-tin at one blow, I understan’,” says the king.

“Yis,”says the waiver; “that was the last thrifle o’work I done, and I’m afeard my hand ‘ill go out o’ practice if I don’t get some job to do at wanst.”

“You shall have a job immediantly,” says the king. “It is not threescore-and-tin, or any fine thing like that; it is only a blaguard dhraggin, that is disturbin’ the counthry and ruinatin’ my tinanthry wid aitin’ their powlthry, and I’m lost for want of eggs,” says the king.

“Throth, thin, plaze your worship,” says the waiver, “you look as yollow as if you swallowed twelve yolks this minit.”

“Well, I want this dhraggin to be killed,” says the king. “It will be no throuble in life to you; and l am only sorry that it isn’t betther worth your while, for he isn’t worth fearin’, at all; only I must tell you that he lives in the county Galway, in the middle of a bog, and he has an advantage in that”

“Oh, I don’t value it in the laste,” says the waiver; “for the last threescore-and-tin I killed was in a *soft place”*

“When will you undhertake the job, then?” says the king.

“Let me at him at wanst,” says the waiver.

“That’s what I like,” says the king. “You’re the very man for my money,” says he.

“Talkin’ of money,” says the waiver, “by the same token, I’ll want a thrifle o’ change from you for my thravellin’ charges.”

“As much as you plaze,” says the king; and with the word, he brought him into his closet, where there was an ould 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 hould 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 ould 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 be was goin’ evermore, until at last the waiver seen a crowd o’ people runnin’ as if Ould Nick was at their heels, and they shoutin’ a thousand murdhers and cryin’: “The dhraggin! the dhraggin! “and he couldn’t stop the horse nor make him turn back, but away he pelted right forninst the terrible baste that was comin’ up to him, and there was the most *nefaarious* smell o’ sulphur, savin’ your presence, enough to knock you down; and faith, the waiver seen he had no time to lose, end so he threwn himself off the horse and made to a three that was growin’ nigh hand, and away he clambered

up into it as nimble as a cat; and not a minit had he to spare, for the 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 slapt his eye on 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 under this three,” says he, “and sooner or later you must fall to my share;” and sure enough be 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), end he got dhrowsy at last, and fell asleep; but before he wint to sleep he wound himself all round about the three, all as one, as a lady windin’ ribbon round her finger, so that the waiver could not escape.

Well, as soon as the waiver knew he was dead asleep, by the snorin’ of him--and every snore he let out of him was like a clap o’ thunder--

(Here the trooper began to exhibit some symptoms of following the dragon’s example--and perhaps the critics will say, no wonder--but Rory, notwithstanding, pursued the recital of the legend.)

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 acrase 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 be 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 sivin small sinses, my boy;” and with that, away he flew like mad; and where do you think he did fly? By dad, be 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 be flew until he kem *slap* up agin the palace o’ the king; for, bein’ blind with the rage, he never seen it, and be knocked his brains out; that is, the small thrifle he had, and down he fell spacheless. An’ you see, good luck would have it, 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), be called out to his coortyers to come and see the show. “By the powdhers o’ war, here comes the knight arriant,” says the king, “ridin the dhraggin that’s all afire, and if he gets *into the palace,* yiz must be ready wid the *fire ingines,”* says he, “for to *put him out.”* But when they seen the dhraggin fall outside, they all ran downstairs and scampered into the palace-yard for to circumspect the *curiosity;* and by the time they got down, the waiver had got off o’ the dhraggin’s neck, and runnin’ up to the king, says he:

“Plaze your holiness,” says be, “I did not think myself worthy of killin’ this facetious baste, so I brought him to yourself for to do him the honour of decripitation by your own royal five fingers. But I tamed him first, before I allowed him the liberty for to *dar* to appear in your royal prisince, and you’ll oblige me if you’ll just make your mark with your own hand upon

the onruly baste's neck." And with that, the king, sure enough, drew 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.

"I will," says the king; "and as you are the first man that I ever heerd tell of that rode a dhraggin, you shall be called Lord *'Mount* Dhraggin," says he.

"And where's my estates, plaze your holiness?" says the waiver, who always had a sharp look-out afther the main chance.

"Oh, I didn't forget that," says the king. "It is my royal pleasure to provide well for you, and for that raison I make you a present of all the dhraggins in the world, and give you the power over them from this out," says he.

"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'live not, indeed," says the waiver. "Many thanks to your Majesty."

"But that is not all I'll do for you," says the king. "I'll give you my daughther too, in marriage," says he. Now, you see,' that was nothin' more than what be 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 raison 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.

19. Conclusion of the White Horse of the Peppers

Let the division I have made in my tales serve, In the mind of the reader, as an imaginary boundary between the past day and the ensuing morning. Let him, in his own fancy also, settle how the soldier watched, slept, dreamt or waked through this interval. Rory did not make his appearance, however; he had left the Public on the preceding evening, having made every necessary arrangement for carrying on the affair he had taken in hand; so that the Englishman, on inquiry, found Rory had departed, being “obleeged to lave the place early on his own business, but sure, his honour could have any accommodation in life he wanted, in the regard of a guide, or the like o’ that”

Now, for this Rory had provided also, having arranged with the keepers of the Public, to whom he confided 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 outing 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, which seemed to be placed there as an artificial barrier to an extensive field that lay beyond the lane.

“What are you doing there?” said the soldier.

“Makin’ a convenience for your honour to get through the gap,” said the boy.

“There is no road there,” said the other.

“Oh, no, plaze your honour,” said the young rascal, looking up in his face with an affectation of simplicity that might have deceived Machiavel himself. “It’s not a road, sir, but a short cut.”

“Cut it as short, then, as you can, my boy,” said the soldier (the only good thing he ever said in his life); “for your short cuts in this country are the longest I ever knew--I’d rather go a round.”

“So we must go round, by the bottom o’ this field, sir, and then, over the hill beyant there, we come out an the road,”

“Then there *is* a road beyond the hill?”

“A fine road, sir,” said the boy, who, having cleared a passage for the horseman, proceeded before him at a smart pace, and led him down the slope of the hill to a small valley, intersected by a sluggish stream which ran at Its foot. When the boy arrived at this valley, he stepped briskly across it, though the water splashed up about his feet at every bound he gave, and dashing on through the stream, he arrived at the other side by the time the trooper had reached the nearer one. Here the latter was obliged to pull up, for his horse at the first step sank so deep, that the animal instinctively withdrew his foot from the treacherous morass.

The trooper called after his guide, who was proceeding up the opposite acclivity, and the boy turned round.

“I can’t pass this, boy,” said the soldier.

The boy faced the hill again, without any reply, and commenced his ascent at a rapid pace.

“Come back, you young scoundrel, or I’ll shoot you,” said the soldier, drawing his pistol from his holster. The boy still continued his flight, and the trooper fired--but ineffectually--upon which the boy stopped, and after making a contemptuous action at the Englishman, rushed up the acclivity, and was soon beyond the reach of small arms, and shortly after out of sight, having passed the summit of the hill.

The Englishman’s vexation was excessive at finding himself thus left in such a helpless situation. For a long time he endeavoured to find a spot in the marsh he might make his crossing good upon, but in vain--and after nearly an hour spent in this useless endeavour, he was forced to turn back and strive to unravel the maze of twisting and twining through which he had been led, for the purpose of getting on some highway, where a chance passenger might direct him in finding his road.

This he failed to accomplish, and darkness at length overtook him, In a wild country to which he was an utter stranger. He still continued, however, cautiously to progress along the road on which be 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, be 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, be was retiring from the stable when his attention was attracted by a superb white horse, and much as he was engrossed, by his present annoyance, the noble proportions of the animal were too striking to be overlooked. After admiring all his parts, he said to the attendant: “What a beautiful creature this is!”

“Troth, you may say that,” was the answer. “What a charger he would make!”

“Sure enough.”

“He must be very fleet?”

“As the win’.”

“An’ leaps?”

“Whoo!--over the moon, if you axed him.”

“That horse must trot at least ten miles the hour.”

“Tin! Faix, it wouldn’t be convaynient to him to throt undher fourteen;” and with this assurance on the part of the groom, he left the stable.

On being led into the dwelling-house, the stranger found the table spread for supper, and the owner of the mansion, pointing to a chair, invited him to partake of the evening meal.

The reader need scarcely be told that the Invitation came from Gerald Pepper, for I suppose the white horse in the stable has already explained whose house chance had directed the trooper to, though all his endeavours to find it had proved unavailing.

Gerald still maintained the bearing which characterised his first meeting with the Englishman on his threshold--it was that of reserved courtesy. Magdalene, his gentle wife, was seated near the table, with an infant child sleeping upon her lap; her sweet features were strikingly expressive of sadness; and as the stranger entered the apartment, her eyes were raised in one timorous glance upon the man whose terrible mission she was too well aware of, and the long lashes sank downwards again upon the pale cheek, which recent sorrow had robbed of its bloom.

“Come, sir,” said Gerald, “after such a day of fatigue as yours has been, some refreshment will be welcome;” and the Englishman presently, by deeds, not words, commenced giving ample evidence of the truth of the observation. As the meal proceeded, he recounted some of the mishaps that had befallen him, all of which Gerald knew before, through Rory Oge, who was in the house at that very moment, though, for obvious reasons, he did not make his appearance, and at last the stranger put the question to his host, if he knew anyone in the neighbourhood called Gerald Pepper.

Magdalene felt her blood run cold, but Gerald quietly replied, there was a person of that name thereabouts.

“Is his property a good one?” said the trooper.

“Very much reduced of late,” replied Gerald.

“Ballygarth they call it,” said the soldier. “Is that far from here?”

“It would puzzle me to tell you how to go to it from this place,” was the answer.

“It is very provoking,” said the trooper. “I have been looking for it these three days, and cannot find it, and nobody seems to know where it is.”

Magdalene, at these words, felt a momentary relief, yet still she scarcely dared to breathe.

“The truth is,” continued the soldier, “that I am entitled, under the king’s last commission, to the property, for all Pepper’s possessions have been forfeited”

The baby, as it slept in the mother’s lap, smiled as its legalised despoiler uttered these last words, and poor Magdalene, smote to the heart by the incident, melted into tears; but by a powerful effort, she repressed any audible evidence of grief, and shading her eyes with her hand, her tears dropped in silence over her sleeping child.

Gerald observed her emotion, and found it difficult to master his own feelings.

“Now it is rather hard,” continued the soldier, “that I have been hunting up and down the country for this confounded place, and can’t find it. I thought it a fine thing, but I suppose it’s nothing to talk of, or somebody would know of it; and more provoking still, we soldiers have yet our hands so full of work, that I only got four days’ leave, and tomorrow night I am bound to return to Dublin, or I shall be guilty of a breach of duty; and how I am to return, with my horse in the disabled state in which this detestable country has left him, I cannot conceive.”

“You will be hard run to accomplish it,” said Gerald.

“Now will you make a bargain with me?” said the soldier.

“Of what nature?” said Gerald.

“There,” said the soldier, throwing down on the table a piece of folded parchment - “there is the debenture entitling the holder thereof to the property I have named. Now, I must give up looking for it, for the present, and I am tired of hunting after it, into the bargain; besides, God knows when I may be able to come here again. You are on the spot, and may make use of this instrument, which empowers you to take full possession of the property whatever it may be; to you it *may* be valuable. At a word, then, if I give you this debenture, will you give me the white horse that is standing in your stable?”

Next to his wife and children, Gerald Pepper loved his white horse; and the favourite animal so suddenly and unexpectedly named startled him, and strange as it may appear, he paused for a moment; but Magdalene, unseen by the soldier, behind whom she was seated, clasped her outstretched hands in the action of supplication to her husband, and met his eye with an imploring look that at once produced his answer.

“Agreed!” said Gerald.

“‘Tis a bargain,” said the soldier; and he tossed the debenture across the table as the property of the man whom it was intended to leave destitute.

Having thus put his host into possession of his own property, the soldier commenced spending the night pleasantly, and it need not be added that Gerald Pepper was in excellent humour to help him.

As for poor Magdalene, when the bargain was completed, her heart was too full to permit her to remain longer, and hurrying to the apartment where the elder children were sleeping, she kissed them passionately, and throwing herself on her knees between their little beds, wept profusely, as she offered the fervent outpourings of a grateful heart to Heaven, for the ruin so wonderfully averted from their innocent heads.

Stories must come to an end, like everything else of this world, and so *my* story is ended, as all stories should be, when there is no further vitality left in them; for though some *post-mortem* experiments are occasionally made by those who expect, by a sort of Galvanic influence, to persuade their readers that the subject is not quite dead yet, the practice is so

generally unsuccessful, that I decline becoming an operator in that line; therefore let me hasten to my conclusion.

The next morning the English soldier was in his saddle at an early hour, and be seemed to entertain all the satisfaction of an habitual horseman in feeling the stately tread of the bold steed beneath him. The white horse champed his bit, and by his occasional curvettings, evinced a consciousness that his accustomed rider was not on his back; but the firm seat and masterly hand of the soldier shortly reduced such slight marks of rebellion into obedience, and be 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 be had been bred. Gerald Pepper looked after his noble steed while he remained within sight, and thought no one was witness to the tear he dashed from his eye when he turned to re-enter his house. But there were two who saw and sympathised in the amiable weakness--his gentle Magdalene and the faithful Rory Oge. The latter, springing from behind an angle of the house where he had stood concealed, approached his foster-brother, and said:

"Thrue for you, indeed, Masther Gerald, it is a pity, so it is, and a murther intirely; but sure, there's no help for it; and though the white horse is a loss, there is no denyin it, yet, 'pon 'my conscience, I'm mighty proud this blessed minit *to see that fellow lavin' the place!*"

Gerald Pepper entertained, throughout his life, an affectionate remembrance of his gallant horse: even more--the stall where he last stood, and the rack and manger where he had last fed under the roof of his master, were held sacred, and were ordered to remain in the state the favourite had left them; and to perpetuate to his descendant the remembrance of the singular event which had preserved to him his estate, the white horse was introduced into his armorial bearings, and is, at this day, one of the heraldic distinctions of the family.

20. The Curse of Kishogue

I Do not mean to say that cursing is either moral or polite, but I certainly *do* think that if a man curse at all, he has a right to curse after what fashion he chooses. Now, I am not going to curse, nor swear either, but to write concerning the very superior curse as above-named, and I have premised the foregoing conditions, seeing that, entertaining such an opinion on the subject, no moralist can find fault with me for the minor offence of introducing a curse to my own taste. Let not the polite world 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 “The Curse of Kehama,” and I hope I may not be considered too presumptuous in the intention of putting forward a curse to their notice, as its “Companion.” Something of the sort, I think, has been wanted, and should I win the distinction of being considered the person who has supplied the deficiency, I hope Doctor Southey will allow me the further happiness of dedicating the story to him. There are sufficient points of difference in the two curses to make a variety for the reader’s entertainment, and yet one point of curious coincidence between them--the drinking of a cup. Now, as regards the variety, Kehama’s curse was that he could not die; while poor Kishogue’s was that he did. As to the coincidence, Kehama and Kishogue 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 what is no genteeler place than a shebeen house.

I had been wandering over a wild district, and thought myself fortunate, in default of better quarters, to alight upon a shebeen 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 shebeen house under such circumstances?

Ah! we who are used to the refinements of life can never imagine how very little may sufflce, upon occasion, to satisfy our *natural* wants, until we have been reduced by circumstances to the knowledge. The earthen floor of the shebeen 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 overhear the orders issued to her by “the misthriss” from time to time, while I was drying myself before the fire.

“Judy, here--come here, Judy, I tell you. See!” Then, in an undertone: “Get ready the quol’ty room--hurry it up soon.” Then away trotted Judy; but before she had gone many steps there was another call.

“And, Judy!”

“Well, ma’am.”

“Put a candle in the tin sconce.”

“Sure, Terry Regan has the sconce within there;” pointing to an adjoining apartment where some peasants were very busy in making merry.

“Well, no matter for that; scoop out a pratie, and that’ll do well enough for Terry--sure, he knows no better--and take the sconce for the gintleman.”

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

“Oh, as for the fire, your honour, Judy shall put some live turf an the hearth, and you’ll be as snug as you plaze.”

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

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

“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 make 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 anything else that might inconvenience you; but let me have the rasher as soon as you can, and some more of that good stuff you have just given me, to make some punch, and I will be as happy as a king.”

“Throth, thin, you’re aisely satisfied, sir; but sure, as I said before, a rale gintleman takes everything as it comes.”

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

In the meantime, the mirth grew louder in the adjoining compartment of the house, and Terry Regan, before alluded to, seemed to be a capital master of the revels; and while I enjoyed my own 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 Caesar are names more familiar to them than a stranger could well believe. But their love of Buonaparte, and their exultation in his triumphs, had a deeper motive than mere admiration as a warrior. What that motive was, it would be foreign to my pages to touch upon, therefore let me resume.

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'live that he's 'a presoner. Tut--who could take him prisoner? There's none o' them aiqual to it."

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

"An' you b'live it, thin?" said a third.

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

"Tare-au-onus, did he see him in airnest?"

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

"And was he in chains, like a *rale* presoner?"

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

"Well, sure, I heard them makin' spaches about it at the meetin' was beyant in the town last summer; and a gintleman out o' Dublin, *that kem down an purpose,* had the *hoith* o' fine language all about it, and I remember well he said these very words: 'They will never blot the stain from their *annuals;* and when he *dies* it will be a *livin'* disgrace to them; for what can he do but die,' says he, *'non compossed* as be 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 prisoner like any other man, and him that was able to go over the whole world wherever he plazed, bein' obleeged to live an a rock."

"Aye," said the repeater of the *spache;* "and the villians to have him undher that burnin' climax. I wondher what is it?"

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

"By dad, it is hard for to say."

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

"Faix, an' there is great comfort in the sup, sure enougb," 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 spatches at the char'ty dinners."

“Well, I’ll do my endeavour, if it’s plazin’ to the company,” said Phil.

“That’s your sort,” said Terry. “Rise it, your sowl!”

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

THE JUG OF PUNCH

As I was sitting In my room,
One pleasant evening in the month of June,
I heard a thrush singing in a bush,
And, the tune he sung was a jug o’ punch.

Too ra loo! too ra loo! too ra loo! too ra loo!
A jug o’ punch! a jug o’ punch!
The tune he sung was a jug o’ punch.

What more divarshin might a man desire
Than to be seated by a nate turf fire,
And by his side a purty wench,
And on the table a jug o’ punch?

Tooraloo, etc.

The Muses twelve and Apollio famed,
In *Castilian* pride dhrinks *pernicious* sthrames;
But I would not grudge them tin times as much,
As long as I had a jug o’ punch.

Tooraloo, 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.

Tooraloo, etc.

The docthor falls, with all his art,
To cure an imprisson an the heart;
But if life was gone--within an inch--
What would bring it back like a jug o’ punch?

Tooraloo, etc.

But when I am dead and in my grave,
No costly tombstone will I crave;
But I’ll dig a grave both wide and deep,
With a jug o’ punch at my head and feet.

Too ra loo! too ra loo! too ra loo! too ra loo!
A jug o’ punch! a jug o’ punch!
Oh! more power to your elbow, my jug o’ punch!

Most uproarious applause followed this brilliant lyric, and the thumping of fists and the pewter pot 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; and the real choice sperit is in you that improves with age.”

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

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

“Troth, an’ you have, Phil,” said another of the party. “It’s a pity your mother hadn’t more of yez--oh, that I may see the woman that deserves you, and that I may dance at your weddin’!”

“Faix an’ I’d rather sing at my own wake,” said Phil.

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

“Pray for yourself, Terry, if you plaze,” said Phil.

“Well, sing us another song, thin.”

“Not a one more I remimber,” said Phil.

“Remimber!” said Terry. “Bad cess to me, but you know more songs than would make the fortune of a ballad singer.”

“Throth, I can’t think of one.”

“Ah, don’t think at all, man, but let the song out of you. Sure, it’ll come of itself if you’re willin’.”

“Bad cess to me if I remimber one.”

“Oh, I’ll jog your memory,” said Terry. “Sing us the song you deludhered ould Roony’s daughter with.”

“What’s that?” said Phil.

“Oh, you purtind not to know, you desaiver.”

“Throth, an’ I don’t,” said Phil.

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

“Well, what was it; can’t you tell me?”

“It was the ‘Pig that was in Aughrim.’”

“Oh, that’s a beautiful song, sure enough, and it’s too thrue, it is. Oh, *them* vagabone staymers that’s goin’ evermore to England, the divil a pig they’ll lave in the counthry, at all.”

“Faix, I’m afeard so--but that’s no rule why you should not sing the song. Out with it, Phil, my boy.”

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

THE PIG THAT WAS IN AUGHRIM.

The pig that was in Aughrim was dhruv to foreign parts,
And when he was goin’ an the road it bruk the ould sows heart.
“Oh,” says she, “my counthry’s ruin’d and deserted now by all,

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

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

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

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

"By dad, I must, Terry."

"Ah, thin, why?"

"Bekase I must."

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

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

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

"Bekase I must go, as I tould 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 of Kishogue an you!"

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

"Faix, you shall have no good-night from us. You're a bad fellow, Barny Corrigan--so the Curse o' Kishogue an you!"

"Oh, tare-an-ouns," said Barny, pausing at the door, "don't put the curse an a man that is goin' the road, and has to pass by the Rath, [fairies are supposed to haunt all old mounds of earth, such as raths, tumuli, etc., etc.] more betoken, and no knowin' where the fairies would be."

"Throth, thin, 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 bear 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, thin, what the dickens do you mane by *that* curse?” said Barny. “I thought I knew all the curses out, but I never heerd of the Curse o’ Kishogue before.”

“Oh, you poor, ignorant craythur,” said Terry: “Where were you born and bred, at all, at all? Oh, signs on it, you 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, thin, what *does* it mane?” said Barny, thoroughly posed.

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

So Barny sat down again, amidst the shouts and laughter of his companions, and after the liquor had passed merrily round the table for some time, Terry, in accordance with his promise, commenced his explanation of the malediction that had brought Barny Corrigan back to his seat; but before he began, he filled a fresh glass, and profiting by the example, I will proceed with the narrative:--

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

Well, to be sure, the gintlemen iv the counthry did not belove him so well as his own sort--that in, the *eldherly* gintlemen, for as to the young ‘squires, by gor, they loved him like one of themselves, and betther a’most, for they knew well that Kishogue was the boy to put them up to all sorts and sizes of divilment and divarshin, and that was all they wanted--but the ould, studdy [steady] gintlemen--the responsible people like, didn’t give in to his ways at all--and in throth, they used to be thinkin’ that if Kishogue was out of the counthry, body and bones, that the counthry would not be the worse iv it, in the laste, and that the deer and the hares and the pattheridges wouldn’t be scarcer in the laste, and that the throut and the salmon would lade an aisier life; but they could get no howlt of him, good or bad, for he was an cute as a fox, and there was no sitch thing as getting him at an amplush, at all, for he was like a weasel a’most--*asleep wid his eyes open.*

Well, that’s the way it was for many a long day, and Kishogue was as happy as the day was long, 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 threspasain’ an the man’s field by the roadside, and so, with that he cotched the mare--that is, the mare to all appearance, but it was not his own mare, but the Squire’s horse, which be 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 be do, but be 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 tould him he should go along with him.

“For what?” says Kishogue.

“Oh, you’re mighty innocent,” says the polisman.

“Thrue for you, sir,” says Kishogue, as quite [quiet] as a child. “And where are you goin’ to take me, may I make bowld to ax, sir?” says he.

“To jail,” says the peeler.

“For what?” says Kishogue.

“For staalin’ the Squire’s horse,” says the peeler.

“It’s the first I heerd of it,” says Kishogue.

“Throth, thin, ‘twon’t be the last you’ll hear of it,” says the other. “Why, tare-an-ouns, sure, it’s no housebrakin’ for a man to dhrive home his own mare,” says Kishogue.

“No,” says the peeler; “but it is *burglaarious* to sarcumvint another man’s horse,” says he.

“But supposin’ ‘twas a mistake,” says Kishogue.

“By gor, it’ll be the *dear* mistake to you,” says the polisman.

“That’s a *poor* case,” says Kishogue.

But there was no use in talkin’. He might as well have been whistlin’ jigs to a milestone as sthrivin’ to invaigle the polisman, and the ind of it was, that he was obleeged to march off to jail, and there he lay in lavendher, like Paddy Ward’s pig, antil the ‘sizes kem an, and Kishogue, you see, bein’ of a high sperrit, did not like the iday at all of bein’ undher a 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 endayvoured for to make it as agreeable as they could to him, for he was mightily beloved in the oounthry, 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 hould up his hand at the bar (and a fine big fist be had of his own, by the same token)--and up be held it--no ways danted at all, but as bowld as a ram. Well, thin, a chap in a black coat and a frizzled wig and spectacles gets up, and he reads and reads, and you’d think he’d never have done readin’; and it was all about Kishogue--as we heard’ afther--but could not make out at the time--and no wondher; and in throth, Kishogue never done the half of what the dirty little ottomy was readin’ about him--barrin’ he knew lies iv him; and Kishogue himself, poor fellow, got frekened at last, when he heard him goin’ an at that rate about him, but afther a bit, he tuk heart and said:

“By this and by that, I never done the half o’ that, anyhow.”

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

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

“Hould your tongue!” says my lord the judge. And so, afther some more jabberin’ and gibberish, the little man in the spectacles threw down the paper and asked Kishogue if he 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 I” 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, thin, I’m thinking’ it’s yourself and your friend, the hangman, will cure me o’ that vary soon,” says Kishogue.

And thrue for him, faith, he wasn’t far out in sayin’ that same, for they murthered him intirely. They brought a terrible sight o’ witnesses agin him, that swore away his life an the cross-examination; and indeed, sure enough, it’ *was* the crossest examination altogether I ever seen. Oh, they wor the bowld witnesses, that would *sware a hole in an iron pot* any day in the year. Not but that Kishogue’s friends done their duty by him. Oh, they stud to him like men, and swore a power for him, and sthrove to make out a *lullaby* for him--maynin,’ by that same, that he was asleep in another place at the time--but it wouldn’t do, they could not make it *plazin’* to the judge and the jury; and my poor Kishogue was condimned for to die; and the judge put an his black cap--and indeed, it is not becomin’--and discoorsed the hoighth of fine language, and gev Kishogue a power o’ good advice, that it was a mortial pity Kishogue didn’t get sooner; and the last words the judge said was: “The Lord have marcy an your sowl!”

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

And sure enough, faith; for the next Sathurday Kishogue was ordhered out to be hanged, and the sthreets through which he was to pass was mighty throng; for in them days, you see, the people used to be hanged outside o’ the town, not all as one, as now, when we’re hanged genteelly out o’ the front o’ the jail; but in them days they did not 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 swaddlers knocked it down and built a meetin’-house there--bad cess to them, sure, they’re spylin’ divarshin wherever they go--when they kem there, as I was tellin’ you, the purcesshin was always stopped, and they had a fiddler and mulled wine for the divarahin of the presoner, 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, supposin’ you die in a good cause itself, as my Uncle Jim tould me whin he suffer’d for killin’ the gauger.

Well, you see, they always stopped tin minutes at the public-house, not to hurry a man with his dhrink, and besides, to give the presoner an opportunity for sayin’ an odd word or so to a frind in the crowd, to say nothin’ of its bein’ mighty improvin to the throng, to see the man lookin’ pale at the thoughts o’ death, and maybe an idification and warnin’ to thim that was inclined to sthray. But however, it happened, and the like never happened afore nor sence; but as bad luck would have it, that day the divil a fiddler was there whin Kishogue dhruv up in

the cart, no ways danted, at all; but the minit the cart stopped rowlin' he 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'; "for be 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 be 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 anyhow, 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 wouldn't touch it. "Take it out o' my sight," says he, "for my heart is low because Tim Riley desaived me, whin I expected to die game, like one of the Rakes o' Mallow! Take it out o' my sight," says he, puttin' it away wid his hand, and sure, 'twas the first time Kishogue was ever known to refuse the dhrop o' dbrink, and many remarked that it was *the change before death* was comin' over him.

Well, away they rowled, to the gallows, where there was no delay in life for the presoner, and the sheriff asked him if he had anything to say to him before he suffered; but Kishogue hadn't a word to throw to a dog, and av coorse, he said nothin' to the sheriff, and wouldn't say a word that might be improvin', even to the crowd, by way of an idification; and indeed, a sore disappointment it was to the throng, for they thought be 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 out 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 be would rise it, that I might die like a rale Rake o' Mallow!" And so, to make a long story short, my jewel, they done the business for him--it was soon over wid him; it was just one step wid him, aff o' the laddher into glory; and to do him justice, though he was lookin pale, he died bowld, and put his best leg foremost.

Well, what would you think, but just as all was over wid him, there was a shout o' the crowd, and a shilloo 'that you'd think would split the sky; and what should we see gallopin' up to the gallows, but a man covered with dust an a white horse, to all appearance, but it wasn't a white horse but a black horse, only white wid the foam, he was dhruv to that degree; and the man hadn't a breath to dhraw, and couldn't spake, but dhrew a piece o' paper out of the breast of his coat and handed it up to the sheriff; and, my jewel, the sheriff grown as white as the paper itself, when he clapt his eyes an it; and says he:

"Cut him down--cut him down this minute!" says he; and the dhragoons made a slash at the messenger, but he ducked his head and sarcumvinted them. And then the sheriff shouted out: "Stop, you villians, and bad luck to yiz, you murtherin' vagabones," says he to the sojers; "is it goin' to murther the man you wor? It isn't him at all I mane, but the man that's hangin'. Cut *him* down," says he; and they cut him down; but it was no use. It was all over wid poor Kishogue; he was 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. “Isn’t it a poor case that he’s dead, and here is a reprieve that is come for him; but, bad cess to him,” says be, “it’s his own fault, he wouldn’t take it aisy.”

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

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

21. The Fairy Finder

“FINDING a fortune” is a phrase often heard amongst the peasantry of Ireland. If any man from small beginnings arrives at wealth, in a reasonable course, of time, the fact is scarcely ever considered as the result of perseverance, superior intelligence or industry; it passes as a by-word through the country that “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 outs; and as it has been laid down as an axiom, “That there never was a fool who had not a greater fool to admire him,” so there never was an old woman who told such stories without plenty of listeners.

Now, Darby Kelleher was one of the latter class, and there was a certain collioch [old woman] 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 listens; 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 but 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 sunbeams fell on the front of her abode, and made the seat habitable for one whose accustomed vicinity to the fire rendered heat indispensable to comfort.

Here she would sit and rock herself to and fro in the hot noons of July and August, her own appearance and that of her wretched cabin being in admirable keeping. To a fanciful beholder the question might have suggested itself, whether the hag was made for the hovel or it for her; or whether they bad 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 grey lichens. To its mud walls, a strong likeness was to be found in the tint of the old woman’s shrivelled skin; they were both seriously out of the perpendicular; and the rude mud and wicker chimney of the edifice having toppled over the gable, stuck out, something in the fashion of the doodeen, or short pipe, that projected from the old woman’s upper storey; and so they both were smoking away from morning till night; and to complete the similitude sadly, both were poor, both lonely, both fast falling to decay.

Here were Darby Kelleher and Oonah Lenehan sure to meet every day. Darby might make his appearance thus:

“Good morrow, kindly, granny.”

“The same to you, avic,” mumbled out the crone.

“Here’s some ‘baccy for you, granny.”

“Many thanks to you, Darby. I didn’t lay it out for seeing you so airly the day.”

“No, nor you wouldn’t neither, only I was passin’ this-a-way, runnin’ an errand for the Squire and I thought I might as well step in and ax you how you wor.”

“Good boy, Darby.”

“Throth, an’ it’s a hot day that’s in it, this blessed day. Phew! Faix, it’s out o’ breath I am, and mighty hot intirely; for I was runnin’ a’most half the way, bekase it’s an arrand, you see, and the Squire tould me to make haste, and so I did, and wint acrase the fields by the short cut; and as I was passin’ by the ould castle, I remimbered what you tould me a while ago; granny, about the crock o’ goold that is there *for sartin,* if anyone could come upon it.”

“An’ that’s thrue indeed, Darby avick--and never heerd any other the longest day I can remimber.”

“Well, well! think o’ that! Oh, thin, it’s he that ‘ill be the lucky fellow that finds it.”

“Thrue for you, Darby; but that won’t be *antil it is laid out* for some one to rise it.”

“Sure, that’s what I said to myself often; and why mightn’t it be my chance to be the man that it was laid out for to find it.”

“There’s no knowin’,” mumbled the crone mysteriously, as she shook the ashes out of her tobacco-pipe, and replenished the *doodeen* with some of the fresh stock Darby had presented.

“Faix, an’ that’s thrue, sure enough. Oh, but you’ve a power o’ knowledge, granny! Sure enough, indeed, there’s no knowin’; but they say there’s great virtue in dhrames.”

“That’s ondeniable, Darby,” said the hag; “and by the same token maybe you’d step into the house and bring me out a bit o’ live turf to light my pipe.”

“To be sure, granny;” and away went Darby to execute the commission.

While he was raking from amongst the embers on the hearth a piece of turf sufficiently “alive” for the purpose, Oonah made her appearance outside the hut, and gave the usual cordial salutation to the old woman. Just as she had done her civility, out came Darby, holding the bit of turf between the two extremities of an osier twig, bent double for the purpose of forming a rustic tongs.

“Musha, an’ is that you, Darby?” said Oonah.

“Who else would it be?” said Darby.

“Why, you tould me over an hour agone, down there in the big field, that you wor in a hurry.”

“And so I am in a hurry, and wouldn’t be here, only I jist stepped in to say ‘God save you!’ to the mother here, and to light her pipe for her, the craythur.”

“Well, don’t be standin’ there lettin’ the coal go black out, Darby,” said the old woman; “but let me light my pipe at wanst.”

“To be sure, granny,” said Darby, applying the morsel of lighted ember to the bowl of her pipe until the process of ignition had been effected. “And now, Oonah, my darlint, if you’re so sharp an other people, what the dickens brings you here, when it is mindin’ the geese in

the stubbles you ought to be, and not here? What would the misthress say to that, I wondher?"

"Oh, I left them safe enough, and they're able to take care of themselves for a bit, and I wanted to ax the granny about a dhrame I had.'

"Sure, so do I," said Darby; "and you know *first come first sarved* is a good ould sayin'. And so, granny, you own to it that there's a power o' vartue in dhrames?"

A long-drawn whiff of the pipe was all the hag vouchsafed in return.

"Oh, thin, but that's the iligant tabaccy! Mush; but it's fine an' 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 kern 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 ould 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 ould castle has only *three* walls, and how could that be it?"

"No matther for that," said the crone, "It *ought* to have four, and that's the same thing."

"Well, well! I never thought o' that," said Oonah, lifting her hands in wonder. "Sure enough, so it ought!"

"Go on, Darby," said the hag.

"Well, I thought the greatest sight o' crows ever I seen flew out o' the castle, and I think *that* must mane the goold there is in it!"

"Did you count how many there was?" said the hag, with great solemnity.

"Faith, I never thought o' that," said Darby, with an air of vexation,

"Could you tell me itself, wor they odd or even, avic?"

"Faix, an' I could not say for *sartin*."

"Ah, that's it!" said the crone, shaking her head in token of disappointment. "How can I tell the mayin' 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, thin, an’ now I remimber, they did fly heavy, and I said to myself there would be rain soon, the crows was flyin’ so heavy.”

“I wish you didn’t dhrame o’ rain, Darby.”

“Why, granny? What harm is it?”

“Oh, nothin’; only it comes in a crass place there.”

“But it doesn’t spile the dhrame, I hope?”

“Oh no. Go an.”

“Well, with that, I thought I was passin’ by Doolins the miller’s, and says he to me: ‘Will you carry home this sack o’ male for me?’ Now, you know, male is money, every fool knows.”

“Right, avic.”

“And so I tuk the sack o’ male an my shouldher, and I thought the woight iv it was killin’ me, just as if it *was* a sack o’ goold.”

“Go an, Darby.”

“And with that I thought I met with a cat, and that, you know, manes an ill-nathur’d woman.”

“Right, Darby.”

“And says she to me: ‘Darby Kelleher,’ says she, ‘you’re mighty yollow. God bless you! is it the jandhers you have?’ says she. Now wasn’t that mighty sharp? I think the jandhers manes goold?”

“Yis; if it was the yollow jandhers you dhremt iv, but not the black jandhers.”

“Well, it *was* the yollow jandhers.”

“Very good, avic; that’s makin’ a fair offer at it.”

“I thought so myself,” said Darby, “more by token when there was a dog in my dhrame next; and that’s a find, you know.”

“Right, avic.”

“And he had a silver collar an him.”

“Oh, bad luck to that silver collar, Darby. What made you dhrame o’ silver at all?”

“Why, what harm?”

“Oh, I thought you knew better nor to dhrame o’silver. Why, cushla machree, sure, sliver 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 find, and so it will be only a frindly disappointment, or maybe a fallin’ out with an acquaintance.”

“Oh, what matther,” said Darby. “So the dhrame is to the good still?”

“The dhrame *is* to the good still; but tell me if you dhremt o’ three sprigs o’ *sparemint* at the ind iv it?”

“Why, thin, 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 dbremt iv it. I’m partly sartin, if not all out.”

“Well, that’s raysonable. It’s a good dhrame, Darby.”

“Do you tell me so!”

“Deed an’ it is, Darby. Now wait till the next quarther o’ the new moon, and dhrame again *then,* and you’ll see what’ll come of it.”

“By dad, an’ I will, granny. Oh, but it’s you *has* taken the maynin’ out of it beyant everything; and faix, if I find the crock, it’s yourself won’t be the worse iv it; but I must be goin’, granny, for the Squire bid me to hurry, or else I would stay longer wid you. Good mornin’ to you--good mornin!, Oonah! I’ll see you to-morrow sometime, granny.” And off went Darby, leisurely enough.

The foregoing dialogue shows the ready credulity of poor Darby; but it was not in his belief of the “vartue of dhrames” that his weakness only lay. He likewise had a most extensive creed as regarded fairies of all sorts and sizes, and was always on the look-out for a Leprechaun. Now, a Leprechaun is a fairy of peculiar tastes, properties and powers, which it is necessary to acquaint the reader with. His taste as to occupation is very humble, for he employs himself in making shoes, and he loves retirement, being fond of shady nooks where he can sit alone and pursue his avocation undisturbed. He is quite a hermit in this respect, for there is no instance on record of two Leprechauns being seen together.

But he is quite a beau in his dress, notwithstanding, for he wears a red square-cut coat, richly laced with gold, waistcoat and inexpressible of the same, cocked hat, shoes and buckles. He has the property of deceiving, in so great a degree, those who chance to discover him, that none has ever yet *been* known whom he has not overreached in the “keen encounter of the wits,” which his meeting with mortals always produces. This is occasioned by his possessing the power of bestowing unbounded wealth on whoever can keep him within sight until be is weary of the *surveillance,* and gives the ransom demanded; and to this end the object of the mortal who is so fortunate as to surprise one is to seize him, and never withdraw his eye from him, until the threat of destruction forces the Leprechaun to produce the treasure; but the sprite is too many for us clumsy- witted earthlings, and is sure, by some device, to make us avert our eyes, when he vanishes at once.

This Enchanted Cobbler of the meadows Darby Kelleher was always on the look-out for. But though so constantly on the watch for a Leprechaun, be 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 cautious observance and approach, until a nearer inspection, and a laugh from behind some neighbouring hedge, have dispelled the illusion. But this, though often repeated, did not cure him, and no turkey- cock had a quicker eye for a bit of red, or flew at it with greater eagerness, than Darby Kelleher; and he entertained the belief that one day or other he would reap the reward of all his watching, by finding a Leprechaun in good earnest.

But that was all in the hands of Fate, and must be waited for. In the meantime, there was the castle and the “crock o’ goold” for a certainty, and under the good omens of the “sharp dhrame” he had, he determined on taking that affair in hand at once. For his companion in the labour of digging, and pulling the ponderous walls of the castle to pieces, be 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 be find the treasure before be married the girl? The unsophisticated boys of the sod never calculate on these occasions; and the story goes that Oonah Lenehan was the only treasure Darby discovered in the old castle. Darby’s acquaintances were in high glee on the occasion, and swore he got a *great lob*--for Oonah, be it remembered, was on the grenadier scale, or what in Ireland is called “the full of a door,” and the news spread over the country in some such fashion as this--

”Arrah, an’ did you hear the news?”

“What news!”

“About Darby Kelleher.”

“What of him?”

“Sure, be found a fairy at last.”

“Tare-an-ounty!”

“Thruth I’m tellin’ you. He’s married to Oonah Lenehan.”

“Ha! ha! ha! by the powers, it’s she that is the rale fairy! Musha, more power to you, Darby, but you’ve cotched it in airnest now!”

But the fairy he had caught did not satisfy Darby so far as-to make him give up the pursuit for the future. He was still on the watch for a Leprechaun; and one morning as he was going to his work, he stopped suddenly on his path, which lay through a field of standing corn, and. his eye became riveted on some object with the most eager expression. He crouched and crawled, and was making his way with great caution towards the point of his attraction, when he was visited on the back of the head with a thump that considerably disturbed his visual powers, and the voice of his mother, a vigorous old beldame, saluted his ear at the same time with a hearty “Bad luck to you, you lazy thief; what are you slindging there for, when it’s mindin’ your work you ought to be?”

“Whist! whist! mother,” said Darby, holding up his hand in token of silence.

“What do you mane, you omadhaun?”

“Mother, be quiet, I bid you! Whist! I see it.”

“What do you see?”

“Stoop down here. Straight forninst you, don’t you see it as plain as a pikestaff?”

“See what?”

“That little red thing.”

Well, what of it?”

“See there, how it stirs. Oh, murther! it’s goin’ to be off afore I can catch it. Oh, murther! why did you come here at all, makin’ a noise and frightenin’ it away?”

“Frightenin’ what, you big fool?”

“The Leprechaun there. Whisht! it is quiet agin.”

“May the d--l run a-huntin’ wid you for a big 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 MacFinn, whose name became much more famous than it had hitherto been, from the wonderful events that ensued in consequence.

Of the doctor himself it becomes necessary to *say* something. His father was one Paddy Finn; and had been so prosperous in the capacity of a cow doctor, that his son Denis, seeing the dignity of a professor in the healing art must increase in proportion to the nobleness of the animal he operates upon, determined to make the human, instead of the brute creation, the object of his care. To this end he was assisted by his father, who had scraped some money together in his humble calling, and having a spice of ambition in him, as well as his aspiring son, he set him up in the neighbouring village as an apothecary. Here Denny enjoyed the reputation of being an “iligant bone-setter”; and cracked skulls--the result of *fair* fighting and whisky fevers--were treated by him on the most approved principles. But Denny’s father was gathered unto *his* fathers, and the son came into the enjoyment of all the old man’s money. This, considering his condition, was considerable, and the possession of a few hundred pounds so inflated the apothecary, that he determined on becoming a “doctor” at once. For this purpose he gave up his apothecary’s shop, and set off--where do you think?--to Spain.

Here he remained for some time, and returned to Ireland, declaring himself a full physician of one of the Spanish universities; his name of Denny Finn transformed into Doctor Dionysius MacFinn, or, as his neighbours chose to call it, MacFun, and fun enough the doctor certainly gave birth to. The little money he once had was spent in his pursuit of professional honours, and he returned to his native place with a full title and an empty purse, and his practice did not tend to fill it. At the same time, there was a struggle to keep up appearance.. He kept a horse, or what he intended to be considered as such, but ‘twas only a pony, and if he had but occasion to go to the end of the village on a visit, the pony was ordered on service.

He was glad to accept an invitation to dinner whenever he had the luck to get one, and the offer of a bed even was sure to be accepted, because that insured breakfast the next morning. Thus poor Doctor Dionysius made out the cause. Often asked to dinner from mingled motives of kindness and fun, for while a good dinner was a welcome novelty to the doctor, the

absurdities of his pretension and manner rendered him a subject of 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 be 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 let 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 everyone of them had departed, and still there was no announcement of the steed being at the door. At length a servant made his appearance, and said it was impossible to catch the doctor's, pony.

"What do you mean by 'catch'?" said the Squire. "Is it not in the stable?"

"No, sir."

Here an explanation ensued, and the Squire ordered a fresh attempt to be made to take the fugitive; but though many fresh hands were employed in the attempt, the pony baffled all their efforts--every manoeuvre usually resorted to on such occasions was vainly put in practice. He was screwed up into corners, but no sooner was he there than, squealing and flinging up his heels, be broke through the blockade,, Again his flank was turned by nimble runners, but the pony was nimbler still; a sieve full of oats was presented as an inducement, but the pony was above such vulgar tricks, and defied all attempts at being captured.

This was the mode by which the doctor generally secured the offer of a bed, and he might have been successful in this instance but for a knowing old coachman who was up to the trick;, and out of pure fun, chose to expose it; so, bringing out a huge blunderbuss, he said: "Never mind; just let me at him, and I'll engage I'll make him stand."

"Oh; my good man," said the doctor, "pray don' take so much trouble - just let me go with you;" and proceeding to the spot where the pony was still luxuriating on the rich grass of the Squire's lawn, he gave a low whistle, and the little animal walked up to his owner with as much tractability as a dog. The saddling and bridling did not take much time, and the doctor was obliged to renounce his hopes of a bed and the morrow's breakfast, and ride home--or homewards, I should say--for it was as Iittle 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 roadside, he turned into the field, where he very soon turned the doctor into a ditch, so that they had bed and board between them to their heart's content.

The doctor and his horse slept and ate profoundly all night, and even the “rosy-fingered morn,” as the poets have it, found them in the continuance of their enjoyment. Now it happened that Darby Kelleher was passing along the path that lay by the side of the ditch where the doctor was sleeping, and on perceiving him, Darby made as dead a set as ever pointer did at game.

The doctor, be it remembered, was dressed in red. Moreover, he was a little man, and his gold-laced hat and ponderous shoe-buckles completed the resemblance to the being that Darby took him for. Darby was at last certain that be had discovered a Leprechaun, and amaze so riveted him to the spot, and anxiety made his pulse beat so fast, that he could not move nor breathe for some seconds. At last he recovered himself, and stealing stealthily to the spot where the doctor slept, every inch of his approach made him more certain of the reality of his prize; and when he found himself within reach of it, he made one furious spring, and flung himself on the unfortunate little man, fastening his tremendous fist on his throat, at the same time exclaiming in triumph: “Hurrah! By the hoky, I have you at last!”

The poor little doctor, thus rudely and suddenly aroused from his tipsy sleep, looked excessively bewildered when he opened his eyes, and met the glare of ferocious delight that Darby Kelleher cast upon him, and be 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--yollow 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 l? God bless me!”

“Whisht! you little cruked ottomy - by the holy farmer, if you say God agin, I’ll cut your throat.”

“What do you hold me so tight for?”

“Just for fear you’d vanish, you see. Oh, I know you well.”

“Then, my good man, if you know me so well, treat me with proper respect, if you please.”

“Divil send you respect. Respect, indeed! that’s a good thing. Musha, bad luck to your impidence, you thievin’ ould rogue.”

“Who taught you to call such names to your betters, fellow? How dare you use a professional gentleman so rudely?”

“Oh, do you hear this! - a professional gintleman! Arrah, do you think I don’t know you, you little ould 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, thin, do you think me sitch a *gom,* all out, as to put me off wid fourpence-hap’ny. Throth, for three straws, this minit I’d thrash you within an inch o’ your life for your impidence. Come, no humbuggin’; out with the goold!”

“I have no gold. Don’t choke me. If you murder me, remember there’s law in the land, You’d better let me go.”

“Not a fut. Gi’ me the goold, I tell you, you little vagabone!” said Darby, shaking him violently.

“Don’t murder me, for Heaven’s sake!”

“I will 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 Leprechaun, you desaiver o’ the world!”

“A Leprechaun!” said the doctor, in mingled indignation and amazement. “My good man, you mistake.”

“Oh, how soft I am! ‘Twon’t do, I tell you. I have you, and I’ll hould you; long I’ve been lookin’ for you, and I cotch you at last, and by the ‘tarnal o’ war, I’ll have your life or the goold.”

“My good man, be merciful--you mistake--I’m no Leprechaun--I’m Doctor MacFinn.”

“That won’t do either! You think to desaive me, but ‘twon’t do--just as if I didn’t know a docthor from a Leprechaun. Gi’ me the goold, you ould chate!”

“I tell you, I’m Doctor Dionysius MacFinn. Take care what you’re about--there’s law in the land; and I think I begin to know you. Your name is Kelleher!”

“Oh, you cunnin’ ould thief! Oh, thin you are the complate ould 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 MacFinn--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 in an you to desaive me; besides, the docthor has dirty ould tatthers o’ black clothes an him, and isn’t as red as a sojer like you.”

“That’s an accident, my good man.”

“Gi’ me the goold this minit, and no more prate wid you.”

“I tell you, Kelleher - “

“Hould your tongue, and gi’ me the goold.”

“By all that’s - “

“Will you give it?”

“How can I?”

“Very well. You’ll see what the ind 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’ wildfire, 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, thin, 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 be 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, thin, it is a Leprechaun, it is?” said Oonah.

“Divil a less,” said Darby, throwing down the doctor on the bed, and still holding him fast. “Open the big chest, Oonah, and we’ll lock him up in it!, and keep him antil he gives us the goold.”

“Murder! murder!” shouted the doctor. “Lock me up in a chest!”

“Gi’ me the goold, thin, and I won’t.”

“My good man, you know I have not gold to give.”

“Don’t b’live him, Darby jewel,” said Oonah. “Them Leprechauns is the biggest liars in the world.”

“Sure, I know that!” said Darby, “as well as you. Oh, all the throuble I’ve had 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 likes o’ that--how he knows my name!”

“To be sure he does,” said Darby; “and why not? Sure, he’s a fairy, you know.”

“I’m no fairy, Mrs. Kelleher. I’m a doctor--Doctor MacFinn.”

“Don’t b’live 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, Attind me, indeed! bad luck to you, you little imp, maybe you’d run away with my babby, or it’s a *Banshee* you’d turn yourself into, and sing for my death. Shut him up, Darby; it’s not loocky to be houldin’ discoorse the likes iv him.”

“Oh!” roared the doctor, as his cries were stifled by the lid of the chest being closed on him. The key was turned, and Oonah sprinkled some holy water she had in a little bottle that hung in one corner of the cabin over the look, to prevent the fairy having any power upon 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 be received.

“Very well, stay there; but remimber, if you don’t consint before night, I’ll chop you to pieces.” He then got his bill-hook, and began to sharpen it close by the chest, that the Leprechaun might hear him; and when the poor doctor heard this process going forward, be felt more dead than alive; the horrid scraping of the iron against the stone being interspersed with. occasional interjectional passages from Darby, such as: “Do you hear that, you thief? I’m gettin’ ready for you.” Then away he’d rasp at the grindstone again, and as he paused to feel the edge of the weapon, exclaim: “By the powers, I’ll have it as sharp as a razhir”

In the meantime, it was well for the prisoner that there were many large chinks in the cheat, or suffocation from his confinement would have anticipated Darby’s pious intention, 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 be saw it was in vain longer to deny giving it, that Darby was too cunning for him, and that he was ready to make him the richest man in the country.

“I’ll take no less than the full o’ that chest,” said Darby.

“You’ll have ten times the full of’ it, Darby,” said the doctor, “if you’ll only do what I bid you.”

“Sure, I’ll do anything.”

“Well, you must first prepare the 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, anyhow,” said Oonah, who began tearing the prescribed pieces out of her under-garment.

“And what three things am I to get you?”

“First bring me a grain of salt from a house that stands at cross roads.”

“Crass roads!” said Darby, looking significantly at Oonah.

“By my sowl, but it’s my dhrame’s comin’ out!”

“Silence, Darby Kelleher,” said the doctor, with solemnity. “Mark me, Darby Kelleher;” and then he proceeded to repeat a parcel of gibberish to Darby, which he enjoined him to remember and repeat again; but as Darby could not, the doctor said he should only write it down for him, and tearing a leaf from his pocket-book, he wrote in pencil a few words, stating the condition he was in, and requesting assistance. This slip of paper he desired Darby to deliver to the apothecary in the town, who would 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 dream, 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 red Leprechaun he had caught, which by some villainous contrivance on the Fairy’s part changed itself into the semblance of the doctor; and he often said the great mistake he made was “givin’ the little vagabone so much time, for that if he done right he’d have set about cutting his throat at wanst.”

THE END

****

I'm Julie, and I run Global Grey - the website where this ebook was published. These are my own formatted editions, and I hope you enjoyed reading this particular one.

If you have this book because you bought it as part of a collection – thank you so much for your support.

If you downloaded it for free – please consider (if you haven't already) making a small donation to help keep the site running.

If you bought this from Amazon or anywhere else, you have been ripped off by someone taking free ebooks from my site and selling them. You should definitely get a refund :/

Thanks for reading this and I hope you visit the site again - new books are added regularly so you'll always find something of interest :)