THE HUMOUR OF IRELAND

D. J. O'DONOGHUE

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THE HUMOUR OF IRELAND

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“AND EACH GIRL HE PASSED BID ‘GOD BLESS HIM’ AND SIGHED.”—P. 276.

THE
HUMOUR OF IRELAND

SELECTED, WITH INTRODUCTION,
BIOGRAPHICAL INDEX AND NOTES, BY
D. J. O'DONOGHUE:
THE
ILLUSTRATIONS BY OLIVER PAQUE



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INTRODUCTION.

That the Irish people have a wide reputation for wit and humour is a fact which will not be disputed. Irish humour is no recent growth, as may be seen by the folk-lore, the proverbs, and the other traditional matter of the country. It is one of Ireland's ancient characteristics, as some of its untranslated early literature would conclusively prove. The curious twelfth-century story of "The Vision of McConglinne" is a sample of this early Celtic humour. As the melancholy side of older Celtic literature has been more often emphasised and referred to, it is usually thought that the most striking features of that literature is its sadness. The proverbs, some of which are very ancient, are characteristic enough to show that the early Irish were of a naturally joyous turn, as a primitive people should be, for sadness generally comes with civilisation and knowledge; and the fragments of folk-lore that have so far been rescued impress us with the idea that its originators were homely, cheerful, and mirthful. The proverbs are so numerous and excellent that a good collection of them would be very valuable—yet to judge by Ray's large volume, devoted to those of many nations, Ireland lacks wise sayings of this kind. He only quotes seven, some of which are wretched local phrases, and not Irish at all. The early humour of the Irish Celts is amusing in conception and in expression, and, when it is soured into satire, frequently of marvellous power and efficacy.

Those who possessed the gift of saying galling

things were much dreaded, and it is not absolutely surprising that Aengus O'Daly and other satirists met with a retribution from those whom they had rendered wild with rage. In the early native literature the Saxon of course came in for his share of ridicule and scorn; but there is much less of it than might have been fairly expected, and if the bards railed at the invader, they quite as often assailed their own countrymen. One reason for the undoubted existence of a belief that the old Celts had little or no humour is that the reading of Irish history suggests it, and people may perhaps be forgiven for presuming it to be impossible to preserve humour under the doleful circumstances recorded by historians. And indeed if there was little to laugh at even before the English invasion, there was assuredly less after it. Life suddenly became tragic for the bards and the jesters. In place of the primitive amusements, the elementary pranks of the first ages, more serious matters were forced upon their attention, but appearances notwithstanding, the humorist thrived, and probably improved in the gloom overcasting the country; at any rate the innate good humour of the Irish refused to be completely stifled or restricted. Personalities were not the most popular subjects for ridicule, and the most detested characters, though often attacked in real earnest, were not the favourite themes with the wits. Cromwell's name suggested a curse rather than a joke, and it is only your moderns—your Downeys and Frenches—who make a jest of him.

It being impossible to define humour or wit exactly, it is hardly wise to add another to the many failures attached to the attempt. But Irish humour, properly speaking, is, one may venture to say, more imaginative than any other. And it is probably less

ill-natured than that of any other nation, though the Irish have a special aptness in the saying of things that wound, and the most illiterate of Irish peasants can put more scorn into a retort than the most highly educated of another race. There is sometimes a half-pathetic strain in the best Irish humorous writers, and just as in their saddest moments the people are inclined to joke, so in many writings where pathos predominates, the native humour gleams. If true Irish humour is not easily defined with precision, it is at least easily recognisable, there is so much buoyancy and movement in it, and usually so much expansion of heart. An eminent French writer described humour as a fusion of smiles and tears, but clearly that defines only one kind, and there are many varieties, almost as many, one might say, as there are humorists. The distinguishing between wit and humour is not so simple a matter as it looks, but one might hazard the opinion that while the one expresses indifference and irreverence, the other is redolent of feeling and sincerity. Humour and satire are extremes—the more barbed and keen a shaft, the more malicious and likely to hurt, whereas the genuine quality of humour partakes of tenderness and gentleness. Sheridan is an admirable example of a wit, while Lover represents humour in its most confiding aspect. There are intermediate kinds, however, and the malice of Curran's repartees is not altogether akin to the rasping personalities of "Father Prout." Irish humour is mainly a store of merriment pure and simple, without much personal taint, and does not profess to be philosophical. Human follies or deformities are rarely touched upon, and luckily Irish humorous writers do not attempt the didactic. In political warfare, however, many bitter taunts are heard, and it is somewhat regrettable that Irish

politics should have absorbed so great a part of Irish wit, and turned what might have been pleasant reading into a succession of biting sarcasms. The Irish political satirists of the last and present centuries have often put themselves out of court by the ephemeral nature of their gibes no less than by the extra-ferocious tone they adopted. There is no denying the *verve* and point in the writings of Watty Cox, Dr. Brenan, William Norcott, and so on, but who can read them to-day with pleasure? Eaton Stannard Barrett's "All the Talents," after giving a nickname to a ministry, destroyed it; it served its purpose, and would be out of place if resurrected and placed in a popular collection, where the student of political history—to whom alone it is interesting and amusing—will hardly meet with it. Consequently political satire finds no place in this work, and even T. D. Sullivan, who particularly excels in personal and political squibs in verse, is shown only as the author of a prose sketch of more general application. Besides what has been wasted in this way, from a literary point of view, a good deal of the native element of wit has been dissipated as soon as uttered. After fulfilling its mission in enlivening a journey or in circling the festive board, it is forgotten and never appears in print. How many of Lysaght's and Curran's best quips are passed beyond recall? It cannot be that men like these obtained their great fame as wits on the few sample witticisms that have been preserved for us. Their literary remains are so scanty and inconsiderable, and their reputation so universal, that one can only suppose them to have been continuously coining jokes and squandering them in every direction.

Irish humour has been and is so prevalent, however, that in spite of many losses, there is

abundant material for many volumes. It is imported into almost every incident and detail of Irish life—it overflows in the discussions of the local boards, is bandied about by carmen (who have gained much undeserved repute among tourists), comes down from the theatre galleries, is rife in the law courts, and chronic in the clubs, at the bar-dinners, and wherever there is dulness to be exorcised. Jokes being really as plentiful as blackberries, no one cares to hoard so common a product. A proof of the contempt into which the possession of wit or humour has fallen may be observed in the fact that no professedly comic paper has been able to survive for long the indifference of the Irish public. There have been some good ones in Dublin—notably, *Zoz*, *Zozimus*, *Pat*, and *The Jarvey*—but they have pined away in a comparatively short space of time, the only note of pathos about their brief existence being the invariable obituary announcement in the library catalogues—"No more published." But their lives, if short, were merry ones. It was not their fault if the people did not require such aids to vivacity, being in general able to strike wit off the corners of any topic, no matter how unpromising it might appear. Naturally enough, the chief themes of the Irish humorist have been courting and drinking, with the occasional relief of a fight. The amativeness of the poets is little short of marvellous. Men like Lover (who has never been surpassed perhaps as a humorous love-poet) usually confined their humour in that groove; others, like Maginn, kept religiously to the tradition that liquor is the chief attraction in life, and the only possible theme for a wit after exhausting his pleasantries about persons. Maginn, however, was very much in earnest and did not respect the tradition simply because it was one, but

solely on account of his belief in its wisdom. There can be no question, it seems to me, of Ireland's supremacy in the literature devoted to Bacchus. It is another affair, of course, whether any credit attaches to the distinction. All the bards were not so fierce as Maginn in their likes and dislikes when the liquor was on the table. It may indeed be said of them in justice that their enthusiasm for the god of wine was often enough mere boastfulness. It is difficult to believe Tom Moore in his raptures about the joys of the bowl. He was no roysterer, and there is wanting in his Bacchanalian effusions, as in others of his light and graceful school, that reckless *abandon* of the more bibulous school. A glance at the lives of the Irish poets shows that a goodly number of them lived up to their professions. The glorification of the joys of the bottle by so many of our poets, their implication that from no other source is genius to be drawn, suggests that the Irish inclination to wit was induced by drinking long and deep. Sallies flowed therefrom, and the taciturn man without an idea developed under the genial influence into a delightful conversationalist. Yet as the professional humorist is often pictured as a very gloomy personage, gnawed by care and tortured by remorse, his pleasantries probably strike more in consequence of their vivid contrast to his dismal appearance. But to return to the bards' love of liquor. One and all declare of the brown jug that "there's inspiration in its foaming brim," and what more natural than that they should devote the result to eulogy of the source. It may be somewhat consoling to reflect that often they were less reckless than they would have us believe. Something else besides poetic inspiration comes from the bowl, which, after all, only brings out the natural qualities.

As a rule, Irish poets have not extracted a pessimistic philosophy from liquor; they are "elevated," not depressed, and do not deem it essential to the production of a poem that its author should be a cynic or an evil prophet. One of the best attributes of Irish poetry is its constant expression of the natural emotions. Previous to the close of the seventeenth century, it is said, drunkenness was not suggested by the poets as common in Ireland—the popularity of Bacchanalian songs since that date seems to prove that the vice soon became a virtue. Maginn is the noisiest of modern revellers, and easily roars the others down.

Not a small portion of the humour of Ireland is the unconscious variety in the half-educated local poets. Sometimes real wit struggles for adequate expression in English with ludicrous and unlooked-for results. A goodly number of the street ballads are very comic in description, phraseology, or vituperation, and "Nell Flaherty's Drake" may be taken as a fair specimen of the latter class. Occasionally there is coarseness, usually absent from genuine Irish songs; sometimes a ghastly sort of *grotesquerie*, as in "The Night before Larry was Stretched." Only a few examples of such are necessary to form an idea of the whole. Maginn's great service in exposing the true character of the wretched rubbish often palmed off on the English public as Irish songs deserves to be noticed here. He proved most conclusively that the stuff thus styled Irish, with its unutterable refrains of the "Whack Bubbaboo" kind, was of undoubted English origin, topography, phraseology, rhymes, and everything else being utterly un-Irish. The internal evidence alone convicts their authors. No Irishman rhymes *O'Reilly* to *bailie*, for instance, and certainly he would never introduce a priest named "Father Quipes" into

a song, even if driven to desperation for rhymes to "swipes." Any compiler who gives a place in a collection of Irish songs to such trash as "Looney Mac*-twolter," "Dennis Bulgruddery," or any other of the rather numerous effusions of their kind, with their Gulliverian nomenclature and their burlesque of Irish manners, is an accomplice in the crime of their authors. In this connection it may be pointed out that not only in songs, but in many stories and other writings purporting to be Irish, the phraseology is anything but Irish. Irishmen do not, and never did, speak of their spiritual guardian as the *praste*. The Irishman never mispronounces the sound of *ie*, and if he says *tay* for tea and *mate* for meat he is simply conforming to the old and correct English pronunciation, as may be seen by consulting the older English poets, who always rhymed *sea* with *day*, etc. To this hour, the original sound is preserved by English people in *great* and *break*.

To leave the anonymous, the hybrid, and the spurious, it will be well to consider the continuity of the humour of Ireland. The long line of humorous writers who have appeared in our literary history has never been broken, despite many intervals of tribulation. In Anglo-Irish literature they commence practically with Farquhar, whose method of treating the follies of fine ladies and "men of honour" is anticipatory of that of the *Spectator*. Swift's irony, unsurpassable as it is, is cruel to excess, and has little that is Irish about it. A contemporary and countryman, Dean Smedley, said he was "always in jest, but most so in prayer," but that is an exaggeration, for Swift was mostly in grim earnest. The charge implies that many of his contemporaries, like several moderns, had a difficulty in satisfying themselves as to when he joked and when he did not.

Smedley is also responsible for another poem directed against Swift, which was posted upon the door of St. Patrick's, Dublin, when the great writer was appointed its Dean, and of which the following is the best stanza:—

> "This place he got by wit and rhyme,
> And many ways most odd,
> And might a bishop be in time,
> Did he believe in God."

The impassive and matter-of-fact way in which Swift, using the deadliest of weapons, ridicule, reformed the abuses of his time, deceived a good many. He never moved a muscle, and his wit shone by contrast with his moody exterior as a lightning-flash illuminates a gloomy sky. It has that element of unexpectedness which goes far to define the nature of wit.

Real drollery in Anglo-Irish literature seems to have begun with Steele. In the case of Steele there is rarely anything to offend modern taste. His tenderness is akin to Goldsmith's, and the natural man is clearly visible in his writings. A direct contrast is seen in Sterne, who was more malicious and sly, full of unreality and misplaced sentiment, and depending chiefly upon his constant supply of *doubles entendres* and the morbid tastes of his readers. Writers like Derrick and Bickerstaffe were hardly witty in the modern sense, but rather in the original literal meaning of the term. There are many wits, highly popular in their own day, who are no longer readable with any marked degree of pleasure. Wit depends so largely upon the manner of its delivery for the effect produced that the dramatists are not so numerously represented in this collection as might be expected from the special fecundity and excellence of

the Irish in that branch of literature. To extract the wit or humour from some of the eighteenth-century plays is no easy task. In men like Sheridan, it is superabundant, over-luxuriant, and easily detachable; but others, like Kane O'Hara, Hugh Kelly, William O'Brien, James Kenney, and so on, whose plays were famous at one time and are not yet forgotten, find no place in this work on account of the difficulty of bringing the wit of their plays to a focus.

There never was a writer, perhaps, concerning whose merits there has been less dispute than Goldsmith. Sheridan, with all his brilliance, has not been so fortunate. Lysaght and Millikin were and are both greatly overrated as poets and wits, if we are to judge by the fragments they have left. Lysaght, however, must have been considered a genuine wit, for we find a number of once popular songs wrongly attributed to him. He most unquestionably did not write "The Sprig of Shillelagh," "Donnybrook Fair," "The Rakes of Mallow," or "Kitty of Coleraine," though they have all been put down as his. The first two were written by H. B. Code and Charles O'Flaherty respectively. Millikin's fame is due to one of those literary accidents which now and then occur. Henry Luttrell in his verse had something of the sprightliness and point of Moore.

Very few specimens of parody have been included in this collection. Two extracts are here given from Eaton Stannard Barrett's burlesque romance, which ridiculed a school of writers whose mannerisms were once very prevalent. Maginn was a much better parodist. He was a great humorist in every way, and may be claimed as the earliest writer who showed genuine rollicking Irish humour. "Daniel O'Rourke"

is here given to him for the first time, probably, in a collection; though it appeared in Crofton Croker's "Fairy Legends" it was known to their contemporaries as Maginn's. He could be both coarse and refined; his boisterous praise of the bottle was not a sham, but his occasional apparent delight in savage personal criticism was really quite foreign to his character, as he was a most amiable man, much loved by those who knew him. It was different with "Father Prout," who was one of the venomous order of wits, and certainly not a personal favourite with his colleagues. His frequent and senseless attacks on O'Connell and other men, dragged into all his essays, are blots on his work. His wit is too often merely abusive, like that of Dr. Kenealy, who, almost as learned as "Prout," was quite as unnecessarily bitter. It is from Lover that we get the cream, not the curds of Irish humour. He is the Irish arch-humorist, and it is difficult to exaggerate the excellence of his lovesongs. Others may be more classical, more polished, more subtle, but there is no writer more irresistible. Among his earlier contemporaries Ettingsall was his nearest counterpart in one notable story. It must not be forgotten, either, that "Darby Doyle's Voyage to Quebec" appeared in print before Lover's "Barney O'Reirdon." Carleton and Lever were admirable humorists, but only incidentally so, whereas Lover was nothing if not a humorist before all. There are many excellent comic passages in the novels of both, as also in one or two of Lefanu's works, and if it should be thought that proportionately they are under-represented, it need only be pointed out that though a large volume might easily be made up of examples of their humour alone, other writers also have a good claim to a considerable amount of space. It has been thought

preferable to restrict the selections from such famous novelists in order to give a place to no less admirable but much less familiar work.

O'Leary and the other Bacchanalians who came after Maginn were worthy followers of the school which devoted all its lyrical enthusiasm to the praise of drink, while Marmion Savage showed rather the acid wit of Moore. Ferguson and Wade are better known by their verse than as humorous storytellers. We find true Irish humour again in Kickham and Halpine. The Irish humorists of the present day hardly need any introduction to the reader.

The treatment of sacred subjects by Irish wits is similar to that in most Catholic countries. St. Patrick is hardly regarded as a conventional saint by Irish humorists, and it is curious that St. Peter is accepted by the wits of all nationalities as a legitimate object of pleasantry. If, however, Irish writers occasionally seem to lack reverence for things which in their eyes are holy, "it is only their fun," as Lamb would say. Only those who are in the closest intimacy with sacred objects venture to treat them familiarly, and the Irish peasant often speaks in an offhand manner of that which is dearest to him. Few nations could have produced such a harvest of humour under such depressing and unfavourable influences as Ireland has experienced. And it may be asserted with truth that many countries with far more reason for uninterrupted good-humour, with much less cause for sadness, would be hard put to it to show an equally valuable contribution to the world's lighter literature.

Though it has been sought to make this volume as comprehensive as possible, some familiar names will be missed; it is believed, however, that it contains a thoroughly representative collection of humorous extracts. There are some undoubted humorists whose wit will not bear transferring or transplanting, and it is as hard to convey their humour in an extract as it is to bottle a sunbeam. In others, the humour is beaten out too thin, and spread over too wide an area, to make selection satisfactory. The absence from this collection of any example of Mr. Oscar Wilde's characteristic wit is not the fault of the present writer or the publishers. I have to thank nearly all the living authors represented in this collection for permission to use their writings, the one or two exceptions being those whose writings are uncollected, and whom I could not reach; and I have also to express my indebtedness to Mr. Alfred Nutt for allowing me to quote from "The Vision of McConglinne" and Dr. Hyde's "Beside the Fire"; to Messrs. Ward & Downey for the extract from Edmund Downey; to Messrs. James Duffy & Son for the extract from Kickham; to Messrs. Routledge for poems by Lover; etc. I am also, deeply obliged to Dr. Douglas Hyde, the eminent Irish scholar and folk-lorist, for copies of some of the earlier extracts, and to Messrs. F. A. Fahy and P. J. McCall for some later pieces. For the proverbs I am chiefly indebted to Dr. Hyde, Mr. Fahy, Mr. T. J. Flannery, and Mr. Patrick O'Leary.

D. J. O'DONOGHUE.

THE HUMOUR OF IRELAND.

EXORCISING THE DEMON OF VORACITY.

[Cathal MacFinguine, King of Munster, is possessed by a demon of gluttony that "used to devour his rations with him to the ruin of the men of Munster during three half-years; and it is likely he would have ruined Ireland during another half-year." Anier MacConglinne, "a famous scholar" and satirist, undertakes to banish the demon, whom he entices out of Cathal by marvellous stories of food and feasting, etc., meanwhile keeping him fasting.]

And he called for juicy old bacon, and tender corned-beef, and full-fleshed wether, and honey in the comb, and English salt on a beautiful polished dish of white silver, along with four perfectly straight white hazel spits to support the joints. The viands which he enumerated were procured for him, and he fixed unspeakable huge pieces on the spits. Then putting a linen apron about him below, and placing a flat linen cap on the crown of his head, he lighted a fair four-ridged, four-apertured, four-cleft fire of ash-wood, without smoke, without fume, without sparks. He stuck a spit into each of the portions, and as quick was he about the spits and fire as a hind about her first fawn, or as a roe, or a swallow, or a bare spring wind in the flank of March. He rubbed the honey and the salt into one piece after another. And big as the pieces were that were before the fire, there dropped not to the ground out of theses four pieces as much as would quench a spark of a candle; but what there was of relish in them went into their very centre.

It had been explained to Pichán that the reason

why the scholar had come was to save Cathal. Now, when the pieces were ready, MacConglinne cried out, “Ropes and cords here!” “What is wanted with them?” asked Pichán. Now that was a “question beyond discretion” for him, since it had been explained to him before; and hence is the old saying, “a question beyond discretion.” Ropes and cords were given to MacConglinne, and to those that were strongest of the warriors. They laid hands upon Cathal, who was tied in this manner to the side of the palace. Then MacConglinne came, and was a long time securing the ropes with hooks and staples. And when this was ended, he came into the house, with his four spits raised high on his back, and his white wide-spread cloak hanging behind, its two peaks round his neck, to the place where Cathal was. And he stuck the spits into the bed before Cathal’s eyes, and sat himself down in his seat, with his two legs crossed. Then taking his knife out of his girdle, he cut a bit off the piece that was nearest to him, and dipped it in the honey that was on the aforesaid dish of white silver. “Here’s the first for a male beast,” said MacConglinne, putting the bit into his own mouth. (And from that day to this the old saying has remained.) He cut a morsel from the next piece, and dipping it in the honey, put it past Cathal’s mouth into his own. “Carve the food for us, son of learning!” exclaimed Cathal. “I will do so,” answered MacConglinne and cutting another bit of the nearest piece, and dipping it as before, he put it past Cathal’s mouth into his own. “How long wilt thou carry this on, student?” asked Cathal. “No more henceforth,” answered MacConglinne, “for, indeed, thou hast consumed such a quantity and variety of agreeable morsels, that I shall eat the little that is there myself, and this will be ‘food from mouth’ for thee.” (And

that has been a proverb since.) Then Cathal roared and bellowed, and commanded the killing of the scholar. But that was not done for him. “Well, Cathal,” said MacConglinne, “a vision has appeared to me, and I have heard that thou art good at interpreting a dream.” “By my God’s doom!” exclaimed Cathal, “though I should interpret the dreams of the men of the world, I would not interpret thine.” “I vow,” said MacConglinne, “even though thou dost not interpret it, it shall be related in thy presence.” He then began his vision, and the way he related it was, whilst putting two morsels or three at a time past Cathal’s mouth into his own—

“A vision I beheld last night:
I sallied forth with two or three,
When I saw a fair and well-filled house,
In which there was great store of food.

A lake of new milk I beheld
In the midst of a fair plain.
I saw a well-appointed house
Thatched with butter.

As I went all around it
To view its arrangement:
Puddings fresh-boiled,
They were its thatch-rods.

Its two soft door-posts of custard,
Its daïs of curd and butter,
Beds of glorious lard,
Many shields of thin-pressed cheese.

Under the straps of these shields
Were men of soft sweet-smooth cheese,
Men who knew not to wound a Gael,
Spears of old butter had each of them.

A huge caldron full of *luabin*—
(Methought I’d try to tackle it)

Boiled leafy kale, browny-white,
A brimming vessel full of milk.

A bacon-house of two-score ribs,
A wattling of tripe—support of clans—
Of every food pleasant to man,
Meseemed the whole was gathered there."

(*MacConglinne then narrates a fable concerning the land of O'Early-Eating, etc.*)

Then in the harbour of the lake before me I saw a juicy little coracle of beef-fat, with its coating of tallow, with its thwarts of curds, with its prow of lard, with its stern of butter, with its thole-pins of marrow, with its oars of flitches of old boar in it. Indeed she was a sound craft in which we embarked. Then we rowed across the wide expanse of New-Milk Lake, through seas of broth, past river-mouths of mead, over swelling boisterous waves of butter-milk, by perpetual pools of gravy, past woods dewy with meat-juice, past springs of savoury lard, by islands of cheeses, by hard rocks of rich tallow, by headlands of old curds, along strands of dry-cheese, until we reached the firm level beach between Butter-Mount and Milk-Lake and Curd-Point, at the mouth of the pass to the country of O'Early-Eating, in front of the hermitage of the Wizard Doctor. Every oar we plied in New-Milk Lake would send its sea-sand of cheese-curds to the surface.... Marvellous, indeed, was the hermitage in which I then found myself. Around it were seven score hundred smooth stakes of old bacon, and instead of the thorns above the top of every long stake was fried juicy lard of choice well-fed boar, in expectation of a battle against the tribes of Butter-fat and Cheese that were on New-Milk

Lake, warring against the Wizard Doctor. There was a gate of tallow to it, whereon was a bolt of sausage.

Let an active, white-handed, sensible, joyous woman wait upon thee, who must be of good repute.... Let this maiden give thee thy thrice nine morsels, O MacConglinne, each morsel of which shall be as big as a heathfowl's egg. Those morsels then must be put in thy mouth with a swinging jerk, and thine eyes must whirl about in thy skull whilst thou art eating them. The eight kinds of grain thou must not spare, O MacConglinne, wheresoever they are offered thee—viz., rye, wild-oats, beare, buckwheat, wheat, barley, *fidbach*, oats. Take eight cakes of each fair grain of these, and eight condiments with every cake, and eight sauces with each condiment; and let each morsel thou puttest in thy mouth be as big as a heron's egg. Away now to the smooth panikins of cheese-curds, O MacConglinne:

to fresh pigs,
to loins of fat,
to boiled mutton,
to the choice easily-discussed thing for which the hosts contend—the gullet of salted beef;
to the dainty of the nobles, to mead;
to the cure of chest-disease—old bacon;
to the appetite of pottage—stale curds;
to the fancy of an unmarried woman—new milk;
to a queen's mash—carrots;
to the danger awaiting a guest—ale;
to a broken head—butter roll;
to hand-upon-all—dry bread;
to the pregnant thing of a hearth—cheese;
to the bubble-burster—new ale;

to the priest's fancy—juicy kale;
to the treasure that is smoothest and sweetest
of all food—white porridge;
to the anchor—broth;
to the double-looped twins—sheep's tripe;
to the dues of a wall—sides (of bacon);
to the bird of a cross—salt;
to the entry of a gathering—sweet apples;
to the pearls of a household—hen's eggs;
to the glance of nakedness—kernels.

When he had reckoned me up those many viands, he ordered me my drop of drink. "A tiny little measure for thee, MacConglinne, not too large, only as much as twenty men will drink, on the top of those viands: of very thick milk, of milk not too thick, of milk of long thickness, of milk of medium thickness, of yellow bubbling milk, the swallowing of which needs chewing, of the milk the snoring bleat of a ram as it rushes down the gorge, so that the first draught says to the last draught, 'I vow, thou mangy cur, before the Creator, if thou comest down I'll go up, for there is no room for the doghood of the pair of us in this treasure-house.' ..."

At the pleasure of the recital and the recounting of those many pleasant viands in the king's presence, the lawless beast that abode in the inner bowels of Cathal MacFinguine came forth, until it was licking its lips outside his head. The scholar had a large fire beside him in the house. Each of the pieces was put in order to the fire, and then one after the other to the lips of the king. One time, when one of the pieces was put to the king's mouth, the son of malediction darted forth, fixed his two claws in the piece that was in the student's hand, and, taking it with him across the hearth to the other side, bore it below the

caldron that was on the other side of the fire. And the caldron was overturned on him.

From an Irish manuscript of the 12th century,

translated by Kuno Meyer.

THE ROMAN EARL.

No man's trust let woman claim,
Not the same as men are they;
Let the wife withdraw her face
When ye place the man in clay.

Once there was in Rome an earl,
Cups of pearl held his ale.
Of this wealthy earl's mate
Men relate a famous tale.

For it chanced that of a day,
As they lay at ease reclined,
He in jest pretends to die,
Thus to try her secret mind.

"Och, ochone! if you should die,
Never I should be myself,
To the poor of God I'd give
All my living, lands and pelf.

"Then in satin stiff with gold
I should fold thy fair limbs still,
Laying thee in gorgeous tomb"—
Said the woman bent on ill.

Soon the earl as if in death
Yielded up his breath to try her;
Not one promise kept his spouse
Of the vows made glibly by her.

Jerked into a coffin hard
With a yard of canvas coarse,—
To his hips it did not come—

To the tomb they drove the corse.

Bravely dressed was she that day,
On her way to mass and grave—
To God's church and needy men
Not one penny piece she gave.

Up he starts, the coffined man,
Calls upon his wife aloud,
"Why am I thus thrust away
Almost naked, with no shroud?"

Then as women will when caught
In a fault, with ready wit,
Answered she upon the wing—
Not one thing would she admit.

"Winding sheets are out of date,
All men state it—clad like this,
When the judgment trump shall sound
You can bound to God and bliss.

"When in shrouds they trip and stumble,
You'll be nimble then as erst,
Hence I shaped thee this short vest;
You'll run best and come in first."

Trust not to a woman's faith,
'Tis a breath, a broken stem,
Few whom they do not deceive;
Let him grieve who trusts to them.

Though full her house of linen web,
And sheets of thread spun full and fair—
A warning let it be to us—
She left her husband naked there.

Spake the prudent earl: "In sooth,
Woman's truth you here behold,
Now let each his coffin buy
Ere his wife shall get his gold.

"When Death wrestles for his life,
Let his wife not hear him moan,

Great though be his pain and fear,
Let her hear nor sigh nor groan."

Translated by Dr. Douglas Hyde from an old Irish manuscript.

THE FELLOW IN THE GOAT-SKIN.

There was a poor widow living down there near the Iron Forge when the country was all covered with forests, and you might walk on the tops of trees from Carnew to the Lady's Island, and she had one boy. She was very poor, as I said before, and was not able to buy clothes for her son. So when she was going out she fixed him snug and combustible in the ash-pit, and piled the warm ashes about him. The boy knew no better, and was as happy as the day was long; and he was happier still when a neighbour gave his mother a kid to keep him company when herself was abroad. The kid and the lad played like two may-boys; and when she was old enough to give milk, wasn't it a godsend to the little family? You won't prevent the boy from growing up into a young man, but not a screed of clothes had he then no more than when he was a gorsoon.

One day as he was sitting comfortably in his pew he heard poor Jin bleating outside so dismally. It was only one step for him to the door, another to the middle of the road, and another to the gap going into the wood; and there he saw a pack of deer hounds tearing the life out of his poor goat. He snatched a *rampike* out of the gap, was up with the dogs while a cat would be licking her ear, and in two shakes he made *smithereens* of the whole bilin' of them. The hunters spurred their horses to ride him down, but he ran at them with the terrible club, roaring with rage and grief; and horses and men were out of sight

before he could wink. He then went back, crying, to the poor goat. Her tongue was hanging out and her legs quivering, and after she strove to lift her head and lick his hand, she lay down cold and dead. He lifted the body and carried it into the cabin, and *pullilued* over it till he fell asleep out of weariness; and then a butcher, that came in with other neighbours to pity him, took away the body and dressed the skin so smooth, so soft, and fastened two thongs to two of the corners. When the boy's grief was a little mollified, the neighbour stepped in and fastened the nice skin round his body. It fell to his knees, and the head skin was in front like a Highlander's pocket. He was so proud of his new dress that he walked out with his head touching the sky, and up and down the town with him two or three times. "Oh, dear!" says the people, standing at their doors and admiring the great big boy, "look at the *Gilla na Chreckan Gour*" (*Giolla na Chroiceann Gobhair*—the fellow in the goat-skin), and that name remained on him till he went into his coffin. But pride and fine dress won't make the pot boil. So his mother says to him next morning, "Tom," says she, for that was his real name, "you're idle long enough; so now that you are well clad, and needn't be ashamed to appear before the neighbours, take that rope and bring in a special good *bresna* (fagot) of rotten boughs from the forest." "Never say it twice," says Gilla, and off he set into the heart of the wood. He broke off and gathered up a great big fagot, and was tying it, when he heard a roar that was enough to split an oak, and up walks a giant a foot taller than himself; and he was a foot taller than the tallest man you'd see in a fair.

"What brings you here, you vagabone," says the giant, says he, "threspassin' in my demesne and

stealin' my fire-wood?" "I'm doin' no harm," says Gilla, "but clearin' your wood, if it is your wood, of rotten boughs." "I'll let you see the harm you're doin'," says the giant, and with that he made a blow at Gilla that would have felled an ox. "Is that the way you show civility to your neighbours?" says the other, leaping out of the way of the club; "here's at you," and he leaped in and caught the giant by the body, and gave him such a heave that his head came within an inch of the ground. But he was as strong as Goliath, and worked up, and gave Gilla another heave equal to the one he got himself. So they held at it, tripping, squeezing, and twisting, and the hard ground became a bog under their feet, and the bog became like the hard road. At last Gilla gave the giant a great twist, got his right leg behind *his* right leg, and flung him headlong again the root of an oak tree. He caught up the club from where the giant let it fall at the beginning of the scrimmage, and said to him, "I am goin' to knock out your brains; what have you to say again it?" "Oh, nothin' at all! But if you spare my life, I'll give you a flute that, whenever you play on it, will set your greatest enemies a-dancing, and they won't have power to lay their hands on you, if they were as mad as march hares to kill you." "Let us have it," says Gilla, "and take yourself out of that." So the giant handed him the flute out of his oxter-pocket, and home went Gilla as proud as a paycock, with his fagot on his back and his flute stuck in it.



"THE GIANT HANDED HIM THE FLUTE."

In three days' time he went to get another fagot; and this day he was attacked by a brother of the same giant; and whatever trouble he had with the other he had it twice with this one. He levelled him at last, and only gave him his life on being offered a bottle of soft green wax of a wonderful nature. If a person only rubbed it on the size of a crown-piece on his body, fire, nor iron, nor any sharp thing could do him the least harm for a year and a day after. Home went Gilla with his bottle, and never stirred out for

three days, for he was a little tired and bruised after his wrestling. The next fagot he went to gather he met with the third brother, and if they hadn't the dreadful struggle, leave it till again! They held at it from noon till night, and then the giant was forced to give in. What he gave for his life was a club that he took away once from a hermit, and any one fighting with that club in a just cause would never be conquered. If Gilla stayed at home three days after the last struggle, he didn't stir for a week after this. It was on a Monday morning he got up, and he heard a blowing of bugles and a terrible hullabulloo in the street. Himself and his mother ran to the door, and there was a fine fat man on horseback, with a jockey's cap on his head, and a quilt with six times the colours of the rainbow on it hanging over his shoulders. "Hear, all you good people," says he, after another pull at his bugle-horn, "the King of Dublin's daughter has not laughed for three years and a half, and her father promises her in marriage, and his crown after his death, to whoever makes her laugh three times." "And here's the boy," says Gilla, "will make her do that, or know the reason why." If one was to count all the threads in a coat, it would never come into the tailor's hands; and if I was to reckon all that Gilla's mother and her neighbours said to him before he set out, and all the steps he took after he set out, I'd never have him as far as the gates of Dublin; but to Dublin he got at last, as sure as fate. They were going to stop him at the gates, but he gave a curl of his club round his shoulder, and said he was coming to make the princess laugh. So they laughed and let him pass; and maybe the doors and windows were not crowded with women and children gazing after the good-natured-looking young giant, with his long black hair falling on his

shoulders, and his goat-skin hanging from his waist to his knee. There was a great crowd in the palace yard when he reached there, and ever so many of them playing all sorts of tricks to get a laugh from the princess; but not a smile, even, could be got from her. “What is your business?” said the king, “and where do you come from?” “I come, my liege,” said Gilla, “from the country of the ‘Yellow Bellies,’[1] and my business is to make the princess, God bless her! give three hearty laughs.” “God enable you!” said the king. But an ugly, cantankerous fellow near the king, with a white face and red hair on him, put in his spoon, and says he to Gilla, “My fine fellow, before any one is allowed to strive for the princess, he is expected to show himself a man at all sorts of matches with the champions of the court.” “Nothing will give me greater pleasure,” says Gilla. So he laid his club and spit in his fists, and a brave sturdy Galloglach came up and took him by the shoulder and elbow. If he did, he didn’t keep his hold long; Gilla levelled him while you’d wink, and then came another and another till two score were pitched on their heads.

Well, no one gripped him the second time; but at last all were so mad that they stopped rubbing their heads and hips and shoulders, and made at Gilla in a body. The princess was looking very much pleased at Gilla all the time, but now she cried out to her father to stop the attack. The white-faced fellow said something in the king’s ear and not a budge did he make. But Gilla didn’t let himself be flurried. He took up his *kippeen* (cudgel or club), and gave this fellow a tap on his left ear, and that fellow a tap on his right ear, and the other a crack on the ridge pole of his head; and maybe it wasn’t a purty spectacle to see every soul of two score of them tumbling over

and hether, their heads in the dust and their heels in the air, and they roaring “Murdher” at the *ling* of their life. But the best of it was that the princess, when she saw the confusion, gave a laugh like the ring of silver on a stone, so sweet and so loud that all the court heard it; and Gilla struck his club butt-end on the ground, and says he, “King of Dublin, I have won half of your daughter.” The face of Red-head turned from white to yellow, but no one minded him, and the king invited Gilla to dine with himself and the princess and all the royal family. So that day passed, and while they were at breakfast next morning Red-head reminded the king that he had nothing to do now but to send the new champion to kill the wild beast that was murdering every one that attempted to go a hen’s race beyond the walls. The king did not say a word one way or the other; but the princess said it was not right nor kind to send a stranger out to his certain death, for no one ever escaped the wild beast if it could get near them. “I’ll make the trial,” says Gilla; “I’d face twenty wild beasts to do any service to yourself or your subjects.” So he inquired where the beast was to be found, and White-face was only too ready to give him his directions. The princess was sorrowful enough when she saw him setting out, but go he must and would. After he was gone a mile beyond the gates he heard a terrible roar in the wood and a great cracking of boughs, and out pounced a terrible beast on him, with great long claws, and a big mouth open to swallow him, club and all.

When he was at the very last spring Gilla gave him a stroke on the nose; and crack! he was sprawling on his back in two seconds. Well, that did not daunt him; he was up, and springing again at Gilla, and this time the blow came on him between

the two eyes. Down and up he was again and again till his right ear, his left ear, his right shoulder, and left shoulder were black and blue. Then he sat on his hindquarters and looked very surprised at Gilla and his club. “Now, my tight fellow,” says Gilla, “follow your nose to Dublin gates. Do no harm to any one, and I’ll do no harm to you.” “Waw! waw! waw!” says the beast, with his long teeth all stripped, and sparks flashing from his eyes; but when he saw the club coming down on him he put his tail between his legs and walked on. Now and then he’d turn about and give a growl, but a flourish of the club would soon set him on the straight road again. Oh! if there wasn’t racing and tearing through the streets, and roaring and bawling; but Gilla nor the beast ever drew rein till they came to the palace yard. Well, if the people in the streets were frightened, the people in the court were terrified. The king and his daughter were in a balcony, or something that way, and so were out of danger; but lord and gentleman, and officer, and soldier, as soon as they laid eye on the beast, began to run into passages and halls; but those that got in first shut the doors in their fright; and they that were left out did not know what to do, and the king cried out to Gilla to take away the frightful thing. Gilla at once took his flute out of his goat-skin pocket and began to play, and every one in the court —beast and body—began to dance. There was the unfortunate beast obliged to stand on his hind legs and play heel and toe, while he shovelled about after those that were next him, and he growling fearfully all the time. The people, striving to keep out of his way, were still obliged to mind their steps, but that didn’t prevent them from roaring out to Gilla to free them from their tormentor. The beast kept a steady eye on Red-head, and was always sliding after him as

well as the figures of the dance would let him; and you may be sure the poor fellow's teeth were not strong enough to keep his tongue quiet. Well, it was all a fearful thing to look at, but it was very comical, too; and as soon as the princess saw that Gilla's power over the beast was strong enough to prevent him doing any hurt, and especially when she heard the roars of Red-head and looked at his dancing, she burst out laughing the second time. "Now, King of Dublin," said Gilla, "I have won two halves of the princess, and I hope it won't be long till the third half will fall to me." "Oh! for goodness' sake," said the king, "never mind halves or quarters—banish this vagabone beast to Bandon, or Halifax, or Lusk, or the Red Say, and we'll see what is to come next." Gilla took his flute out of his mouth and the dancing stopped like shot The poor beast was thrown off his balance and fell on his side, and a good many of the dancers had a tumble at the same moment. Then said Gilla to the beast, "You see that street leading straight to the mountain; down that street with you; don't let a hare catch you; and if you fall, don't wait to get up. And if I hear of you coming within a mile of castle or cabin within the four seas of Ireland I'll make an example of you; remember the club." He had no need to give his orders twice. Before he was done speaking the beast was half-way down the street like a frightened dog with a kettle tied to his tail. He was once after seen in the Devil's Glen, in Wicklow, picking a bone, and that's all was ever heard of him.

Well, that was work enough for one day, and the potatoes were just done in the big kitchen of the palace. I don't know what great people take instead of stirabout and milk before they go to bed. Indeed, people do be saying that some of them never leave

the table from dinner to bedtime, but I don't believe it. Anyhow, they took dinner and supper and went to bed, everything in its own time, and rose in the morning when the sun was as high as the trees. So when they were at breakfast, Red-head, who wasn't at all agreeable to the match, says to the king, in Gilla's hearing: "The Danes, ill-luck be in their road! will be near the city in a day or two; and it is said in an old prophecy book, that if you could get the flail that's hanging on the couple under the ridge pole of Hell, you could drive every enemy you have into the sea—Dane or divil. I'm sure, sir, Gilla wouldn't have too much trouble in getting that flail; nothing seems too hot or too heavy for him!" "If he goes," said the princess, "it is against my wish and will." "If he goes," said the king, "it is not by my order." "Go I will," said Gilla, "if any one shows me the way." There was an old gentleman with a red nose on him sitting at the table, and says he, "Oh! I'll show you the way; it lies down Cut Purse Row. You will know it by the sign of the 'Cat and Bagpipes' on one side, and the 'Ace of Spades' stuck in the window opposite." "I'm off," says Gilla; "pray all of you for my safe return." He easily found the "Cat and Bagpipes" and the "Ace of Spades," and nothing further is said of him till he was knocking at Hell's Gate. It was opened by an old fellow with horns on him seven feet long, and says he to Gilla, mighty politely, "What is it you want here, sir?" "I am a great traveller," said Gilla, "and wish to see every place worth seeing, inside and outside." "Oh! if that's the case," says the porter, "walk in. Here, brothers, show this gentleman-traveller all the curiosities of the place." With that they all, big and little, locked and bolted every window and door, and stuffed every hole, till a midge itself couldn't find its way

out; and then they surrounded Gilla with their spits, and pitchforks, and *sprongs*; and if they didn't whack and prod him, it's a wonder. "Gentlemen," says Gilla, "these are the tricks of clowns. Fairplay is bonny play; show yourselves gentlemen, if you have a good drop in you. Hand me a weapon, and let us fight fair. There's an old flail on that couple, it will do as well as another." "Oh, yes! the flail! the flail!" cried they all; and some little imps climbed up the rafters, pulled down the flail and handed it to Gilla, expecting to see his hands burned through the moment it touched them. They knew nothing of the giant's balsam that Gilla rubbed on his hands as he was coming along, but they soon knew and felt the strength of his arm, when he was knocking them down like nine-pins, and thrashing them, arms, legs, and bodies, like so much oaten straw. "Oh! murdher! murdher!" says the big divil of all at last. "Stop your hand, and we'll give you anything in our power." "Well," says Gilla, "I've seen all I want in your habitation. I don't like the welcome I've got, and will thank you to open the gate." Oh! wasn't there twenty pair of legs tearing in a moment to let Gilla out. "You don't mean, I hope, to carry off the flail?" says the big fellow; "it's very useful to us in winter." "It was the very thing that brought me here," says Gilla, "to get it, and I won't leave without it; but if you look in the black pool of the Liffey at noon to-morrow, you'll find it there." Well, they were very down in the mouth for the loss of the flail, but a second rib-roasting wasn't to be thought of. When they had him fairly locked out they put out their tongues at him through the bars, and shouted, "Ah! Gilla na Chreckan Gour! wait till you're let in here so easy again," but he only answered, "You'll let me in when I ask you." There was both joy and terror at court

when they saw Gilla coming back with the terrible flail in his hand. “Now,” says every one, “we care little for the Danes and all kith and kin. But how did you coax the fellows down below to give up the implement?” So he told them as much as he chose, and was very glad to see the welcome that was on the princess’s face. Red-head thought it would be a fine thing to have the flail in his power. So he crept over to where Gilla laid it aside after charging no one to touch it; but his hand did not come within a foot of it, when he thought he was burned to the bone. He danced about, shook his arm, put his fist to his mouth, and roared out for water. “Couldn’t you mind what I said?” says Gilla, “and that wouldn’t have happened.” However, he took Red-head’s hand within his own two that had the ointment, and he was freed from the burning at once. Well, the poor rogue looked so relieved, and so ashamed, and so impudent at the same time, that the princess joined in the laughing of all about. “Three halves at last,” said Gilla; “now, my liege,” said he, “I hope that after I give a good throuncing to the Danes, you will fulfil your promise.” “There are no two ways about that,” said the king; “Danes or no Danes, you may marry my daughter to-morrow, if she makes no objection herself.” Red-head, seeing by the princess’s face that she wasn’t a bit vexed at what her father said, ran up to his room, thrust his head into a cupboard, and nearly roared his arm off, but the company downstairs did not seem to miss him.

Early in the forenoon of next day a soldier came running in all haste from the bridge that crossed the Liffey, and said the Danes were coming in thousands from the north, all in brass armour, brass pots on their heads, and brass pot-lids on their arms, and that the yellow blaze coming from their ranks was

enough to blind a body. Out marched the king's troops with the king at their head, to hinder the Danes from getting into the town over the bridge. First went Gilla, with his flail in one hand and his club in the other. He crossed the bridge, and when the enemy were about ten perch away from him, he shouted out, "This flail belongs to the divil, and who has a better right to it than his children?" So saying, he swung it round his head, and flung it with all his power at the front rank. It mowed down every man it met in its course, and when it cut through the whole column, and the space was clear before it, it sunk down, and flame and smoke flew up from the breach it made in the ground. The soldiers at each side of the lane of dead men ran forward on Gilla, but as every one came within the sweep of his club he was dashed down on the bridge or into the river. On they rushed like a snowstorm, but they melted like the same snow falling into a furnace. Gilla kept before the pile of the dead soldiers, but at last his arms began to tire. Then the king and his men came over, and the rest of the Danes were frightened and fled. Often was Gilla tired in his past life, but that was the greatest and tiresomest exploit he ever done. He lay on a settle-bed for three days; but if he did, hadn't he the princess and all her maids of honour to wait on him, and pity him, and give him gruel, and toast, and tay of all the colours under the sun? Red-head did his best to stop the marriage, but once when he was speaking to the king, one of the body-guard swore he'd open his skull with his battle-axe if he dared open his mouth again about it. So married they were, and as strong as Gilla was, if ever his princess and himself had a *scruting* (dispute), I know who got the upper hand.

Kennedy's Fireside Stories of Ireland.

OFTEN-WHO-CAME.

There was once a man, and he had a handsome daughter, and every one was in love with her. There used to be two youths constantly coming to her, courting her. One of them pleased her and the other did not. The man she did not care for used often to come to her father's house to get a sight of herself, and to be in her company, while the man she liked used not come but seldom. The father preferred she should marry the boy who was constantly coming, and he made one day a big dinner and sent every one an invitation. When every one was gathered he said to his daughter, "Drink a drink now," says he, "on the man you like best in this company," for he thought she would drink to the man he liked best himself. She lifted the glass in her hand and stood up and looked round her, and then said this *rann*:—

"I drink the good health of Often-Who-Came,
Who often comes not I also must name,
Who often comes not I often must blame
That he comes not as often as Often-Who-Came!"

She sat down when she had spoken this quatrain, and said no other word that evening; but the youth Often-Who-Came did not come as far as her again, for he understood he was not wanted, and she married the man of her own choice with her father's consent.

I heard no more of them since.

Translated by Dr. Douglas Hyde.

THE OLD CROW AND THE YOUNG CROW.

There was an old crow teaching a young crow one day, and he said to him, “Now, my son,” says he, “listen to the advice I’m going to give you. If you see a person coming near you and stooping, mind yourself, and be on your keeping; he’s stooping for a stone to throw at you.”

“But tell me,” says the young crow, “what should I do if he had a stone already down in his pocket?”

“Musha, go ’long out of that,” says the old crow, “you’ve learned enough; the devil another learning I’m able to give you.”

Translated by Dr. Douglas Hyde.

ROGER AND THE GREY MARE.

Roger the miller came coorting of late
A rich farmer’s daughter called Katty by name.

She has to her fortune goold, dimins, and rings;
She has to her fortune fifty fine things;

She has to her fortune a large plot of ground;
She has to her fortune five hundred pounds.

When dinner was over and all things laid down,
It was a nice sight to see five hundred pounds.

The sight of the money and beauty likewise
Tickled his fancy and dazzled his eyes.

“And now, as your daughter is comely and fair,
It’s I that won’t take her,

It's I that won't take her,
Without the grey mare."

Instantly the money was out of his sight,
And so was Miss Katty, his own heart's delight.

Roger the miller was kicked out the doore,
And Roger was tould not to come there no more.

Roger pulled down his long yalla hair,
Saying, "wishing I never,"
And "wishing I never
Spoke of the grey mare."

It was in twelve months after, as happened about,
That Roger the miller saw his own true love.

"Good morrow, fair maid, or do you know me?"
"Good morrow, kind sir, I do well," says she;

"A man of your complexion with long yalla hair,
That wance came a-coorting,
That wance came a-coorting
Me father's grey mare."

"It was not to coort the grey mare I came,
But a nice handsome girl called Katty by name.

"I thought that her father would never dispute,
In giving his daughter, the grey mare for boot,

"Before he would lose such a beautiful son;
It's then I was sorry,
It's now I am sorry
For what I have done."

"As for your sorrow, I do value not,
There is men in this town enough to be got.

"If you had the grey mare you would marry me,
But now you have nayther the grey mare nor me.

"The price of the grey mare was never so great,
So fare you well, Roger,
So fare you well, Roger,
Go murn[2] for Kate."

Traditional (taken down from a peasant by Dr. Douglas Hyde).

WILL O' THE WISP.

In old times there was one Will Cooper, a blacksmith who lived in the parish of Loughile; he was a great lover of the bottle, and all that he could make by his trade went to that use, so that his family was often in a starving condition. One day as he was musing in his shop alone after a fit of drunkenness, there came to him a little old man, almost naked and trembling with cold. "My good fellow," said he to Will, "put on some coals and make a fire, that I may get myself warmed." Will, pitying the poor creature, did so, and likewise brought him something to eat, and told him, if he thought proper, he was welcome to stay all night. The old man thanked him kindly, and said he had farther to go; "but," says he, "as you have been so kind to me, it is in my power to make you a recompense; make three wishes," says he, "for anything you desire most, and let it be what it will you shall obtain it immediately." "Well," says Will, "since that is the case, I wish that any person who takes my sledge into their hand may never get free of

it till I please to take it from them. Secondly, I have an armed chair, and I wish that any person sitting down on the same may never have power to rise until I please to take them off it. I likewise wish for the last," says Will, "that whatever money or gold I happen to put into my purse, no person may have power to take it out again but myself." "Ah! unfortunate Will!" cries the old man, "why did not you wish for Heaven?" With that he went away from the shop, as Will thought, very pensive and melancholy, and never was heard of more. The old man's words opened Will's eyes; he saw it was in his power to do well had he made a good use of the opportunity, and when he considered that the wishes were not of the least use to him, he became worse every day, both in soul and body, and in a short time he was reduced to great poverty and distress.

One idle day as he was walking along through the fields he met the devil in the appearance of a gentleman, who told him if he would go along with him at the end of seven years, he should have anything he desired during that time. Will, thinking that it was as bad with him as it could be, although he suspected it was the devil, for the love of rising in the world, made bargain to go with him at the end of the seven years, and requested that he would supply him with plenty of money for the present. Accordingly, Will had his desire, and dreading to be observed by his neighbours to get rich on a sudden, he removed to a distance from where he was then living. However, there was nobody in distress or in want of money but Will was always ready to relieve, insomuch that in a short time he became noted, and went in that country by the name of Bill Money, in regard of the great sums he could always command. He then began to build houses, and before the seven

years were expired he had built a town, which, in imitation of the name he then had, was called Ballymoney, and is to this day. However, to disguise the business, and that nobody might suspect him having any dealings with Satan, he still did something now and then at his trade. The seven years being expired, he was making some article for a friend, when the devil came into the shop in his former appearance. “Well, Will,” says he, “are you ready to go with me now?” “I am,” says Will, “if I had the job finished; take that sledge,” says he, “and give me a blow or two, for it is a friend that is to get it, and then I will go with you where you please.” The devil took the sledge, and they soon finished the job. “Now,” says Will, “stay you here till I run to my friend with this, and I will not stay a minute.” Will then went out and the devil stopped in the shop till it was near night, but there was no sign of Will coming near him, nor could he by any means get the sledge out of his hands. He thought if he was once in his old abode, perhaps there might be some of the smith trade in it who would disengage him of the sledge, but all that were in hell could not get it out of his hand, so he had to retain the shape he was then in as long as the iron remained in his hand. The devil, seeing he could get nobody to do anything for him, went in search of Will once more, but somehow or other he could not get near him for a month. At length he met him coming out of a tavern, pretty drunk. “Well, Will,” says he, “that was a pretty trick you put on me!” “Faith, no,” says Will, “it was you that tricked me, for when I came back to the shop you were away, and stole my sledge with you, so that I could not get a job done ever since.” “Well, Will,” says Satan, “I could not help taking the sledge, for I cannot get it out of my hand; but if you take it

from me I will give you seven years more before I ask you with me." Will readily took the sledge, and the devil parted from him well pleased that he had got rid of it. Will having now seven years to play upon, roved about through the town of Ballymoney, drinking and sporting, and sometimes doing a little at his trade to blindfold the people; yet there was many suspected he had dealings with Satan, or he could not do half of what he had done.

At length the seven years were expired, and the devil came for him and found him sitting at the fire smoking, in his own house, where he kept his wonderful chair. "Come, Will," says he, "are you ready to go with me now?" "I am," says Will, "if you sit down a little till I make my will and settle everything among my family, and then I will go with you wherever you please." So, setting the arm-chair to Satan, he sat down, and Will went into the chamber as if to settle his affairs; after a little he came up again, bidding the devil come along, for he had all things completed to his mind, and would ask to stay no longer. When Will went out the devil made an attempt to rise, but in vain; he could not stir from the chair, nor even make the least motion one way or other, so he was as much confounded to think what was the matter, as when he was first cast into utter darkness. Will, knowing what would occur to Satan, stayed away a month, during which time he never became visible in the chair to any of the family, nor do we hear that any one else ever observed him at any time but Will himself. However, at the month's end Will, returning, pretended to be very much surprised that the devil did not follow him. "What," says Will, "kept you here all this time? I believe you are making a fool of me; but if you do not come immediately I will have the bargain

broken, and never go with you again." "I cannot help it," says Satan, "for all I can do I cannot stir from my seat, but if you could liberate me I will give you seven years more before I call on you again." "Well," says Will, "I will do what I can." He then went to Satan and took him by the arm, and with the greatest ease lifted him out of the chair and set him at liberty once more. No sooner was Satan gone than Will was ready for his old trade again; he sported and played, and drank of the best, his purse never failing, although he sunk all the property and income he had in and about Ballymoney long before; but he did not care, for he knew he could have recourse to the purse that never would fail, as I told you before. However, an accident happened the same purse, that a penny would never stay in it afterwards, and Will became one of the poorest men to be found. This was at the end of the seven years of his last bargain, when Satan came in quest of him again, but was so fearful of a new trick put upon him by Will that he durst not come near the house. At length he met him in the fields, and would not give him time to bid as much as farewell to his wife and children, he was so much afraid of being imposed upon. Will had at last to go, and travelling along the road he came to an inn, where many a good glass he had taken in his time. "Here's a set of the best rogues," says Will, "in Ireland; they cheated me many a time, and I will give all I possess could I put a trick upon them." ... "Well," says Satan, "I do not care if we stop." "But," says Will, "I have no money, and I cannot manage my scheme without it; but I will tell you what you can do-you can change yourself into a piece of gold; I will put you in my purse, and then you will see what a hand I will make for you and me both, before we are at our journey's end." Satan, ever willing to

promote evil, consented to change himself into gold, and when he had done so, Will put the piece into his purse and returned home. Satan, understanding that Will did not do as he pretended, strove to deliver himself from confinement, but by the power of the purse he could never change himself from gold, as long as Will pleased to keep him in it, and no other person, as I have told you before, had power to take anything out of it but himself. Will would go to drink from one ale-house to another, and would pretend to be drunk when he was not, where he would lay down his purse and bid the waiters take what they pleased for the reckoning. Every person saw he had money plenty, yet all they could do they could never get one penny out of the purse, and he would get so drunk when they would give it back to him that he would not seem to understand anything, and so would sneak away. In this manner he cheated both town and country round, until Satan, weary of confinement, had recourse to a stratagem of his own, and changed himself from pieces of gold into a solid bar or ingot of the same metal, but could not get out of the purse.

This, however, put a great damp upon Will's trade, for when he had no coin to show he could get nothing from anybody, and how to behave he did not know. He took a notion that he would perhaps force him into coin again, and accordingly brought him to an iron forge, where he had the ingot battered, for the length of an hour, at a fearful rate; but all they could do they never changed it in the least, neither could they injure the purse, for the quality of it became miraculous after his wish, and the people swore the devil was surely in the purse, for they never saw anything like it. They were compelled at last to give over, and Will returned home and went

to bed, putting the purse under his head. His wife was asleep, and the devil kept such a hissing, puffing, and blowing under the bolster that he soon awakened her, and she, almost frightened out of her wits, awakened Will, telling him that the devil was under his head. “Well, if he be,” says Will, “I will take him to the forge, where I assure you he will get a sound battering.” “Oh, no,” says Satan, “I would rather be in hell than stay here confined in this manner, and if you let me go I will never trouble you again.” “With all my heart,” says Will; “on that head you shall have your freedom,” and opening the purse, gave Satan his liberty.

Will was now free from all dread or fear of anything, and cared not what he did. But I forgot to mention that at the time Will wished nobody might take anything out of the purse, he wished he might never put his hand in it himself but he would find money—but after Satan being in it he found it empty ever after. By this unlucky accident, he that had seen so much of the world for such a length of time was reduced to the most indigent state, and at length forced to beg his bread. In this miserable condition he spent many years until his glass was run, and he had to pay that debt to nature which all creatures have since the fall of Adam. However, his life was so ill-spent and his actions so bad that it is recorded he could get no entrance to any place of good after his decease, so that he was destined to follow his own master. Coming to the gates of hell, he made a horrible noise to get in; then Satan bid the porter ask who it was that made such a din, and not to admit him till he would let him know. The porter did so, and he bade him tell his master that he was his old friend, Will Cooper, wanting to come to him once

more. When Satan had heard who it was he ordered the gates to be strongly guarded; “for if that villain gets in,” says he, “we are all undone.” Will pleaded the distress he was in, that he could not get backward nor forward with the darkness he was surrounded with, and having lost his guide, if Satan would not let him in; and being loath to listen to the noise and confusion he was making at the gate, Satan sent one of his servants to conduct him back to earth again, and particularly not to quit him until he left him in Ireland. “Now,” says Satan to Will when he was going away, “you were a trusty servant to me a long time; now you are going to earth again, let me see you be busy, and gain all to me that you can; but remember how you served me when in the purse, and you shall never be out of darkness. I will give you a light in your hand to allure and deceive the weary traveller, so that he may become a prey to us.” So lighting a wisp, he gave it to Will, and he was conducted to earth, where he wanders from that day to this, under the title of *Will o’ the Wisp*.

Hibernian Tales (a chap-book).

EPIGRAMS.

The Churl and his Wine.

To thirst he’ll never own,
His wife’s a stingy crone,
A little bottle, half-filled, *mavrone*,
He keeps locked tight in a corner lone!

On a Surly Porter.

What a pity Hell’s gates are not kept by O’Flinn—
The surly old dog would let nobody in.

RIDDLES.

There's a garden that I ken
Full of little gentlemen,
Little caps of blue they wear,
And green ribbons very fair.
(*Flax.*)

I threw it up as white as snow,
Like gold on a flag it fell below.
(*Egg.*)

I ran and I got,
I sat and I searched,
If I could get it I would not bring it with me,
As I got it not I brought it.
(*A thorn in the foot.*)

From house to house he goes,
A messenger small and slight,
And whether it rains or snows
He sleeps outside in the night.
(*Boreen—lane or path.*)

On the top of the tree
See the little man red,
A stone in his belly,
A cap on his head.
(*Haw.*)

A bottomless barrel,
It's shaped like a hive,
It is filled full of flesh,
And the flesh is alive.
(*Tailor's thimble.*)

As I went through the garden
I met my uncle Thady,
I cut his head from off his neck
And left his body "aisy."
(*A head of cabbage.*)

Out in the field my daddy grows,
Wearing two hundred suits of clothes.
(*Ditto.*)

Snug in the corner I saw the lad lie,
Fire in his heart and a cork in his eye.
(*Bottle of whisky.*)

'Tis round as dish was ever known,
And white as snow the look of it,
'Tis food and life of all mankind,
Yet no man e'er partook of it.
(*Breast-milk.*)

My daddy on the warm shelf
Talking, talking to himself.
(*Pot on the hob, simmering.*)

Up in the loft the round man lies,
Looking through two hundred eyes.
(*A sieve.*)

Out she goes and the priest's dinner with her.
(*Hen with an egg.*)

Translated by Dr. Hyde and F. A. Fahy.

DONALD AND HIS NEIGHBOURS.

Hudden and Dudden and Donald O'Nery were near neighbours in the barony of Balinconlig, and ploughed with three bullocks; but the two former, envying the present prosperity of the latter, determined to kill his bullock, to prevent his farm being properly cultivated and laboured, that going back in the world he might be induced to sell his lands, which they meant to get possession of. Poor Donald, finding his bullock killed, immediately skinned it, and throwing the skin over his shoulder, with the fleshy side out, set off to the next town with

it, to dispose of it to the best of his advantage. Going along the road a magpie flew on the top of the hide and began picking it, chattering all the time. The bird had been taught to speak and imitate the human voice, and Donald, thinking he understood some words it was saying, put round his hand and caught hold of it. Having got possession of it, he put it under his great-coat, and so went on to the town. Having sold the hide, he went into an inn to take a dram, and following the landlady into the cellar, he gave the bird a squeeze which made it chatter some broken accents that surprised her very much. “What is that I hear?” said she to Donald; “I think it is talk, and yet I do not understand.” “Indeed,” said Donald, “it is a bird I have that tells me everything, and I always carry it with me to know when there is any danger. Faith,” says he, “it says you have far better liquor than you are giving me.” “That is strange,” said she, going to another cask of better quality, and asking him if he would sell the bird. “I will,” said Donald, “if I get enough for it.” “I will fill your hat with silver if you leave it with me.” Donald was glad to hear the news, and taking the silver, set off, rejoicing at his good luck. He had not been long at home until he met with Hudden and Dudden. “Mr.,” said he, “you thought you did me a bad turn, but you could not have done me a better, for look here what I have got for the hide,” showing them the hatful of silver; “you never saw such a demand for hides in your life as there is at present.” Hudden and Dudden that very night killed their bullocks, and set out the next morning to sell their hides. On coming to the place they went through all the merchants, but could only get a trifle for them. At last they had to take what they could get, and came home in a great rage, and vowing revenge on poor Donald. He had a pretty

good guess how matters would turn out, and he being under the kitchen window, he was afraid they would rob him, or perhaps kill him when asleep, and on that account, when he was going to bed he left his old mother in his place and lay down in her bed, which was on the other side of the house; and taking the old woman for Donald, they choked her in her bed, but he making some noise they had to retreat and leave the money behind them, which grieved them very much. However, by daybreak Donald got his mother on his back and carried her to town. Stopping at a well, he fixed his mother with her staff, as if she was stooping for a drink, and then went into a public-house convenient and called for a dram. "I wish," said he to a woman that stood near him, "you would tell my mother to come in; she is at yon well trying to get a drink, and she is hard of hearing. If she does not observe you, give her a little shake and tell her that I want her." The woman called her several times, but she seemed to take no notice; at length she went to her and shook her by the arm, but when she let her go again, she tumbled on her head into the well, and, as the woman thought, was drowned. She, in great surprise and fear at the accident, told Donald what had happened. "Oh, mercy," said he, "what is this?" He ran and pulled her out of the well, weeping and lamenting all the time, and acting in such a manner that you would imagine he had lost his senses. The woman, on the other hand, was far worse than Donald, for his grief was only feigned, but she imagined herself to be the cause of the old woman's death. The inhabitants of the town, hearing what had happened, agreed to make Donald up a good sum of money for his loss, as the accident happened in their place; and Donald brought a greater sum home with him than he got

for the magpie. They buried Donald's mother, and as soon as he saw Hudden and Dudden he showed them the last purse of money he had got. "You thought to kill me last night," said he, "but it was good for me it happened on my mother, for I got all that purse for her to make gunpowder."

That very night Hudden and Dudden killed their mothers, and the next morning set off with them to town. On coming to the town with their burthen on their backs, they went up and down crying, "Who will buy old wives for gunpowder?" so that every one laughed at them, and the boys at last clodded them out of the place. They then saw the cheat, and vowing revenge on Donald, buried the old women, and set off in pursuit of him. Coming to his house, they found him sitting at his breakfast, and seizing him, put him in a sack, and went to drown him in a river at some distance. As they were going along the highway they raised a hare, which they saw had but three feet, and throwing off the sack, ran after her, thinking by appearance she would be easily taken. In their absence there came a drover that way, and hearing Donald singing in the sack, wondered greatly what could be the matter. "What is the reason," said he, "that you are singing, and you confined?" "Oh, I am going to heaven," said Donald, "and in a short time I expect to be free from trouble." "Oh, dear," said the drover, "what will I give you if you let me to your place?" "Indeed, I do not know," said he; "it would take a good sum." "I have not much money," said the drover, "but I have twenty head of fine cattle, which I will give you to exchange places with me." "Well," says Donald, "I do not care if I should; loose the sack, and I will come out." In a moment the drover liberated him and went into the sack himself, and Donald drove home the fine heifers, and left

them in his pasture.

Hudden and Dudden having caught the hare, returned, and getting the sack on one of their backs, carried Donald, as they thought, to the river, and threw him in, where he immediately sank. They then marched home, intending to take immediate possession of Donald's property; but how great was their surprise when they found him safe at home before them, with such a fine herd of cattle, whereas they knew he had none before. "Donald," said they, "what is all this? We thought you were drowned, and yet you are here before us." "Ah," said he, "if I had but help along with me when you threw me in, it would have been the best job ever I met with, for of all the sight of cattle and gold that ever was seen is there, and no one to own them; but I was not able to manage more than what you see, and I could show you the spot where you might get hundreds." They both swore they would be his friend, and Donald accordingly led them to a very deep part of the river, and lifted up a stone. "Now," said he, "watch this," throwing it into the stream; "there is the very place, and go in one of you first, and if you want help you have nothing to do but call." Hudden, jumping in and sinking to the bottom, rose up again, and making a bubbling noise, as those do that are drowning, attempted to speak, but could not. "What is that he is saying now?" says Dudden. "Faith," says Donald, "he is calling for help; don't you hear him? Stand about," said he, running back, "till I leap in. I know how to do better than any of you." Dudden, to have the advantage of him, jumped in off the bank, and was drowned along with Hudden. And this was the end of Hudden and Dudden.

Hibernian Tales (a chap-book).

THE WOMAN OF THREE COWS.

O Woman of Three Cows, *agragh!* don't let
your tongue thus rattle!
Oh, don't be saucy, don't be stiff, because
you may have cattle.
I have seen—and here's my hand to you, I
only say what's true—
A many a one with twice your stock not half
so proud as you.

Good luck to you, don't scorn the poor, and
don't be their despiser;
For worldly wealth soon melts away, and
cheats the very miser:
And death soon strips the proudest wreath
from haughty human brows,
Then don't be stiff, and don't be proud, good
Woman of Three Cows!

See where Momonia's heroes lie, proud
Owen More's descendants—
'Tis they that won the glorious name, and
had the grand attendants!
If *they* were forced to bow to Fate, as every
mortal bows,
Can *you* be proud, can *you* be stiff, my
Woman of Three Cows?

The brave sons of the Lord of Clare, they left
the land to mourning;
Mavrone! for they were banished, with no
hope of their returning;
Who knows in what abodes of want those
youths were driven to house?
Yet *you* can give yourself those airs, O
Woman of Three Cows!

Oh, think of Donnell of the Ships, the chief
whom nothing daunted—
See how he fell in distant Spain,
unchronicled, unchanted!
He sleeps, the great O'Sullivan, where

thunder cannot rouse—
Then ask yourself, should *you* be proud, good
Woman of Three Cows!

O'Ruark, Maguire, those souls of fire, whose
names are shrined in story—
Think how their high achievements once
made Erin's greatest glory;
Yet now their bones lie mouldering under
weeds and cypress boughs,
And so, for all your pride, will you, O
Woman of Three Cows!

The O'Carrolls also, famed when fame was
only for the boldest,
Rest in forgotten sepulchres with Erin's best
and oldest;
Yet who so great as they of yore in battle or
carouse?
Just think of that, and hide your head, good
Woman of Three Cows!

Your neighbour's poor, and you, it seems, are
big with vain ideas,
Because, *inagh*,[3] you've got three cows, one
more, I see, than *she* has;
That tongue of yours wags more at times
than charity allows—
But if you're strong, be merciful, great
Woman of Three Cows!

THE SUMMING-UP.

Now, there you go! you still, of course, keep
up your scornful bearing,
And I'm too poor to hinder you—but, by the
cloak I'm wearing,
If I had but *four* cows myself, even though
you were my spouse,
I'd thrash you well, to cure your pride, my
Woman of Three Cows!

Translated by James Clarence Mangan.

IN PRAISE OF DIGRESSIONS.

I have sometimes heard of an Iliad in a nut-shell, but it has been my fortune to have much oftener seen a nut-shell in an Iliad. There is no doubt that human life has received most wonderful advantages from both, but to which of the two the world is chiefly indebted I shall leave among the curious as a problem worthy of their utmost inquiry. For the invention of the latter I think the commonwealth of learning is chiefly obliged to the great modern improvement of digressions: the late refinements in knowledge running parallel to those of diet in our nation, which, among men of a judicious taste, are dressed up in various compounds, consisting in soups and olios, fricassees and ragouts.

It is true, there is a sort of morose, detracting, ill-bred people who pretend utterly to disrelish these polite innovations; and as to the similitude from diet, they allow the parallel, but are so bold to pronounce the example itself a corruption and degeneracy of taste. They tell us that the fashion of jumbling fifty things together in a dish was at first introduced in compliance to a depraved and debauched appetite, as well as to a crazy constitution; and to see a man hunting through an olio after the head and brains of a goose, a widgeon, or a woodcock, is a sign he wants a stomach and digestion for more substantial victuals. Further, they affirm that digressions in a book are like foreign troops in a state, which argue the nation to want a heart and hands of its own, and often either subdue the natives or drive them into the most unfruitful corners.

But after all that can be objected by these supercilious censors, it is manifest the society of

writers would quickly be reduced to a very inconsiderable number if men were put upon making books with the fatal confinement of delivering nothing beyond what is to the purpose. It is acknowledged that were the case the same among us as with the Greeks and Romans, when learning was in its cradle, to be reared and fed, and clothed by invention, it would be an easy task to fill up volumes upon particular occasions, without further expatiating from the subjects than by moderate excursions, helping to advance or clear the main design. But with knowledge it has fared as with a numerous army encamped in a fruitful country, which, for a few days, maintains itself by the product of the soil it is on; till, provisions being spent, they are sent to forage many a mile, among friends or enemies, it matters not. Meanwhile, the neighbouring fields, trampled and beaten down, become barren and dry, affording no sustenance but clouds of dust.

The whole course of things being thus entirely changed between us and the ancients, and the moderns wisely sensible of it, we of this age have discovered a shorter and more prudent method to become scholars and wits, without the fatigue of reading or of thinking. The most accomplished way of using books at present is twofold: either, first, to serve them as some men do lords, learn their titles exactly, and then brag of their acquaintance; or, secondly, what is indeed the choicer, the profounder, and politer method, to get a thorough insight into the index, by which the whole book is governed, and turned like fishes by the tail. For to enter the palace of learning at the great gate requires an expense of time and forms; therefore men of much haste and little ceremony are content to get in by the back

door. For the arts are all in flying march, and therefore more easily subdued by attacking them in the rear. Thus physicians discover the state of the whole body by consulting only what comes from behind. Thus men catch knowledge by throwing their wit into the posteriors of a book, as boys do sparrows with flinging salt upon their tails. Thus human life is best understood by the wise man's rule of regarding the end. Thus are the sciences found, like Hercules' oxen, by tracing them backwards. Thus are old sciences unravelled, like old stockings, by beginning at the foot. Beside all this, the army of the sciences has been of late, with a world of martial discipline, drawn into its close order, so that a view or a muster may be taken of it with abundance of expedition. For this great blessing we are wholly indebted to systems and abstracts in which the modern fathers of learning, like prudent usurers, spent their sweat for the ease of us their children. For labour is the seed of idleness, and it is the peculiar happiness of our noble age to gather the fruit.

Now, the method of growing wise, learned and sublime, having become so regular an affair, and so established in all its forms, the number of writers must needs have increased accordingly, and to a pitch that has made it absolutely necessary for them to interfere continually with each other. Besides, it is reckoned that there is not at this present a sufficient quantity of new matter left in nature to furnish and adorn any one particular subject to the extent of a volume. This I am told by a very skilful computer, who has given a full demonstration of it from rules of arithmetic.

By these methods, in a few weeks, there starts up many a writer capable of managing the profoundest and most universal subjects. For what though his head be empty, provided his commonplace book be full? and if you will bate him but the circumstances of method, and style, and grammar, and invention; allow him but the common privileges of transcribing from others, and digressing from himself, as often as he shall see occasion; he will desire no more ingredients towards fitting up a treatise that shall make a very comely figure on a bookseller's shelf; there to be preserved neat and clean for a long eternity, adorned with the heraldry of its title fairly inscribed on a label; never to be thumbed or greased by students, nor bound to everlasting chains of darkness in a library; but when the fulness of time is come, shall happily undergo the trial of purgatory, in order to ascend the sky.

Without these allowances, how is it possible we modern wits should ever have an opportunity to introduce our collections, listed under so many thousand heads of a different nature; for want of which the learned world would be deprived of infinite delight, as well as instruction, and we ourselves buried beyond redress in an inglorious and undistinguished oblivion.

From such elements as these I am alive to behold the day wherein the corporation of authors can outvie all its brethren in the guild. A happiness derived to us, with a great many others, from our Scythian ancestors; among whom the number of pens was so infinite, that the Grecian eloquence had no other way of expressing it than by saying that in the regions far to the north it was hardly possible for a man to travel, the very air was so replete with

feathers.

Jonathan Swift (1667–1745).

A RHAPSODY ON POETRY.

All human race would fain be wits,
And millions miss for one who hits:
Young's universal passion, Pride,
Was never known to spread so wide.
Say, Britain! could you ever boast,
Three poets in an age at most?
Our chilling climate hardly bears
A sprig of bays in fifty years,
While every fool his claim alleges,
As if it grew in common hedges.
What reason can there be assigned
For this perverseness in the mind?
Brutes find out where their talents lie:
A bear will not attempt to fly:
A foundered horse will oft debate
Before he tries a five-barred gate:
A dog by instinct turns aside,
Who sees the ditch too deep and wide;
But man we find the only creature
Who, led by folly, combats Nature;
Who, where she loudly cries "Forbear,"
With obstinacy fixes there,
And where his genius least inclines,
Absurdly bends his whole designs.
Not empire to the rising sun,
By valour, conduct, fortune, won:
Not highest wisdom in debates,
For framing laws to govern states:
Not skill in sciences profound,
So large to grasp the circle round,
Such heavenly influence require
As how to strike the Muse's lyre.

*****

Poor starveling bard! how small thy gains!
How unproportioned to thy pains!
And here a simile comes pat in:
A chicken takes a month to fatten,
Tho' guests in less than half-an-hour
Will more than half-a-score devour.
So after toiling twenty days
To earn a stock of pence and praise,
Thy labours, grown the critic's prey,
Are swallowed o'er a dish of tea;
Gone to be never heard of more,
Gone where the chickens went before.
How shall a new attempter learn
Of different spirits to discern?
And how distinguish which is which,
The poet's vein or scribbling itch?
Then hear an old experienced sinner
Instructing thus a young beginner.
Consult yourself, and if you find
A powerful impulse urge your mind,
Impartial judge within your breast,
What subject you can manage best:
Whether your genius most inclines
To satire, praise, or hum'rous lines;
To elegies in mournful tone,
Or prologue sent from hand unknown;
Then rising with Aurora's light,
The Muse invok'd, sit down to write;
Blot out, correct, insert, refine,
Enlarge, diminish, interline;
Be mindful, when invention fails,
To scratch your head and bite your nails.
Your poem finished, next your care
Is needful to transcribe it fair:
In modern wit all printed trash is
Set off with num'rous breaks—and
dashes—
To statesmen would you give a wipe
You print it in *Italic* type:
When letters are in vulgar shapes,
'Tis ten to one the wit escapes;
But when in CAPITALS exprest,
The dullest reader smokes the jest;
Or else perhaps he may invent

A better than the poet meant,
As learned commentators view
In Homer more than Homer knew.

*****

Be sure at Will's the foll'wing day,
Lie snug and hear what critics say,
And if you find the general vogue
Pronounces you a stupid rogue,
Damns all your thoughts as low and little,
Sit still, and swallow down your spittle:
Be silent as a politician,
For talking may beget suspicion;
Or praise the judgment of the Town,
And help yourself to run it down;—
Give up your fond paternal pride,
Nor argue on the weaker side:
For poems read without a name
We justly praise or justly blame;
And critics have no partial views,
Except they know whom they abuse;
And since you ne'er provoked their spite,
Depend upon't, their judgment's right.
But if you blab you are undone,
Consider what a risk you run;
You lose your credit all at once,
The Town will mark you for a dunce;
The vilest doggerel Grub Street sends
Will pass for yours with foes and friends,
And you must bear the whole disgrace,
Till some fresh blockhead takes your place.
Your secret kept, your poem sunk,
And sent in quires to line a trunk,
If still you be disposed to rhyme,
Go try your hand a second time.
Again you fail; yet safe's the word;
Take courage, and attempt a third:
But first with care employ your thoughts
Where critics marked your former fau'ts;
The trivial turns, the borrow'd wit,
The similies that nothing fit;
The cant which every fool repeats,
Town-jests and coffee-house conceits;

Descriptions tedious, flat and dry,
And introduced the Lord knows why;
Or where we find your fury set
Against the harmless alphabet;
On A's and B's your malice vent
While readers wonder whom you meant;
A public or a private robber,
A statesman or a South Sea jobber;
A pr-l-te, who no God believes;
A p-m-t or den of thieves;
A pickpurse at the bar or bench,
A duchess or a suburb-wench;
"An House of P—rs, a gaming crew,
A griping —— or a Jew."
Or oft, when epithets you link
In gaping lines to fill a chink,
Like stepping-stones to save a stride
In streets where kennels are too wide;
Or like a heel-piece to support
A cripple, with one leg too short;
Or like a bridge that joins a marish
To moorlands of a different parish.
So have I seen ill-coupled hounds
Drag diff'rent ways in miry grounds;
So geographers in Afric maps
With savage pictures fill their gaps,
And o'er unhabitable downs
Place elephants for want of towns.

*****

Then, poet! if you mean to thrive,
Employ your muse on kings alive,
With prudence gath'ring up a cluster
Of all the virtues you can muster,
Which, formed into a garland sweet,
Lay humbly at your monarch's feet,
Who, as the odours reach his throne,
Will smile, and think them all his own:
For law and gospel doth determine
All virtues lodge in royal ermine;
(I mean the oracles of both,
Who shall depose it upon oath);
Your garland, in the following reign,

Change but the names, 'twill do again.

*****

Hobbes clearly proves that ev'ry creature
Lives in a state of war by nature;
The greater for the smaller watch,
But meddle seldom with their match.
A whale of mod'rate size will draw
A shoal of herrings in his maw;
A fox with geese his belly crams;
A wolf destroys a thousand lambs;
But search among the rhyming race,
The brave are worried by the base.
If on Parnassus' top you sit,
You rarely bite, are always bit.
Each poet of inferior size
On you shall rail and criticize,
And strive to tear you limb from limb,
While others do as much for him.
The vermin only tease and pinch
Their foes superior by an inch,
So nat'ralists observe a flea
Have smaller fleas on him that prey,
And these have smaller still to bite 'em,
And so proceed *ad infinitum*.

Jonathan Swift.

LETTER FROM A LIAR.

I shall, without any manner of preface or apology, acquaint you that I am, and ever have been from my youth upward, one of the greatest liars this island has produced. I have read all the moralists upon the subject, but could never find any effect their discourses had upon me but to add to my misfortune by new thoughts and ideas, and making me more ready in my language, and capable of sometimes mixing seeming truths with my improbabilities. With this strong passion towards falsehood in this kind

there does not live an honester man or a sincerer friend; but my imagination runs away with me, and whatever is started, I have such a scene of adventures appear in an instant before me, that I cannot help uttering them, though, to my immediate confusion, I cannot but know I am liable to be detected by the first man I meet.



“MY IMAGINATION RUNS AWAY WITH ME.”

Upon occasion of the mention of the battle of Pultowa I could not forbear giving an account of a kinsman of mine, a young merchant, who was bred

at Moscow, that had too much mettle to attend books of entries and accounts when there was so active a scene in the country where he resided, and followed the Czar as a volunteer. This warm youth, born at the instant the thing was spoken of, was the man who unhorsed the Swedish general; he was the occasion that the Muscovites kept their fire in so soldier-like a manner, and brought up those troops which were covered from the enemy at the beginning of the day; besides this, he had at last the good fortune to be the man who took Count Piper. With all this fire I knew my cousin to be the civilest man in the world. He never made any impertinent show of his valour, and then he had an excellent genius for the world in every other kind. I had letters from him —here I felt in my pockets—that exactly spoke the Czar's character, which I knew perfectly well, and I could not forbear concluding that I lay with his imperial majesty twice or thrice a week all the while he lodged at Deptford. What is worse than all this, it is impossible to speak to me but you give me some occasion of coming out with one lie or other that has neither wit, humour, prospect of interest, nor any other motive that I can think of in nature. The other day, when one was commending an eminent and learned divine, what occasion had I to say, "Methinks he would look more venerable if he were not so fair a man"? I remember the company smiled. I have seen the gentleman since, and he is coal black. I have intimations every day in my life that nobody believes me, yet I am never the better. I was saying something the other day to an old friend at Will's coffee-house, and he made me no manner of answer, but told me that an acquaintance of Tully the orator, having two or three times together said to him, without receiving an answer, "That upon his honour

he was but that very month forty years of age," Tully answered, "Surely you think me the most incredulous man in the world, if I don't believe what you have told me every day these ten years." The mischief of it is, I find myself wonderfully inclined to have been present at every encounter that is spoken of before me; this has led me into many inconveniences, but indeed they have been the fewer because I am no ill-natured man, and never speak things to any man's disadvantage. I never directly defame, but I do what is as bad in the consequence, for I have often made a man say such and such a lively expression, who was born a mere elder brother. When one has said in my hearing, "Such a one is no wiser than he should be," I immediately have replied, "Now, faith, I can't see that; he said a very good thing to my lord such-a-one, upon such an occasion," and the like. Such an honest dolt as this has been watched in every expression he uttered, upon my recommendation of him, and consequently been subject to the more ridicule. I once endeavoured to cure myself of this impertinent quality, and resolved to hold my tongue for seven days together; I did so, but then I had so many winks and contortions of my face upon what anybody else said that I found I only forbore the expression, and that I still lied in my heart to every man I met with. You are to know one thing, which I believe you will say is a pity, considering the use I should have made of it. I never travelled in my life; but I do not know whether I could have spoken of any foreign country with more familiarity than I do at present, in company who are strangers too ... though I was never out of this town, and fifty miles about it.

It were endless to give you particulars of this kind,

but I can assure you, Mr. Spectator, there are about twenty or thirty of us in this town (I mean by this town the cities of London and Westminster); I say there are in town a sufficient number to make a society among ourselves; and since we cannot be believed any longer, I beg of you to print this letter that we may meet together, and be under such regulation as there may be no occasion for belief or confidence among us. If you think fit, we might be called THE HISTORIANS, for liar is become a very harsh word.

But, alas! whither am I running! While I complain, while I remonstrate to you, even all this is a lie, for there is no such person of quality, lover, soldier, or merchant, as I have now described, in the whole world, that I know of. But I will catch myself once in my life, and in spite of nature speak one truth, to wit, that I am,—Your humble servant.

Sir Richard Steele (1672–1729).



“GOD BLESS YOU, SIR!”

EPIGRAMS.

On a Fat Man.

When Fatty walks the street, the paviors cry,
“God bless you, sir!” and lay their rammers by.

On a Stingy Beau.

Curio’s rich sideboard seldom sees the light;
Clean is his kitchen, his spits are always bright;
His knives and spoons, all ranged in even rows,
No hands molest, or fingers discompose.
A curious jack, hung up to please the eye,

For ever still, whose flyers never fly;
His plates unsullied, shining on the shelf,
For Curio dresses nothing,—but himself.

On Marriage.

Cries Celia to a reverend dean,
  "What reason can be given,
Since marriage is a holy thing,
  That there are none in heaven?"

"There are no women," he reply'd;
  She quick returns the jest;
"Women there are, but I'm afraid
  They cannot find a priest."

John Winstanley (1678–1750).

A FINE LADY.

A Lady's Apartment. Two Chambermaids enter.

First Chambermaid. Are all things set in order? The toilette fixed, the bottles and combs put in form, and the chocolate ready?

2nd Cham. 'Tis no greater matter whether they be right or not; for right or wrong we shall be sure of our lecture. I wish for my part that my time were out.

1st Cham. Nay, 'tis a hundred to one but we may run away before our time be half expired, and she's worse this morning than ever. Here she comes.

Lady Lurewell *enters*.

Lure. Ay, there's a couple of you indeed! But how, how in the name of negligence could you two contrive to make a bed as mine was last night; a wrinkle on one side, and a rumple on t'other; the

pillows awry, and the quilt askew. I did nothing but tumble about and fence with the sheets all night along. Oh! my bones ache this morning as if I had lain all night on a pair of Dutch stairs.—Go, bring chocolate. And, d'ye hear? be sure to stay an hour or two at least.—Well! these English animals are so unpolished! I wish the persecution would rage a little harder, that we might have more of these French refugees among us.

The Maids enter with chocolate.

These wenches are gone to Smyrna for this chocolate—— And what made you stay so long?

Cham. I thought we did not stay at all, madam.

Lure. Only an hour and a half by the slowest clock in Christendom—and such salvers and dishes too! The lard be merciful to me! what have I committed to be plagued with such animals? Where are my new japan salvers? Broke, o' my conscience! all to pieces, I'll lay my life on't.

Cham. No, indeed, madam, but your husband——

Lure. How! husband, impudence! I'll teach you manners. (*Gives her a box on the ear.*) Husband! Is that your Welsh breeding? Ha'n't the Colonel a name of his own?

Cham. Well, then, the Colonel. He used them this morning, and we ha'n't got them since.

Lure. How! the Colonel use my things! How dare the Colonel use any thing of mine? But his campaign education must be pardoned. And I warrant they were fisted about among his dirty *levée* of disbanded officers? Faugh! the very thoughts of them fellows, with their eager looks, iron swords, tied-up wigs, and tucked in cravats, make me sick as death. Come, let

me see. (*Goes to take the chocolate, and starts back.*) Heavens protect me from such a sight! Lord, girl! when did you wash your hands last? And have you been pawing me all this morning with them dirty fists of yours? (*Runs to the glass.*) I must dress all over again. Go, take it away, I shall swoon else. Here, Mrs. Monster, call up my tailor; and d'ye hear? you, Mrs. Hobbyhorse, see if my company be come to cards yet.

The Tailor enters.

Oh, Mr. Remnant! I don't know what ails these stays you have made me; but something is the matter, I don't like them.

Rem. I am very sorry for that, madam. But what fault does your ladyship find?

Lure. I don't know where the fault lies; but, in short, I don't like them; I can't tell how; the things are well enough made, but I don't like them.

Rem. Are they too wide, madam?

Lure. No.

Rem. Too straight, perhaps?

Lure. Not at all! they fit me very well; but—lard bless me; can't you tell where the fault lies?

Rem. Why, truly, madam, I can't tell. But your ladyship, I think, is a little too slender for the fashion.

Lure. How! too slender for the fashion, say you?

Rem. Yes, madam! there's no such thing as a good shape worn among the quality; you fine waists are clear out, madam.

Lure. And why did not you plump up my stays to

the fashionable size?

Rem. I made them to fit you, madam.

Lure. Fit me! fit my monkey. What, d'ye think I wear clothes to please myself! Fit me! fit the fashion, pray; no matter for me—I thought something was the matter, I wanted quality-air. Pray, Mr. Remnant, let me have a bulk of quality, a spreading counter. I do remember now, the ladies in the apartments, the birth-night, were most of them two yards about. Indeed, sir, if you contrive my things any more with your scanty chambermaid's air, you shall work no more for me.

Rem. I shall take care to please your ladyship for the future. [*Exit.*

A Servant enters.

Serv. Madam, my master desires——

Lure. Hold, hold, fellow; for gad's sake, hold; if thou touch my clothes with that tobacco breath of thine, I shall poison the whole drawing-room. Stand at the door pray, and speak. (*Servant goes to the door and speaks.*)

Serv. My master, madam, desires——

Lure. Oh, hideous! Now the rascal bellows so loud that he tears my head to pieces. Here, awkwardness, go take the booby's message, and bring it to me.

(*Maid goes to the door, whispers, and returns.*)

Cham. My master desires to know how your ladyship rested last night, and if you are pleased to admit of a visit this morning.

Lure. Ay—why this is civil. 'Tis an insupportable toil though for women of quality to model their husbands to good breeding.

George Farquhar (1678–1707).

THE BORROWER.

Richmore. You may keep the letter.

Young Wou'd-be. But why would you trust it with me? You know I can't keep a secret that has any scandal in 't.

Rich. For that reason I communicate it. I know thou art a perfect Gazette, and will spread the news all over the town; for you must understand that I am now besieging another, and I would have the fame of my conquest upon the wing, that the town may surrender the sooner.

Y. W. But if the report of your cruelty goes along with that of your valour, you'll find no garrison of any strength will open their gates to you.

Rich. No, no; women are cowards, terror prevails upon them more than clemency; my best pretence to my success with the fair is my using them ill; 'tis turning their own guns upon them, and I have always found it the most successful battery to assail one reputation by sacrificing another.

Y. W. I could love thee for thy mischief, did I not envy thee for thy success in it.

Rich. You never attempt a woman of figure.

Y. W. How can I? This confounded hump of mine is such a burden to my back that it presses me down here in the dirt and diseases of Covent Garden, the low suburbs of pleasure. Curst fortune! I am a younger brother, and yet cruelly deprived of my birthright, a handsome person; seven thousand a

year, in a direct line, would have straightened my back to some purpose. But I look, in my present circumstances, like a branch of another kind, grafted only upon the stock which makes me look so crooked.

Rich. Come, come, 'tis no misfortune, your father is so as well as you.

Y. W. Then why should not I be a lord as well as he? Had I the same title to the deformity I could bear it.

Rich. But how does my lord bear the absence of your twin-brother?

Y. W. My twin-brother? Ay, 'twas his crowding me that spoiled my shape, and his coming half-an-hour before me that ruined my fortune. My father expelled me from his house some two years ago, because I would have persuaded him that my twin-brother was a bastard. He gave me my portion, which was about fifteen hundred pounds, and I have spent two thousand of it already. As for my brother, he don't care a farthing for me.

Rich. Why so, pray?

Y. W. A very odd reason—because I hate him.

Rich. How should he know that?

Y. W. Because he thinks it reasonable it should be so.

Rich. But did your actions ever express any malice to him?

Y. W. Yes; I would fain have kept him company; but being aware of my kindness, he went abroad. He has travelled these five years, and I am told is a grave, sober fellow, and in danger of living a great

while; all my hope is, that when he gets into his honour and estate the nobility will soon kill him by drinking him up to his dignity. But come, Frank, I have but two eyesores in the world, a brother before me and a hump behind me, and thou art still laying them in my way; let us assume an argument of less severity. Can'st thou lend me a brace of hundred pounds?

Rich. What would you do with them?

Y. W. Do with them? There's a question indeed. Do you think I would eat them?

Rich. Yes, o' my troth would you, and drink them together. Look 'e, Mr. Wou'd-be, whilst you kept well with your father, I could have ventured to have lent you five guineas. But as the case stands, I can assure you I have lately paid off my sister's fortune, and ——

Y. W. Sir, this put-off looks like an affront, when you know I don't use to take such things.

Rich. Sir, your demand is rather an affront, when you know I don't use to give such things.

Y. W. Sir, I'll pawn my honour.

Rich. That's mortgaged already for more than it is worth; you had better pawn your sword there, 'twill bring you forty shillings.

Y. W. 'Sdeath, sir——[*Takes his sword off the table.*

Rich. Hold, Mr. Wou'dbe—suppose I put an end to your misfortunes all at once.

Y. W. How, sir?

Rich. Why, go to a magistrate and swear you would have robbed me of two hundred pounds. Look 'e, sir, you have been often told that your

extravagance would some time or other be the ruin of you; and it will go a great way in your indictment to have turned the pad upon your friend.

Y. W. This usage is the height of ingratitude from you, in whose company I have spent my fortune.

Rich. I'm therefore a witness that it was very ill spent. Why would you keep company, be at equal expenses with me, that have fifty times your estate? What was gallantry in me was prodigality in you; mine was my health, because I could pay for it; yours a disease, because you could not.

Y. W. And is this all I must expect from our friendship?

Rich. Friendship! Sir, there can be no such thing without an equality.

Y. W. That is, there can be no such thing when there is occasion for 't.

Rich. Right, sir—our friendship was over a bottle only; and whilst you can pay your club of friendship, I'm that way your humble servant; but when once you come borrowing, I'm this way—your humble servant. [*Exit.*

Y. W. Rich, big, proud, arrogant villain! I have been twice his second, thrice sick of the same love, and thrice cured by the same physic, and now he drops me for a trifle—that an honest fellow in his cups should be such a rogue when he is sober! The narrow-hearted rascal has been drinking coffee this morning. Well, thou dear solitary half-crown, adieu! Here, Jack, take this, pay for a bottle of wine, and bid Balderdash bring it himself. [*Exit Servant.*] How melancholy are my poor breeches; not one chink! Thou art a villainous hand, for thou hast picked my

pocket. This vintner now has all the marks of an honest fellow, a broad face, a copious look, a strutting belly, and a jolly mien. I have brought him above three pounds a night for these two years successively. The rogue has money, I'm sure, if he would but lend it.

Enter BALDERDASH, *with a bottle and glass*.

Oh, Mr. Balderdash, good-morrow.

Bald. Noble Mr. Wou'dbe, I'm your most humble servant. I have brought you a whetting-glass, the best Old Hock in Europe; I know 'tis your drink in a morning.

Y. W. I'll pledge you, Mr. Balderdash.

Bald. Your health, sir.[*Drinks.*

Y. W. Pray, Mr. Balderdash, tell me one thing, but first sit down; now tell me plainly what you think of me?

Bald. Think of you, sir? I think that you are the honestest, noblest gentleman that ever drank a glass of wine, and the best customer that ever came into my house.

Y. W. And do you really think as you speak?

Bald. May this wine be my poison, sir, if I don't speak from the bottom of my heart.[*Drinks.*

Y. W. And how much money do you think I have spent in your house?

Bald. Why, truly, sir, by a moderate computation I do believe that I have handled of your money the best part of five hundred pounds within these two years.

Y. W. Very well! And do you think that you lie

under any obligation for the trade I have promoted to your advantage?



"I THINK THAT YOU ARE THE HONESTEST, NOBLEST GENTLEMAN THAT EVER DRANK A GLASS OF WINE."

Bald. Yes, sir; and if I can serve you in any respect, pray command me to the utmost of my ability.

Y. W. Well! thanks to my stars, there is still some honesty in wine. Mr. Balderdash, I embrace you and your kindness; I am at present a little low in cash, and must beg you to lend me a hundred pieces.

Bald. Why, truly, Mr. Wou'dbe, I was afraid it would come to this; I have had it in my head several times to caution you upon your expenses, but you were so very genteel in my house, and your liberality became you so very well, that I was unwilling to say anything that might check your disposition; but

truly, sir, I can forbear no longer to tell you that you have been a little too extravagant.

Y. W. But since you reaped the benefit of my extravagance, you will, I hope, consider my necessity.

Bald. Consider your necessity! I do, with all my heart; and must tell you, moreover, that I will be no longer accessory to it: I desire you, sir, to frequent my house no more.

Y. W. How, sir?

Bald. I say, sir, that I have an honour for my good lord your father, and will not suffer his son to run into any inconvenience. Sir, I shall order my drawers not to serve you with a drop of wine. Would you have me connive at a gentleman's destruction?

Y. W. But methinks, sir, that a person of your nice conscience should have cautioned me before.

Bald. Alas! sir, it was none of my business. Would you have me be saucy to a gentleman that was my best customer? Lack-a-day, sir, had you money to hold it out still, I had been hanged rather than be rude to you. But truly, sir, when a man is ruined, 'tis but the duty of a Christian to tell him of it.

Y. W. Will you lend me money, sir?

Bald. Will you pay me this bill, sir?

Y. W. Lend me the hundred pound, and I'll pay the bill.

Bald. Pay me the bill, and I will—not lend you the hundred pound, sir. But pray consider with yourself, now, sir; would not you think me an errant coxcomb to trust a person with money that has always been so extravagant under my eye? whose profuseness I have

seen, I have felt, I have handled? Have not I known you, sir, throw away ten pounds a-night upon a covey of pit-partridges and a setting-dog? Sir, you have made my house an ill house; my very chairs will bear you no longer. In short, sir, I desire you to frequent the “Crown” no more, sir.

Y. W. Thou sophisticated ton of iniquity, have I fattened your carcass and swelled your bags with my vital blood? Have I made you my companion to be thus saucy to me? But now I will keep you at your distance.

[*Kicks him.*

Ser. Welcome, sir![*Kicks him.*

Y. W. Well said, Jack.[*Kicks him again.*

Ser. Very welcome, sir! I hope we shall have your company another time. Welcome, sir![*He is kicked off.*

Y. W. Pray wait on him downstairs, and give him a welcome at the door too. (*Exit Servant.*) This is the punishment of hell; the very devil that tempted me to sin, now upbraids me with the crime. I have villainously murdered my fortune, and now its ghost, in the lank shape of poverty, haunts me. Is there no charm to conjure down the fiend?

George Farquhar.

WIDOW WADMAN’S EYE.

“I am half distracted, Captain Shandy,” said Mrs. Wadman, holding up her cambric handkerchief to her left eye, as she approached the door of my uncle Toby’s sentry-box; “a mote—or sand—or something

—I know not what, has got into this eye of mine;—do look into it—it is not in the white."



"'DO LOOK INTO IT,' SAID SHE."

In saying which Mrs. Wadman edged herself close in beside my uncle Toby, and squeezing herself down upon the corner of his bench, she gave him an opportunity of doing it without rising up. "Do look into it," said she.

Honest soul! thou didst look into it with as much innocency of heart as ever child looked into a raree show-box; and 'twere as much a sin to have hurt thee.

If a man will be peeping of his own accord into things of that nature, I've nothing to say to it.

My uncle Toby never did; and I will answer for him that he would have sat quietly upon a sofa from

June to January (which, you know, takes in both the hot and cold months) with an eye as fine as the Thracian Rhodope's beside him, without being able to tell whether it was a black or a blue one.

The difficulty was to get my uncle Toby to look at one at all.

'Tis surmounted. And—

I see him yonder, with his pipe pendulous in his hand, and the ashes falling out of it—looking-and looking—then rubbing his eyes—and looking again, with twice the good nature that ever Galileo looked for a spot in the sun.

In vain! for, by all the powers which animate the organ—Widow Wadman's left eye shines this moment as lucid as her right;—there is neither mote, nor sand, nor dust, nor chaff, nor speck, nor particle of opaque matter floating in it. There is nothing, my dear paternal uncle! but one lambent delicious fire, furtively shooting out from every part of it, in all directions into thine.

If thou lookest, uncle Toby, in search of this mote one moment longer, thou art undone.

An eye is, for all the world, exactly like a cannon, in this respect, that it is not so much the eye or the cannon in themselves, as it is the carriage of the eye —and the carriage of the cannon; by which both the one and the other are enabled to do so much execution. I don't think the comparison a bad one; however, as 'tis made and placed at the head of the chapter, as much for use as ornament, all I desire in return is that whenever I speak of Mrs. Wadman's eyes (except once in the next period) that you keep it in your fancy.

"I protest, Madam," said my uncle Toby, "I can see nothing whatever in your eye."

"It is not in the white," said Mrs. Wadman. My uncle Toby looked with might and main into the pupil.

Now, of all the eyes which ever were created, from your own, Madam, up to those of Venus herself, which certainly were as venereal a pair of eyes as ever stood in a head, there never was an eye of them all so fitted to rob my uncle Toby of his repose as the very eye at which he was looking;—it was not, Madam, a rolling eye—a romping, or a wanton one, —nor was it an eye sparkling, petulant, or imperious —of high claims and terrifying exactions, which would have curdled at once that milk of human nature of which my uncle Toby was made up; but 'twas an eye full of gentle salutations—and soft responses—speaking—not like the trumpet-stop of some ill-made organ, in which many an eye I talk to holds coarse converse, but whispering soft—like the last low accents of an expiring saint-"How can you live comfortless, Captain Shandy, and alone, without a bosom to lean your head on—or trust your cares to?"

It was an eye——

But I shall be in love with it myself if I say another word about it.

It did my uncle Toby's business.

Laurence Sterne (1713–1768).

BUMPERS, SQUIRE JONES.

Ye good fellows all,
Who love to be told where good claret's in store,
Attend to the call
Of one who's ne'er frighted,
But greatly delighted
With six bottles more.
Be sure you don't pass
The good house, Moneyglass,
Which the jolly red god so peculiarly owns,
'Twill well suit your humour—
For, pray, what would you more,
Than mirth with good claret, and bumpers, Squire Jones?

Ye lovers who pine
For lasses that oft prove as cruel as fair,
Who whimper and whine
For lilies and roses,
With eyes, lips, and noses,
Or tip of an ear!
Come hither, I'll show ye
How Phillis and Chloe
No more shall occasion such sighs and such groans;
For what mortal's so stupid
As not to quit Cupid,
When called to good claret, and bumpers, Squire Jones?

Ye poets who write,
And brag of your drinking famed Helicon's brook,—
Though all you get by it
Is a dinner ofttimes,
In reward for your rhymes,
With Humphry the Duke,—
Learn Bacchus to follow,
And quit your Apollo,
Forsake all the Muses, those senseless old crones:
Our jingling of glasses
Your rhyming surpasses
When crowned with good claret, and

bumpers, Squire Jones.

Ye soldiers so stout,
With plenty of oaths, though no plenty of coin,
Who make such a rout
Of all your commanders,
Who served us in Flanders,
And eke at the Boyne,—
Come leave off your rattling
Of sieging and battling,
And know you'd much better to sleep in whole bones;
Were you sent to Gibraltar,
Your notes you'd soon alter,
And wish for good claret, and bumpers, Squire Jones.

Ye clergy so wise,
Who mysteries profound can demonstrate so clear,
How worthy to rise!
You preach once a week,
But your tithes never seek
Above once in a year!
Come here without failing,
And leave off your railing
'Gainst bishops providing for dull stupid drones;
Says the text so divine,
"What is life without wine?"
Then away with the claret,—a bumper, Squire Jones!

Ye lawyers so just,
Be the cause what it will, who so learnedly plead,
How worthy of trust!
You know black from white,
You prefer wrong to right,
As you chance to be fee'd:—
Leave musty reports
And forsake the king's courts,
Where dulness and discord have set up their

thrones;
Burn Salkeld and Ventris,[4]
And all your damned entries,
And away with the claret,—a bumper, Squire Jones!

Ye physical tribe
Whose knowledge consists in hard words and grimace,
Whene'er you prescribe,
Have at your devotion,
Pills, bolus, or potion,
Be what will the case;
Pray where is the need
To purge, blister, and bleed?
When, ailing yourselves, the whole faculty owns
That the forms of old Galen
Are not so prevailing
As mirth with good claret,—and bumpers, Squire Jones!

Ye fox-hunters eke,
That follow the call of the horn and the hound,
Who your ladies forsake
Before they're awake,
To beat up the brake
Where the vermin is found:—
Leave Piper and Blueman,
Shrill Duchess and Trueman,—
No music is found in such dissonant tones!
Would you ravish your ears
With the songs of the spheres,
Hark away to the claret,—a bumper, Squire Jones!

Arthur Dawson (1700?–1775).

JACK LOFTY.

Scene—CROAKER'S HOUSE.

Present—MRS. CROAKER *and* LOFTY.

Enter LOFTY, *speaking to his servant.*

Lofty. And if the Venetian ambassador, or that teasing creature, the marquis, should call, I am not at home. D— me, I'll be a pack-horse to none of them. My dear madam, I have just snatched a moment—and if the expresses to his Grace be ready, let them be sent off; they're of importance. Madam, I ask a thousand pardons.

Mrs. C. Sir, this honour——

Lofty. And, Dubardieu, if the person calls about the commission, let him know that it is made out. As for Lord Cumbercout's stale request, it can keep cold; you understand me. Madam, I ask ten thousand pardons. And, Dubardieu, if the man comes from the Cornish borough, you must do him—you must do him, I say. Madam, I ask you ten thousand pardons—and if the Russian ambassador calls—but he will scarce call to-day, I believe. And now, madam, I have just got time to express my happiness in having the honour of being permitted to profess myself your most obedient humble servant.

Mrs. C. Sir, the happiness and honour are all mine; and yet, I am only robbing the public while I detain you.

Lofty. Sink the public, madam, when the fair are to be attended. Ah! could all my hours be so charmingly devoted! Thus it is eternally: solicited for places here; teased for pensions there; and courted everywhere. I know you pity me.

Mrs. C. Excuse me, sir. "Toils of empires, pleasures are," as Waller says——

Lofty. Waller, Waller! Is he of the house?

Mrs. C. The modern poet of that name, sir.

Lofty. Oh, a modern! We men of business despise the moderns; and as for the ancients, we have no time to read them. Poetry is a pretty thing enough for our wives and daughters; but not for us. Why, now, here I stand, that know nothing of books; and yet, I believe, upon a land-carriage fishery, a stamp act, or a jaghire, I can talk my two hours without feeling the want of them.

Mrs. C. The world is no stranger to Mr. Lofty's eminence in every capacity.

Lofty. I am nothing, nothing, nothing in the world; a mere obscure gentleman. To be sure, indeed, one or two of the present ministers are pleased to represent me as a formidable man. I know they are pleased to bespatter me at all their little dirty levees; yet, upon my soul, I don't know what they see in me to treat me so! Measures, not men, have always been my mark; and I vow, by all that's honourable, my resentment has never done the men, as mere men, any manner of harm; that is, as mere men.

Mrs. C. What importance! and yet, what modesty!

Lofty. Oh, if you talk of modesty, madam, there, I own, I am accessible to praise; modesty is my foible. It was so the Duke of Brentford used to say of me, "I love Jack Lofty," he used to say; "no man has a finer knowledge of things, quite a man of information, and when he speaks upon his legs, by the lord, he's prodigious! He scouts them. And yet all men have their faults,—too much modesty is his," says his Grace.



"I CAN TALK MY TWO HOURS WITHOUT FEELING THE WANT OF THEM."

Mrs. C. And yet, I dare say, you don't want assurance when you come to solicit for your friends.

Lofty. Oh, there, indeed, I'm in bronze! Apropos, I

have just been mentioning Miss Richland's case to a certain personage; we must name no names. When I ask, I am not to be put off, madam. No, no; I take my friend by the button: a fine girl, sir; great justice in her case. A friend of mine. Borough interest. Business must be done, Mr. Secretary. I say, Mr. Secretary, her business must be done, sir. That's my way, madam.

Mrs. C. Bless me! You said all this to the Secretary of State, did you?

Lofty. I did not say the Secretary, did I? Well, curse it! since you have found me out, I will not deny it. It was to the Secretary.

Mrs. C. This was going to the fountain-head at once; not applying to the understrappers, as Mr. Honeywood would have had us.

Lofty. Honeywood! he, he! He was, indeed, a fine solicitor. I suppose you have heard what has just happened to him?

Mrs. C. Poor, dear man! no accident, I hope.

Lofty. Undone, madam, that's all. His creditors have taken him into custody. A prisoner in his own house.

Mrs. C. A prisoner in his own house? How! I am quite unhappy for him.

Lofty. Why, so am I. This man, to be sure, was immensely good-natured; but, then, I could never find that he had anything in him.

Mrs. C. His manner, to be sure, was excessive harmless; some, indeed, thought it a little dull. For my part, I always concealed my opinion.

Lofty. It can't be concealed, madam, the man was dull; dull as the last new comedy. A poor,

impracticable creature! I tried once or twice to know if he was fit for business; but he had scarce talents to be groom-porter to an orange-barrow.

Mrs. C. How differently does Miss Richland think of him; for, I believe, with all his faults, she loves him.

Lofty. Loves him! Does she? You should cure her of that, by all means. Let me see, what if she were sent to him this instant, in his present doleful situation? My life for it, that works her cure. Distress is a perfect antidote to love. Suppose we join her in the next room? Miss Richland is a fine girl, has a fine fortune, and must not be thrown away. Upon my honour, madam, I have a regard for Miss Richland; and rather than she should be thrown away, I should think it no indignity to marry her myself.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene—YOUNG HONEYWOOD'S HOUSE.

Present—SIR WILLIAM HONEYWOOD *and* MISS RICHLAND.

Sir W. Do not make any apologies, madam. I only find myself unable to repay the obligation. And yet, I have been trying my interest of late to serve you. Having learned, madam, that you had some demands upon Government, I have, though unasked, been your solicitor there.

Miss R. Sir, I am infinitely obliged to your intentions; but my guardian has employed another gentleman, who assures of success.

Sir W. Who? The important little man that visits here? Trust me, madam, he's quite contemptible among men in power, and utterly unable to serve

you. Mr. Lofty's promises are much better known to people of fashion than his person, I assure you.

Miss R. How have we been deceived! As sure as can be, here he comes.

Sir W. Does he? Remember, I am to continue unknown; my return to England has not as yet been made public. With what impudence he enters!

Enter LOFTY.

Lofty. Let the chariot—let my chariot drive off; I'll visit his Grace's in a chair. Miss Richland here before me! Punctual, as usual, to the calls of humanity. I am very sorry, madam, things of this kind should happen, especially to a man I have shown everywhere, and carried amongst us as a particular acquaintance.

Miss R. I find, sir, you have the art of making the misfortunes of others your own.

Lofty. My dear madam, what can a private man like me do? One man can't do everything—and, then, I do so much in this way every day. Let me see: something considerable might be done for him by subscription; it could not fail if I carried the list. I'll undertake to set down a brace of dukes, two dozen lords, and half the lower house, at my own peril.

Sir W. And, after all, it is more than probable, sir, he might reject the offer of such powerful patronage

Lofty. Then, madam, what can we do? You know, I never make promises. In truth, I once or twice tried to do something with him in the way of business; but, as I often told his uncle, Sir William Honeywood, the man was utterly impracticable.

Sir W. His uncle! Then that gentleman, I suppose, is a particular friend of yours?

Lofty. Meaning me, sir? Yes, madam; as I often said, "My dear Sir William, you are sensible I would do anything, as far as my poor interest goes, to serve your family;" but what can be done? There's no procuring first-rate places for ninth-rate abilities.

Miss R. I have heard of Sir William Honeywood; he's abroad in employment; he confided in your judgment, I suppose.

Lofty. Why, yes, madam; I believe Sir William had some reason to confide in my judgment; one little reason, perhaps.

Miss R. Pray, sir, what was it?

Lofty. Why, madam—but let it go no further; it was I procured him his place.

Sir W. Did you, sir?

Lofty. Either you or I, sir.

Miss R. This, Mr. Lofty, was very kind, indeed.

Lofty. I did love him; to be sure, he had some amusing qualities; no man was fitter to be toast-master to a club, or had a better head.

Miss R. A better head?

Lofty. Ay, at a bottle. To be sure, he was as dull as a choice spirit; but hang it, he was grateful—very grateful; and gratitude hides a multitude of faults.

Sir W. He might have reason, perhaps. His place is pretty considerable, I am told.

Lofty. A trifle, a mere trifle among us men of business. The truth is, he wanted dignity to fill up a greater.

Sir W. Dignity of person, do you mean, sir? I am told he is much about my size and figure, sir.

Lofty. Ay; tall enough for a marching regiment, but then he wanted a something; a consequence of form; a kind of a—I believe the lady perceives my meaning.

Miss R. Oh, perfectly; you courtiers can do anything, I see.

Lofty. My dear madam, all this is but a mere exchange; we do greater things for one another every day. Why as thus, now, let me suppose you the First Lord of the Treasury, you have an employment in you that I want; I have a place in me that you want; do me here, do you there; interest of both sides, few words, flat, done and done, and it's over.

Sir W. A thought strikes me. (*Aside.*) Now you mention Sir William Honeywood, madam, and as he seems, sir, an acquaintance of yours, you'll be glad to hear he's arrived from Italy; I had it from a friend who knows him as well as he does me, and you may depend on my information.

Lofty. The devil he is. (*Aside.*)

Sir W. He is certainly returned; and as this gentleman is a friend of yours, you can be of signal service to us, by introducing me to him; there are some papers relative to your affairs that require despatch and his inspection.

Miss R. This gentleman, Mr. Lofty, is a person employed in my affairs; I know you will serve us.

Lofty. My dear madam, I live but to serve you. Sir William shall even wait upon him, if you think proper to command it.

Sir W. That would be quite unnecessary.

Lofty. Well, we must introduce you, then. Call upon me—let me see—ay, in two days.

Sir W. Now, or the opportunity will be lost for ever.

Lofty. Well, if it must be now, now let it be. But, d—n it, that's unfortunate; my Lord Grig's cursed Pensacola business comes on this very hour, and I'm engaged to attend—another time——

Sir W. A short letter to Sir William will do.

Lofty. You shall have it; yet, in my opinion, a letter is a very bad way of going to work; face to face, that's my way.

Sir W. The letter, sir, will do quite as well.

Lofty. Zounds, sir! do you pretend to direct me—direct me in the business of office? Do you know me, sir? Who am I?

Miss R. Dear Mr. Lofty, this request is not so much his as mine; if my commands—but you despise my power.

Lofty. Sweet creature! your commands could even control a debate at midnight; to a power so constitutional, I am all obedience and tranquillity. He shall have a letter; where is my secretary, Dubardieu? And yet, I protest, I don't like this way of doing business. I think if I spoke first to Sir William —— But you will have it so.

[*Exit with Miss R.*

Scene—AN INN.

Present—SIR WILLIAM HONEYWOOD, HIS NEPHEW,

CROAKER, LOFTY, *and* MISS RICHLAND.

Enter LOFTY.

Lofty. Is the coast clear? None but friends. I have followed you here with a trifling piece of intelligence; but it goes no further, things are not yet ripe for a discovery. I have spirits working at a certain board; your affair at the Treasury will be done in less than—a thousand years. Mum!

Miss R. Sooner, sir, I should hope.

Lofty. Why, yes, I believe it may, if it falls into proper hands, that know where to push and where to parry; that know how the land lies.

Miss R. It is fallen into yours.

Lofty. Well, to keep you no longer in suspense, your thing is done. It is done, I say; that's all I have just had assurances from Lord Neverout that the claim has been examined and found admissible. Quietus is the word, madam.

Miss R. But how? his lordship has been at Newmarket these ten days.

Lofty. Indeed! then Sir Gilbert Goose must have been most d—y mistaken. I had it of him.

Miss R. He? Why, Sir Gilbert and his family have been in the country this month.

Lofty. This month? It must certainly be so. Sir Gilbert's letter did come to me from Newmarket, so that he must have met his lordship there; and so it came about. I have his letter about me; I'll read it to you. (*Taking out a large bundle.*) That's from Paoli of Corsica, that from the Marquis of Squilachi. Have you a mind to see a letter from Count Poniatowski, now King of Poland? Honest Pon—— (*Searching.*)

Oh, sir, what, are you here too? I'll tell you what, honest friend, if you have not absolutely delivered my letter to Sir William Honeywood, you may return it. The thing will do without him.

Sir W. Sir, I have delivered it, and must inform you, it was received with the most mortifying contempt.

Croa. Contempt! Mr. Lofty, what can that mean?

Lofty. Let him go on, let him go on, I say. You'll find it come to something directly.

Sir W. Yes, sir, I believe you'll be amazed; after waiting some time in the ante-chamber, after being surveyed with insolent curiosity by the passing servants, I was at last assured that Sir William Honeywood knew no such person, and I must certainly have been imposed upon.

Lofty. Good; let me die, very good. Ha, ha, ha!

Croa. Now, for my life, I can't find out half the goodness of it.

Lofty. You can't? Ha, ha!

Croa. No, for the soul of me; I think it was as confounded a bad answer as ever was sent from one private gentleman to another.

Lofty. And so you can't find out the force of the message? Why, I was in the house at that very time. Ha, ha! It was I that sent that very answer to my own letter. Ha, ha!

Croa. Indeed! How?—why?

Lofty. In one word, things between Sir William and me must be behind the curtain. A party has many eyes. He sides with Lord Buzzard, I side with

Sir Gilbert Goose. So that unriddles the mystery.

Croa. And so it does, indeed, and all my suspicions are over.

Lofty. Your suspicions! What, then, you have been suspecting, you have been suspecting, have you? Mr. Croaker, you and I were friends, we are friends no longer.

Croa. As I hope for your favour, I did not mean to offend. It escaped me. Don't be discomposed.

Lofty. Zounds, sir! but I am discomposed, and will be discomposed. To be treated thus! Who am I? Was it for this I have been dreaded both by ins and outs? Have I been libelled in the *Gazetteer* and praised in the *St. James's*? Have I been chaired at Wildman's, and a speaker at Merchant Tailors' Hall? Have I had my hand to addresses, and my head in the print-shops, and talk to me of suspects!

Croa. My dear sir, be pacified. What can you have but asking pardon?

Lofty. Sis, I will not be pacified! Suspects! Who am I? To be used thus, have I paid court to men in favour to serve my friends, the Lords of the Treasury, Sir William Honeywood, and the rest of the gang, and talk to me of suspects! Who am I, I say—who am I?

Sir W. Since, sir, you're so pressing for an answer, I'll tell you who you are. A gentleman, as well acquainted with politics as with men in power; as well acquainted with persons of fashion as with modesty; with the Lords of the Treasury as with truth; and with all, as you are with Sir William Honeywood. I am Sir William Honeywood.

[*Discovers his ensigns of the Bath.*

Croa. Sir William Honeywood!

Hon. Astonishment! my uncle![*Aside.*

Lofty. So, then, my confounded genius has been all this time only leading me up to the garret, in order to fling me out of the window.

Croa. What, Mr. Importance, and are these your works? Suspect you! You who have been dreaded by the ins and outs. You who have had your hand to addresses, and your head stuck up in print-shops. If you were served right, you should have your head stuck up in the pillory.

Lofty. Ay, stick it where you will; for, by the lord, it cuts but a very poor figure where it sticks at present.

Oliver Goldsmith (1728–1774).

BEAU TIBBS.

Attracted by the serenity of the evening, my friend and I lately went to gaze upon the company in one of the public walks near the city. Here we sauntered together for some time, either praising the beauty of such as were handsome, or the dresses of such as had nothing else to recommend them. We had gone thus deliberately forward for some time, when, stopping on a sudden, my friend caught me by the elbow and led me out of the public walk. I could perceive by the quickness of his pace, and by his frequently looking behind, that he was attempting to avoid somebody who followed; we now turned to the right, then to the left; as we went forward, he still went faster, but in vain; the person whom he attempted to escape hunted us through every doubling, and gained upon

us each moment, so that at last we fairly stood still, resolving to face what we could not avoid.



"'YOU KNOW I HATE FLATTERY,—ON MY SOUL, I DO.'"

Our pursuer soon came up, and joined us with all the familiarity of an old acquaintance. "My dear Drybone," cries he, shaking my friend's hand, "where have you been hiding this half a century? Positively I had fancied you were gone to cultivate matrimony and your estate in the country." During the reply, I had an opportunity of surveying the appearance of our new companion: his hat was pinched up with peculiar smartness; his looks were pale, thin, and sharp; round his neck he wore a broad black riband, and in his bosom a buckle studded with glass; his coat was trimmed with tarnished twist; he wore by his side a sword with a black hilt, and his stockings

of silk, though newly washed, were grown yellow by long service. I was so much engaged with the peculiarity of his dress, that I attended only to the latter part of my friend's reply, in which he complimented Mr. Tibbs on the taste of his clothes and the bloom in his countenance. "Pshaw, pshaw, Will," cried the figure, "no more of that, if you love me; you know I hate flattery,—on my soul, I do; and yet, to be sure, an intimacy with the great will improve one's appearance, and a course of venison will fatten; and yet, faith, I despise the great as much as you do; but there are a great many damn'd honest fellows among them, and we must not quarrel with one half because the other wants weeding. If they were all such as my Lord Mudler, one of the most good-natured creatures that ever squeezed a lemon, I should myself be among the number of their admirers. I was yesterday to dine at the Duchess of Piccadilly's. My lord was there. 'Ned,' says he to me; 'Ned,' says he, 'I'll hold gold to silver I can tell where you were poaching last night?' 'Poaching, my lord?' says I; 'faith, you have missed already; for I stayed at home, and let the girls poach for me. That's my way: I take a fine woman as some animals do their prey—stand still, and swoop, they fall into my mouth.'"

"Ah! Tibbs, thou art a happy fellow," cried my companion, with looks of infinite pity; "I hope your fortune is as much improved as your understanding in such company?" "Improved!" replied the other; "you shall know,—but let it go no farther—a great secret—five hundred a year to begin with—my lord's word of honour for it. His lordship took me down in his own chariot yesterday, and we had a *tête-à-tête* dinner in the country, where we talked of nothing else." "I fancy you forget, sir," cried I, "you told us but this moment of your dining yesterday in town."

"Did I say so?" replied he, coolly; "to be sure, if I said so, it was so. Dined in town; egad, now I do remember I did dine in town; but I dined in the country, too; for you must know, my boys, I eat two dinners. By-the-bye, I am grown as nice as the devil in my eating. We were a select party of us to dine at Lady Grogram's,—an affected piece, but let it go no farther—a secret. Well, there happened to be no asafœtida in the sauce to a turkey, upon which says I, 'I'll hold a thousand guineas, and say done first, that—— ' But, dear Drybone, you are an honest creature; lend me half-a-crown for a minute or two, or so, just till—but hearkee, ask me for it the next time we meet, or it may be twenty to one but I forget to pay you."

My little Beau yesterday overtook me again in one of the public walks, and, slapping me on the shoulder, saluted me with an air of the most perfect familiarity. His dress was the same as usual, except that he had more powder in his hair, wore a dirtier shirt, a pair of temple spectacles, and his hat under his arm.

As I knew him to be a harmless, amusing little thing, I could not return his smiles with any degree of severity; so we walked forward on terms of the utmost intimacy, and in a few minutes discussed all the usual topics preliminary to particular conversation. The oddities that marked his character, however, soon began to appear; he bowed to several well-dressed persons, who, by their manner of returning the compliment, appeared perfect strangers. At intervals he drew out a pocket-book,

seeming to take memorandums before all the company, with much importance and assiduity. In this manner he led me through the length of the whole walk, fretting at his absurdities, and fancying myself laughed at not less than him by every spectator. When we were got to the end of our procession, “Blast me,” cries he, with an air of vivacity, “I never saw the Park so thin in my life before! There’s no company at all to-day; not a single face to be seen.” “No company!” interrupted I, peevishly; “no company where there is such a crowd? why, man, there’s too much. What are the thousands that have been laughing at us but company?” “Lord, my dear,” returned he with the utmost good-humour, “you seem immensely chagrined; but, blast me, when the world laughs at me, I laugh at the world, and so we are even. My Lord Trip, Bill Squash the Creolian, and I, sometimes make a party at being ridiculous; and so we say and do a thousand things for the joke’s sake. But I see you are grave, and if you are for a fine, grave, sentimental companion, you shall dine with me and my wife to-day; I must insist on’t. I’ll introduce you to Mrs. Tibbs, a lady of as elegant qualifications as any in nature; she was bred (but that’s between ourselves) under the inspection of the Countess of All-Night. A charming body of voice; but no more of that,—she will give us a song. You shall see my little girl, too, Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Tibbs, a sweet, pretty creature! I design her for my Lord Drumstick’s eldest son; but that’s in friendship—let it go no farther: she’s but six years old, and yet she walks a minuet, and plays on the guitar immensely already. I intend she shall be as perfect as possible in every accomplishment. In the first place, I’ll make her a scholar; I’ll teach her Greek myself, and learn that

language purposely to instruct her; but let that be a secret."

Thus saying, without waiting for a reply, he took me by the arm and hauled me along. We passed through many dark alleys and winding ways; for, from some motives to me unknown, he seemed to have a particular aversion to every frequented street; at last, however, we got to the door of a dismal-looking house in the outlets of the town, where he informed me he chose to reside for the benefit of the air. We entered the lower door, which ever seemed to lie most hospitably open; and I began to ascend an old and creaking staircase, when, as he mounted to show me the way, he demanded whether I delighted in prospects; to which, answering in the affirmative, "Then," says he, "I shall show you one of the most charming in the world out of my window; you shall see the ships sailing and the whole country for twenty miles round, tip top, quite high. My Lord Swamp would give ten thousand guineas for such a one; but, as I sometimes pleasantly tell him, I always love to keep my prospects at home, that my friends may visit me the oftener."

By this time we were arrived as high as the stairs would permit us to ascend, till we came to what he was facetiously pleased to call the first floor down the chimney; and knocking at the door, a voice from within demanded, "Who's there?" My conductor answered that it was him. But this not satisfying the querist, the voice again repeated the demand; to which he answered louder than before; and now the door was opened by an old woman with cautious reluctance. When we were got in, he welcomed me to his house with great ceremony, and turning to the old woman, asked where was her lady. "Good troth,"

replied she in a peculiar dialect, “she’s washing your twa shirts at the next door, because they have taken an oath against lending out the tub any longer.” “My two shirts!” cried he in a tone that faltered with confusion, “what does the idiot mean?” “I ken what I mean weel enough,” replied the other; “she’s washing your twa shirts at the next door, because ——” “Fire and fury, no more of thy stupid explanations!” cried he; “go and inform her we have got company. Were that Scotch hag,” continued he, turning to me, “to be for ever in my family, she would never learn politeness, nor forget that absurd poisonous accent of hers, or testify the smallest specimen of breeding or high life; and yet it is very surprising, too, as I had her from a parliament man, a friend of mine from the Highlands, one of the politest men in the world; but that’s a secret.”

We waited some time for Mrs. Tibbs’ arrival, during which interval I had a full opportunity of surveying the chamber and all its furniture, which consisted of four chairs with old wrought bottoms, that he assured me were his wife’s embroidery; a square table that had been once japanned; a cradle in one corner, a lumbering cabinet in the other; a broken shepherdess, and a mandarine without a head, were stuck over the chimney; and round the walls several paltry unframed pictures, which, he observed, were all his own drawing. “What do you think, sir, of that head in the corner, done in the manner of Grisoni? there’s the true keeping in it; it is my own face, and though there happens to be no likeness, a Countess offered me a hundred for its fellow; I refused her, for, hang it, that would be mechanical, you know.”

The wife at last made her appearance, at once a

slattern and a coquette; much emaciated, but still carrying the remains of beauty. She made twenty apologies for being seen in such odious deshabille, but hoped to be excused, as she had stayed out all night with the Countess, who was excessively fond of the horns. “And, indeed, my dear,” added she, turning to her husband, “his lordship drank your health in a bumper.” “Poor Jack!” cries he, “a dear, good-natured fellow; I know he loves me. But I hope, my dear, you have given orders for dinner; you need make no great preparations neither, there are but three of us; something elegant, and little, will do,—a turbot, an ortolan, a—— ” “Or what do you think, my dear,” interrupts the wife, “of a nice pretty bit of ox-cheek, piping hot, and dressed with a little of my own sauce?” “The very thing!” replies he; “it will eat best with some smart bottled beer; but be sure to let us have the sauce his Grace was so fond of. I hate your immense loads of meat; that is country all over; extremely disgusting to those who are in the least acquainted with high life.” By this time my curiosity began to abate and my appetite to increase: the company of fools may at first make us smile, but at last never fails of rendering us melancholy; I therefore pretended to recollect a prior engagement, and after having shown my respect to the house, according to the fashion of the English, by giving the old servant a piece of money at the door, I took my leave; Mrs. Tibbs assuring me that dinner, if I stayed, would be ready at least in less than two hours.

Oliver Goldsmith.



“A CHIRPING CUP IS MY MATIN SONG.”

THE FRIAR OF ORDERS GREY.

I am a friar of orders grey:
As down the valley I take my way,
I pull not blackberry, haw, or hip,
Good store of venison does fill my scrip:
My long bead-roll I merrily chaunt,
Where'er I walk, no money I want;
And why I'm so plump the reason I'll tell—
Who leads a good life is sure to live well.
What baron or squire
Or knight of the shire
Lives half so well as a holy friar!

After supper, of heaven I dream,
But that is fat pullet and clouted cream.
Myself, by denial, I mortify
With a dainty bit of a warden pie:
I'm clothed in sackcloth for my sin:
With old sack wine I'm lined within:
A chirping cup is my matin song,
And the vesper bell is my bowl's ding dong.
What baron or squire
Or knight of the shire
Lives half so well as a holy friar!

John O'Keeffe (1747–1833).

THE TAILOR AND THE UNDERTAKER.

(*The two tradesmen call for orders respecting a supposed corpse.*)

Enter SHEARS, *a tailor, and* GRIZLEY, *a servant.*

Griz. Mr. Shears, sir,—I'll tell him, sir.

Shears. Yes, Mr. Shears, to take orders for his mourning. (*Exit* GRIZLEY.) A bailiff shall carry them home, tho'—yet no tailor in town so complacently suits his own dress to the present humour of his

employer—to a brisk bridegroom, I'm white as a swan, and here, to this woful widower, I appear black—black as my own goose.

Enter UNDERTAKER.

Under. "Hearse—mourning-coaches—scarfs—pall." Um—ay—if the cash was plenty this might turn out a pretty sprightly funeral.

Shears. Servant, sir.

Under. Scarfs—a merry death—coffin—um—ay ——

Shears. A sudden affair this, sir.

Under. Sudden—ah! I'm always prepared for death.

Shears. Sign of a good liver.

Under. No tradesman within the bills of mortality lives better.

Shears. You've many customers then, sir?

Under. Not one breathing.

Shears. You disoblige them, perhaps?

Under. Why, the truth is, sir, tho' my friends would die to serve me, yet I can't keep one three days without turning up my nose at him—Od so! I forgot to take measure of the body.

Shears (*aside*). Oh, oh!—a brother tailor—you measure nobody here.

Under. Yes, I shall—Mr. Sandford's body.

Shears. For what, pray?

Under. For a wooden surtout lined with white

satin.

Shears (*aside*). Odd sort of mourning!—But, sir, I have the business of this family.

Under. You! I know I have had it since St. James's churchyard was set on fire by old Mattack the grave-digger, twenty years last influenza business. I have nineteen bodies under lock and key this moment.

Shears. You may have bodies, skirts, cuffs, and buttons—my business!—ask my foreman—I don't set a stitch—I'm merely an undertaker.

Under. Undertaker! so am I!—and for work——

Shears. Now I do no work—I cut out indeed——

Under. Cut out! oh, you embowel 'em, perhaps—can you make a mummy in the Egyptian fashion?

Shears. I never made masquerade habits.

Under. What! could you stuff a person of rank, to send him sweet over sea?

Shears. Stuff! persons of rank—Irish tabinets are in style for people of rank.

Under. Nothing like sage, thyme, pepper and salt.

Shears. Pepper and salt!—thunder and lightning!—for a colour!

Under. Thunder and lightning! why, you are in the clouds, man—in one word, could you pickle a Duke?

Shears. I pickle a Duke!

Under. Could you place a lozenge over a window, or make out a coat for a hatchment, without the help of a herald?

Shears. Mr. Hatchment! never made a coat for a gentleman of that name.

Under. Mr. Hatchment—you've a skull as thick as a tombstone.

Shears. Mayhap so, but I'll let you know no cross-legg'd and bandy button-making, Bedford-bury, shred-seller shall rip a customer from me.

Under. Friend, depart in peace—or my cane shall make you a *memento mori* to all impertinent rascals.

Shears. Here's a cowardly advantage! to attack a naked man—lay by your cane, and I'll talk to you.

(*The* UNDERTAKER *throws down his cane, which* SHEARS *takes up and beats him with.*)

Under. Oh, death and treachery! help! murder!

Enter DENNIS.

Den. Hey! what's all this?



"I PERCEIVE THIS MISTAKE."

Under. A villain!—why, here's another undertaker insists that he's to bury your master.

Shears. Oh, thread and needles! I bury a gentleman! but, egad, you're a frolicsome tailor.

Under. Tailor! oh, you son of a sexton! call you me tailor? a more capital undertaker than yourself.

Shears. Zounds, man, I'm no undertaker! I'm a tailor.

Under. And, zounds, man—tailor, I mean—I'm an undertaker.

Den. (*aside*). I perceive this mistake. One word, good gentlemen mechanics—Mr. Tailor!

Shears. Sir!

Den. My lady is not dead.

Shears. Your lady not dead!

Den. No, nor my master neither.

Under. Your master not dead!

Den. No.

Under. Then perhaps he don't want to be buried!

Den. Not alive, I believe.

Under. The most good-for-nothing family in the parish.

Shears. By these shears, parchment of mine shall never cross a shoulder in it.[*Exit.*

Under. Zounds, I'll go home and bury myself for the good of my family.[*Exit.*

John O'Keeffe.

TOM GROG.

Present—TOM GROG *and* RUPEE.

Rupee. I drink tea at Sir Toby Tacit's this evening.

Tom, you'll come—I'll introduce you to the ladies; you'll see my intended sposa, Cornelia.

Grog. Ay, give me her little waiting-maid, Nancy. If I can get her to my berth in the Minories, I shall be as happy as an Admiral.

Rupee. Admiral! *apropos*—I shall be married to-morrow—Tom, you'll dress to honour my wedding?

Grog. Ay, if the tailor brings home my new rigging. But now you talk of a wife, the first time I ever saw my wife, the pretty Peggy, was on Portsmouth ramparts, full dress'd, streamers flying, gay as a commissioner's yacht at a naval review—What cheer, my heart! says I—she bore away; love gave signal for chase, so I crowded sail, threw a salute shot across her fore-foot to make her bring-to; prepared for an engagement, we came to close quarters, grappled. I threw a volley of kisses at her round-top, she struck—next day, with a cheer, I took my prize in tow to Farum Church, and the parson made out my warrant for command—captain of the Pretty Peggy fifteen years; then she foundered in Blanket Bay—Death took charge, and left me to swim thro' life, and keep my chin above water as long as I cou'd.

Rupee. Tom, you may be chin-deep, but water can never reach your lips unless mixed with brandy—brandy! *apropos*, now for the ladies.

Grog. Well, sheer off; d'ye see, I have business at the Admiralty, and then I bear away for Tower Hill, to meet some Hearts of Oak.

Rupee. Adieu, my Man of War; my *vis-a-vis* is at St. James' Gate, so, Tom, farewell; and now, hey for the land of love. [*Exit.*

Grog. Now must I cruise in the channel of Charing Cross, to look out for this lubber that affronted me aboard the *Dreadnought*. I heard he put in at the Admiralty—Hold! is Rupee gone? If he thought I went to fight, mayhap he'd bring the Master-at-Arms upon me, and have me in the bilboes—Smite my timbers! there goes the enemy.

Enter STERN (*crossing*).

I'll hail him—yo! ho!

Stern. What cheer?

Grog. You're Sam Stern?

Stern. Yes.

Grog. Do you remember me?

Stern. Remember! Yes, though you're rich now, you're still Tom Grog.

Grog. You affronted me aboard the *Dreadnought*; the Spaniards were then in view, and I didn't think it time to resent private quarrels when it is our duty to thrash the enemies of our country; but, Sam Stern, you are the man that affronted Tom Grog.

Stern. Mayhap so.

Grog. Mayhap you'll fight me?



“WHAT CHEER?”

Stern. I will—when and where?

Grog. The *where* is here, and *when* is now; and slap’s the word. (*Lays his hand on his hanger.*) But hold, we must steer off the open sea into some creek.

Stern. But I’ve neither cutlash nor pistols.

Grog. I saw a handsome cutlash and a pretty pair of barking-irons in a pawnbroker’s window; come, it lies on our way to the War Office.

Stern. I should like to touch at the *Victualling* Office in our voyage.

Grog. Why, ha’n’t you dined?

Stern. I’ve none to eat.

Grog. A seaman in England without a dinner!

that's hard, d—d hard! there's money—pay me when you can. (*Gives a handful of money.*)

Stern. How much?

Grog. I don't know—get your dinner—buy the arms—meet me in two hours at Deptford, and, shiver me like a biscuit, if I don't blow your head off.

Stern. Then I can't pay you your money.

Grog. True; but mayhap you may take off mine; and if so, I shall have no occasion for it.

Stern. Right, I forgot that.

(*Wipes his eyes with his sleeve.*)

Grog. What do you snivel for?

Stern. What a dog am I to use a man ill, and now be obliged to him for a meal's meat.

Grog. Then you own you've used me ill! Ask my pardon.

Stern. I'll be d—d if I do.

Grog. Then take it without asking. You're cursed saucy, but you're a good seaman; and hark ye, Sam, the brave man, though he scorns the fear of punishment, is always afraid to deserve it. Come, when you've stowed your bread-room, a bowl of punch shall again set friendship afloat. (*Shake hands.*)

Stern. Oh, I'm a lubber!

Grog. Avast! Swab the spray from your bows! poor fellow! don't heed, my soul! whilst you've the heart of a lion, never be ashamed of the feelings of a man.

John O'Keeffe.

BULLS.

In a speech on the threatened French invasion into Ireland, made, like the rest, in the Irish House of Commons, Sir Boyle Roche said—

"Mr. Speaker, if we once permitted the villainous French masons to meddle with the buttresses and walls of our ancient constitution, they would never stop nor stay, sir, till they brought the foundation-stones tumbling down about the ears of the nation.... Here, perhaps, sirs, the murderous Marshellaw men (Marseillais) would break in, cut us to mincemeat, and throw our bleeding heads upon that table, to stare us in the face."

When a member had committed a breach of privilege, and the sergeant-at-arms was censured for letting him escape, he said—

"How could the sergeant-at-arms stop him in the rear, while he was catching him in the front? Could he, like a bird, be in two places at once?"

In opposing a proposed grant for some public works, he said—

"What, Mr. Speaker, and so we are to beggar ourselves for the fear of vexing posterity? Now, I would ask the honourable gentleman, and this still more honourable house, why we should put ourselves out of our way to do anything for posterity; for what has posterity done for us! (Laughter.) I apprehend gentlemen have entirely mistaken my words. I assure the house that by posterity I do not mean my ancestors, but those who are to come immediately after them."

Sir Boyle Roche (1740?—1807).



THE MONKS OF THE SCREW.

When St. Patrick this order established,
He called us the “Monks of the Screw”;
Good rules he revealed to our abbot
To guide us in what we should do.
But first he replenished our fountain
With liquor the best from on high;
And he said, on the word of a saint,
That the fountain should never run dry.

Each year, when your octaves approach,
In full chapter convened let me find you;
And when to the convent you come,
Leave your favourite temptation behind you.
And be not a glass in your convent—
Unless on a festival—found;
And, this rule to enforce, I ordain it
One festival all the year round.

My brethren, be chaste—till you’re tempted;
While sober, be grave and discreet;
And humble your bodies with fasting,
As oft as you’ve nothing to eat.
Yet, in honour of fasting, one lean face
Among you I’d always require;
If the abbot should please, he may wear it,

If not, let it come to the prior.

Come, let each take his chalice, my brethren,
And with due devotion, prepare,
With hands and with voices uplifted,
Our hymn to conclude with a prayer.
May this chapter oft joyously meet,
And this gladsome libation renew,
To the saint, and the founder, and abbot,
And prior, and Monks of the Screw.

John Philpot Curran (1750–1817).

ANA.

One day, when out riding with Lord Norbury, they came to a gallows, and pointing to it the judge said, "Where would you be, Curran, if that scaffold had its due?" "Riding alone, my lord," was Curran's prompt reply.

The same judge (noted for his merciless severity) was seated opposite Curran at dinner on another occasion, and asked, "Is that *hung* beef before you, Curran?" "Do you try it, my lord," replied the advocate, "and it is sure to be."

A blustering Irish barrister once told the little man he would put him in his pocket if he provoked him further. "Egad, if you do, you'll have more law in your pocket than ever you had in your head."

"Do you see anything ridiculous in my wig, Curran?" asked a vain barrister, whose displaced head-gear had caused some merriment in court. "Nothing, *except the head*, sir," answered Curran.

Another judge had the habit of continually shaking his head during Curran's addresses to the jury, and the counsel, fearing the jury might be

influenced, assured them that the judge was not expressing dissent—"when he shakes his head, *there's nothing in it*."

When he had to meet a notorious duellist named Bully Egan, whose girth was twice that of Curran's, Egan complained that the advantages were all on one side, inasmuch as he could barely see Curran's diminutive person, while Curran could hardly fail to hit him. "Oh!" said Curran, "we can soon arrange that. Let the size of my body be chalked on Mr. Egan's, and I am willing all shots outside the marks should not be counted."





THE CRUISKEEN LAWN.

Let the farmer praise his grounds,
Let the huntsman praise his hounds,
  The farmer his sweet-scented lawn;
While I, more blest than they,
Spend each happy night and day
  With my smiling little cruiskeen lawn.
    Gra-ma-chree-ma cruiskeen,
    Slainte geal ma vourneen,
    Gra-ma-chree a coolin bawn, bawn, bawn,
    Gra-ma-chree a coolin bawn!

Immortal and divine,
Great Bacchus, god of wine,

Create me by adoption your son,
In hope that you'll comply
That my glass shall ne'er run dry,
Nor my smiling little cruiskeen lawn.
Gra-ma-chree, etc.

And when grim Death appears,
After few but happy years,
And tells me my glass it is run,
I'll say, "Begone, you slave!
For great Bacchus gave me leave
Just to fill another cruiskeen lawn."
Gra-ma-chree, etc.

Then fill your glasses high,
Let's not part with lips a-dry,
Though the lark now proclaims it is dawn;
And since we can't remain,
May we shortly meet again
To fill another cruiskeen lawn.
Gra-ma-chree, etc.

Anonymous.



THE SCANDAL-MONGERS.

Scene—LADY SNEERWELL'S HOUSE.

Present—LADY SNEERWELL, MARIA, MRS. CANDOUR, *and* JOSEPH SURFACE.

Mrs. C. My dear Lady Sneerwell, how have you been this century? Mr. Surface, what news do you hear? though indeed it is no matter, for I think one hears nothing else but scandal.

Joseph. Just so, indeed, ma'am.

Mrs. C. (*to Maria*). Oh, Maria! child, what! is the whole affair off between you and Charles? His extravagance, I presume; the town talks of nothing else.

Maria. I am very sorry, ma'am, the town has so little to do.

Mrs. C. True, true, child; but there's no stopping people's tongues. I own I was hurt to hear it, as I indeed was to learn, from the same quarter, that your guardian, Sir Peter, and Lady Teazle, have not agreed lately as well as could be wished.

Maria. 'Tis strangely impertinent for people to busy themselves so.

Mrs. C. Very true, child; but what's to be done? People will talk, there's no preventing it. Why, it was but yesterday I was told that Miss Gadabout had eloped with Sir Filigree Flirt. But, lord! there's no minding what one hears; though, to be sure, I had this from very good authority.

Maria. Such reports are highly scandalous.

Mrs. C. So they are, child; shameful, shameful! But the world is so censorious, no character escapes. Lord, now, who would have suspected your friend, Miss Prim, of an indiscretion? Yet such is the ill-

nature of people that they say her uncle stopped her last week, just as she was stepping into the York mail with her dancing-master.

Maria. I'll answer for't, there are no grounds for that report.

Mrs. C. Ay, no foundation in the world, I dare swear; no more, probably, than for the story circulated last month of Mrs. Festino's affair with Colonel Cassino; though, to be sure, that matter was never rightly cleared up.

Joseph. The licence of invention some people take is monstrous, indeed.

Maria. 'Tis so; but, in my opinion, those who report such things are equally culpable.

Mrs. C. To be sure they are; tale-bearers are as bad as tale-makers; 'tis an old observation, and a very true one; but what's to be done, as I said before? how will you prevent people from talking? To-day, Mrs. Clackit assured me Mr. and Mrs. Honeymoon were at last become mere man and wife, like the rest of their acquaintance. She likewise hinted that a certain widow in the next street had got rid of her dropsy, and recovered her shape in a most surprising manner. And at the same time Miss Tattle, who was by, affirmed that Lord Buffalo had discovered his lady at a house of no extraordinary fame; and that Sir Harry Bouquet and Tom Saunter were to measure swords on a similar provocation. But, lord! do you think I would report these things? No, no! tale-bearers, as I said before, are just as bad as tale-makers.

Joseph. Ah! Mrs. Candour, if everybody had your forbearance and good nature!

Mrs. C. I confess, Mr. Surface, I cannot bear to hear people attacked behind their backs; and when ugly circumstances come out against our acquaintance, I own I always love to think the best. (LADY SNEERWELL *and* MARIA *retire*.) By-the-bye, I hope 'tis not true that your brother is absolutely ruined?

Joseph. I am afraid his circumstances are very bad, indeed, ma'am.

Mrs. C. Ah! I heard so. But you must tell him to keep up his spirits; everybody almost is in the same way. Lord Spindle, Sir Thomas Splint, and Mr. Nickit —all up, I hear, within this week; so if Charles be undone, he'll find half his acquaintance ruined, too; and that, you know, is a consolation.

Joseph. Doubtless, ma'am: a very great one.

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. Mr. Crabtree and Sir Benjamin Backbite. [*Exit.*

Lady S. So, Maria, you see your lover pursues you; positively, you shan't escape.

Enter CRABTREE *and* SIR BENJAMIN BACKBITE.

Crab. Lady Sneerwell, I kiss your hand! Mrs. Candour, I don't believe you are acquainted with my nephew, Sir Benjamin Backbite? Egad, ma'am, he has a pretty wit, and is a pretty poet, too; isn't he, Lady Sneerwell?

Sir B. Oh, fie, uncle!

Crab. Nay, egad! it is true; I back him at a rebus or a charade against the best rhymer in the kingdom.

Has your ladyship heard the epigram he wrote last week on Lady Frizzle's feather catching fire. Do, Benjamin, repeat it, or the charade you made last night extempore at Mrs. Drowzie's conversazione. Come now; your first is the name of a fish, your second a great naval commander, and——

Sir B. Uncle, now—pr'ythee——

Crab. I'faith, ma'am, 'twould surprise you to hear how ready he is at these things.

Lady S. I wonder, Sir Benjamin, you never publish anything.

Sir B. To say the truth, ma'am, 'tis very vulgar to print; and as my little productions are mostly satires and lampoons on particular people, I find they circulate more by giving copies in confidence to the friends of the parties. However, I have some love elegies, which, when favoured with this lady's smiles, I mean to give the public.

Crab. 'Fore heaven, ma'am, they'll immortalise you! you will be handed down to posterity, like Petrarch's Laura, or Waller's Sacharissa.

Sir B. Yes, madam, I think you will like them, when you shall see them on a beautiful quarto page, where a neat rivulet of text shall meander through a meadow of margin. 'Fore gad! they will be the most elegant things of their kind.

Crab. But, ladies, have you heard the news?

Mrs. C. What, sir, do you mean the report of——

Crab. No, ma'am, that's not it—Miss Nicely is going to be married to her own footman.

Mrs. C. Impossible!

Crab. Ask Sir Benjamin.

Sir B. 'Tis very true, ma'am; everything is fixed, and the wedding liveries bespoke.

Crab. Yes; and they do say there were very pressing reasons for it.

Lady S. Why, I have heard something of this before.

Mrs. C. It can't be; and I wonder any one should believe such a story of so prudent a lady as Miss Nicely.

Sir B. Oh, lud! ma'am, that's the very reason 'twas believed at once. She has always been so cautious and so reserved, that everybody was sure there was some reason for it at bottom.

Mrs. C. Why, to be sure, a tale of scandal is as fatal to the credit of a prudent lady of her stamp, as a fever is generally to those of the strongest constitutions. But there is a sort of puny sickly reputation that is always ailing, yet will outlive the robuster characters of a hundred prudes.

Sir B. True, madam; there are true valetudinarians in reputation as well as constitution; who, being conscious of their weak part, avoid the least breath of air, and supply their want of stamina by care and circumspection.

Mrs. C. Well, but this may be all a mistake. You know, Sir Benjamin, very trifling circumstances often give rise to the most injurious tales.

Crab. That they do, I'll be sworn, ma'am. Did you ever hear how Miss Piper came to lose her lover and her character last summer at Tunbridge? Sir Benjamin, you remember it?

Sir B. Oh, to be sure; the most whimsical of

circumstances.

Lady S. How was it, pray?

Crab. Why, one evening at Miss Ponto's assembly, the conversation happened to turn on the breeding Nova Scotia sheep in this country. Says a young lady in company, I have known instances of it; for Miss Letitia Piper, a first cousin of mine, had a Nova Scotia sheep that produced her twins. What! cries the lady dowager Dundizzy (who you know is as deaf as a post), has Miss Piper had twins? This mistake, as you may imagine, threw the whole company into a fit of laughter. However, 'twas the next day everywhere reported, and in a few days believed by the whole town, that Miss Letitia Piper had actually been brought to bed of a fine boy and girl; and in less than a week there were some people who could name the father, and the farmhouse where the babies were put to nurse.

Lady S. Strange, indeed!

Crab. Matter of fact, I assure you. Oh, lud! Mr. Surface, pray is it true that your uncle, Sir Oliver, is coming home?

Joseph. Not that I know of, indeed, sir.

Crab. He has been in the East Indies a long time. You can scarcely remember him, I believe? Sad comfort, whenever he returns, to hear how your brother has gone on.

Joseph. Charles has been imprudent, sir, to be sure; but I hope no busy people have already prejudiced Sir Oliver against him. He may reform.

Sir B. To be sure he may; for my part, I never believed him to be so utterly void of principle as people say; and though he has lost all his friends, I

am told nobody is better spoken of by the Jews.

Crab. That's true, egad! nephew. If the Old Jewry were a ward, I believe Charles would be an alderman: no man more popular there, 'fore gad! I hear he pays as many annuities as the Irish tontine; and that whenever he is sick, they have prayers for the recovery of his health in all the synagogues.

Sir B. Yet no man lives in greater splendour. They tell me, when he entertains his friends, he will sit down to dinner with a dozen of his own securities; have a score of tradesmen waiting in the ante-chamber, and an officer behind every guest's chair.

Joseph. This may be entertainment to you, gentlemen, but you pay very little regard to the feelings of a brother.

Maria. Their malice is intolerable. Lady Sneerwell, I must wish you a good morning. I'm not very well. [*Exit.*

Mrs. C. Oh, dear! she changes colour very much.

Lady S. Do, Mrs. Candour, follow her: she may want your assistance.

Mrs. C. That I will, with all my soul, ma'am. Poor dear girl, who knows what her situation may be? [*Exit.*

Lady S. 'Twas nothing but that she could not bear to hear Charles reflected on, notwithstanding their difference.

Sir B. The young lady's *penchant* is obvious.

Crab. But, Benjamin, you must not give up the pursuit for that; follow her, and put her into good humour. Repeat her some of your own verses. Come, I'll assist you.

Sir B. Mr. Surface, I did not mean to hurt you; but depend on't, your brother is utterly undone.

Crab. Oh, lud! ay, undone as ever man was. Can't raise a guinea!

Sir B. And everything sold, I'm told, that was movable.



"POOR DEAR GIRL, WHO KNOWS WHAT HER SITUATION MAY BE?"

Crab. I have seen one that was at his house. Not a thing left but some empty bottles that were overlooked, and the family pictures, which I believe are framed in the wainscot!

Sir B. And I'm very sorry, also, to hear some bad stories against him.

Crab. Oh! he has done many mean things, that's certain.

Sir B. But, however, as he's your brother——

Crab. We'll tell you all another opportunity.

[*Exit with* SIR BENJAMIN.

R. B. Sheridan (1751–1816).

CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE'S SUBMISSION.

Scene—CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE'S LODGINGS.

Present—CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE AND HIS FATHER.

Capt. Absolute. Now for a parental lecture. I hope he has heard nothing of the business that has brought me here. I wish the gout had held him fast in Devonshire, with all my soul!

Enter SIR ANTHONY.

Sir, I am glad to see you here, and looking so well! —your sudden arrival at Bath made me apprehensive for your health.

Sir Anth. Very apprehensive, I dare say, Jack. What, you are recruiting here, eh?

Capt. A. Yes, sir, I am on duty.

Sir Anth. Well, Jack, I am glad to see you, though I did not expect it; for I was going to write to you on a little matter of business. Jack, I have been considering that I grow old and infirm, and shall probably not trouble you long.

Capt. A. Pardon me, sir, I never saw you look more strong and hearty, and I pray fervently that you may continue so.

Sir Anth. I hope your prayers may be heard with all my heart. Well then, Jack, I have been considering that I am so strong and hearty I may

continue to plague you a long time. Now, Jack, I am sensible that the income of your commission, and what I have hitherto allowed you, is but a small pittance for a lad of your spirit.

Capt. A. Sir, you are very good.

Sir Anth. And it is my wish, while yet I live, to have my boy make some figure in the world. I have resolved, therefore, to fix you at once in a noble independence.

Capt. A. Sir, your kindness overpowers me. Yet, sir, I presume you would not wish me to quit the army?

Sir Anth. Oh! that shall be as your wife chooses.

Capt. A. My wife, sir!

Sir Anth. Ay, ay, settle that between you; settle that between you.

Capt. A. A wife, sir, did you say?

Sir Anth. Ay, a wife; why, did not I mention her before?

Capt. A. Not a word of her, sir.

Sir Anth. Od so! I mustn't forget her though—Yes, Jack, the independence I was talking of is by a marriage; the fortune is saddled with a wife; but I suppose that makes no difference.

Capt. A. Sir, sir, you amaze me!

Sir Anth. Why, what the devil's the matter with the fool? Just now you were all gratitude and duty.

Capt. A. I was, sir; you talked to me of independence and a fortune, but not a word of a wife.

Sir Anth. Why, what difference does that make? Ods life, sir! if you have the estate, you must take it with the live stock on it, as it stands.

Capt. A. Pray, sir, who is the lady?

Sir Anth. What's that to you, sir? Come, give me your promise to love, and to marry her directly.

Capt. A. Sure, sir, this is not very reasonable, to summon my affections for a lady I know nothing of!

Sir Anth. I am sure, sir, 'tis more unreasonable in you to object to a lady you know nothing of.

Capt. A. You must excuse me, sir, if I tell you, once for all, that in this point I cannot obey you.

Sir Anth. Harkye, Jack! I have heard you for some time with patience, I have been cool, quite cool; but take care; you know I am compliance itself,—when I am not thwarted! No one more easily led,—when I have my own way; but don't put me in a frenzy.

Capt. A. Sir, I must repeat it,—in this I cannot obey you.

Sir Anth. Now, d—n me! if ever I call you Jack again, while I live!

Capt. A. Nay, sir, but hear me.

Sir Anth. Sir, I won't hear a word, not a word; not one word: so give me your promise by a nod; and I'll tell you what, Jack (I mean, you dog!), if you don't, by——

Capt. A. What, sir, promise to link myself to some mass of ugliness!——

Sir Anth. Zounds, sirrah! the lady shall be as ugly as I choose: she shall have a hump on each shoulder; she shall be as crooked as the crescent; her one eye

shall roll like the bull's in Cox's museum; she shall have a skin like a mummy, and the beard of a Jew; she shall be all this, sirrah! yet, I'll make you ogle her all day, and sit up all night to write sonnets on her beauty.

Capt. A. This is reason and moderation, indeed!

Sir Anth. None of your sneering, puppy! no grinning, jackanapes!

Capt. A. Indeed, sir, I never was in a worse humour for mirth in my life.

Sir Anth. 'Tis false, sir; I know you are laughing in your sleeve! I know you'll grin when I am gone, sirrah!

Capt. A. Sir, I hope I know my duty better.

Sir Anth. None of your passion, sir! none of your violence, if you please; it won't do with me, I promise you.

Capt. A. Indeed, sir, I never was cooler in my life.

Sir Anth. 'Tis a confounded lie! I know you are in a passion at your heart; I know you are, you hypocritical young dog; but it won't do.

Capt. A. Nay, sir, upon my word——

Sir Anth. So you will fly out! Can't you be cool, like me? What the devil good can passion do? passion is of no service, you impudent, insolent, overbearing reprobate! There, you sneer again! don't provoke me! but you rely upon the mildness of my temper; you do, you dog! you play upon the meekness of my disposition! Yet, take care; the patience of a saint may be overcome at last. But mark!—I give you six hours and a half to consider of this: if you then agree, without any condition, to do

every thing on earth that I choose, why—confound you! I may in time forgive you. If not, zounds! don't enter into the same hemisphere with me! don't dare to breathe the same air, or use the same light with me; but get an atmosphere and a sun of your own! I'll strip you of your commission! I'll lodge a five-and-threepence in the hands of trustees, and you shall live on the interest. I'll disown you, I'll disinherit you, I'll unget you! and d—n me! if ever I call you Jack again! [*Exit.*]

Capt. A. Mild, gentle, considerate father! I kiss your hands.

Enter FAG.

Fag. Assuredly, sir, your father is wroth to a degree; he comes downstairs eight or ten steps at a time, muttering, growling, or thumping the banisters all the way; I and the cook's dog stand bowing at the door—rap! he gives me a stroke on the head with his cane; bids me carry that to my master; then kicking the poor turnspit into the area, d—ns us all for a puppy triumvirate! Upon my credit, sir, were I in your place, and found my father such very bad company, I should certainly drop his acquaintance.

Capt. A. Cease your impertinence, sir; did you come in for nothing more? Stand out of the way.

[*Pushes him aside, and exit.*

Fag. So! Sir Anthony trims my master; he is afraid to reply to his father, then vents his spleen on poor Fag! When one is vexed by one person, to revenge one's self on another who happens to come in the way, shows the worst of temper, the basest——

Enter ERRAND BOY.

Boy. Mr. Fag! Mr. Fag! your master calls you.

Fag. Well, you little, dirty puppy, you needn't bawl so: the meanest disposition, the——

Boy. Quick, quick, Mr. Fag!



"YOU LITTLE, IMPERTINENT, INSOLENT, KITCHEN-BRED——"

Fag. Quick, quick, you impudent jackanapes! am I to be commanded by you, too? you little, impertinent, insolent, kitchen-bred—— [*Kicks him off, and exit.*

Scene—THE NORTH PARADE.

Enter CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE.

Capt. A. 'Tis just as Fag told me, indeed. Whimsical enough, 'faith. My father wants to force me to marry the very girl I am plotting to run away with. He must not know of my connection with her yet awhile. He has too summary a method of

proceeding in these matters; however, I'll read my recantation instantly. My conversion is something sudden, indeed; but, I can assure him, it is very sincere. So, so, here he comes; he looks plaguy gruff. (*Steps aside.*)

Enter SIR ANTHONY.

Sir Anth. No—I'll sooner die than forgive him! Die, did I say? I'll live these fifty years to plague him. At our last meeting, his impudence had almost put me out of temper; an obstinate, passionate, self-willed boy! Who can he take after? This is my return for getting him before all his brothers and sisters! for putting him at twelve years old into a marching regiment, and allowing him fifty pounds a year, besides his pay, ever since! But I've done with him; he's anybody's son for me: I never will see him more, never, never; never, never.

Capt. A. Now for a penitential face! (*Advances.*)

Sir Anth. Fellow, get out of the way!

Capt. A. Sir, you see a penitent before you.

Sir Anth. I see an impudent scoundrel before me.

Capt. A. A sincere penitent. I am come, sir, to acknowledge my error, and to submit entirely to your will.

Sir Anth. What's that?

Capt. A. I have been revolving, and reflecting, and considering on your past goodness, and kindness, and condescension to me.

Sir Anth. Well, sir?

Capt. A. I have been likewise weighing and balancing what you were pleased to mention

concerning duty, and obedience, and authority.

Sir Anth. Well, puppy?

Capt. A. Why, then, sir, the result of my reflections is, a resolution to sacrifice every inclination of my own to your satisfaction.

Sir Anth. Why, now you talk sense, absolute sense; I never heard anything more sensible in my life. Confound you! you shall be Jack again.



"SIR, YOU SEE A PENITENT BEFORE YOU."

Capt. A. I am happy in the appellation.

Sir Anth. Why then, Jack, my dear Jack, I will now inform you who the lady really is. Nothing but your passion and violence, you silly fellow, prevented me

telling you at first. Prepare, Jack, for wonder and rapture—prepare. What think you of Miss Lydia Languish?

Capt. A. Languish! What, the Languishes of Worcestershire?

Sir Anth. Worcestershire! no. Did you never meet Mrs. Malaprop and her niece, Miss Languish, who came into our country just before you were last ordered to your regiment?

Capt. A. Malaprop! Languish! I don't remember ever to have heard the names before. Yet stay, I think I do recollect something—Languish—Languish —She squints, don't she? A little red-hair'd girl!

Sir Anth. Squints! A red-hair'd girl! Zounds! no!

Capt. A. Then I must have forgot; it can't be the same person.

Sir Anth. Jack! Jack! what think you of blooming love-breathing seventeen?

Capt. A. As to that, sir, I am quite indifferent; if I can please you in the matter, 'tis all I desire.

Sir Anth. Nay, but Jack, such eyes! such eyes! so innocently wild! so bashfully irresolute! Not a glance but speaks and kindles some thought of love! Then, Jack, her cheeks! her cheeks, Jack! so deeply blushing at the insinuations of her tell-tale eyes! Then, Jack, her lips! Oh, Jack, lips, smiling at their own discretion! and, if not smiling, more sweetly pouting—more lovely in sullenness! Then, Jack, her neck! Oh, Jack! Jack!

Capt. A. And which is to be mine, sir, the niece or her aunt?

Sir Anth. Why, you unfeeling, insensible puppy, I

despise you. When I was of your age, such a description would have made me fly like a rocket! The aunt, indeed! Ods life! when I ran away with your mother, I would not have touched anything old or ugly to gain an empire.

Capt. A. Not to please your father, sir?

Sir Anth. To please my father—Zounds! not to please—Oh, my father—Odso!—yes, yes; if my father, indeed, had desired—that's quite another matter. Though he wasn't the indulgent father that I am, Jack.

Capt. A. I dare say not, sir.

Sir Anth. But, Jack, you are not sorry to find your mistress is so beautiful?

Capt. A. Sir, I repeat it, if I please you in this affair, 'tis all I desire. Not that I think a woman the worse for being handsome; but, sir, if you please to recollect, you before hinted something about a hump or two, one eye, and a few more graces of that kind; now, without being very nice, I own I should rather choose a wife of mine to have the usual number of limbs, and a limited quantity of back: and though one eye may be very agreeable, yet, as the prejudice has always run in favour of two, I should not wish to affect a singularity in that article.

Sir Anth. What a phlegmatic sot it is! Why, sirrah, you are an anchorite! a vile, insensible stock! You a soldier! You're a walking block, fit only to dust the company's regimentals on! Ods life! I've a great mind to marry the girl myself!

Capt. A. I am entirely at your disposal, sir; if you should think of addressing Miss Languish yourself, I suppose you would have me marry the aunt; or if

you should change your mind, and take the old lady, —'tis the same to me, I'll marry the niece.

Sir Anth. Upon my word, Jack, thou art either a very great hypocrite, or—but, come, I know your indifference on such a subject must be all a lie—I'm sure it must—come now, d—n your demure face; come, confess, Jack, you have been lying—ha'n't you? You have been playing the hypocrite, eh?—I'll never forgive you, if you ha'n't been lying and playing the hypocrite.

Capt. A. I'm sorry, sir, that the respect and duty which I bear to you should be so mistaken.

Sir Anth. Hang your respect and duty! But come along with me. I'll write a note to Mrs. Malaprop, and you shall visit the lady directly. Her eyes shall be the Promethean torch to you—come along: I'll never forgive you, if you don't come back stark mad with rapture and impatience—if you don't, egad, I'll marry the girl myself. [*Exeunt.*

R. B. Sheridan.

ANA.

When some one proposed to tax milestones, Sheridan protested that it would not be constitutional or fair, as they could not meet to remonstrate.

Lord Lauderdale having declared his intention to circulate some witticism of Sheridan's, the latter hastily exclaimed, "Pray don't, my dear Lauderdale; a joke in your mouth is no laughing matter!"

Lord Erskine on one occasion said that "a wife was only a tin canister tied to one's tail." Lady Erskine

was justly annoyed at this remark, and Sheridan dashed off this impromptu:—

> "Lord Erskine, at woman presuming to rail,
> Calls a wife a tin canister tied to one's tail;
> And fair Lady Anne, while the subject he carries on,
> Seems hurt at his lordship's degrading comparison.
> But wherefore degrading? Considered aright,
> A canister's polished and useful and bright;
> And should dirt its original purity hide,
> That's the fault of the puppy to whom it is tied."

Sheridan met two sprigs of nobility one day in St. James's Street, and one of them said to him, "I say, Sherry, we have just been discussing which you were, a knave or a fool. What is your opinion on the subject?" Sheridan took each of them by the arm, and replied, "Why, faith, I believe I am between the two."

Of his parliamentary opponent, Mr. Dundas, he once said, "The honourable gentleman is indebted to his imagination for his facts, and to his memory for his jests."



"'WHY, FAITH, I BELIEVE I AM BETWEEN THE TWO.'"

When he was found intoxicated in the gutter by a night-watchman and was asked his name, he replied, "Wilberforce," meaning the eminent teetotal advocate.

Once at a parliamentary committee he found every seat occupied, and looking round, asked, "Will any gentleman *move* that I may *take the chair*?"

Michael Kelly, the singer and composer, kept a shop at the bottom of the Haymarket, where he sold wine and music. He asked Sheridan for a sign, and Sheridan gave him the following:—"Michael Kelly, composer of wine and importer of music."

MY AMBITION.

Ease often visits shepherd-swains,
Nor in the lowly cot disdains
To take a bit of dinner;

But would not for a turtle-treat,
Sit with a miser or a cheat,
Or cankered party sinner.

Ease makes the sons of labour glad,
Ease travels with the merry lad
Who whistles by his waggon;
With me she prattles all day long,
And choruses my simple song,
And shares my foaming flagon.

The lamp of life is soon burnt out;
Then who'd for riches make a rout,
Except a doating blockhead?
When Charon takes 'em both aboard,
Of equal worth's the miser's hoard
And spendthrift's empty pocket.

In such a scurvy world as this
We must not hope for perfect bliss,
And length of life together;
We have no moral liberty
At will to live, at will to die,
In fair or stormy weather.

Many, I see, have riches plenty—
Fine coaches, livery, servants twenty;—
Yet envy never pains me;
My appetite's as good as theirs,
I sleep as sound, as free from fears;
I've only what maintains me!

And while the precious joys I prove
Of Tom's true friendship—and the love
Of bonny black-ey'd Jenny,—
Ye gods! my wishes are confin'd
To—health of body, peace of mind,
Clean linen, and a guinea!

Edward Lysaght (1763–1810).

A WAREHOUSE FOR WIT.

It is with men of their wit, as with women of their beauty. Tell a woman she is fair, and she will not be offended that you tell her she is cruel. Tell a man that he is a wit, and if you lay to his charge ill-nature or blasphemy, he will take it as a compliment rather than a reproach. Thus, too, there is no woman but lays some claim to beauty; and no man will give up his pretensions to wit. In cases of this kind, therefore, where so much depends upon opinion, and where every man thinks himself qualified to be his own judge, there is nothing so useless to a reader as illustrations; and nothing to an author so dangerous as definition. Any attempt therefore to decide what true WIT is must be ineffectual, as not one in a hundred would be content to abide by the decision; it is impossible to rank all mankind under the name of wits, and there is scarce one in a hundred who does not think that he merits the appellation.

Hence it is that every one, how little qualified soever, is fond of making a display of his fancied abilities; and generally at the expense of some one to whom he supposes himself infinitely superior. And from this supposition many mistakes arise to those who commence wags, with a very small share of wit, and a still smaller of judgment; whose imaginations are by nature unprolific, and whose minds are uncultivated by education. These persons, while they are ringing their rounds on a few dull jests, are apt to mistake the rude and noisy merriment of illiterate jocularity for genuine humour. They often unhappily conceive that those laugh *with* them who laugh *at* them. The sarcasms which every one disdains to answer, they vainly flatter themselves are unanswerable; forgetting, no doubt, that their *good things* are unworthy the notice of a retort, and below the condescension of criticism. They know not

perhaps that the Ass, whom the fable represents assuming the playfulness of the lap-dog, is a perfect picture of jocular stupidity; and that, in like manner, that awkward absurdity of waggishness which they expect should delight, cannot but disgust; and instead of laying claim to admiration, must ensure contempt. But, alas! I am aware that mine will prove a success-less undertaking; and that though knight-errant-like I sally forth to engage with the monsters of witticism and waggery, all my prowess will be inadequate to the achievement of the enterprise. The world will continue as facetious as ever in spite of all I can do; and people will be just as fond of their "little jokes and old stories" as if I had never combated their inclination.

Since then I cannot utterly extirpate this unchristian practice, my next endeavour must be to direct it properly, and improve it by some wholesome regulations. I propose, if I meet with proper encouragement, making application to Parliament for permission to open "*A Licensed Warehouse for Wit*," and for a patent, entitling me to the sole vending and uttering ware of this kind, for a certain term of years. For this purpose I have already laid in *Jokes*, *Jests*, *Witticisms*, *Morceaus*, and *Bon-Mots* of every kind, to a very considerable amount, well worthy the attention of the public. I have *Epigrams* that want nothing but the sting; *Conundrums* that need nothing but an explanation; *Rebuses* and *Acrostics* that will be complete with the addition of the name only. These being in great request, may be had at an hour's warning. *Impromptus* will be got ready at a week's notice. For common and vernacular use, I have a long list of the most palpable *Puns* in the language, digested in alphabetical order; for these I expect good sale at

both the universities. *Jokes* of all kinds, ready *cut* and *dry*.

N.B.—Proper allowance made to gentlemen of the law going on circuit; and to all second-hand vendors of wit and retailers of repartee, who take large quantities.

N.B.—*Attic Salt* in any quantity.

N.B.—Most money for old *Jokes*.

George Canning (1770–1827).

CONJUGAL AFFECTION.

When Elliott (called the Salamander)
Was famed Gibraltar's stout commander,
A soldier there went to a well
To fetch home water to his Nell;
But fate decreed the youth to fall
A victim to a cannon ball.
One brought the tidings to his spouse,
Which drove her frantic from the house;
On wings of love the creature fled
To seek her dear—she found him dead!
Her husband killed—the water spilt—
Judge, ye fond females, what she felt!
She looked—she sighed—and melting, spoke
—
"Thank God, the pitcher is not broke!"

Thomas Cannings (*fl.* 1790–1800).

WHISKY, DRINK DIVINE!

Whisky, drink divine!
  Why should drivellers bore us
With the praise of wine

While we've thee before us?
Were it not a shame,
Whilst we gaily fling thee
To our lips of flame,
If we could not sing thee?
Whisky, drink divine, etc.

Greek and Roman sung
Chian and Falernian—
Shall no harp be strung
To thy praise, Hibernian?
Yes! let Erin's sons—
Generous, brave, and frisky—
Tell the world at once
They owe it to their whisky—
Whisky, drink divine, etc.

If Anacreon—who
Was the grape's best poet—
Drank our *mountain-dew*,
How his verse would show it!
As the best then known,
He to wine was civil;
Had he *Inishowen*,
He'd pitch wine to the divil—
Whisky, drink divine, etc.

Bright as beauty's eye,
When no sorrow veils it:
Sweet as beauty's sigh,
When young love inhales it:
Come, then, to my lips—
Come, thou rich in blisses!
Every drop I sip
Seems a shower of kisses—
Whisky, drink divine, etc.

Could my feeble lays
Half thy virtues number,
A whole *grove* of bays
Should my brows encumber.
Be his name adored,
Who summed up thy merits
In one little word,

When he called thee *spirits*—
Whisky, drink divine, etc.

Send it gaily round—
Life would be no pleasure,
If we had not found
This enchanting treasure:
And when tyrant death's
Arrow shall transfix ye,
Let your latest breaths
Be whisky! whisky! whisky!
Whisky, drink divine, etc.

Joseph O'Leary (17— -1845?).

TO A YOUNG LADY BLOWING A TURF FIRE WITH HER PETTICOAT.

Cease, cease, Amira, peerless maid!
Though we delighted gaze,
While artless you excite the flame,
We perish in the blaze.
Haply you too provoke your harm—
Forgive the bold remark—
Your petticoat may fan the fire,
But, O! beware a *spark*!

Anonymous (1772).

EPIGRAMS, ETC.

On Lord Dudley, who was noted for learning all his speeches by heart.

In vain my affections the ladies are seeking:
If I give up my heart, there's an end to my speaking.

On Miss Ellen Tree, the singer.

On this *Tree* if a nightingale settles and sings,
The *tree* will return her as good as she brings.

On Moore the poet's excuse to his guests that his servant was ill from the effects of a carousal.

Come, come, for trifles never stick,
Most servants have a failing,
Yours, it is true, are sometimes sick,
But mine are always *aleing*.

On being asked what "on the contrary" meant, when that phrase was used by a person charged with eating three eggs every morning, Luttrell's ready retort was, "Laying them, I daresay."

I hate the sight of monkeys, they remind one so of poor relations.

On a man run over by an omnibus.

Killed by an omnibus—why not?
So quick a death a boon is.
Let not his friends lament his lot—
Mors omnibus communis.

At one of the crowded receptions at Holland House, Lady Holland was requested by the guests to "make room." "It must certainly be *made*, for it does not exist," said Luttrell.

On Samuel Rogers' poem, "Italy," which was illustrated by Turner.

Of Rogers' "Italy" Luttrell relates
That 'twould have been *dished*, if 'twere not
for the *plates*!

Henry Luttrell (1766?-1851.)

LETTER FROM MISS BETTY FUDGE, IN PARIS, TO MISS DOROTHY——.

What a time since I wrote!—I'm a sad
naughty girl—
For though, like a tee-totum, I'm all in a
twirl;—
Yet ev'n (as you wittily say) a tee-totum
Between all its twirls gives a letter to note
'em.
But, Lord, such a place! and then, Dolly, my
dresses,
My gowns, so divine!—there's no language
expresses,
Except just the words "superbe,"
"magnifique,"
The trimmings of that which I had home last
week!
It is call'd—I forget—*à la*—something which
sounded
Like *alicampane*—but, in truth, I'm
confounded
And bother'd, my dear, 'twixt that
troublesome boy's
(Bob's) cookery language, and Madame Le
Roi's:
What with fillets of roses and fillets of veal,
Things *garni* with lace, and things *garni* with
eel,
One's hair and one's cutlets both *en popillote*,
And a thousand more things I shall ne'er
have by rote,
I can scarce tell the diff'rence, at least as to
phrase,
Between beef *à la Psyche* and curls *à la braise*.
—
But, in short, dear, I'm trick'd out quite *à la
Française*,
With my bonnet—so beautiful!—high up and
poking,
Like things that are put to keep chimneys
from smoking.

Where shall I begin with the endless delights
Of this Eden of milliners, monkeys, and sights—
This dear busy place, where there's nothing transacting
But dressing and dinnering, dancing and acting?
Imprimis, the opera—mercy, my ears!
Brother Bobby's remark, t'other night, was a true one;—
"This must be the music," said he, "of the spears,
For I'm curst if each note of it doesn't run through one!"
Pa says (and you know, love, his Book's to make out,
'Twas the Jacobins brought ev'ry mischief about)
That this passion for roaring has come in of late,
Since the rabble all tried for a *voice* in the State.—
What a frightful idea, one's mind to o'erwhelm!
What a chorus, dear Dolly, would soon be let loose of it,
If, when of age, every man in the realm
Had a voice like old Laïs,[5] and chose to make use of it;
No—never was known in this riotous sphere
Such a breach of the peace as their singing, my dear.
So bad, too, you'd swear that the God of both arts,
Of Music and Physic, had taken a frolic
For setting a loud fit of asthma in parts,
And composing a fine rumbling base in a cholic!

But the dancing—ah! *parlez-moi*, Dolly, *de ça*—
There, *indeed*, is a treat that charms all but Papa.
Such beauty—such grace—oh, ye sylphs of

romance!
Fly, fly to Titania, and ask her if *she* has
One light-footed nymph in her train, that can dance
Like divine Bigottini and sweet Fanny Bias!
Fanny Bias in *Flora*—dear creature!—you'd swear,
When her delicate feet in the dance twinkle round,
That her steps are of light, that her home is the air,
And she only *par complaisance* touches the ground.
And when Bigottini in Psyche dishevels
Her black flowing hair, and by demons is driven,
Oh! who does not envy those rude little devils,
That hold her and hug her, and keep her from Heaven?
Then, the music—so softly its cadences die,
So divinely—oh, Dolly! between you and I,
It's as well for my peace that there's nobody nigh
To make love to me then—*you've* a soul, and can judge
What a crisis 'twould be for your friend, Betty Fudge!

The next place (which Bobby has near lost his heart in)
They call it the Play-house—I think—of St. Martin;
Quite charming—and *very* religious—what folly
To say that the French are not pious, dear Dolly,
When here one beholds, so correctly and rightly,
The Testament turned into *melodrames* nightly;
And, doubtless, so fond they're of scriptural facts,
They will soon get the Pentateuch up in five

acts.
Here Daniel, in pantomime, bids bold defiance
To Nebuchadnezzar and all his stuff'd lions,
While pretty young Israelites dance round the Prophet,
In very thin clothing, and *but* little of it;—
Here Bégrand,[6] who shines in the scriptural path,
As the lovely Suzanna, without ev'n a relic
Of drapery round her, comes out of the bath
In a manner that, Bob says, is quite *Eve-angelic*!
But, in short, dear, 'twould take me a month to recite
All the exquisite places we're at, day and night.

Thomas Moore (1779–1852).

MONTMORENCI AND CHERUBINA.

[The two extracts which follow are taken from a burlesque novel which had a great success early in the century. Its ridicule of the Radcliffian type of romance, full of accumulated horrors and grotesque affectation, probably did much to extirpate the worst examples of that unrealistic school.]

This morning, soon after breakfast, I heard a gentle knocking at my door, and, to my great astonishment, a figure, cased in shining armour, entered. Oh! ye conscious blushes; it was my Montmorenci! A plume of white feathers nodded on his helmet, and neither spear nor shield were wanting. "I come," cried he, bending on one knee, and pressing my hand to his lips, "I come in the ancient armour of my family to perform my promise of recounting to you the melancholy memoirs of my

life." "My lord," said I, "rise and be seated. Cherubina knows how to appreciate the honour that Montmorenci confers." He bowed; and having laid by his spear, shield, and helmet, he placed himself beside me on the sofa, and began his heart-rending history.

"All was dark. The hurricane howled, the hail rattled, and the thunder rolled. Nature was convulsed, and the traveller inconvenienced. In the province of Languedoc stood the Gothic castle of Montmorenci. Before it ran the Garonne, and behind it rose the Pyrenees, whose summits exhibiting awful forms, seen and lost again, as the partial vapours rolled along, were sometimes barren, and gleamed through the blue tinge of air, and sometimes frowned with forests of gloomy fir, that swept downward to their base. 'My lads, are your carbines charged, and your daggers sharpened?' whispered Rinaldo, with his plume of black feathers, to the banditti, in their long cloaks. 'If they an't,' said Bernardo, 'by St. Jago, we might load our carbines with the hail, and sharpen our daggers against this confounded north-wind.' 'The wind is east-south-east,' said Ugo. At this moment the bell of Montmorenci Castle tolled one. The sound vibrated through the long corridors, the spiral staircases, the suites of tapestried apartments, and the ears of the personage who has the honour to address you. Much alarmed, I started from my couch, which was of exquisite workmanship; the coverlet of flowered gold, and the canopy of white velvet painted over with jonquils and butterflies by Michael Angelo. But conceive my horror when I beheld my chamber filled with banditti! Snatching my faulchion, I flew to the armoury for my coat of mail; the bravos rushed after me, but I fought and dressed and dressed and fought, till I had perfectly completed

my unpleasing toilet. I then stood alone, firm, dignified, collected, and only fifteen years of age."

> "'Alack! there lies more peril in thine eye,
> Than twenty of their swords——'

To describe the horror of the contest that followed were beyond the pen of an Anacreon. In short, I fought till my silver skin was laced with my golden blood; while the bullets flew round me, thick as hail,

> "'And whistled as they went for want of thought.'

At length I murdered my way down to my little skiff, embarked in it, and arrived at this island. As I first touched foot on its chalky beach, 'Hail! happy land,' cried I, 'hail, thrice hail!' 'There is no hail here, sir,' said a child running by.... Nine days and nights I wandered through the country, the rivulet my beverage, and the berry my repast; the turf my couch, and the sky my canopy." "Ah!" interrupted I, "how much you must have missed the canopy of white velvet painted over with jonquils and butterflies!" "Extremely," said he, "for during sixteen long years I had not a roof over my head—I was an itinerant beggar! One summer's day, the cattle lay panting under the broad umbrage, the sun had burst into an immoderate fit of splendour, and the struggling brook chided the matted grass for obstructing it. I sat under a hedge, and began eating wild strawberries; when lo! a form, flexile as the flame ascending from a censer, and undulating with the sighs of a dying vestal, flitted inaudible by me, nor crushed the daisies as it trod. What a divinity! she was fresh as the Anadyomene of Apelles, and beautiful as the Gnidus of Praxiteles, or the Helen of Zeuxis. Her eyes dipt in heaven's own hue——" "Sir," said I, "you need not mind her eyes; I dare say

they were blue enough. But pray, who was this immortal doll of yours?" "Who?" cried he, "why, who but—shall I speak it? who but—the LADY CHERUBINA DE WILLOUGHBY!!!" "I!" "You!" "Ah! Montmorenci!" "Ah! Cherubina! I followed you with cautious steps," continued he, "till I traced you into your—you had a garden, had you not?" "Yes." "Into your garden. I thought ten thousand flowerets would have leapt from their beds to offer you a nosegay. But the age of gallantry is past, that of merchants, placemen, and fortune-hunters has succeeded, and the glory of Cupid is extinguished for ever!... But wherefore," cried he, starting from his seat, "wherefore talk of the past? Oh! let me tell you of the present and of the future. Oh! let me tell you how dearly, how deeply, how devotedly I love you!" "Love me!" cried I, giving such a start as the nature of the case required. "My Lord, this is so—really now, so——" "Pardon this abrupt avowal of my unhappy passion," said he, flinging himself at my feet; "fain would I have let concealment, like a worm in the bud, feed on my damask cheek; but, oh! who could resist the maddening sight of so much beauty?" I remained silent, and, with the elegant embarrassment of modesty, cast my blue eyes to the ground. I never looked so lovely.... "I declare," said I, "I would say anything on earth to relieve you—only tell me what." "Angel of light!" exclaimed he, springing upon his feet, and beaming on me a smile that might liquefy marble. "Have I then hope? Dare I say it? Dare I pronounce the divine words, 'she loves me'?" "I am thine and thou art mine," murmured I, while the room swam before me.

Eaton Stannard Barrett (1786–1820).



MODERN MEDIÆVALISM.

CHAPTER I.

"Blow, blow, thou wintry wind."

—Shakespeare.

"Blow, breezes, blow."

—Moore.

It was on a nocturnal night in autumnal October; the wet rain fell in liquid quantities, and the thunder rolled in an awful and Ossianly manner. The lowly but peaceful inhabitants of a small but decent cottage were just sitting down to their homely but wholesome supper, when a loud knocking at the door alarmed them. Bertram armed himself with a ladle. "Lack-a-daisy!" cried old Margueritone, and little Billy seized the favourable moment to fill his mouth with meat. Innocent fraud! happy childhood!

"The father's lustre and the mother's bloom."

Bertram then opened the door, when, lo! pale,

breathless, dripping, and with a look that would have shocked the Royal Humane Society, a beautiful female tottered into the room. “Lack-a-daisy! ma’am,” said Margueritone, “are you wet?” “Wet?” exclaimed the fair unknown, wringing a rivulet of rain from the corner of her robe; “O ye gods, wet!” Margueritone felt the justice, the gentleness of the reproof, and turned the subject, by recommending a glass of spirits.

“Spirit of my sainted sire.”

The stranger sipped, shook her head, and fainted. Her hair was long and dark, and the bed was ready; so since she seems in distress, we will leave her there awhile, lest we should betray an ignorance of the world in appearing not to know the proper time for deserting people.

On the rocky summit of a beetling precipice, whose base was lashed by the angry Atlantic, stood a moated and turreted structure called Il Castello di Grimgothico. As the northern tower had remained uninhabited since the death of its late lord, Henriques de Violenci, lights and figures were, *par consequence*, observed in it at midnight. Besides, the black eyebrows of the present baron had a habit of meeting for several years, and *quelque fois*, he paced the picture-gallery with a hurried step. These circumstances combined, there could be no doubt of his having committed murder....

CHAPTER II.

“Oh!”

—Milton.

“Ah!”

—Pope.

One evening, the Baroness de Violenci, having sprained her left leg in the composition of an ecstatic ode, resolved not to go to Lady Penthesilea Rouge's rout. While she was sitting alone at a plate of prawns, the footman entered with a basket, which had just been left for her. "Lay it down, John," said she, touching his forehead with her fork. The gay-hearted young fellow did as he was desired and capered out of the room. Judge of her astonishment when she found, on opening it, a little cherub of a baby sleeping within. An oaken cross, with "Hysterica" inscribed in chalk, was appended at its neck, and a mark, like a bruised gooseberry, added interest to its elbow. As she and her lord had never had children, she determined, *sur le champ*, on adopting the pretty Hysterica. Fifteen years did this worthy woman dedicate to the progress of her little charge; and in that time taught her every mortal accomplishment. Her sigh, particularly, was esteemed the softest in Europe.

But the stroke of death is inevitable; come it must at last, and neither virtue nor wisdom can avoid it. In a word, the good old Baroness died, and our heroine fell senseless on her body.

"O what a fall was there, my countrymen!"

But it is now time to describe our heroine. As Milton tells us that Eve was "more lovely than Pandora" (an imaginary lady who never existed but in the brains of poets), so do we declare, and are ready to stake our lives, that our heroine excelled in her form the Timinitilidi, whom no man ever saw; and in her voice, the music of the spheres, which no man ever heard. Perhaps her face was not perfect;

but it was more—it was interesting—it was oval. Her eyes were of the real, original old blue; and her lashes of the best silk. You forgot the thickness of her lips in the casket of pearls which they enshrined; and the roses of York and Lancaster were united in her cheek. A nose of the Grecian order surmounted the whole. Such was Hysterica.

But, alas! misfortunes are often gregarious, like sheep. For one night, when our heroine had repaired to the chapel, intending to drop her customary tear on the tomb of her sainted benefactress, she heard on a sudden,

"Oh, horrid horrible, and horridest horror!"

the distant organ peal a solemn voluntary. While she was preparing, in much terror and astonishment, to accompany it with her voice, four men in masks rushed from among some tombs and bore her to a carriage, which instantly drove off with the whole party. In vain she sought to soften them by swoons, tears, and a simple little ballad; they sat counting murders and not minding her. As the blinds of the carriage were closed the whole way, we waive a description of the country which they traversed. Besides, the prospect within the carriage will occupy the reader enough; for in one of the villains Hysterica discovered—Count Stilletto! She fainted. On the second day the carriage stopped at an old castle, and she was conveyed into a tapestried apartment—in which rusty daggers, mouldering bones, and ragged palls lay scattered in all the profusion of feudal plenty—where the delicate creature fell ill of an inverted eyelash, caused by continual weeping....

CHAPTER III.

"Sure such a day as this was never seen!"

—Thomas Thumb.

"The day, th' important day!"

—Addison.

"O giorno felice!"

—Italian.

The morning of the happy day destined to unite our lovers was ushered into the world with a blue sky, and the ringing of bells. Maidens, united in bonds of amity and artificial roses, come dancing to the pipe and tabor; while groups of children and chickens add hilarity to the union of congenial minds. On the left of the village are some plantations of tufted turnips; on the right a dilapidated dog-kennel

"With venerable grandeur marks the scene,"

while everywhere the delighted eye catches monstrous mountains and minute daisies. In a word,

"All nature wears one universal grin."

The procession now set forward to the church. The bride was habited in white drapery. Ten signs of the Zodiac, worked in spangles, sparkled round its edge, but Virgo was omitted at her desire, and the bridegroom proposed to dispense with Capricorn. Sweet delicacy! She held a pot of myrtle in her hand, and wore on her head a small lighted torch, emblematical of Hymen.... The marriage ceremony passed off with great spirit, and the fond bridegroom, as he pressed her to his heart, felt how pure, how

delicious are the joys of virtue.

Eaton Stannard Barrett.

THE NIGHT BEFORE LARRY WAS STRETCHED.[7]

The night before Larry was stretched,
The boys they all paid him a visit;
A bit in their sacks, too, they fetched—
They sweated their duds till they riz it;
For Larry was always the lad,
When a friend was condemned to the squeezer,
To fence all the togs that he had,
Just to help the poor boy to a sneezer,
And moisten his gob 'fore he died.

"I'm sorry now, Larry," says I,
"To see you in this situation;
'Pon my conscience, my lad, I don't lie,
I'd rather it was my own station."
"Ochone! 'tis all over," says he,
"For the neckcloth I am forced to put on,
And by this time to-morrow you'll see
Your Larry will be dead as mutton;
Bekase why?—his courage was good!"

The boys they came crowding in fast;
They drew all their stools round about him,
Six glims round his trap-case were placed—
He couldn't be well waked without 'em.
I ax'd him was he fit to die,
Without having duly repented?
Says Larry, "That's all in my eye,
And all by the gownsmen invented,
To make a fat bit for themselves."

Then the cards being called for, they played,
Till Larry found one of them cheated;
Quick he made a smart stroke at his head—

The lad being easily heated.
"Oh! by the holy, you thief,
I'll scuttle your nob with my daddle!
You cheat me bekase I'm in grief,
But soon I'll demolish your noddle,
And leave you your claret to drink."

Then in came the priest with his book;
He spoke him so smooth and so civil;
Larry tipp'd him a Kilmainham look,
And pitched his big wig to the divil.
Then stooping a little his head,
To get a sweet drop of the bottle,
And pitiful, sighing he said,
"Oh! the hemp will be soon round my throttle,
And choke my poor windpipe to death!"

So moving these last words he spoke,
We all vented our tears in a shower;
For my part, I thought my heart broke,
To see him cut down like a flower!
On his travels we watched him next day,
Oh! the hangman I thought I could kill him!
Not one word did our poor Larry say,
Nor changed, till he came to "King William":
Och! my dear, then his colour turned white.

When he came to the nubbling chit,
He was tucked up so neat and so pretty,
The rumbler jogged off from his feet,
And he died with his face to the city.
He kicked, too, but that was all pride,
For soon you might see 'twas all over;
And as soon as the noose was untied,
Then at evening we waked him in clover,
And sent him to take a ground sweat.

William Maher (?) (*fl.* 1780).

DARBY DOYLE'S VOYAGE TO QUEBEC.

I *tuck* the road, one fine morning in May, from Inchegelagh, an' got up to the Cove safe an' sound. There I saw many ships with big broad boords fastened to ropes, every one ov them saying, "The first vessel for Quebec." Siz I to myself, those are about to run for a wager; this one siz she'll be first, and that one siz she'll be first. At any rate I pitched on one that was finely painted. When I wint on boord to ax the fare, who shou'd come up out ov a hole but Ned Flinn, an ould townsman ov my own.

"Och, is it yoorself that's there, Ned?" siz I; "are ye goin' to Amerrykey?"

"Why, an' to be shure," sez he; "I'm *mate* ov the ship."

"Meat! that's yer sort, Ned," siz I; "then we'll only want bread. Hadn't I betther go and pay my way?"

"You're time enough," siz Ned; "I'll tell you when we're ready for sea—leave the rest to me, Darby."

"Och, tip us your fist," siz I; "you were always the broath of a boy; for the sake ov ould times, Ned, we must have a dhrop ov drink, and a bite to ate." So, my jewel, Ned brought me to where there was right good stuff. When it got up to three o'clock I found myself mighty weak with hunger. I got the smell ov corn-beef an' cabbage that knock'd me up entirely. I then wint to the landlady, and siz I to her, "Maybee your leddyship 'id not think me rood by axin iv Ned an' myself cou'd get our dinner ov that fine hot mate that I got a taste ov in my nose?" "In throath you can," siz she (an' she look'd mighty pleasant), "an' welkim." So my darlin' dish and all came up. "That's what I call a *flaugholoch*[8] mess," siz I. So we ate and drank away.



“MANY’S THE SQUEEZE NED GAVE MY FIST.”

Many’s the squeeze Ned gave my fist, telling me to leave it all to him, and how comfortable he’d make me on the voyage. Day afther day we spint together, waitin’ for the wind, till I found my pockets begin to grow very light. At last, siz he to me, one day afther dinner—

“Darby, the ship will be ready for sea on the morrow—you’d betther go on boord an’ pay your way.”

“Is it jokin’ you are, Ned?” siz I; “shure you tould

me to leave it all to you."

"Ah! Darby," siz he, "you're for takin' a rise out o' me; shure enough, ye were the lad that was never without a joke—the very priest himself couldn't get over ye. But, Darby, there's no joke like the thrue one. I'll stick to my promise; but, Darby, you must pay your way."

"Oh, Ned," siz I, "is this the way you're goin' to threat me afther all? I'm a rooin'd man; all I cou'd scrape together I spint on you. If you don't do something for me, I'm lost. Is there no place where you cou'd hide me from the captin?"

"Not a place," siz Ned.

"An' where, Ned, is the place I saw you comin' up out ov?"

"Oh, Darby, that was the hould where the cargo's stow'd."

"An' is there no other place?" siz I.

"Oh, yes," siz he, "where we keep the wather casks."

"An' Ned," siz I, "does any one live down there?"

"Not a mother's soul," siz he.

"An' Ned," siz I, "can't you cram me down there, and give me a lock ov straw an' a bit?"

"Why, Darby," siz he (an' he look'd mighty pittyfull), "I must thry. But mind, Darby, you'll have to hide all day in an empty barrel, and when it comes to my watch, I'll bring you down some prog; but if you're diskiver'd, it's all over with me, an' you'll be put on a dissilute island to starve."

"Oh, Ned," siz I, "leave it all to me."

"Never fear, Darby, I'll mind my eye."

When night cum on I got down into the dark cellar, among the barrels; poor Ned fixt a place in a corner for me to sleep, an' every night he brought me down hard black cakes and salt mate. There I lay snug for a whole month. At last, one night, siz he to me, "Now, Darby, what's to be done? we're within three days' sail ov Quebec; the ship will be overhauled, and all the passengers' names called over; if you are found, you'll be sould as a slave for your passage money." "An' is that all that frets you, my jewel?" siz I; "can't you leave it all to me? In throath, Ned, I'll never forget your hospitality, at any rate. But what place is outside ov the ship?" "Why, the sea, to be shure," siz he. "Och! botheration," siz I. "I mean what's the outside ov the ship?" "Why, Darby," siz he, "part of it's called the bulwark." "An' fire an' faggots!" siz I, "is it bulls work the vessel along?" "No, nor horses," siz he, "neither; this is no time for jokin'; what do you mean to do?" "Why, I'll tell you, Ned; get me an empty meal-bag, a bottle, an' a bare ham-bone, and that's all I'll ax." So, begad, Ned look'd very queer at me; but he got them for me, anyhow. "Well, Ned," siz I, "you know I'm a great shwimmer; your watch will be early in the mornin'; I'll jist slip down into the sea; do you cry out, 'There's a man in the wather,' as loud as you can, and leave all the rest to me." Well, to be shure, down into the sea I dropt without as much as a splash. Ned roared out with the hoarseness ov a brayin' ass, "A man in the sea! a man in the sea!" Every man, woman, and child came running up out ov the hole, the captain among the rest, who put a long red barrel like a gun to his eye—gibbet me, but I thought he was for shootin' me! down I dived. When I got my head over the wather agen, what shou'd I see but a

boat rowin' to me, as fast as a throut after a pinkeen. When it came up close enough to be heard, I roared out: "Bad end to yees, for a set ov spalpeen rascals, did ye hear me at last?" The boat now run 'pon the top ov me; down I dived agen like a duck afther a frog, but the minnit my skull came over the wather, I was gript by the scruff ov the neck and dhragged into the boat. To be shure, I didn't kick up a row—"Let go my hair, ye blue divils," I roared; "it's well ye have me in your marcy in this dissilute place, or by the powthers I'd make ye feel the strinth of my bones. What hard look I had to follow yees, at all, at all—which ov ye is the masther?" As I sed this every mother's son began to stare at me, with my bag round my neck, an' my bottle by my side, an' the bare bone in my fist. "There he is," siz they, pointin' to a little yellow man in a corner ov the boat. "May the—— rise blisthers on your rapin' hook shins," siz I, "you yallow-lookin' monkey, but it's a'most time for you to think ov lettin' me into your ship—I'm here plowin' and plungin' this month afther ye: shure I didn't care a *thrawneen* was it not that you have my best Sunday clothes in your ship, and my name in your books. For three sthraws, if I don't know how to write, I'd leave my mark on your skull;" so sayin', I made a lick at him with the ham-bone, but I was near tumblin' into the sea agen. "An' pray, what is your name, my lad?" siz the captin. "What's my name! What 'id you give to know?" siz I; "ye unmannerly spalpeen, it might be what's your name, Darby Doyle, out ov your mouth—ay, Darby Doyle, that was never afraid or ashamed to own it at home or abroad!"

"An', Mr. Darby Doyle," siz he, "do you mean to persuade us that you swum from Cork to this afther us?"

"This is more ov your ignorance," siz I—"ay, an' if you sted three days longer and not take me up, I'd be in Quebec before ye, only my purvisions were out, and the few rags of bank-notes I had all melted into paste in my pocket, for I hadn't time to get them changed. But stay, wait till I get my foot on shore, there's ne'er a cottoner in Cork iv you don't pay for leavin' me to the marcy ov the waves."

All this time the blue chaps were pushin' the boat with sticks through the wather, till at last we came close to the ship. Every one on board saw me at the Cove but didn't see me on the voyage; to be sure, every one's mouth was wide open, crying out "Darby Doyle."

"The—— stop your throats," siz I, "it's now you call me loud enough," siz I; "ye wouldn't shout that way when ye saw me rowlin' like a tub in a mill-race the other day fornenst your faces."

When they heard me say that, some of them grew pale as a sheet—every thumb was at work till they a'most brought the blood from their forreds. But, my jewel, the captin does no more than runs to the book, an' calls out the names that paid, and them that wasn't paid—to be shure, I was one ov them that didn't pay. If the captin looked at me before with *wondherment*, he now looked with astonishment. Nothin' was tawk'd ov for the other three days but Darby Doyle's great shwim from the Cove to Quebec. One sed, "I always knew Darby to be a great shwimmer." "Do ye remimher," siz another, "when Darby's dog was nigh been dhrownded in the great duck hunt, whin Darby peeled off an' brought in the dog, an' made afther the duck himself, and swam for two hours endways; an' do ye remimber whin all the dogs gather round the duck at one time; whin it wint

down how Darby dived afther it,—an' sted below while the creathur was eatin' a few frogs, for she was weak an' hungry; an' whin everybody thought he was lost, up he came with the duck by the leg in his kithogue" (left hand). Begar, I agreed to all they sed, till at last we got to Amerrykey. I was now in a quare way; the captin wouldn't let me go till a friend of his would see me. By this time, my jewel, not only his friends came, but swarms upon swarms, starin' at poor Darby.

At last I called Ned. "Ned, avic," siz I, "I want to go about my *bisness*." "Be asy, Darby," siz he; "haven't ye your fill ov good atin', an' the captin's got mighty fond ov ye entirely." "Is he, Ned?" siz I; "but tell us, Ned, are all them crowd ov people goin' to sea?" "Augh, ye *omadhaun*,"[9] siz Ned, "sure they are come to look at you." Just as he said this a tall yallow man, with a black curly head, comes and stares me full in the face. "You'll know me agen," siz I, "bad luck to yer manners an' the school-masther that taught ye." But I thought he was goin' to shake hands with me when he tuck hould ov my fist and opened every finger, one by one, then opened my shirt and look'd at my breast. "Pull away, *ma bouchal*"[10] siz I, "I'm no desarthur, at any rate." But never an answer he made, but walk'd down into the hole where the captin lived. "This is more ov it," siz I; "Ned, what could that tallah-faced man mean?" "Why," siz Ned, "he was *lookin' to see* if your fingers were webbed, or had ye scales on your breast." "His impidence is great," siz I; "did he take me for a duck or a bream? But, Ned, what's the meanin' ov the boords acrass the stick the people walk on, and the big white boord up there?" "Why, come over and read," siz Ned. But, my jewel, I didn't know whether

I was stannin' on my head or my heels when I saw in great big black letthers:—

THE GREATEST WONDHER OF THE WORLD

TO BE SEEN HERE!

A Man that beats out Nicholas the Diver!

He has swum from Cork to Amerrykey!!

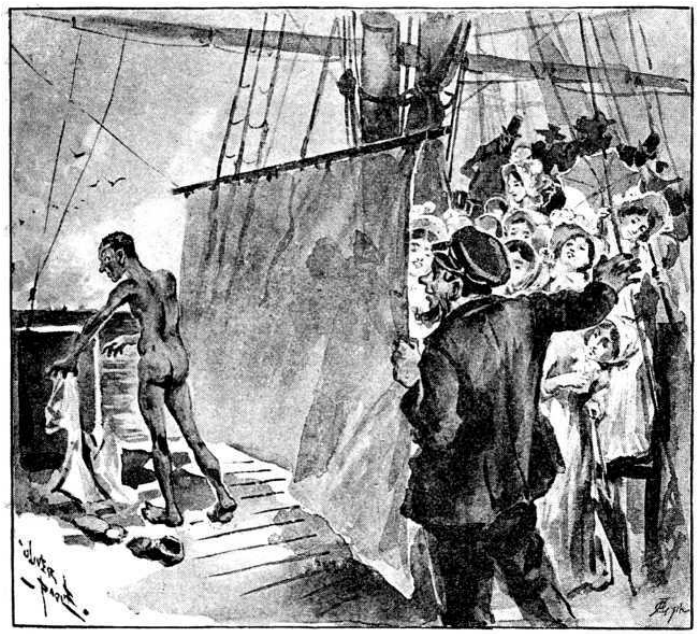
Proved on oath by ten of the Crew and twenty Passengers.

Admittance—Half a Dollar.

"Bloody wars! Ned," siz I, "does this mean your humble sarvint?" "Divil another," siz he. So I makes no more ado, than with a hop, skip, and jump gets over to the captin, who was now talkin' to the yallow fellow that was afther starin' me out ov countenance. "Pardon my roodness, your honour," siz I, mighty polite, and makin' a bow,—at the same time Ned was at my heels—so risin' my foot to give the genteel scrape, shure I scraped all the skin off Ned's shins. "May bad luck to your brogues," siz he. "You'd betther not curse the wearer," siz I, "or—— " "Oh, Darby!" siz the captin, "don't be unginteel, an' so many ladies and gintlemen lookin' at ye." "The never another mother's soul shall lay their peepers on me till I see sweet Inchegelagh agen," siz I. "Begar, ye are doin' it well. How much money have ye gother for my shwimmin'?" "Be quiet, Darby," siz the captin, an' he look'd very much frickened; "I have plenty, an' I'll have more for ye if ye do what I want ye to do." "An' what is it, avic?" siz I. "Why, Darby," siz he, "I'm afther houldin' a wager last night with this gintleman for all the worth ov my ship, that you'll shwim agen any shwimmer in the world; an' Darby, if ye don't do that, I'm a gone man." "Augh,

give us your fist," siz I; "did ye ever hear ov Paddies disheving any man in the European world yet—barrin' themselves?" "Well, Darby," siz he, "I'll give you a hundred dollars; but, Darby, you must be to your word, an' you shall have another hundred." So sayin', he brought me down into the cellar; but, my jewel, I didn't think for the life of me to see sich a wondherful place—nothin' but goold every way I turn'd, an' Darby's own sweet face in twenty places. Begar, I was a'most ashamed to ax the gintleman for the dollars. "But," siz I to myself agen, "the gintleman has too much money, I suppose, he does be throwin' it into the sea, for I often heard the sea was much richer than the land, so I may as well take it, anyhow." "Now, Darby," siz he, "here's the dollars for ye." But, begar, it was only a bit of paper he was handin' me. "Arrah, none ov yer thricks upon thravellers," siz I; "I had betther nor that, an' many more ov them, melted in the sea; give me what won't wash out ov my pocket" "Why, Darby," siz he, "this is an ordher on a marchant for the amount." "Pho, pho!" siz I, "I'd sooner take your word nor his oath," lookin' round mighty respectful at the goold walls. "Well, Darby," siz he, "ye must have the raal thing." So, by the powthers, he reckoned me out a hundred dollars in goold. I never saw the like since the stockin' fell out of the chimley on my aunt and cut her forred. "Now, Darby," siz he, "ye are a rich man, and ye are worthy ov it all—sit down, Darby, an' take a bottle ov wine." So to please the gintleman I sat down. Afther a bit, who comes down but Ned. "Captin," siz he, "the deck is crowded; I had to block up the gangway to prevint any more from comin' in to see Darby. Bring him up, or blow me if the ship won't be sunk." "Come up, Darby," siz the captin, lookin' roguish pleasant at myself. So, my jewel, he

handed me up through the hall, as tendher as if I was a lady, or a pound ov fresh butther in the dog days.



“I WAS MADE TO PEEL OFF BEHIND A BIG SHEET.”

When I got up, shure enough I couldn’t help starin’; sich crowds of fine ladies and yallow gintlemen never was seen before in any ship. One ov them, a little rosy-cheeked beauty, whispered the captin somethin’, but he shuk his head, and then came over to me. “Darby,” siz he, “I know an Irishman would do anything to please a lady.” “In throth you may say that with your own ugly mouth,” siz I. “Well, then, Darby,” siz he, “the ladies would wish to see you give a few sthrokes in the sea.” “Och, an’ they shall have them, an’ welkim,” siz I. “That’s a good fellow,” siz he; “now strip off.” “Decency, captin,” siz I; “is it in my mother-naked pelt before the ladies? Bad luck to the undacent brazen-faced—but no matther! Irish girls for ever, afther all!” But all to no use. I was made to peel off behind a big

sheet, and then I made one race an' jump'd ten yards into the wather to get out of their sight. Shure enough, every one's eyes danced in their head, while they look'd on the spot where I went down. A thought came into my head while I was below, how I'd show them a little divarsion, as I could use a great many thricks on the wather. So I didn't rise at all till I got to the other side, an' every one run to that side; then I took a hoult ov my two big toes, an' makin' a ring ov myself, rowled like a hoop on the top ov the wather all round the ship. I b'leeve I opened their eyes! Then I yarded, back swum, an' dived, till at last the captin made signs for me to come out so I got into the boat an' threw on my duds. The very ladies were breakin' their necks runnin' to shake hands with me. "Shure," siz they, "you're the greatest man in the world!!" So for three days I showed off to crowds ov people, though I was *fryin'* in the wather for shame.

At last the day came that I was to stand the tug. I saw the captin lookin' very often at me. At last, "Darby," siz he, "are you any way cow'd? The fellow you have to shwim agenst can shwim down watherfalls an' catharacts." "Can he, avic?" says I; "but can he shwim up agenst them? Wow, wow, Darby, for that. But, captin, come here; is all my purvisions ready? don't let me fall short ov a dhrop ov the raal stuff above all things." An' who should come up while I was tawkin' to the captin but the chap I was to shwim with, an' heard all I sed. Begar! his eyes grew as big as two oysther-shells. Then the captin called me aside. "Darby," siz he, "do you put on this green jacket an' white throwsers, that the people may betther extinguish you from the other chap." "With all hearts, avic," siz I; "green for ever! Darby's own favourite colour the world over; but

where am I goin' to, captin?" "To the swhimmin' place, to be shure," siz he. "Divil shoot the failers an' take the hindmost," siz I; "here's at ye." I was then inthrojuiced to the shwimmer. I looked at him from head to foot. He was so tall he could eat bread an' butther over my head—with a face as yallow as a kite's foot. "Tip us the mitten, *ma bouchal*" siz I (but, begad, I was puzzled. "Begar," siz I to myself, "I'm done. Cheer up, Darby. If I'm not able to kill him, I'll fricken the life out ov him.") "Where are we goin' to shwim to?" But never a word he answered. "Are ye bothered, neighbour?" "I reckon I'm not," siz he, mighty chuff. "Well, then," siz I, "why didn't ye answer your betthers? What 'ud ye think if we shwum to Keep Cleer or the Keep ov Good Hope?" "I reckon neither," siz he agen, eyein' me as if I was goin' to pick his pockets. "Well, then, have ye any favourite place?" siz I. "Now, I've heard a great deal about the place where poor Boney died; I'd like to see it, if I'd any one to show me the place; suppose we wint there?" Not a taste ov a word could I get out ov him, good or bad. Off we set through the crowds ov ladies and gintlemen. Sich cheerin' an' wavin' ov hats was never seen even at *Dan's*[11] enthry; an' then the row ov purty girls laughin' an' rubbin' up agenst me, that I could har'ly get on. To be shure, no one could be lookin' to the ground, an' not be lookin' at them, till at last I was thript up by a big loomp ov iron stuck fast in the ground with a big ring to it. "Whoo, Darby!" siz I, makin' a hop an' a crack ov my finger, "you're not down yet." I turn'd round to look at what thript me.

"What d'ye call that?" siz I to the captin, who was at my elbow.

"Why, Darby," siz he, "that's half an anchor."

"Have ye any use for it?" siz I.

"Not in the least," siz he; "it's only to fasten boats to."

"Maybee you'd give it to a body," siz I.

"An' welkim, Darby," siz he; "it's yours."

"God bless your honour, sir," siz I, "it's my poor father that will pray for you. When I left home the creather hadn't as much as an anvil but what was sthreeled away by the agint—bad end to them. This will be jist the thing that'll match him; he can tie the horse to the ring, while he forges on the other part. Now, will ye obleege me by gettin' a couple ov chaps to lay it on my shoulder when I get into the wather, and I won't have to be comin' back for it afther I shake hands with this fellow."

Begar, the chap turned from yallow to white when he heard me say this. An' siz he to the gintleman that was walkin' by *his* side—

"I reckon I'm not fit for the shwimmin' to-day—I don't feel *myself*."

"An', murdher an' Irish, if you're yer brother, can't you send him for yerself, an' I'll wait here till he comes. Here, man, take a dhrop ov this before ye go. Here's to yer betther health, and your brother's into the bargain." So I took off my glass, and handed him another; but the never a dhrop ov it he'd take. "No force," siz I, "avic; maybee you think there's poison in it—well, here's another good luck to us. An' when will ye be able for the shwim, avic?" siz I, mighty complisant.

"I reckon in another week," siz he.

So we shook hands and parted. The poor fellow

went home, took the fever, then began to rave. “Shwim up catharacts!—shwim to the Keep ov Good Hope!—shwim to St Helena!—shwim to Keep Cleer! —shwim with an anchor on his back!—Oh! oh! oh!”

I now thought it best to be on the move; so I gother up my winners; and here I sit undher my own hickory threes, as indipindent as any Yankee.

Thomas Ettingsall (17——1850?).



ST. PATRICK AND THE SNAKES.

ST. PATRICK OF IRELAND, MY DEAR!

A fig for St. Denis of France—
He's a trumpery fellow to brag on;
A fig for St. George and his lance,

Which spitted a heathenish dragon;
And the saints of the Welshman or Scot
Are a couple of pitiful pipers;
Both of whom may just travel to pot,
Compared with that patron of swipers,
St Patrick of Ireland, my dear!

He came to the Emerald Isle
On a lump of a paving stone mounted;
The steamboat he beat by a mile,
Which mighty good sailing was counted.
Says he, "The salt water, I think,
Has made me most fishily thirsty;
So bring me a flagon of drink
To keep down the mulligrubs, burst ye—
Of drink that is fit for a saint."

He preached, then, with wonderful force,
The ignorant natives a' teaching;
With a pint he washed down his discourse,
"For," says he, "I detest your dry
preaching."
The people, with wonderment struck,
At a pastor so pious and civil,
Exclaimed—"We're for you, my old buck!
And we pitch our blind gods to the divil,
Who dwells in hot water below!"

This ended, our worshipful spoon
Went to visit an elegant fellow,
Whose practice, each cool afternoon,
Was to get most delightfully mellow
That day, with a black-jack of beer,
It chanced he was treating a party;
Says the Saint—"This good day, do you hear,
I drank nothing to speak of, my hearty!
So give me a pull at the pot!"

The pewter he lifted in sport
(Believe me, I tell you no fable),
A gallon he drank from the quart,
And then placed it full on the table.
"A miracle!" every one said,
And they all took a haul at the stingo;

They were capital hands at the trade,
And drank till they fell; yet, by jingo,
The pot still frothed over the brim!

Next day, quoth his host, "'Tis a fast,
And I've naught in my larder but mutton;
And on Fridays, who'd make such repast,
Except an unchristian-like glutton?"
Says Pat, "Cease your nonsense, I beg,
What you tell me is nothing but gammon;
Take my compliments down to the leg,
And bid it come hither a salmon!"
And the leg most politely complied!

You've heard, I suppose, long ago,
How the snakes, in a manner most antic,
He marched to the County Mayo,
And trundled them into th' Atlantic.
Hence, not to use water for drink,
The people of Ireland determine:
With mighty good reason, I think,
Since St. Patrick has filled it with vermin,
And vipers and such other stuff!

Oh! he was an elegant blade
As you'd meet from Fairhead to
Kilcrumper!
And though under the sod he is laid,
Yet here goes his health in a bumper!
I wish he was here, that my glass
He might by art magic replenish;
But since he is not—why, alas!
My ditty must come to a finish,
Because all the liquor is out.

William Maginn, LL.D. (1793–1842).

THE LAST LAMP OF THE ALLEY.

A MOORE-ISH MELODY.

The last lamp of the alley

Is burning alone!
All its brilliant companions
Are shivered and gone;
No lamp of her kindred,
No burner is nigh
To rival her glimmer
Or light to supply.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one,
To vanish in smoke,
As the bright ones are shattered,
Thou too shalt be broke:
Thus kindly I scatter
Thy globe o'er the street,
Where the watch in his rambles
Thy fragments shall meet.

Then home will I stagger
As well as I may,
By the light of my nose, sure,
I'll find out the way;
When thy blaze is extinguished,
Thy brilliancy gone,
Oh! my beak shall illumine
The alley alone!

William Maginn, LL.D.



"I'LL NOT LEAVE THEE, THOU LONE ONE."

THOUGHTS AND MAXIMS.

Alas! how we are changed as we progress through the world! That breast becomes arid which once was open to every impression of the tender passion. The

rattle of the dice-box beats out of the head the rattle of the quiver of Cupid; and the shuffling of the cards renders the rustling of his wings inaudible. The necessity of looking after a tablecloth supersedes that of looking after a petticoat; and we more willingly make an assignation with a mutton-chop than with an angel in female form. The bonds of love are exchanged for those of the conveyancer; bills take the place of billets; and we do not protest, but are protested against, by a three-and-sixpenny notary. Such are the melancholy effects of age.

⁂

There are few objects on which men differ so much as in regard to blue-stockings. I believe that the majority of literary men look upon them as entirely useless. Yet a little reflection will serve us to show the unphilosophical nature of this opinion. There seems, indeed, to be a system of exclusive appropriation in literature, as well as in law, which cannot be too severely reprobated. A critic of the present day cannot hear a young woman make a harmless observation on poetry or politics without starting; which start, I am inclined to think, proceeds from affectation, considering how often he must have heard the same remark made on former occasions. Ought the female sex to be debarred from speaking nonsense on literary matters any more than the men? I think not. Even supposing that such privilege was not originally conferred by a law of Nature, they have certainly acquired right to it by the long prescription. Besides, if commonplace remarks were not daily and nightly rendered more commonplace by continual repetition, even a man of original mind might run the hazard of occasionally so far forgetting himself and his subject as to record an idea which,

upon more mature deliberation, might be found to be no idea at all. This, I contend, is prevented by the judicious interference of the fair sex.

⁂

Don't marry any woman hastily at Brighton or Brussels without knowing who she is, and where she lived before she came there. And whenever you get a reference upon this or any other subject, always be sure and get another reference about the person referred to.

⁂

Don't marry any woman under twenty; she is not come to her wickedness before that time; nor any woman who has a red nose at any age; because people make observations as you go along the street. "A cast of the eye"—as the lady casts it upon you—may pass muster under some circumstances; and I have even known those who thought it desirable; but absolute squinting is a monopoly of vision which ought not to be tolerated.

⁂

Don't on any account marry a "lively" young lady; that is, in other words, a "romp"; that is, in other words, a woman who has been hauled about by half your acquaintance.

⁂

On the very day after your marriage, whenever you do marry, take one precaution. Be cursed with no more troubles for life than you have bargained for. Call the roll of all your wife's even speaking acquaintance; and strike out every soul that you have—or fancy you ought to have—or fancy you ever shall have—a glimpse of dislike to. Upon this point

be merciless. Your wife won't hesitate—a hundred to one—between a husband and a gossip; and if she does, don't you. Be particularly sharp upon the list of women; of course, men—you would frankly kick any one from Pall Mall to Pimlico who presumed only to recollect ever having seen her. And don't be manœuvred out of what you mean by cards or morning calls, or any notion of what people call "good breeding." ... Never dispute with her where the question is of no importance; nor, where it is of the least consequence, let any earthly consideration ever once induce you to give way.

⁂

Few pieces of cant are more common than that which consists in re-echoing the old and ridiculous cry of "variety is charming," "*toujours perdrix*," etc., etc., etc. I deny the fact. I want no variety. Let things be really good, and I, for one, am in no danger of wearying of them. For example, to rise every day about half after nine—eat a couple of eggs and muffins, and drink some cups of genuine sound, clear coffee—then to smoke a cigar or so—read the *Chronicle*—skim a few volumes of some first-rate new novel, or perhaps pen a libel or two in a slight sketchy vein—then to take a bowl of strong, rich, invigorating soup—then to get on horseback, and ride seven or eight miles, paying a visit to some amiable, well-bred, accomplished young lady, in the course of it, and chattering away an hour with her,

"Sporting with Amaryllis in the shade,
Or with the tangles of Neœra's hair,"

as Milton expresses it—then to take a hot-bath, and dress—then to sit down to a plain substantial dinner, in company with a select party of real good, honest,

jolly Tories—and to spend the rest of the evening with them over a pitcher of cool Chateau-Margout, singing, laughing, speechifying, blending wit and wisdom, and winding up the whole with a devil, and a tumbler or two of hot rum-punch. This, repeated day after day, week after week, month after month, and year after year, may perhaps appear, to some people, a picture pregnant with ideas of the most sickening and disgusting monotony. Not so with me, however. I am a plain man. I could lead this dull course of uniform, unvaried existence for the whole period of the Millennium. Indeed, I mean to do so.

⁂

When a man is drunk, it is no matter upon what he has got drunk.

⁂

In whatever country one is, one should choose the dishes of the country. Every really national dish is good—at least, I never yet met with one that did not gratify my appetite. The Turkish pilaws are most excellent—but the so-called French cookery of Pera is execrable. In like manner, roast beef with Yorkshire pudding is always a prime feast in England, while John Bull's *Fricandeaux soufflées*, *etc.*, are decidedly anathema. What a horror, again, is a *Bifsteck* of the Palais Royal! On the same principle—(for all the fine arts follow exactly the same principles)—on the same principle it is, that while Principal Robertson, Dugald Stewart, Dr. Thomas Brown, and all the other would-be English writers of Scotland, have long since been voted tame, insipid, and tasteless diet, the real haggis-bag of a Robert Burns keeps, and must always keep, its place.

⁂

The next best thing to a really good woman is a really good-natured one. The next worst thing to a really bad man (in other words, *a knave*) is a really good-natured man (in other words, a fool).



"WINDING UP THE WHOLE WITH A DEVIL, AND A TUMBLER OR TWO OF HOT RUM-PUNCH."

A married woman commonly falls in love with a man as unlike her husband as is possible—but a widow very often marries a man extremely resembling the defunct. The reason is obvious.

⁂

If you meet with a pleasant fellow in a stage-coach, dine and get drunk with him, and, still holding him to be a pleasant fellow, hear from his own lips at parting that he is a Whig—do not change your opinion of the man. Depend on it, he is quizzing you.

⁂

The safety of women consists in one circumstance —men do not possess at the same time the knowledge of thirty-five and the blood of seventeen.

⁂

If prudes were as pure as they would have us believe, they would not rail so bitterly as they do. We do not thoroughly hate that which we do not thoroughly understand.

⁂

Few idiots are entitled to claver on the same form with the bibliomaniacs; but, indeed, to be a *collector* of anything, and to be an *ass*, are pretty nearly equivalent phrases in the language of all rational men. No one *collects* anything of which he really makes use. Who ever suspected Lord Spencer, or his factotum, little Dibdin, of reading? The old Quaker at York, who has a museum of the ropes at which eminent criminals have dangled, has no intention to make an airy and tassel-like termination of his own terrestrial career—for that would be quite out of character with a man of his brims. In like manner, it

is now well known that the three thousand three hundred and thirty-three young ladies who figure on the books of the Seraglio have a very idle life of it, and that, in point of fact, the Grand Seignior is a highly respectable man. The people that collect pictures, also, are, generally speaking, such folk as Sir John Leicester, the late Angerstein, and the like of that. The only two things that I have any pleasure in collecting are bottles of excellent wine and boxes of excellent cigars—articles, of the first of which I flatter myself I know rather more than Lord Eldon does of pictures; and of the latter whereof I make rather more use than old Mustapha can be supposed to do of his 3333 knick-knacks in petticoats—or rather, I beg their ladyships' pardon, in trousers.

⁂

As to the beautiful material adaptation of cold rum and cold water, that is beyond all praise, and indeed forms a theme of never-ceasing admiration, being one of Nature's most exquisite achievements. Sturm has omitted it, but I intend to make a supplement to his *Reflections* when I get a little leisure.

William Maginn, LL.D.



THE GATHERING OF THE MAHONYS.

Jerry Mahony, arrah, my jewel, come let us
be off to the fair,
For the Donovans all in their glory most
certainly mean to be there;
Say they, “The whole Mahony faction we’ll
banish ’em out clear and clean;”
But it never was yet in their breeches their
bullaboo words to maintain.

There’s Darby to head us, and Barney, as
civil a man as yet spoke,
’Twould make your mouth water to see him
just giving a bit of a stroke;
There’s Corney, the bandy-legged tailor, a
boy of the true sort of stuff,
Who’d fight though the black blood was
flowing like butter-milk out of his buff.

There’s broken-nosed Bat from the mountain
—last week he burst out of jail—
And Murty, the beautiful Tory, who’d scorn

in a row to turn tail;
Bloody Bill will be there like a darling—and
Jerry—och! let him alone
For giving his blackthorn a flourish, or lifting
a lump of a stone!

And Tim, who'd served in the Militia, has his
bayonet stuck on a pole;
Foxy Dick has his scythe in good order—a
neat sort of tool on the whole;
A cudgel, I see, is your weapon, and never I
knew it to fail;
But I think that a man is more handy who
fights, as I do, with a flail.

We muster a hundred shillelahs, all handled
by iligant men,
Who battered the Donovans often, and now
will go do it again;
To-day we will teach them some manners,
and show that, in spite of their talk,
We still, like our fathers before us, are surely
the cocks of the walk.

After cutting out work for the sexton by
smashing a dozen or so,
We'll quit in the utmost of splendour, and
down to Peg Slattery's go;
In gallons we'll wash down the battle, and
drink to the next merry day,
When mustering again in a body, we all shall
go leathering away.

William Maginn, LL.D.

DANIEL O'ROURKE.

People may have heard of the renowned adventures of Daniel O'Rourke, but how few are there who know that the cause of all his perils, above and below, was neither more nor less than his having

slept under the walls of the Phooka's tower. I knew the man well: he lived at the bottom of Hungry Hill, just at the right-hand side of the road as you go towards Bantry. An old man was he, at the time that he told me the story, with grey hair, and a red nose; and it was on the 25th of June, 1813, that I heard it from his own lips, as he sat smoking his pipe under the old poplar tree, on as fine an evening as ever shone from the sky. I was going to visit the caves in Dursey Island, having spent the morning at Glengariff.

"I am often *axed* to tell it, sir," said he, "so that this is not the first time. The master's son, you see, had come from beyond foreign parts, in France and Spain, as young gentlemen used to go, before Bonaparte or any such was ever heard of; and sure enough there was a dinner given to all the people on the ground, gentle and simple, high and low, rich and poor. The *ould* gentlemen were the gentlemen after all, saving your honour's presence. They'd swear at a body a little, to be sure, and maybe give one a cut of a whip now and then, but we were no losers by it in the end, and they were so easy and civil, and kept such rattling houses, and thousands of welcomes; and there was no grinding for rent, and there was hardly a tenant on the estate that did not taste of his landlord's bounty often and often in a year, but now it's another thing; no matter for that, sir, for I'd better be telling you my story. Well, we had everything of the best, and plenty of it; and we ate, and we drank, and we danced, and the young master by the same token danced with Peggy Barry, from the Bohereen—a lovely young couple they were, though they are both low enough now. To make a long story short, I got, as a body may say, the same thing as tipsy almost. And so as I was crossing

the stepping-stones of the ford of Ballyasheenogh, I missed my foot, and souse I fell into the water. 'Death alive!' thought I, 'I'll be drowned now!' However, I began swimming, swimming, swimming away for the dear life, till at last I got ashore, somehow or other, but never the one of me can tell how, upon a *dissolute* island.

"I wandered and wandered about there, without knowing where I wandered, until at last I got into a big bog. The moon was shining as bright as day, or your fair lady's eyes, sir (with your pardon for mentioning her), and I looked east and west, and north and south, and every way, and nothing did I see but bog, bog, bog. I began to scratch my head, and sing the *Ullagone*[12]—when all of a sudden the moon grew black, and I looked up, and saw something for all the world as if it was moving down between me and it, and I could not tell what it was. Down it came with a pounce, and looked at me full in the face; and what was it but an eagle? as fine a one as ever flew from the kingdom of Kerry. So he looked at me in the face, and says he to me, 'Daniel O'Rourke,' says he, 'how do you do?' 'Very well, I thank you, sir,' says I; 'I hope you're well;' wondering out of my senses all the time how an eagle came to speak like a Christian. 'What brings you here, Dan?' says he. 'Nothing at all, sir,' says I; 'only I wish I was safe home again.' 'Is it out of the island you want to go, Dan?' says he. '"Tis, sir,' says I, so I up and told him how I had taken a drop too much, and fell into the water. 'Dan,' says he, after a minute's thought, 'though it is very improper for you to get drunk on Lady-day, yet as you are a decent sober man, who 'tends mass well, and never flings stones at me or mine, nor cries out after us in the fields—my life for yours,' says he, 'so get up on my

back, and grip me well for fear you'd fall off, and I'll fly you out of the bog.' 'I am afraid,' says I, 'your honour's making game of me; for who ever heard of riding a horseback on an eagle before?' ''Pon the honour of a gentleman,' says he, putting his right foot on his breast, 'I am quite in earnest; and so now either take my offer or starve in the bog—besides, I see that your weight is sinking the stone.'

"It was true enough as he said, for I found the stone every minute going from under me. I had no choice; so thinks I to myself, faint heart never won fair lady, and this is fair persuadance. 'I thank your honour,' says I, 'for the loan of your civility; and I'll take your kind offer.' I therefore mounted upon the back of the eagle, and held him tight enough by the throat, and up he flew in the air like a lark. Little I knew the thrick he was going to serve me. Up—up—up, God knows how far up he flew. 'Why then,' said I to him—thinking he did not know the right road home—very civilly, because why? I was in his power entirely; 'sir,' says I, 'please your honour's glory, and with humble submission to your better judgment, if you'd fly down a bit, you're now just over my cabin, and I could be put down there, and many thanks to your worship.'

"'*Arrah*, Dan,' said he, 'do you think me a fool? Look down in the next field, and don't you see two men and a gun? By my word it would be no joke to be shot this way, to oblige a drunken blackguard that I picked up off a *cowld* stone in a bog.' 'Bother you,' said I to myself, but I did not speak out, for where was the use? Well, sir, up he kept flying, flying, and I asking him every minute to fly down, and all to no use. 'Where in the world are you going, sir?' says I to him. 'Hold your tongue, Dan,' says he: 'mind your

own business, and don't be interfering with the business of other people.' 'Faith, this is my business, I think,' says I. 'Be quiet, Dan,' says he; so I said no more.

"At last where should we come to, but to the moon itself. Now you can't see it from this, but there is, or there was in my time, a reaping-hook sticking out of the side of the moon, this way [drawing the figure thus  on the ground with the end of his stick].

"'Dan,' said the eagle, 'I'm tired with this long fly; I had no notion 'twas so far.' 'And, my lord, sir,' said I, 'who in the world *axed* you to fly so far—was it I? did not I beg and pray and beseech you to stop half-an-hour ago?' 'There's no use talking, Dan,' says he; 'I'm tired bad enough, so you must get off, and sit down on the moon until I rest myself.' 'Is it sit down on the moon?' said I; 'is it upon that little round thing, then? why, then, sure I'd fall off in a minute, and be *kilt* and spilt, and smashed all to bits; you are a vile deceiver, so you are.' 'Not at all, Dan,' said he; 'you can catch fast hold of the reaping-hook that's sticking out of the side of the moon, and 'twill keep you up.' 'I won't then,' said I. 'May be not,' said he, quite quiet. 'If you don't, my man, I shall just give you a shake, and one slap of my wing, and send you down to the ground, where every bone in your body will be smashed as small as a drop of dew on a cabbage-leaf in the morning.' 'Why, then, I'm in a fine way,' said I to myself, 'ever to have come along with the likes of you;' and so giving him a hearty curse in Irish, for fear he'd know what I said, I got off his back with a heavy heart, took hold of the reaping-hook, and sat down upon the moon, and a

mighty cold seat it was, I can tell you that.

"When he had me there fairly landed, he turned about on me, and said, 'Good morning to you, Daniel O'Rourke,' said he, 'I think I've nicked you fairly now. You robbed my nest last year' ('twas true enough for him, but how he found it out is hard to say), 'and in return you are freely welcome to cool your heels dangling upon the moon like a cockthrow.'

"'Is that all, and is this the way you leave me, you brute, you?' says I. 'You ugly unnatural *baste*, and is this the way you serve me at last? Bad luck to yourself, with your hooked nose, and to all your breed, you blackguard.' 'Twas all to no manner of use; he spread out his great big wings, burst out a laughing, and flew away like lightning. I bawled after him to stop; but I might have called and bawled for ever, without his minding me. Away he went, and I never saw him from that day to this—sorrow fly away with him! You may be sure I was in a disconsolate condition, and kept roaring out for the bare grief, when all at once a door opened right in the middle of the moon, creaking on its hinges as if it had not been opened for a month before—I suppose they never thought of greasing 'em, and out there walks—who do you think, but the man in the moon himself? I knew him by his bush.

"'Good morrow to you, Daniel O'Rourke,' said he; 'how do you do?' 'Very well, thank your honour,' said I. 'I hope your honour's well.' 'What brought you here, Dan?' said he. So I told him how I was a little overtaken in liquor at the master's, and how I was cast on a *dissolute* island, and how I lost my way in the bog, and how the thief of an eagle promised to fly me out of it, and how instead of that he had fled

me up to the moon.

"'Dan,' said the man in the moon, taking a pinch of snuff when I was done, 'you must not stay here.' 'Indeed, sir,' says I, ''tis much against my will I'm here at all; but how am I to go back?' 'That's your business,' said he; 'Dan, mine is to tell you that here you must not stay, so be off in less than no time.' 'I'm doing no harm,' says I, 'only holding on hard by the reaping-hook, lest I fall off.' 'That's what you must not do, Dan,' says he. 'Pray, sir,' says I, 'may I ask how many you are in family, that you would not give a poor traveller lodging; I'm sure 'tis not so often you're troubled with strangers coming to see you, for 'tis a long way.' 'I'm by myself, Dan,' says he; 'but you'd better let go the reaping-hook.' 'And with your leave,' says I, 'I'll not let go the grip, and the more you bids me, the more I won't let go—so I will.' 'You had better, Dan,' says he again. 'Why, then, my little fellow,' says I, taking the whole weight of him with my eye from head to foot, 'there are two words to that bargain; and I'll not budge, but you may if you like.' 'We'll see how that is to be,' says he; and back he went, giving the door such a great bang after him (for it was plain he was huffed) that I thought the moon and all would fall down with it.

"Well, I was preparing myself to try strength with him, when back again he comes, with the kitchen cleaver in his hand, and without saying a word he gives two bangs to the handle of the reaping-hook that was keeping me up, and *whap!* it came in two. 'Good morning to you, Dan,' says the spiteful little old blackguard, when he saw me cleanly falling down with a bit of the handle in my hand; 'I thank you for your visit, and fair weather after you, Daniel.' I had not time to make any answer to him,

for I was tumbling over and over, and rolling and rolling, at the rate of a fox-hunt. ‘God help me!’ says I, ‘this is a pretty pickle for a decent man to be seen in at this time of night; I am now sold fairly.’ The word was not out of my mouth when, whiz! what should fly by close to my ear but a flock of wild geese; all the way from my own bog of Ballyasheenogh, else how should they know *me*? The *ould* gander, who was their general, turning about his head, cried out to me, ‘Is that you, Dan?’ ‘The same,’ said I, not a bit daunted now at what he said, for I was by this time used to all kinds of *bedevilment*, and, besides, I knew him of *ould*. ‘Good morrow to you,’ says he, ‘Daniel O’Rourke; how are you in health this morning?’ ‘Very well, sir,’ says I, ‘I thank you kindly,’ drawing my breath, for I was mightily in want of some. ‘I hope your honour’s the same.’ ‘I think ’tis falling you are, Daniel,’ says he. ‘You may say that, sir,’ says I. ‘And where are you going all the way so fast?’ said the gander. So I told him how I had taken the drop, and how I came on the island, and how I lost my way in the bog, and how the thief of an eagle flew me up to the moon, and how the man in the moon turned me out. ‘Dan,’ said he, ‘I’ll save you; put out your hand and catch me by the leg, and I’ll fly you home.’ ‘Sweet is your hand in a pitcher of honey, my jewel,’ says I, though all the time I thought within myself that I don’t much trust you; but there was no help, so I caught the gander by the leg, and away I and the other geese flew after him as fast as hops.





"I WAS TUMBLING OVER AND OVER, AND ROLLING AND ROLLING."

"We flew, and we flew, and we flew, until we came right over the wide ocean. I knew it well, for I saw Cape Clear to my right hand, sticking up out of the water. 'Ah! my lord,' said I to the goose, for I thought it best to keep a civil tongue in my head any way, 'fly to land if you please.' 'It is impossible, you see, Dan,' said he, 'for a while, because you see we are going to Arabia.' 'To Arabia!' said I, 'that's surely some place in foreign parts, far away. Oh! Mr. Goose; why then, to be sure, I'm a man to be pitied among you.' 'Whist, whist, you fool,' said he, 'hold your tongue; I tell you Arabia is a very decent sort of place, as like West Carbery as one egg is like another, only there is a little more sand there.'

"Just as we were talking a ship hove in sight, scudding so beautiful before the wind; 'Ah! then, sir,' said I, 'will you drop me on the ship, if you please?' 'We are not fair over her,' said he. 'We are,' said I. 'We are not,' said he; 'if I dropped you now you would go splash into the sea.' 'I would not,' says I; 'I know better than that, for it is just clean under us, so let me drop now at once.' 'If you must, you must,' said he; 'there, take your own way;' and he opened his claw, and, faith, he was right—sure enough I came down plump into the very bottom of the salt sea! Down to the very bottom I went, and I gave myself up then for ever, when a whale walked up to me, scratching himself after his night's sleep, and looked me full in the face, and never the word did he say, but lifting up his tail, he splashed me all over again with the cold salt water till there wasn't a dry stitch upon my whole carcase; and I heard somebody saying—'twas a voice I knew too—'Get up, you drunken brute, off o' that;' and with that I woke up,

and there was Judy with a tub full of water, which she was splashing all over me—for, rest her soul! though she was a good wife, she never could bear to see me in drink, and had a bitter hand of her own. 'Get up,' said she again; 'and of all places in the parish would no place *sarve* your turn to lie down upon but under the *ould* walls of Carrigaphooka? an uneasy resting I am sure you had of it.' And sure enough I had, for I was fairly bothered out of my senses with eagles, and men of the moons, and flying ganders, and whales driving me through bogs, and up to the moon, and down to the bottom of the green ocean. If I was in drink ten times over, long would it be before I'd lie down in the same spot again, I know that."

William Maginn, LL.D.

THE HUMOURS OF DONNYBROOK FAIR.

Oh! 'twas Dermot O'Nowlan McFigg,
That could properly handle a twig,
He went to the Fair,
And kicked up a dust there,
In dancing the Donnybrook Jig,
With his twig,
Oh! my blessing to Dermot McFigg!

When he came to the midst of the Fair,
He was *all in a paugh* for fresh air,
For the Fair very soon
Was as full as the moon,
Such mobs upon mobs as were there,
Oh! rare,
So more luck to sweet Donnybrook Fair.

The souls, they came crowding in fast,
To dance while the leather would last,

For the Thomas Street brogue
Was there much in vogue,
And oft with a brogue the joke passed,
Quite fast,
While the Cash and the Whisky did last!

But Dermot, his mind on love bent,
In search of his sweetheart he went;
Peep'd in here and there,
As he walked thro' the Fair,
And took a small taste in each tent,
As he went,
Och! on Whisky and Love he was bent.

And who should he spy in a jig,
With a Meal-man so tall and so big,
But his own darling Kate
So gay and so neat;
Faith, her partner he hit him a dig,
The pig,
He beat the meal out of his wig!

Then Dermot, with conquest elate,
Drew a stool near his beautiful Kate;
"Arrah! Katty," says he,
"My own Cushlamachree,
Sure the world for Beauty you beat,
Complete,
So we'll just take a dance while we wait!"

The Piper, to keep him in tune,
Struck up a gay lilt very soon,
Until an arch wag
Cut a hole in his bag,
And at once put an end to the tune
Too soon,
Oh! the music flew up to the moon!

To the Fiddler says Dermot McFigg,
"If you'll please to play 'Sheela na gig,'
We'll shake a loose toe
While you humour the bow,
To be sure you must warm the wig
Of McFigg,

While he's dancing a neat Irish jig!"

But says Katty, the darling, says she,
"If you'll only just listen to me,
It's myself that will show
Billy can't be your foe,
Tho' he fought for his Cousin, that's me,"
Says she,
"For sure Billy's related to me!

"For my own cousin-german, Ann Wild,
Stood for Biddy Mulrooney's first child,
And Biddy's step-son,
Sure he married Bess Dunn,
Who was gossip to Jenny, as mild
A child
As ever at mother's breast smiled.

"And maybe you don't know Jane Brown,
Who served goat's whey in sweet Dundrum town,
'Twas her uncle's half-brother
That married my mother,
And bought me this new yellow gown,
To go down,
When the marriage was held in Miltown!"

"By the Powers, then," says Dermot, "'tis plain,
Like a son of that rapscallion Cain,
My best friend I've kilt,
Tho' no blood it is spilt,
And the devil a harm did I mean,
That's plain,
But by me he'll be ne'er kilt again!"

Then the Meal-man forgave him the blow,
That laid him a-sprawling so low,
And being quite gay,
Asked them both to the play,
But Katty, being bashful, said "No,"
"No!" "No!"
Yet he treated them all to the show!

Charles O'Flaherty (1794–1828).

THE NIGHT-CAP.

Jolly Phœbus his car to the coach-house had driven,
And unharnessed his high-mettled horses of light;
He gave them a feed from the manger of heaven,
And rubbed them and littered them up for the night.

Then down to the kitchen he leisurely strode,
Where Thetis, the housemaid, was sipping her tea;
He swore he was tired with that damned up-hill road,
He'd have none of her slops or hot water, not he.

So she took from the corner a little cruiskeen
Well filled with the nectar Apollo loves best,
(From the neat Bog of Allen, some pretty poteen);
And he tippled his quantum and staggered to rest.

His many-caped box-coat around him he threw,
For his bed, faith, 'twas dampish, and none of the best;
All above him the clouds their bright-fringed curtains drew,
And the tuft of his night-cap lay red in the west.

Thomas Hamblin Porter (*fl.* 1820).

KITTY OF COLERAINE.

As beautiful Kitty one morning was tripping
With a pitcher of milk from the fair of Coleraine,
When she saw me she stumbled, the pitcher down tumbled,
And all the sweet butter-milk watered the plain.
"Oh! what shall I do now?—'twas looking at you, now!
Sure, sure, such a pitcher I'll ne'er see again;
'Twas the pride of my dairy—O Barney McCleary,
You're sent as a plague to the girls of Coleraine!"

I sat down beside her, and gently did chide her,
That such a misfortune should give her such pain;
A kiss then I gave her, and ere I did leave her,
She vowed for such pleasure she'd break it again.
'Twas hay-making season—I can't tell the reason—
Misfortunes will never come single, 'tis plain;
For very soon after poor Kitty's disaster
The devil a pitcher was whole in Coleraine.

Anonymous.



"I SAT DOWN BESIDE HER, AND GENTLY DID CHIDE HER."

GIVING CREDIT.

In due time it was determined that Peter, as he understood poteen, should open a shebeen-house. The moment this resolution was made, the wife kept

coaxing him until he took a small house at the cross-roads before alluded to, where, in the course of a short time, he was established, if not in his line, yet in a mode of life approximating to it as nearly as the inclination of Ellish would permit. The cabin which they occupied had a kitchen in the middle, and a room at each end of it, in one of which was their own humble chaff bed, with its blue quilted drugget cover; in the other stood a couple of small tables, some stools, a short form, and one chair, being a present from his father-in-law. These constituted Peter's whole establishment, so far as it defied the gauger. To this we must add a five-gallon keg of spirits hid in the garden and a roll of smuggled tobacco. From the former he bottled, overnight, as much as was usually drunk the following day; and from the tobacco, which was also kept underground, he cut, with the same caution, as much as to-morrow's exigencies might require. This he kept in his coat-pocket, a place where the gauger would never think of searching for it, divided into halfpenny and pennyworths, ounces, or half-ounces, according as it might be required; and, as he had it without duty, the liberal spirit in which he dealt it out to his neighbours soon brought him a large increase of custom.

Peter's wife was an excellent manager, and he himself a pleasant, good-humoured man, full of whim and inoffensive mirth. His powers of amusement were of a high order, considering his station in life and his want of education. These qualities contributed, in a great degree, to bring both the young and the old to his house during the long winter nights, in order to hear the fine racy humour with which he related his frequent adventures and battles with excisemen. In the summer evenings he

usually engaged a piper or fiddler, and had a dance, a contrivance by which he not only rendered himself popular, but increased his business.

In this mode of life the greatest source of anxiety to Peter and Ellish was the difficulty of not offending their friends by refusing to give them credit. Many plans were, with great skill and forethought, devised to obviate this evil; but all failed. A short board was first procured, on which they got written with chalk —

> "No credit giv'n—barrin' a thrifle to Pether's friends."

Before a week passed after this intimation, the number of "Pether's friends" increased so rapidly that neither he nor Ellish knew the half of them. Every scamp in the parish was hand and glove with him: the drinking tribe, particularly, became desperately attached to him and Ellish. Peter was naturally kind-hearted, and found that his firmest resolutions too often gave way before the open flattery with which he was assailed. He then changed his hand, and left Ellish to bear the brunt of their blarney. Whenever any person or persons were seen approaching the house, Peter, if he had reason to expect an attack upon his indulgence, prepared himself for a retreat. He kept his eye to the window, and if they turned from the direct line of the road, he immediately slipped into bed, and lay close, in order to escape them. In the meantime they enter.

"God save all here! Ellish, agra machree, how are you?"

"God save you kindly! Faix, I'm middlin', I thank

you, Condy; how is yourself, an' all at home?"

"Devil a heartier, barrin' my father, that's touched wid a loss of appetite afther his meals—ha, ha, ha!"

"Musha, the dickens be an you, Condy, but you're your father's son, anyway; the best company in Europe is the same man. Throth, whether you're jokin' or not, I'd be sarry to hear of anything to his disadvantage, dacent man. Boys, won't yees go down to the other room?"



"HE KEPT HIS EYE TO THE WINDOW, AND IF THEY TURNED FROM THE DIRECT LINE OF THE ROAD, HE SLIPPED INTO BED."

"Go way wid yees, boys, till I spake to Ellish here about the affairs o' the nation. Why, Ellish, you stand the cut all to pieces. By the contints o' the book, you

do; Pether doesn't stand it half so well. How is he, the thief?"

"Throth, he's not well to-day, in regard of a smotherin' about the heart he tuck this morning, afther his breakfast. He jist laid himself on the bed a while, to see if it would go off of him—God be praised for all his marcies!"

"Thin, upon my *sole*vation, I'm sorry to hear it, and so will all at home, for there's not in the parish we're sittin' in a couple that our family has a greater regard an' friendship for than him an' yourself. Faix, my modher, no longer ago than Friday night last, argued down Bartle Meegan's throath that you and Biddy Martin war the two portliest weemen that comes into the chapel. God forgive myself, I was near quarrellin' wid Bartle, on the head of it, bekase I tuck my modher's part, as I had good right to do."

"Thrath, I'm thankful to you both, Condy, for your kindness."

"Oh, the sarra taste o' kindness was in it all, Ellish, 'twas only the thruth; an' as long as I live I'll stand up for that."

"Arrah, how is your aunt down at Carntall?"

"Indeed, thin, but middlin', not gettin' her health: she'll soon give the crow a puddin', anyway; thin, Ellish, you thief, I'm *in* for the yallow boys. Do you know thim that came in wid me?"

"Why, thin, I can't say I do. Who are they, Condy?"

"Why, one o' thim's a bachelor to my sisther Norah, a very dacent boy, indeed—him wid the frieze jock upon him, an' the buckskin breeches. The other three's from Teenabraighera beyant. They're

related to my brother-in-law, Mick Dillon, by his first wife's brother-in-law's uncle. They're come to this neighbourhood till the 'Sizes, bad luck to them, goes over; for, you see, they're in a little throuble."

"The Lord grant them safe out of it, poor boys!"

"I brought them up here to treat them, poor fellows; an' Ellish, avourneen, you must credit me for whatsomever we may have. The thruth is, you see, that when we left home none of us had any notion of dhrinkin', or I'd a put a something in my pocket, so that I'm taken at an average.—Bud-an'-age—how is little Dan? Sowl, Ellish, that goor-soon, when he grows up, will be a credit to you. I don't think there's a finer child in Europe of his age, so there isn't."

"Indeed, he's a good child, Condy. But, Condy, avick, about givin' credit:—by thim five crasses, if I could give score to any boy in the parish, it ud be to yourself. It was only last night that I made a promise against doin' sich a thing for man or mortual. We're a'most broken an' harrish'd out o' house an' home by it; an' what's more, Condy, we intend to give up the business. The landlord's at us every day for his rint, an' we owe for the two last kegs we got, but hasn't a rap to meet aither o' thim; an' enough due to us if we could get it together: an' whisper, Condy, atween ourselves, that's what ails Pether, although he doesn't wish to let an to any one about it."

"Well, but you know I'm safe, Ellish?"

"I know you are, avourneen, as the bank itself; an' should have what you want wid a heart an' a half, only for the promise I made an my two knees last night aginst givin' credit to man or woman. Why the dickens didn't you come yistherday?"

"Didn't I tell you, woman alive, that it was by

accident, an' that I wished to sarve the house, that we came at all. Come, come, Ellish; don't disgrace me afore my sisther's bachelor an' the sthrange boys that's to the fore. By this staff in my hand, I wouldn't for the best cow in our byre be put to the blush afore thim; an' besides, there's a *cleeveenship* atween your family an' ours."

"Condy, avourneen, say no more: if you were fed from the same breast wid me, I couldn't, nor wouldn't break my promise. I wouldn't have the sin of it an me for the wealth o' the three kingdoms."

"Bedad, you're a quare woman; an' only that my regard for you is great entirely, we would be two, Ellish; but I know you're dacent still."

He then left her, and joined his friends in the little room that was appropriated for drinking, where, with a great deal of mirth, he related the failure of the plan they had formed for outwitting Peter and Ellish.

"Boys," said he, "she's too many for us! St. Pether himself wouldn't make a hand of her. Faix, she's a cute one. I palavered her at the rate of a hunt, an' she ped me back in my own coin, wid dacent intherest—but no whisky!—Now to take a rise out o' Pether. Jist sit where yees are, till I come back."

He then left them enjoying the intended "spree," and went back to Ellish.

"Well, I'm sure, Ellish, if any one had tuck their book oath that you'd refuse my father's son sich a thrifle, I wouldn't believe them. It's not wid Pether's knowledge you do it, I'll be bound. But bad as you thrated us, sure we must see how the poor fellow is, at any rate."

As he spoke, and before Ellish had time to prevent him, he pressed into the room where Peter lay.

"Why, tare alive, Pether, is it in bed you are, at this hour o' the day?"

"Eh? What's that—who's that? Oh!"

"Why, thin, the sarra lie undher you, is that the way wid you?"

"Oh!—oh! Eh? Is that Condy?"

"All that's to the fore of him. What's asthray wid you, man alive?"

"Throth, Condy, I don't know rightly. I went out, wantin' my coat, about a week ago, an' got cowld in the small o' the back: I've a pain in it ever since. Be sittin'."

"Is your *heart* safe? You have no smotherin' or anything upon *it*?"

"Why, thin, thank goodness, no; it's all about my back an' my hinches."

"Divil a thing it is but a complaint they call an *alloverness* ails you, you shkaimer o' the world wide. 'Tis the oil o' the hazel, or a rubbin' down wid an oak towel, you want. Get up, I say, or, by this an' by that, I'll flail you widin an inch o' your life."

"Is it beside yourself you are, Condy?"

"No, no, faix; I've found you out: Ellish is afther tellin' me that it was a smotherin' on the heart; but it's a pain in the small o' the back wid *yourself*. Oh, you born desaver! Get up, I say agin, afore I take the stick to you!"

"Why, thin, all sorts o' fortune to you, Condy—ha, ha, ha!—but you're the sarra's pet, for there's no

escapin' you. What was that I hard atween you an' Ellish?" said Peter, getting up.

"The sarra matther to you. If you behave yourself, we may let you into the wrong side o' the sacret afore you die. Go an' get us a pint o' what you know," replied Condy, as he and Peter entered the kitchen.

"Ellish," said Peter, "I suppose you must give it to thim. Give it—give it, avourneen. Now, Condy, whin'll you pay me for this?"

"Never fret yourself about that; you'll be ped. Honour *bright*, as the black said whin he stole the boots."

"Now, Pether," said the wife, "sure it's no use axin me to give it, afther the promise I made last night. Give it yourself; for me, I'll have no hand in sich things, good or bad. I hope we'll soon get out of it altogether, for myself's sick an' sore of it, dear knows!"

Peter accordingly furnished them with the liquor, and got a promise that Condy would certainly pay him at mass on the following Sunday, which was only three days distant. The fun of the boys was exuberant at Condy's success: they drank, and laughed, and sang, until pint after pint followed in rapid succession.

Every additional inroad upon the keg brought a fresh groan from Ellish; and even Peter himself began to look blank as their potations deepened. When the night was far advanced they departed, after having first overwhelmed Ellish with professions of the warmest friendship, promising that in future she exclusively should reap whatever benefit was to be derived from their patronage.

In the meantime Condy forgot to perform his promise. The next Sunday passed, but Peter was not paid, nor was his clever debtor seen at mass, or in the vicinity of the shebeen-house, for many a month afterwards—an instance of ingratitude which mortified his creditor extremely. The latter, who felt that it was a *take in*, resolved to cut short all hopes of obtaining credit from them in future. In about a week after the foregoing hoax he got up a board, presenting a more vigorous refusal of *score* than the former. His friends, who were more in number than he could possibly have imagined, on this occasion were altogether wiped out of the exception. The notice ran to the following effect:—

> "Notice to the Public, *and to Pether Connell's friends in particular*—Divil resave the morsel of credit will be got or given in this house, while there is stick or stone of it together, barrin' them that axes it has the *ready money*.
>
> "PETHER X CONNELL, his mark.
>
> "ELLISH X CONNELL, her mark."

William Carleton (1794–1869).

BRIAN O'LINN.

Brian O'Linn was a gentleman born,
His hair it was long and his beard unshorn,
His teeth were out and his eyes far in—
"I'm a wonderful beauty," says Brian O'Linn!

Brian O'Linn was hard up for a coat,
He borrowed the skin of a neighbouring goat,
He buckled the horns right under his chin—
"They'll answer for pistols," says Brian
O'Linn;

Brian O'Linn had no breeches to wear,
He got him a sheepskin to make him a pair,
With the fleshy side out and the woolly side in—
"They are pleasant and cool," says Brian O'Linn!

Brian O'Linn had no hat to his head,
He stuck on a pot that was under the shed,
He murdered a cod for the sake of his fin—
"'Twill pass for a feather," says Brian O'Linn!

Brian O'Linn had no shirt to his back,
He went to a neighbour and borrowed a sack.
He puckered a meal-bag under his chin—
"They'll take it for ruffles," says Brian O'Linn!

Brian O'Linn had no shoes at all,
He bought an old pair at a cobbler's stall,
The uppers were broke and the soles were thin—
"They'll do me for dancing," says Brian O'Linn!

Brian O'Linn had no watch for to wear,
He bought a fine turnip and scooped it out fair,
He slipped a live cricket right under the skin—
"They'll think it is ticking," says Brian O'Linn!

Brian O'Linn was in want of a brooch,
He stuck a brass pin in a big cockroach,
The breast of his shirt he fixed it straight in—
"They'll think it's a diamond," says Brian O'Linn!

Brian O'Linn went a-courting one night,
He set both the mother and daughter to fight—
"Stop, stop," he exclaimed, "if you have but

the tin,
I'll marry you both," says Brian O'Linn!

Brian O'Linn went to bring his wife home,
He had but one horse, that was all skin and bone—
"I'll put her behind me, as nate as a pin,
And her mother before me," says Brian O'Linn!

Brian O'Linn and his wife and wife's mother,
They all crossed over the bridge together,
The bridge broke down and they all tumbled in—
"We'll go home by water," says Brian O'Linn!

Anonymous.



THE TURKEY AND THE GOOSE.

Did yir honor ever hear of the wager 'tween the goose and the turkey? Oncet upon a time an ould

cock-turkey lived in the barony of Brawny, or, let me see, was it in Inchebofin or Tubbercleer? faix, an' it's meself forgets that same at the present writin',—but Jim Gurn—you know Jim Gurn, yir honor, Jim Gurn the nailer that lives hard by,—him that fought his black-and-tan t'other day 'gainst Tim Fagan's silver hackle,—oh! Jim is the boy that'll tell ye the *ins* and *outs* of it any day yir honor wud pay him a visit, 'caze Jim's in the way of it. Well, as I was relatin', the turkey was a parson's bird, and as proud as Lucifer, bein' used to the best of livin'; while the gander was only a poor *commoner*, for he was a *Roman*,[13] and oblidged to live upon what he could get by the roadside. These two fowls, yir honor, never could agree anyhow,—never could put up their horses together on any blessed p'int,—till one day a big row happened betune them, when the gander challenged the turkey to a steeplechase across the country, day and dark, for twenty-four hours. Well, to my surprise,—though I wasn't there at the time, but Jim Gurn was, who gave me the whole history,—to my surprise, the turkey didn't say *no* to it, but was quite agreeable to it, all of a suddent; so away they started from Jim Gurn's dunghill one Sunday after mass, for the gander wouldn't stir a step afore prayers. Well, to be sure, to give the divil his due, the turkey took the lead in fine style, and was soon clane out of sight; but the gander kept movin' on, no ways downhearted, after him. About nightfall it was his business to pass through an ould archway across the road; and as he was stoopin' his head to get under it,—for yir honor knows a gander will stoop his head under a doorway if it was only as high as the moon,—who should he see comfortably sated in an ivy-bush but the turkey himself, tucked in for the night. The gander, winkin' to himself, says, "Is it

there ye are, honey?"—but he kept never mindin' him for all that, but only walked bouldly on to his journey's end, where he arrived safe and sound next day, afore the turkey was out of his first sleep; 'caze why, ye see, sir, a goose or a gander will travel all night; but in respect of a turkey, once the day falls in, divil another inch of ground he'll put his futt to, barrin' it's to roost in a tree or the rafters of a cow-house! Oh! maybe the parson's bird wasn't ashamed of himself! Jim Gurn says he never held his head up afterward, though to be sure he hadn't long to fret, for Christmas was nigh at hand, and he had to stand sentry by the kitchen fire one day without his body-clothes till he could bear it no longer; so they dished him entirely. Them that ett him said he was as tough as leather, no doubt from the grief; but divil's cure to him! what business had he to be so proud of himself, the spalpeen?

Joseph A. Wade (1796–1845).

WIDOW MACHREE.

Widow Machree, it's no wonder you frown,
Och hone, Widow Machree—
Faith, it ruins your looks that same dirty
black gown,
Och hone, Widow Machree.
How altered your air,
With that close cap you wear—
It's destroying your hair,
Which should be flowing free,
Be no longer a churl
Of its black silken curl,
Och hone, Widow Machree.

Widow Machree, now the summer is come,
Och hone, Widow Machree,

When everything smiles—should a beauty
look glum,
Och hone, Widow Machree.
See the birds go in pairs,
And the rabbits and hares—
Why even the bears,
Now in couples agree,
And the mute little fish,
Though they can't speak, they wish,
Och hone, Widow Machree.

Widow Machree, when the winter comes in,
Och hone, Widow Machree,
To be poking the fire, all alone, is a sin,
Och hone, Widow Machree.
Why the shovel and tongs,
To each other belongs,
And the kettle sings songs,
Full of family glee,
While alone with your cup,
Like a hermit you sup,
Och hone, Widow Machree.

And how do you know, with the comforts
I've told,
Och hone, Widow Machree,
But you're keeping some poor divil out in the
cold?
Och hone, Widow Machree.
With such sins on your head,
Sure your peace would be fled,
Could you sleep in your bed,
Without thinking to see,
Some ghost or some sprite,
Come to wake you each night,
Crying, och hone, Widow Machree.

Then take my advice, darling Widow
Machree,
Och hone, Widow Machree,
And with my advice, faith, I wish you'd take
me,
Och hone, Widow Machree.
You'd have me to desire.

Then to stir up the fire,
And sure hope is no liar,
In whispering to me,
That the ghosts would depart,
When you'd me near your heart,
Och hone, Widow Machree.

Samuel Lover (1797–1868).



BARNEY O'HEA.

Now let me alone, though I know you won't,
I know you won't,
I know you won't,
Now let me alone, though I know you won't,
Impudent Barney O'Hea.
It makes me outrageous when you're so
contagious—
You'd better look out for the stout Corney
Creagh!
For he is the boy that believes me his joy;—
So you'd better behave yourself, Barney

O'Hea.
Impudent Barney—
None of your blarney,
Impudent Barney O'Hea.

I hope you're not going to Bandon fair,
To Bandon fair,
To Bandon fair,
For sure I'm not wanting to meet you there,
Impudent Barney O'Hea.
For Corney's at Cork, and my brother's at work,
And my mother sits spinning at home all the day;
So no one will be there, of poor me to take care,
And I hope you won't follow me, Barney O'Hea.
Impudent Barney—
None of your blarney,
Impudent Barney O'Hea.

But as I was walking up Bandon Street,
Just who do you think 'twas myself should meet
But impudent Barney O'Hea!
He said I look'd killin',
I call'd him a villain,
And bid him that minute get out of my way.
He said I was jokin',
And look'd so provokin',—
I could not help laughing with Barney O'Hea!
Impudent Barney—
'Tis he has the blarney,
Impudent Barney O'Hea!

He knew 'twas all right when he saw me smile,
For he is the rogue up to every wile,
Is impudent Barney O'Hea!
He coax'd me to choose him,
For, if I'd refuse him,
He swore he'd kill Corney the very next day;
So for fear 'twould go further,

And—just to save murther—
I think I must marry that mad-cap O'Hea.
Botherin' Barney—
'Tis he has the blarney
To make a girl Misthress O'Hea!

Samuel Lover.



MOLLY CAREW.

Och hone, and what will I do?
Sure, my love is all crost
Like a bud in the frost,
And there's no use at all in my going to bed;
For 'tis dhrames and not sleep comes into my head;
And 'tis all about you,
My sweet Molly Carew—
And indeed 'tis a sin and a shame;

You're complater than Nature
In every feature,
The snow can't compare
With your forehead so fair;
And I rather would see just one blink of your eye
Than the purtiest star that shines out of the sky—
And by this and by that,
For the matter of that,
You're more distant by far than that same!
Och hone! wirrasthrue!
I'm alone in this world without you.

Och hone! but why should I spake
Of your forehead and eyes,
When your nose it defies
Paddy Blake, the schoolmaster, to put it in rhyme?
Tho' there's one Burke, he says, that would call it *snublime*.
And then for your cheek!
Throth, 'twould take him a week
Its beauties to tell as he'd rather.
Then your lips! oh, Machree!
In their beautiful glow
They a patthern might be
For the cherries to grow.
'Twas an apple that tempted our mother, we know—
For apples were *scarce*, I suppose, long ago;
But at this time o' day,
'Pon my conscience, I'll say,
Such cherries might tempt a man's father!
Och hone! wirrasthrue!
I'm alone in this world without you.

Och hone! by the man in the moon,
You *taze* me all ways,
That a woman can plaze,
For you dance twice as high with that thief Pat Magee,

As when you take share of a jig, dear, with me,
Tho' the piper I bate,
For fear the ould chate
Wouldn't play you your favourite tune;
And when you're at mass
My devotion you crass,
For 'tis thinking of you
I am, Molly Carew;
While you wear, on purpose, a bonnet so deep,
That I can't at your sweet purty face get a peep:
Oh! lave off that bonnet,
Or else I'll lave on it
The loss of my wandherin' sowl!
Och hone! wirrasthrue!
Och hone, like an owl,
Day is night, dear, to me, without you!

Och hone! don't provoke me to do it;
For there's girls by the score
That love me—and more;
And you'd look very quare if some morning you'd meet
My wedding all marchin' in pride down the sthreet;
Throth, you'd open your eyes,
And you'd die with surprise,
To think 'twasn't you was come to it!
And, faith, Katty Naile,
And her cow, I go bail,
Would jump if I'd say,
"Katty Naile, name the day."
And tho' you're fair and fresh as a morning in May,
While she's short and dark like a cowld winther's day,
Yet if you don't repent
Before Easther, when Lent
Is over I'll marry for spite;
Och hone! wirrasthrue!
And when I die for you,

My ghost will haunt you every night.

Samuel Lover.

HANDY ANDY AND THE POSTMASTER.

"Ride into the town, and see if there's a letter for me," said the Squire one day to our hero.

"Yes, sir."

"You know where to go?"

"To the town, sir."

"But do you know where to go in the town?"

"No, sir."

"And why don't you ask, you stupid fellow?"

"Sure, I'd find out, sir."

"Didn't I often tell you to ask what you're to do when you don't know?"

"Yes, sir."

"And why don't you?"

"I don't like to be troublesome, sir."

"Confound you!" said the Squire, though he could not help laughing at Andy's excuse for remaining in ignorance.

"Well," continued he, "go to the post-office. You know the post-office, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir, where they sell gunpowder."

"You're right for once," said the Squire; for his Majesty's postmaster was the person who had the privilege of dealing in the aforesaid combustible.

"Go, then, to the post-office, and ask for a letter for me. Remember,—not gunpowder, but a letter."

"Yes, sir," said Andy, who got astride of his hack and trotted away to the post-office. On arriving at the shop of the postmaster (for that person carried on a brisk trade in groceries, gimlets, broadcloth, and linen drapery), Andy presented himself at the counter, and said—

"I want a letther, sir, if you plaze."

"Who do you want it for?" said the postmaster, in a tone which Andy considered an aggression upon the sacredness of private life; so Andy thought the coollest contempt he could throw upon the prying impertinence of the postmaster was to repeat his question.

"I want a letther, sir, if you plaze."

"And who do you want it for?" repeated the postmaster.

"What's that to you?" said Andy.

The postmaster, laughing at his simplicity, told him he could not tell what letter to give unless he told him the direction.

"The directions I got was to get a letther here—that's the directions."

"Who gave you those directions?"

"The masther."

"And who's your master?"

"What consarn is that o' yours?"

"Why, you stupid rascal! if you don't tell me his name, how can I give you a letter?"

"You could give it if you liked; but you're fond of axin' impident questions, bekase you think I'm simple."

"Go along out o' this! Your master must be as great a goose as yourself to send such a messenger."

"Bad luck to your impidence," said Andy; "is it Squire Egan you dar' to say goose to?"

"Oh, Squire Egan's your master, then?"

"Yes; have you anything to say agin it?"

"Only that I never saw you before."

"Faith, then, you'll never see me agin if I have my own consint."

"I won't give you any letter for the Squire unless I know you're his servant. Is there any one in the town knows you?"

"Plenty," said Andy; "it's not every one is as ignorant as you."

Just at this moment a person to whom Andy was known entered the house, who vouched to the postmaster that he might give Andy the Squire's letter. "Have you one for me?"

"Yes, sir," said the postmaster, producing one —"four pence."

The gentleman paid the fourpence postage, and left the shop with his letter.

"Here's a letter for the Squire," said the postmaster; "you've to pay me elevenpence postage."

"What 'ud I pay elevenpence for?"

"For postage."

"To the divil wid you! Didn't I see you give Mr.

Durfy a letther for fourpence this minit, and a bigger letther than this? and now you want me to pay elevenpence for this scrap of a thing. Do you think I'm a fool?"

"No, but I'm sure of it," said the postmaster.

"Well, you're welkim to be sure, sure;—but don't be delayin' me now; here's fourpence for you, and gi' me the letther."

"Go along, you stupid thief!" said the postmaster, taking up the letter, and going to serve a customer with a mouse-trap.

While this person and many others were served, Andy lounged up and down the shop, every now and then putting in his head in the middle of the customers, and saying, "Will you gi' me the letther?"

He waited for above half-an-hour, in defiance of the anathemas of the postmaster, and at last left, when he found it impossible to get common justice for his master, which he thought he deserved as well as another man; for, under this impression, Andy determined to give no more than the fourpence.

The Squire, in the meantime, was getting impatient for his return, and when Andy made his appearance, asked if there was a letter for him.

"There is, sir," said Andy.

"Then give it to me."

"I haven't it, sir."

"What do you mean?"

"He wouldn't give it to me, sir."

"Who wouldn't give it to you?"

"That ould chate beyant in the town—wanting to charge double for it."

"Maybe it's a double letter. Why the devil didn't you pay what he asked, sir?"

"Arrah, sir, why would I let you be chated? It's not a double letther at all; not above half the size o' one Mr. Durfy got before my face for fourpence."

"You'll provoke me to break your neck some day, you vagabond! Ride back for your life, you *omadhaun*; and pay whatever he asks, and get me the letter."

"Why, sir, I tell you he was sellin' them before my face for fourpence apiece."

"Go back, you scoundrel! or I'll horsewhip you; and if you're longer than a hour, I'll have you ducked in the horsepond!"

Andy vanished, and made a second visit to the post-office. When he arrived two other persons were getting letters, and the postmaster was selecting the epistles for each from a large parcel that lay before him on the counter; at the same time many shop customers were waiting to be served.

"I'm come for that letther," said Andy.

"I'll attend to you by-and-by."

"The masther's in a hurry."

"Let him wait till his hurry's over."

"He'll murther me if I'm not back soon."

"I'm glad to hear it."

While the postmaster went on with such provoking answers to these appeals for despatch, Andy's eye caught the heap of letters which lay on

the counter; so while certain weighing of soap and tobacco was going forward, he contrived to become possessed of two letters from the heap, and having effected that, waited patiently enough till it was the great man's pleasure to give him the missive directed to his master.

Then did Andy bestride his hack, and, in triumph at his trick on the postmaster, rattled along the road homeward as fast as the beast could carry him. He came into the Squire's presence, his face beaming with delight, and an air of self-satisfied superiority in his manner, quite unaccountable to his master, until he pulled forth his hand, which had been grubbing up his prizes from the bottom of his pocket; and holding three letters over his head, while he said, "Look at that!" he next slapped them down under his broad fist on the table before the Squire, saying—

"Well, if he did make me pay elevenpence, by gor, I brought your honour the worth o' your money, anyhow!"

Samuel Lover.

THE LITTLE WEAVER OF DULEEK GATE.

There was a waiver lived, wanst upon a time, in Duleek here, hard by the gate, and a very honest, industherous man he was. He had a wife, and av coorse they had childhre, and plenty of them, and small blame to them, so that the poor little waiver was obleeged to work his fingers to the bone a'most to get them the bit and the sup, but he didn't begridge that, for he was an industherous craythur, as I said before, and it was up airly and down late with him, and the loom never standin' still.

Well, it was one mornin' that his wife called to him, "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 of 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."

"Ay, and you too," says he.

"Throth, you're as cross as two sticks this blessed morning, Thady," says the poor wife; "and it's a heavy handful I have of you when you are cruked in your temper; but stay there if you like, and let your stirabout grow cowld, and not a one o' me 'ill ax you agin;" and with that off she wint, and the waiver, sure enough, was mighty crabbed, and the more the wife spoke to him the worse he got, which, you know, is only nath'ral. Well, he left the loom at last, and wint over to the stirabout; and what would you think but whin he looked at it, it was as black as a

crow—for you see, it was in the hoighth o' summer, and the flies lit upon it to that degree that the stirabout was fairly covered with them.

"Why, thin, bad luck to your impidence," says the waiver, "would no place sarve you but that? and is it spyling my brekquest yiz are, you dirty bastes?" And with that, bein' altogether cruked-tempered at the time, he lifted his hand, and he made one great slam at the dish o' stirabout, and killed no less than 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.



"HE KEM HOME IN THE EVENIN', AFTHER SPENDIN' EVERY RAP HE HAD."

Well, he felt a powerful sperit risin' in him, when

he seen the slaughther he done at one blow, and with that he got as consaited as the very dickens, and not a sthroke more work he'd do that day, but out he wint, and was fractious and impident to every one 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 he rowled into a ditch comin' home. "You had betther wash it, darlin'."

"How dar' you say dirty to the greatest hand in Ireland?" says he, going to bate her.

"Well, it's nat dirty," says she.

"It is throwin' away my time I have been all my life," says he; "livin' with you at all, and stuck at a loom, nothin' but a poor waiver, when it is Saint George or the Dhraggin I ought to be, which is two o' the siven champions o' Christendom."

"Well, suppose they christened him twice as much," says the wife, "sure, what's that to uz?"

"Don't put in your prate," says he, "you ignorant sthrap," says he. "You're vulgar, woman—you're vulgar—mighty vulgar; but I'll have nothin' more to say to any dirty snakin' thrade again—divil a more waivin' I'll do."

"Oh, Thady, dear, and what'll the children do then?"

"Let them go play marvels," says he.

"That would be but poor feedin' for them, Thady."

"They shan't want for feedin'," says he, "for it's a rich man I'll be soon, and a great man too."

"Usha, but I'm glad to hear it, darlin', though I dunna how it's to be; but I think you had betther go to bed, Thady."

"Don't talk to me of any bed but the bed o' glory, woman," says he, lookin' mortial grand.

"Oh! God sind we'll all be in glory yet," says the wife, crossin' 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 immediately 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; "goin' 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.

Well, sure enough he wint about among his neighbours the next day, and he got an owld kittle

from one, and a saucepan from another, and he took them to the tailor, and he sewed him up a shuit o' tin clothes like any knight arriant, and he borrowed a pot lid, and *that* he was very partic'lar about bekase it was his shield, and he went 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 towld the wife to scour out the small iron pot for him, "for," says he, "it will make an illigant helmet;" and when it was done, he put it on 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 weight an his brain*."

"But, Thady, dear," says the wife, "there's a hole in it, and it can't keep out the weather."

"It will be the cooler," says he, puttin' it an him; "besides, if I don't like it, it is aisy to stop it with a wisp o' sthraw, or the like o' that."

"The three legs of it looks mighty quare, stickin' up," says she.

"Every helmet has a spike stickin' out o' the top of it," says the waiver, "and if mine has three, it's only the grandher it is."

"Well," says the wife, getting bitther at last, "all I

can say is, it isn't the first sheep's head was dhress'd in it"

"*Your sarvint, ma'am*," says he; and off he set.

Well, he was in want of a horse, and so he wint to a field hard by, where the miller's horse was grazin', that used to carry the ground corn round the counthry. "This is the identical horse for me," says the waiver; "he is used to carryin' flour and male, and what am I but the *flower* o' shovelry in a coat o' *mail*; so that the horse won't be put out iv his way in the laste."

But as he was ridin' him out o' the field, who should see him but the miller. "Is it stalin' my horse you are, honest man?" says the miller.

"No," says the waiver; "I'm only goin' to exercise him," says he, "in the cool o' the evenin'; it will be good for his health."

"Thank you kindly," says the miller; "but lave him where he is, and you'll obleege me."

"I can't afford it," says the waiver, runnin' the horse at the ditch.

"Bad luck to your impidince," says the miller, "you've as much tin about you as a thravellin' tinker, but you've more brass. Come back here, you vagabone," says he. But he was too late; away galloped the waiver, and took the road to Dublin, for he thought the best thing he could do was to go to the King o' Dublin (for Dublin was a grate place thin, and had a king iv its own). Well, he was four days goin' to Dublin, for the baste was not the best, and the roads worse, not all as one as now; but there was no turnpikes then, glory be to God! When 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 obleeging man; well, as I said, the waiver wint over and lay down an one o' the sates, just undher the king's windy, and purtended to go asleep; but he took care to turn out the front of his shield that had the letthers an it. Well, my dear, with that, the king calls out to one of the lords of his coort that was standin' behind him, howldin' up the skirt of his coat, accordin' to rayson, and says he: "Look here," says he, "what do you think of a vagabone like that, comin' undher my very nose to sleep? It is thrue I'm a good king," says he, "and I 'commodate the people by havin' sates for them to sit down and enjoy the raycreation and contimplation of seein' me here, lookin' out o' my dhrawin'-room windy, for divarshin; but that is no rayson they are to *make a hotel* o' the place, and come and sleep here. Who is it at all?" says the king.

"Not a one o' me knows, plaze your majesty."

"I think he must be a furriner," says the king, "bekase his dhress is outlandish."

"And doesn't know manners, more betoken," says the lord.

"I'll go down and *circumspect* him myself," says the king; "folly me," says he to the lord, wavin' his hand at the same time in the most dignacious manner.

Down he wint accordingly, followed by the lord; and when he wint over to where the waiver was lying, sure the first thing he seen was his shield with the big letthers an it, and with that, says he to the lord, “Bedad,” says he, “this is the very man I want.”

“For what, plaze your majesty?” says the lord.

“To kill the vagabone dhraggin, to be sure,” says the king.

“Sure, do you think he could kill him,” says the lord, “whin all the stoutest knights in the land wasn’t aiquil to it, but never kem back, and was ate up alive by the cruel desaiver?”

“Sure, don’t you see there,” says the king, pointin’ at the shield, “that he killed 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 shoulder for to wake him, and the waiver rubbed his eyes as if just wakened, and the king says to him, “God save you,” says he.

“God save you kindly,” says the waiver, *purtendin*’ he was quite onknownst 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.



"'SURE, DON'T YOU SEE THERE,' SAYS THE KING, 'THAT HE KILLED THREESCORE AND TIN AT ONE BLOW.'"

The waiver dhropped down on his two knees forninst the king, and says he, "I beg God's pardon and yours for the liberty I tuk; plaze your holiness, I hope you'll excuse it."

"No offince," says the king; "get up, good man.

And what brings you here?" says he.

"I'm in want o' work, plaze your riverence," says the waiver.

"Well, suppose I give you work?" says the king.

"I'll be proud to sarve you, my lord," says the waiver.

"Very well," says the king. "You killed threescore and tin at one blow, I undherstan'," says the king.

"Yis," says the waiver; "that was the last thrifle o' work I done, and I'm afeard my hand 'll go out o' practice if I don't get some job to do at wanst."

"You shall have a job immediately," 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 yellow 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 I am only sorry that it isn't betther worth your while, for he isn't worth fearin' at all; only I must tell you that he lives in the county Galway, in the middle of a bog, and he has an advantage in that."

"Oh, I don't value it in the laste," says the waiver, "for the last threescore and tin I killed was in a *soft place*."

"When will you undhertake the job, thin?" says the king.

"Let me be at him at wanst," says the waiver.

"That's what I like," says the king; "you're the very man for my money," says he.

"Talkin' of money," says the waiver, "by the same token, I'll want a thrifle o' change from you for my thravellin' charges."

"As much as you plaze," says the king; and with the word he brought him into his closet, where there was an owld stockin' in an oak chest, burstin' wid goolden guineas.

"Take as many as you plaze," says the king; and sure enough, my dear, the little waiver stuffed his tin clothes as full as they could howld with them.

"Now I'm ready for the road," says the waiver.

"Very well," says the king; "but you must have a fresh horse," says he.

"With all my heart," says the waiver, who thought he might as well exchange the miller's owld garron for a betther.

And maybe it's wondherin' you are that the waiver would think of goin' to fight the dhraggin afther what he heerd about him, when he was purtendin' to be asleep, but he had no sich 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 quality, you see, is great desaivers; and so the horse the waiver was an was larned on purpose; and sure, the minit he was mounted, away powdhered the horse, and the divil a toe he'd go but right down to Galway. Well, for four days he was goin' evermore, until at last the waiver seen a crowd o' people runnin' as if owld Nick was at their heels, and they shoutin' a thousand murdhers,

and cryin'—"The 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; and so he threw 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 clapt his eye an him, where he was, up in the three, and says he, "You might as well come down out o' that," says he, "for I'll have you as sure as eggs is mate."

"Divil a fut I'll go down," says the waiver.

"Sorra care I care," says the dhraggin; "for you're as good as ready money in my pocket this minit, for I'll lie undher this three," says he, "and sooner or later you must fall to my share;" and sure enough he sot down, and began to pick his teeth with his tail, afther the heavy brekquest he made that mornin' (for he ate a whole village, let alone the horse), and he got dhrowsy at last, and fell asleep; but before he wint to sleep he wound himself all round about the three, all as one as a lady windin' ribbon round her finger, so that the waiver could not escape.

Well, as soon as the waiver knew he was dead asleep, by the snorin' of him—and every snore he let out of him was like a clap o' thunder—that minit the waiver began to creep down the three, as cautious as a fox; and he was very nigh hand the bottom, when a thievin' branch he was dipindin' an bruk, and down

he fell right a top o' the dhraggin; but if he did, good luck was an his side, for where should he fall but with his two legs right acrass the dhraggin's neck, and, my jew'l, he laid howlt o' the baste's ears, and there he kept his grip, for the dhraggin wakened and endayvoured for to bite him; but, you see, by rayson the waiver was behind his ears he could not come at him, and, with that, he endayvoured for to shake him off; but not a stir could he stir the waiver; and though he shuk all the scales an his body, he could not turn the scale agin the waiver.



"'I'LL GIVE YOU A RIDE THAT 'ILL ASTONISH YOUR SIVEN SMALL SENSES, MY BOY.'"

"Och, this is too bad intirely," says the dhraggin; "but if you won't let go," says he, "by the powers o' wildfire, I'll give you a ride that 'ill astonish your siven small senses, my boy;" and, with that, away he flew like mad; and where do you think did he fly?—

bedad, he flew sthraight for Dublin, divil a less. But the waiver bein' an his neck was a great disthress to him, and he would rather have had him an *inside passenger*; but, anyway, he flew and he flew till he kem *slap* up agin the palace o' the king; for, bein' blind with the rage, he never seen it, and he knocked his brains out—that is, the small thrifle he had, and down he fell spacheless. An' you see, good luck would have it, that the King o' Dublin was looking out iv his dhrawin'-room windy, for divarshin, that day also, and whin he seen the waiver ridin' an the fiery dhraggin (for he was blazin' like a tar barrel), he called out to his coortyers to come and see the show.

"By the powdhers o' war here comes the knight arriant," says the king, "ridin' the dhraggin that's all a-fire, and if he gets *into the palace*, yiz must be ready wid the *fire ingines*," says he, "for to *put him out*."

But when they seen the dhraggin fall outside, they all run downstairs and scampered into the palace-yard for to circumspect the *curosity*; and by the time they got down, the waiver had got off o' the dhraggin's neck; and runnin' up to the king, says he —

"Plaze your holiness, 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 obleege me if you'll just make your mark with your own hand upon the onruly baste's neck." And with that, the king, sure enough, dhrew out his swoord and took the head aff the *dirty* brute, as *clane* as a new pin.

Well, there was great rejoicin' in the coort that the dhraggin was killed; and says the king to the little waiver, says he—

"You are a knight arriant as it is, and so it would be no use for to knight you over again; but I will make you a lord," says he.

"O Lord!" says the waiver, thunderstruck like at his own good luck.

"I will," says the king; "and as you are the first man I ever heer'd tell of that rode a dhraggin, you shall be called Lord *Mount* Dhraggin," says he.

"And where's my estates, plaze your holiness?" says the waiver, who always had a sharp look-out afther the main chance.

"Oh, I didn't forget that," says the king. "It is my royal pleasure to provide well for you, and for that rayson I make you a present of all the dhraggins in the world, and give you power over them from this out," says he.

"Is that all?" says the waiver.

"All!" says the king. "Why, you ongrateful little vagabone, was the like ever given to any man before?"

"I b'lieve not, indeed," says the waiver; "many thanks to your majesty."

"But that is not all I'll do for you," says the king; "I'll give you my daughter too, in marriage," says he.

Now, you see, that was nothin' more than what he promised the waiver in his first promise; for, by all accounts, the king's daughter was the greatest dhraggin ever was seen....

Samuel Lover.

BELLEWSTOWN HILL.

If a respite ye'd borrow from turmoil or sorrow,
I'll tell you the secret of how it is done;
'Tis found in this statement of all the excitement
That Bellewstown knows when the races come on.
Make one of a party whose spirits are hearty,
Get a seat on a trap that is safe not to spill,
In its well pack a hamper, then off for a scamper,
And hurroo for the glories of Bellewstown Hill!

On the road how they dash on, rank, beauty, and fashion,
It Banagher bangs, by the table o' war!
From the coach of the quality, down to the jollity
Jogging along on an ould jaunting-car.
Though straw cushions are placed, two feet thick at laste,
Its jigging and jumping to mollify still;
Oh, the cheeks of my Nelly are shaking like jelly,
From the jolting she gets as she jogs to the Hill.

In the tents play the pipers, the fiddlers and fifers,
Those rollicking lilts such as Ireland best knows;
While Paddy is prancing, his colleen is dancing,
Demure, with her eyes quite intent on his toes.
More power to you, Micky! faith, your foot isn't sticky,

But bounds from the boards like a pea from a quill.
Oh, 'twould cure a rheumatic,—he'd jump up ecstatic,
At "Tatter Jack Welsh" upon Bellewstown Hill.

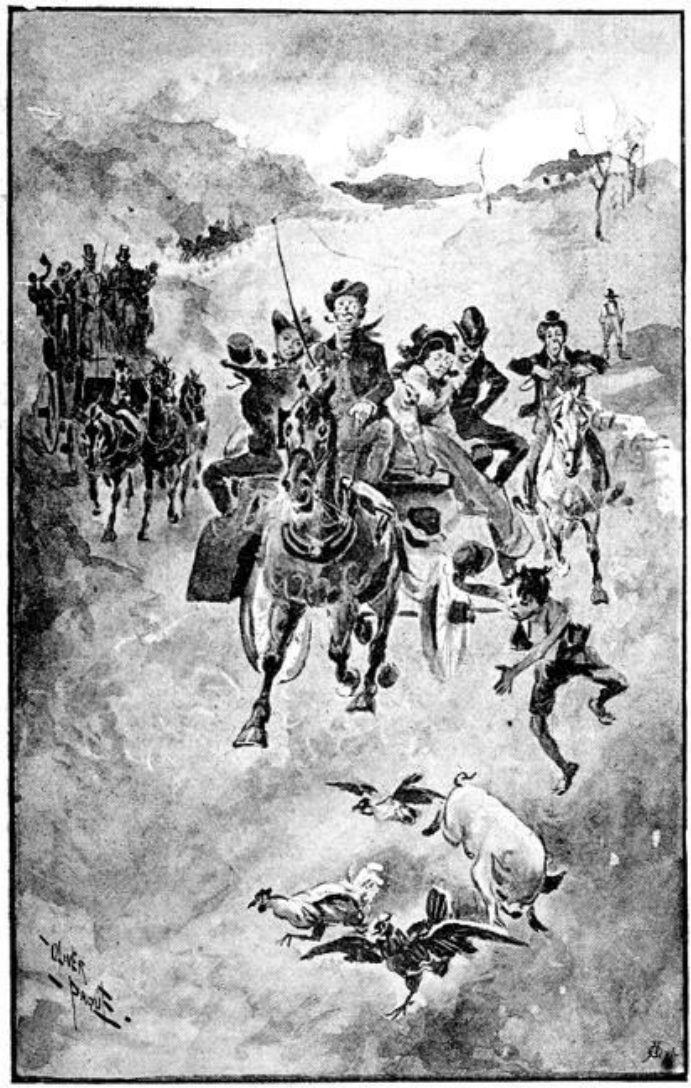
Oh, 'tis there 'neath the haycocks, all splendid like paycocks,
In chattering groups that the quality dine;
Sitting cross-legged like tailors the gentlemen dealers,
In flattery spout and come out mighty fine.
And the gentry from Navan and Cavan are "having"
'Neath the shade of the trees, an Arcadian quadrille.
All we read in the pages of pastoral ages
Tell of no scene like this upon Bellewstown Hill.

Arrived at its summit, the view that you come at,
From etherealised Mourne to where Tara ascends,
There's no scene in our sireland, dear Ireland, old Ireland!
To which nature more exquisite loveliness lends.
And the soil 'neath your feet has a memory sweet,
The patriots' deeds they hallow it still;
Eighty-two's volunteers (would to-day saw their peers!)
Marched past in review upon Bellewstown Hill.

But hark! there's a shout—the horses are out,—
'Long the ropes, on the stand, what a hullaballoo!
To old *Crock-a-Fatha*, the people that dot the
Broad plateau around are all for a view.
"Come, Ned, my tight fellow, I'll bet on the

yellow!
Success to the green! faith, we'll stand by it still!"
The uplands and hollows they're skimming like swallows,
Till they flash by the post upon Bellewstown Hill.

Anonymous.



"FROM THE COACH OF THE QUALITY, DOWN TO THE JOLLITY JOGGING ALONG ON AN OULD JAUNTING-CAR."

THE PEELER AND THE GOAT.

A Bansha Peeler wint wan night
On duty and pathrollin, O,
An' met a goat upon the road,
And tuck her for a sthroller, O.
Wud bay'net fixed he sallied forth,
And caught her by the wizzen, O,
And then he swore a mighty oath,
"I'll send you off to prison, O."

GOAT.

"Oh, mercy, sir!" the goat replied,
"Pray let me tell my story, O!
I am no Rogue, no Ribbonman,
No Croppy, Whig, or Tory, O;
I'm guilty not of any crime
Of petty or high thraison, O,
I'm badly wanted at this time,
For this is the milking saison, O."

PEELER.

It is in vain for to complain
Or give your tongue such bridle, O;
You're absent from your dwelling-place,
Disorderly and idle, O.
Your hoary locks will not prevail,
Nor your sublime oration, O,
You'll be thransported by Peel's Act,
Upon my information, O.

GOAT.

No penal law did I transgress
By deeds or combination, O,
I have no certain place to rest,
No home or habitation, O.
But Bansha is my dwelling-place,
Where I was bred and born, O,
Descended from an honest race,
That's all the trade I've learned, O.

PEELER.

I will chastise your insolince
And violent behaviour, O;
Well bound to Cashel you'll be sint,
Where you will gain no favour, O.
The Magistrates will all consint
To sign your condemnation, O;
From there to Cork you will be sint
For speedy thransportation, O.

GOAT.

This parish an' this neighbourhood
Are paiceable an' thranquil, O;
There's no disturbance here, thank God!
And long may it continue so.
I don't regard your oath a pin,
Or sign for my committal, O,
My jury will be gintlemin
And grant me my acquittal, O.

PEELER.

The consequince be what it will,
A peeler's power I'll let you know,
I'll handcuff you, at all events,
And march you off to Bridewell, O.
An' sure, you rogue, you can't deny
Before the judge or jury, O,
Intimidation with your horns,
And threatening me with fury, O.

GOAT.

I make no doubt but you are dhrunk
Wud whisky, rum, or brandy, O,
Or you wouldn't have such gallant spunk
To be so bould or manly, O.
You readily would let me pass
If I had money handy, O,
To thrate you to a potheen glass—
Oh! it's thin I'd be the dandy, O.

Jeremiah O' Ryan (17— –1855).

THE LOQUACIOUS BARBER.

He had scarcely taken his seat before the toilet, when a soft tap at the door, and the sound of a small squeaking voice, announced the arrival of the hair-cutter. On looking round him, Hardress beheld a small, thin-faced, red-haired little man, with a tailor's shears dangling from his finger, bowing and smiling with a timid and conciliating air. In an evil hour for his patience, Hardress consented that he should commence operations.

"The piatez were very airly this year, sir," he modestly began, after he had wrapped a check apron about the neck of Hardress, and made the other necessary arrangements.

"Very early, indeed. You needn't cut so fast."

"Very airly, sir—the white-eyes especially. Them white-eyes are fine piatez. For the first four months I wouldn't ax a better piatie than a white-eye, with a bit o' bacon, if one had it; but after that the meal goes out of 'em, and they gets wet and bad. The cups arn't so good in the beginnin' o' the saison, but they hould better. Turn your head more to the light, sir, if you plase. The cups, indeed, are a fine substantial, lasting piatie. There's great nutriment in'em for poor people, that would have nothin' else with them but themselves, or a grain o' salt. There's no piatie that eats better, when you have nothin' but a bit o' the little one (as they say) to eat with a bit o' the big. No piatie that eats so sweet with point."

"With point?" Hardress repeated, a little amused by this fluent discussion of the poor hair-cutter upon the varieties of a dish which, from his childhood, had formed almost his only article of nutriment, and on

which he expatiated with as much cognoscence and satisfaction as a fashionable gourmand might do on the culinary productions of Eustache Ude. “What is point?”



"ON LOOKING ROUND HIM, HARDRESS BEHELD A SMALL, THIN-FACED, RED-HAIRED LITTLE MAN."

"Don't you know what that is, sir? I'll tell you in a minute. A joke that them that has nothin' to do, an' plenty to eat, make upon the poor people that has nothin' to eat, and plenty to do. That is, when there's dry piatez on the table, and enough of hungry people about it, and the family would have, maybe, only one bit o' bacon hanging up above their heads,

they'd peel a piatie first, and then they'd *point* it up at the bacon, and they'd fancy that it would have the taste o' the mait when they'd be aitin' it after. That's what they call point, sir. A cheap sort o' diet it is (Lord help us!) that's plenty enough among the poor people in this country. A great plan for making a small bit o' pork go a long way in a large family."

"Indeed it is but a slender sort of food. Those scissors you have are dreadful ones."

"Terrible, sir. I sent my own over to the forge before I left home, to have an eye put in it; only for that, I'd be smarter a deal. Slender food it is, indeed. There's a deal o' poor people here in Ireland, sir, that are run so hard at times, that the wind of a bit o' mait is as good to 'em as the mait itself to them that would be used to it. The piatez are everythin'; the *kitchen*[14] little or nothin'. But there's a sort o' piatez (I don't know did your honour ever taste 'em) that's gettin' greatly in vogue now among 'em, an' is killin' half the country,—the white piatez, a piatie that has great produce, an' requires but little manure, and will grow in very poor land; but has no more strength nor nourishment in it than if you had boiled a handful o' sawdust and made gruel of it, or put a bit of a deal board between your teeth and thought to make a breakfast of it. The black bulls themselves are better; indeed, the black bulls are a deal a better piatie than they're thought. When you'd peel 'em, they look as black as indigo, an' you'd have no mind to 'em at all; but I declare they're very sweet in the mouth, an' very strengthenin'. The English reds are a nate piatie, too; and the apple piatie (I don't know what made 'em be given up), an' the kidney (though delicate o' rearing); but give me the cups for all, that will hould the meal in 'em to the last, and won't

require any inthricket tillage. Let a man have a middling-sized pit o' cups again the winter, a small *caish*[15] to pay his rent, an' a handful o' turf behind the doore, an' he can defy the world."

"You know as much, I think," said Hardress, "of farming as of hair-cutting."

"Oyeh, if I had nothin' to depend upon but what heads comes across me this way, sir, I'd be in a poor way enough. But I have a little spot o' ground besides."

"And a good taste for the produce."

"'Twas kind father for me to have that same. Did you ever hear tell, sir, of what they call limestone broth?"

"Never."

"'Twas my father first made it. I'll tell you the story, sir, if you'll turn your head this way a minute."

Hardress had no choice but to listen.

"My father went once upon a time about the country, in the idle season, seeing would he make a penny at all by cutting hair, or setting razhurs and penknives, or any other job that would fall in his way. Well an' good—he was one day walking alone in the mountains of Kerry, without a hai'p'ny in his pocket (for though he travelled a-foot, it cost him more than he earned), an' knowing there was but little love for a county Limerick man in the place where he was, on being half perished with the hunger, an' evening drawing nigh, he didn't know well what to do with himself till morning. Very good—he went along the wild road; an' if he did, he soon sees a farmhouse at a little distance o' one side—a snug-looking place, with the smoke curling up out of

the chimney, an' all tokens of good living inside. Well, some people would live where a fox would starve. What do you think did my father do? He wouldn't beg (a thing one of our people never done yet, thank heaven!) an' he hadn't the money to buy a thing, so what does he do? He takes up a couple o' the big limestones that were lying on the road in his two hands, an' away with him to the house. 'Lord save all here!' says he, walkin' in the doore. 'And you kindly,' says they. 'I'm come to you,' says he, this way, looking at the two limestones, 'to know would you let me make a little limestone broth over your fire, until I'll make my dinner?' 'Limestone broth!' says they to him again; 'what's that, *aroo*?' 'Broth made o' limestone,' says he; 'what else?' 'We never heard of such a thing,' says they. 'Why, then, you may hear it now,' says he, 'an' see it also, if you'll gi' me a pot an' a couple o' quarts o' soft water.' 'You can have it an' welcome,' says they. So they put down the pot an' the water, an' my father went over an' tuk a chair hard by the pleasant fire for himself, an' put down his two limestones to boil, and kep stirrin' them round like stirabout. Very good—well, by-an'-by, when the wather began to boil—''Tis thickening finely,' says my father; 'now if it had a grain o' salt at all, 'twould be a great improvement to it' 'Raich down the salt-box, Nell,' says the man o' the house to his wife. So she did. 'Oh, that's the very thing, just,' says my father, shaking some of it into the pot. So he stirred it again awhile, looking as sober as a minister. By-an'-by, he takes the spoon he had stirring it, an' tastes it 'It is very good now,' says he, 'although it wants something yet.' 'What is it?' says they. 'Oyeh, wisha nothing,' says he; 'maybe 'tis only fancy o' me.' 'If it's anything we can give you,' says they, 'you're welcome to it' ''Tis very good as it

is,' says he; 'but when I'm at home, I find it gives it a fine flavour just to boil a little knuckle o' bacon, or mutton trotters, or anything that way along with it.' 'Raich hether that bone o' sheep's head we had at dinner yesterday, Nell,' says the man o' the house. 'Oyeh, don't mind it,' says my father; 'let it be as it is.' 'Sure if it improves it, you may as well,' says they. '*Baithershin!*'[16] says my father, putting it down. So after boiling it a good piece longer, '"Tis as fine limestone broth,' says he, 'as ever was tasted; an' if a man had a few piatez,' says he, looking at a pot of 'em that was smokin' in the chimney-corner, 'he couldn't desire a better dinner.' They gave him the piatez, and he made a good dinner of themselves an' the broth, not forgetting the bone, which he polished equal to chaney before he let it go. The people themselves tasted it, an' thought it as good as any mutton broth in the world."

Gerald Griffin (1803–1840).

NELL FLAHERTY'S DRAKE.

My name it is Nell, quite candid I tell,
That I live near Coote hill, I will never deny;
I had a fine drake, the truth for to spake,
That my grandmother left me and she going to die;
He was wholesome and sound, he would weigh twenty pound,
The universe round I would rove for his sake—
Bad wind to the robber—be he drunk or sober—
That murdered Nell Flaherty's beautiful drake.

His neck it was green—most rare to be seen,
He was fit for a queen of the highest degree;
His body was white—and would you delight —
He was plump, fat and heavy, and brisk as a bee.
The dear little fellow, his legs they were yellow,
He would fly like a swallow and dive like a hake,
But some wicked savage, to grease his white cabbage,
Has murdered Nell Flaherty's beautiful drake.

May his pig never grunt, may his cat never hunt,
May a ghost ever haunt him at dead of the night;
May his hen never lay, may his ass never bray,
May his goat fly away like an old paper kite.
That the flies and the fleas may the wretch ever tease,
And the piercing north breeze make him shiver and shake,
May a lump of a stick raise bumps fast and thick
On the monster that murdered Nell Flaherty's drake.

May his cradle ne'er rock, may his box have no lock,
May his wife have no frock for to cover her back;
May his cock never crow, may his bellows ne'er blow,
And his pipe and his pot may he evermore lack.
May his duck never quack, may his goose turn black,
And pull down his turf with her long

yellow beak;
May the plague grip the scamp, and his villainy stamp
On the monster that murdered Nell Flaherty's drake.

May his pipe never smoke, may his teapot be broke,
And to add to the joke, may his kettle ne'er boil;
May he keep to the bed till the hour that he's dead,
May he always be fed on hogwash and boiled oil.
May he swell with the gout, may his grinders fall out,
May he roll, howl and shout with the horrid toothache;
May the temples wear horns, and the toes many corns,
Of the monster that murdered Nell Flaherty's drake.

May his spade never dig, may his sow never pig,
May each hair in his wig be well thrashed with a flail;
May his door have no latch, may his house have no thatch,
May his turkey not hatch, may the rats eat his meal.
May every old fairy, from Cork to Dunleary,
Dip him snug and airy in river or lake,
Where the eel and the trout may feed on the snout
Of the monster that murdered Nell Flaherty's drake.

May his dog yelp and howl with the hunger and could,
May his wife always scold till his brains go astray;
May the curse of each hag that e'er carried a bag

Alight on the vag. till his hair turns grey.
May monkeys affright him, and mad dogs
still bite him,
And every one slight him, asleep or awake;
May weasels still gnaw him, and jackdaws
still claw him—
The monster that murdered Nell Flaherty's
drake.

The only good news that I have to infuse
Is that old Peter Hughes and blind Peter
McCrake,
And big-nosed Bob Manson, and buck-
toothed Ned Hanson,
Each man had a grandson of my lovely
drake.
My treasure had dozens of nephews and
cousins,
And one I must get or my heart it will
break;
To keep my mind easy, or else I'll run crazy
—
This ends the whole song of my beautiful
drake.

Anonymous.

ELEGY ON HIMSELF.

Sweet upland! where, like hermit old, in
peace sojourned
This priest devout;
Mark where beneath thy verdant sod lie deep
inurned
The bones of Prout!
Nor deck with monumental shrine or
tapering column
His place of rest,
Whose soul, above earth's homage, meek, yet
solemn,
Sits 'mid the blest.

Much was he prized, much loved; his stern rebuke
O'erawed sheep-stealers;
And rogues feared more the good man's single look
Than forty Peelers.
He's gone, and discord soon I ween will visit
The land with quarrels;
And the foul demon vex with stills illicit
The village morals.
No fatal chance could happen more to cross
The public wishes;
And all the neighbourhood deplore his loss,
Except the fishes;
For he kept Lent most strict, and pickled herring
Preferred to gammon.
Grim death has broke his angling rod: his *berring*
Delights the salmon.
No more can he hook up carp, eel, or trout,
For fasting pittance—
Arts which St. Peter loved, whose gate to Prout
Gave prompt admittance.
Mourn not, but verdantly let shamrocks keep
His sainted dust,
The bad man's death it well becomes to weep —
Not so the just!

Francis Sylvester Mahony ("*Father Prout*") (1804–1866).

BOB MAHON'S STORY.

Father Tom rubbed his hands pleasantly, and related story after story of his own early experiences, some of them not a little amusing.

The major, however, seemed not fully to enjoy the

priest's anecdotal powers, but sipped his glass with a grave and sententious air. "Very true, Tom," said he, at length breaking silence; "you have seen a fair share of these things for a man of your cloth; but where's the man living—show him to me, I say—that has had my experience, either as principal or second: haven't I had my four men out in the same morning?"

"Why, I confess," said I meekly, "that does seem an extravagant allowance."

"Clear waste, downright profusion, *du luxe, mon cher*, nothing else," observed Father Tom. Meanwhile the major rolled his eyes fearfully at me, and fidgeted in his chair with impatience to be asked his story, and as I myself had some curiosity on the subject, I begged him to relate it.

"Tom, here, doesn't like a story at supper," said the major, pompously; for, perceiving our attitude of attention, he resolved on being a little tyrannical before telling it.

The priest made immediate submission; and, slyly hinting that his objection only lay against stories he had been hearing for the last thirty years, said he could listen to the narration in question with much pleasure.

"You shall have it, then!" said the major, as he squared himself in his chair, and thus began:—

"You have never been in Castle Connel, Hinton? Well, there is a wide bleak line of country there, that stretches away to the westward, with nothing but large round-backed mountains, low boggy swamps, with here and there a miserable mud hovel, surrounded by, maybe, half an acre of lumpers, or bad oats; a few small streams struggle through this

on their way to the Shannon, but they are brown and dirty as the soil they traverse; and the very fish that swim in them are brown and smutty also.

“In the very heart of this wild country, I took it into my head to build a house. A strange notion it was, for there was no neighbourhood and no sporting; but, somehow, I had taken a dislike to mixed society some time before that, and I found it convenient to live somewhat in retirement; so that, if the partridges were not in abundance about me, neither were the process-servers; and the truth was, I kept a much sharper look-out for the sub-sheriff than I did for the snipe.

“Of course, as I was over head and ears in debt, my notion was to build something very considerable and imposing; and, to be sure, I had a fine portico, and a flight of steps leading up to it; and there were ten windows in front, and a grand balustrade at the top; and, faith, taking it all in all, the building was so strong, the walls so thick, the windows so narrow, and the stones so black, that my cousin, Darcy Mahon, called it Newgate; and not a bad name either —and the devil another it ever went by: and even that same had its advantages; for when the creditors used to read that at the top of my letters, they’d say —‘Poor devil! he has enough on his hands; there’s no use troubling him any more.’ Well, big as Newgate looked from without, it had not much accommodation when you got inside. There was, ’tis true, a fine hall, all flagged; and, out of it, you entered what ought to have been the dinner-room, thirty-eight feet by seven-and-twenty, but which was used for herding sheep in winter. On the right hand, there was a cozy little breakfast-room, just about the size of this we are in. At the back of the hall, but

concealed by a pair of folding-doors, there was a grand staircase of old Irish oak, that ought to have led up to a great suite of bedrooms, but it only conducted to one, a little crib I had for myself. The remainder were never plastered nor floored; and, indeed, in one of them, that was over the big drawing-room, the joists were never laid, which was all the better, for it was there we used to keep our hay and straw.

"Now, at the time I mention, the harvest was not brought in, and instead of its being full, as it used to be, it was mighty low; so that, when you opened the door above stairs, instead of finding the hay up beside you, it was about fourteen feet down beneath you.

"I can't help boring you with all these details—first, because they are essential to my story; and next, because, being a young man, and a foreigner to boot, it may lead you to a little better understanding of some of our national customs. Of all the partialities we Irish have, after lush and the ladies, I believe our ruling passion is to build a big house, spend every shilling we have, or that we have not, as the case may be, in getting it half finished, and then live in a corner of it, 'just for grandeur,' as a body may say. It's a droll notion, after all; but show me the county in Ireland that hasn't at least six specimens of what I mention.

"Newgate was a beautiful one; and although the sheep lived in the parlour, and the cows were kept in the blue drawing-room, Darby Whaley slept in the boudoir, and two bull-dogs and a buck-goat kept house in the library—faith, upon the outside it looked very imposing; and not one that saw it, from the high road to Ennis—and you could see it for

twelve miles in every direction—didn't say, 'That Mahon must be a snug fellow: look what a beautiful place he has of it there! 'Little they knew that it was safer to go up the 'Reeks' than my grand staircase, and it was like rope-dancing to pass from one room to the other.

"Well, it was about four o'clock in the afternoon of a dark louring day in December, that I was treading homewards in no very good humour; for, except a brace and a half of snipe, and a grey plover, I had met with nothing the whole day. The night was falling fast; so I began to hurry on as quickly as I could, when I heard a loud shout behind me, and a voice called out—

"'It's Bob Mahon, boys! By the hill of Scariff, we are in luck!'

"I turned about, and what should I see but a parcel of fellows in red coats—they were the blazers. There was Dan Lambert, Tom Burke, Harry Eyre, Joe M'Mahon, and the rest of them; fourteen souls in all. They had come down to draw a cover of Stephen Blake's about ten miles from me; but, in the strange mountain country, they lost the dogs—they lost their way and their temper; in truth, to all appearance they lost everything but their appetites. Their horses were dead beat too, and they looked as miserable a crew as ever you set eyes on.

"'Isn't it lucky, Bob, that we found you at home?' said Lambert.

"'They told us you were away,' said Burke.

"'Some said that you were grown so pious, that you never went out except on Sundays,' added old Harry, with a grin.

“‘Begad,’ said I, ‘as to the luck, I won’t say much for it; for here’s all I can give you for your dinner;’ and so I pulled out the four birds and shook them at them; ‘and as to the piety, troth, maybe you’d like to keep a fast with as devoted a son of the church as myself.’

“‘But isn’t that Newgate up there?’ said one.

“‘That same.’

“‘And you don’t mean to say that such a house as that hasn’t a good larder and a fine cellar?’

“‘You’re right,’ said I, ‘and they’re both full at this very moment—the one with seed-potatoes, and the other with Whitehaven coals.’

“‘Have you got any bacon?’ said Mahon.

“‘Oh, yes!’ said I, ‘there’s bacon.’

“‘And eggs?’ said another.

“‘For the matter of that, you might swim in batter.’

“‘Come, come,’ said Dan Lambert, ‘we’re not so badly off after all.’

“‘Is there whisky?’ cried Eyre.

“‘Sixty-three gallons, that never paid the king sixpence!’

“As I said this, they gave three cheers you’d have heard a mile off.

“After about twenty minutes’ walking, we go up to the house, and when poor Darby opened the door, I thought he’d faint; for, you see, the red coats made him think it was the army coming to take me away; and he was for running off to raise the country, when

I caught him by the neck.

"'It's the blazers, ye old fool,' said I. 'The gentlemen are come to dine here.'

"'Hurroo!' said he, clapping his hands on his knees —'there must be great distress entirely, down about Nenagh and them parts, or they'd never think of coming up here for a bit to eat.'

"'Which way lie the stables, Bob?' said Burke.

"'Leave all that to Darby,' said I; for ye see he had only to whistle and bring up as many people as he liked—and so he did too; and as there was room for a cavalry regiment, the horses were soon bedded down and comfortable; and in ten minutes' time we were all sitting pleasantly round a big fire, waiting for the rashers and eggs.

"'Now, if you'd like to wash your hands before dinner, Lambert, come along with me.'

"'By all means,' said he.

"The others were standing up too; but I observed that, as the house was large, and the ways of it unknown to them, it was better to wait till I'd come back for them.

"This was a real piece of good luck, Bob,' said Dan, as he followed me upstairs: 'capital quarters we've fallen into; and what a snug bedroom ye have here.'

"'Yes,' said I carelessly; 'it's one of the small rooms —there are eight like this, and five large ones, plainly furnished, as you see; but for the present, you know——'

"'Oh, begad! I wish for nothing better. Let me sleep here—the other fellows may care for your four-

posters with satin hangings.'

"'Well,' said I, 'if you are really not joking, I may tell you that the room is one of the warmest in the house'—and this was telling no lie.

"'Here I'll sleep,' said he, rubbing his hands with satisfaction, and giving the bed a most affectionate look. 'And now let us join the rest.'

"When I brought Dan down, I took up Burke, and after him M'Mahon, and so on to the last; but every time I entered the parlour, I found them all bestowing immense praises on my house, and each fellow ready to bet he had got the best bedroom.

"Dinner soon made its appearance; for if the cookery was not very perfect, it was at least wonderfully expeditious. There were two men cutting rashers, two more frying them in the pan, and another did nothing but break the eggs, Darby running from the parlour to the kitchen and back again, as hard as he could trot.

"Do you know, now, that many a time since, when I have been giving venison, and Burgundy, and claret, enough to swim a life-boat in, I often thought it was a cruel waste of money; for the fellows weren't half as pleasant as they were that evening on bacon and whisky!

"I've a theory on that subject, Hinton, I'll talk to you more about another time; I'll only observe now, that I'm sure we all over-feed our company. I've tried both plans; and my honest experience is, that, as far as regards conviviality, fun, and good-fellowship, it is a great mistake to provide too well for your guests. There is something heroic in eating your mutton-chop, or your leg of a turkey among jolly fellows; there is a kind of reflective flattering about it that

tells you you have been invited for your drollery, and not for your digestion; and that your jokes, and not your flattery, have been your recommendation. Lord bless you! I've laughed more over red herrings and poteen than I ever expect to do again over turtle and toquay.

"My guests were, to do them justice, a good illustration of my theory. A pleasanter and a merrier party never sat down together. We had good songs, good stories, plenty of laughing, and plenty of drink; until at last poor Darby became so overpowered, by the fumes of the hot water I suppose, that he was obliged to be carried up to bed, and so we were compelled to boil the kettle in the parlour. This, I think, precipitated matters; for, by some mistake, they put punch into it instead of water, and the more you tried to weaken the liquor, it was only the more tipsy you were getting.

"About two o'clock five of the party were under the table, three more were nodding backwards and forwards like insane pendulums, and the rest were mighty noisy, and now and then rather disposed to be quarrelsome.

"'Bob,' said Lambert to me, in a whisper, 'if it's the same thing to you, I'll slip away and get into bed.'

"'Of course, if you won't take anything more. Just make yourself at home; and, as you don't know the way here—follow me!'

"'I'm afraid,' said he, 'I'd not find my way alone.'

"'I think,' said I, 'it's very likely. But come along.'

"I walked upstairs before him; but instead of turning to the left, I went the other way, till I came to the door of the large room, that I have told you

already was over the big drawing-room. Just as I put my hand on the lock, I contrived to blow out the candle, as if it was the wind.

"'What a draught there is here!' said I; 'but just step in, and I'll go for a light.'

"He did as he was bid; but instead of finding himself on my beautiful little carpet, down he went fourteen feet into the hay at the bottom. I looked down after him for a minute or two, and then called out—

"'As I am doing the honours of Newgate, the least I could do was to show you the drop. Good night, Dan! but let me advise you to get a little farther from the door, as there are more coming.'

"Well, sir, when they missed Dan and me out of the room, two or three more stood up and declared for bed also. The first I took up was Ffrench, of Green Park; for indeed he wasn't a cute fellow at the best of times; and if it wasn't that the hay was so low, he'd never have guessed it was not a feather-bed till he woke in the morning. Well, down he went. Then came Eyre! Then Joe Mahon—two-and-twenty stone—no less! Lord pity them!—this was a great shock entirely! But when I opened the door for Tom Burke, upon my conscience you'd think it was Pandemonium they had down there. They were fighting like devils, and roaring with all their might.

"'Good night, Tom,' said I, pushing Burke forward. 'It's the cows you hear underneath.'

"'Cows!' said he. 'If they're cows, begad, they must have got at that sixty-three gallons of poteen you talked of; for they're all drunk.'

"With that, he snatched the candle out of my

hand, and looked down into the pit. Never was such a scene before or since. Dan was pitching into poor Ffrench, who, thinking he had an enemy before him, was hitting out manfully at an old turf-creel, that rocked and creaked at every blow as he called out—

"'I'll smash you! I'll dinge your ribs for you, you infernal scoundrel!'

"Eyre was struggling in the hay, thinking he was swimming for his life; and poor Joe Mahon was patting him on the head, and saying, 'Poor fellow! good dog!' for he thought it was Towser, the bull-terrier, that was prowling round the calves of his legs.

"'If they don't get tired, there will not be a man of them alive by morning!' said Tom, as he closed the door. 'And now, if you'll allow me to sleep on the carpet, I'll take it as a favour.'

"By this time they were all quiet in the parlour, so I lent Tom a couple of blankets and a bolster, and having locked my door, went to bed with an easy mind and a quiet conscience. To be sure, now and then a cry would burst forth, as if they were killing somebody below stairs, but I soon fell asleep and heard no more of them.

"By daybreak next morning they made their escape; and when I was trying to awake at half-past ten, I found Colonel M'Morris, of the Mayo, with a message from the whole four.

"'A bad business this, Captain Mahon,' said he; 'my friends have been shockingly treated.'

"'It's mighty hard,' said I, 'to want to shoot me, because I hadn't fourteen feather-beds in the house.'

"'They will be the laugh of the whole country, sir.'

"'Troth!' said I, 'if the country is not in very low spirits, I think they will.'

"'There's not a man of them can see!—their eyes are actually closed up!'

"'The Lord be praised!' said I. 'It's not likely they'll hit me.'

"But, to make a short story of it; out we went. Tom Burke was my friend; I could scarce hold my pistol with laughing; for such faces no man ever looked at. But, for self-preservation sake, I thought it best to hit one of them; so I just pinked Ffrench a little under the skirt of the coat.

"'Come, Lambert!' said the colonel, 'it's your turn now.'

"'Wasn't that Lambert,' said I, 'that I hit?'

"'No,' said he, 'that was Ffrench.'

"'Begad, I'm sorry for it. Ffrench, my dear fellow, excuse me; for, you see, you're all so like each other about the eyes this morning——'

"With this there was a roar of laughing from them all, in which, I assure you, Lambert took not a very prominent part; for somehow he didn't fancy my polite inquiries after him; and so we all shook hands, and left the ground as good friends as ever, though to this hour the name of Newgate brings less pleasant recollections to their minds than if their fathers had been hanged at its prototype."

Charles Lever (1806–1872).

THE WIDOW MALONE.

Did ye hear of the widow Malone,
Ohone!
Who lived in the town of Athlone,
Alone?
Oh! she melted the hearts
Of the swains in them parts,
So lovely the widow Malone,
Ohone!
So lovely the widow Malone.

Of lovers she had a full score,
Or more;
And fortunes they all had galore,
In store;
From the minister down
To the Clerk of the Crown,
All were courting the widow Malone,
Ohone!
All were courting the widow Malone.

But so modest was Mrs. Malone,
'Twas known
No one ever could see her alone,
Ohone!
Let them ogle and sigh,
They could ne'er catch her eye,
So bashful the widow Malone,
Ohone!
So bashful the widow Malone.

Till one Mr. O'Brien from Clare—
How quare,
It's little for blushing they care
Down there—
Put his arm round her waist,
Gave ten kisses at laste—
"Oh," says he, "you're my Molly Malone,
My own;"—
"Oh," says he, "you're my Molly Malone!"

And the widow they all thought so shy,
My eye!
Ne'er thought of a simper or sigh—
For why?

But “Lucius,” says she,
“Since you’ve now made so free,
You may marry your Molly Malone,
Ohone!
You may marry your Molly Malone.”

There’s a moral contained in my song,
Not wrong;
And, one comfort, it’s not very long,
But strong
If for widows you die,
Learn *to kiss*, not to sigh,
For they’re all like sweet Mistress Malone,
Ohone!
Oh! they’re all like sweet Mistress Malone.

Charles Lever.

THE GIRLS OF THE WEST

You may talk, if you please,
Of the brown Portuguese,
But, wherever you roam, wherever you roam,
You nothing will meet
Half so lovely or sweet
As the girls at home, the girls at home.

Their eyes are not sloes,
Nor so long is their nose,
But, between me and you, between me and you,
They are just as alarming,
And ten times more charming,
With hazel and blue, with hazel and blue.

They don’t ogle a man
O’er the top of their fan,
Till his heart’s in a flame, his heart’s in a flame
But though bashful and shy,
They’ve a look in their eye

That just comes to the same, just comes to
the same.

No mantillas they sport,
But a petticoat short
Shows an ankle the best, an ankle the best,
And a leg—but, O murther!
I dare not go further,
So here's to the West; so here's to the West.

Charles Lever.

THE MAN FOR GALWAY.

To drink a toast
A proctor roast,
Or bailiff, as the case is;
To kiss your wife,
Or take your life
At ten or fifteen paces;
To keep game-cocks, to hunt the fox,
To drink in punch the Solway—
With debts galore, but fun far more—
Oh, that's "the man for Galway!"

The King of Oude
Is mighty proud,
And so were onst the Caysars;
But ould Giles Eyre
Would make them stare
With a company of the Blazers.
To the devil I fling ould Runjeet Sing,
He's only a prince in a small way,
And knows nothing at all of a six-foot wall—
Oh, he'd never "do for Galway."

Ye think the Blakes
Are no great shakes—
They're all his blood relations;
And the Bodkins sneeze
At the grim Chinese,

For they come from the *Phenaycians*;
So fill to the brim, and here's to him
Who'd drink in punch the Solway;
With debts galore, but fun far more—
Oh, that's "the man for Galway!"

Charles Lever.

HOW CON CREGAN'S FATHER LEFT HIMSELF A BIT OF LAND.

I was born in a little cabin on the borders of Meath and King's County; it stood on a small triangular bit of ground, beside a cross-road; and although the place was surveyed every ten years or so, they were never able to say to which county we belonged; there being just the same number of arguments for one side as for the other—a circumstance, many believed, that decided my father in his original choice of the residence; for while, under the "disputed boundary question," he paid no rates or county cess, he always made a point of voting at both county elections. This may seem to indicate that my parent was of a naturally acute habit; and, indeed, the way he became possessed of the bit of ground will confirm that impression.

There was nobody of the rank of gentry in the parish, not even "squireen"; the richest being a farmer, a snug old fellow, one Harry McCabe, that had two sons, who were always fighting between themselves which was to have the old man's money. Peter, the elder, doing everything to injure Mat, and Mat never backward in paying off the obligation. At last Mat, tired out in the struggle, resolved he would bear no more. He took leave of his father one night, and next day set off for Dublin, and listed in the

"Buffs." Three weeks after he sailed for India; and the old man, overwhelmed by grief, took to his bed, and never arose from it after. Not that his death was any way sudden, for he lingered on for months long; Peter always teasing him to make his will, and be revenged on "the dirty spalpeen" that disgraced the family, but old Harry as stoutly resisting, and declaring that whatever he owned should be fairly divided between them. These disputes between them were well known in the neighbourhood. Few of the country people passing the house at night but had overheard the old man's weak, reedy voice, and Peter's deep hoarse one, in altercation. When, at last —it was on a Sunday night—all was still and quiet in the house; not a word, not a footstep could be heard, no more than if it were uninhabited, the neighbours looked knowingly at each other, and wondered if the old man was worse—if he were dead!

It was a little after midnight that a knock came to the door of our cabin. I heard it first, for I used to sleep in a little snug basket near the fire; but I didn't speak, for I was frightened. It was repeated still louder, and then came a cry—

"Con Cregan! Con, I say! open the door! I want you."

I knew the voice well, it was Peter McCabe's; but I pretended to be fast asleep, and snored loudly. At last my father unbolted the door, and I heard him say—

"Oh, Mr. Peter, what's the matter? is the ould man worse?"

"Faix! that's what he is, for he's dead!"

"Glory be his bed! when did it happen?"

"About an hour ago," said Peter, in a voice that even I from my corner could perceive was greatly agitated. "He died like an ould haythen, Con, and never made a will!"

"That's bad," said my father; for he was always a polite man, and said whatever was pleasing to the company.

"It is bad," said Peter; "but it would be worse if we couldn't help it. Listen to me now, Conny, I want ye to help me in this business; and here's five guineas in goold, if ye do what I bid ye. You know that ye were always reckoned the image of my father, and before he took ill ye were mistaken for each other every day of the week."

"Anan!" said my father; for he was getting frightened at the notion, without well knowing why.

"Well, what I want is, for ye to come over to the house and get into the bed."

"Not beside the corpse?" said my father, trembling.

"By no means; but by yourself; and you're to pretend to be my father, and that ye want to make yer will before ye die; and then I'll send for the neighbours, and Billy Scanlan the schoolmaster, and ye'll tell him what to write, laving all the farm and everything to me—ye understand. And as the neighbours will see ye and hear yer voice, it will never be believed but it was himself that did it."

"The room must be very dark," says my father.

"To be sure it will, but have no fear! Nobody will dare to come nigh the bed; and ye'll only have to make a cross with your pen under the name."

"And the priest?" said my father.

"My father quarrelled with him last week about the Easter dues, and Father Tom said he'd not give him the 'rites'; and that's lucky now! Come along now, quick, for we've no time to lose; it must be all finished before the day breaks."

My father did not lose much time at his toilet, for he just wrapped his big coat 'round him, and slipping on his brogues, left the house. I sat up in the basket and listened till they were gone some minutes; and then, in a costume light as my parent's, set out after them, to watch the course of the adventure. I thought to take a short cut and be before them; but by bad luck I fell into a bog-hole, and only escaped being drowned by a chance. As it was, when I reached the house the performance had already begun. I think I see the whole scene this instant before my eyes, as I sat on a little window with one pane, and that a broken one, and surveyed the proceeding. It was a large room, at one end of which was a bed, and beside it a table, with physic-bottles, and spoons, and tea-cups; a little farther off was another table, at which sat Billy Scanlan, with all manner of writing materials before him. The country people sat two, sometimes three deep round the walls, all intently eager and anxious for the coming event. Peter himself went from place to place, trying to smother his grief, and occasionally helping the company to whisky—which was supplied with more than accustomed liberality. All my consciousness of the deceit and trickery could not deprive the scene of a certain solemnity. The misty distance of the half-lighted room; the highly-wrought expression of the country people's faces, never more intensely excited than at some moment of this kind; the low, deep-

drawn breathings, unbroken save by a sigh or a sob —the tribute of some affectionate sorrow to some lost friend, whose memory was thus forcibly brought back; these, I repeat it, were all so real that, as I looked, a thrilling sense of awe stole over me, and I actually shook with fear.

A low, faint cough, from the dark corner where the bed stood, seemed to cause even a deeper stillness; and then in a silence where the buzzing of a fly would have been heard, my father said—

"Where's Billy Scanlan? I want to make my will!"

"He's here, father!" said Peter, taking Billy by the hand and leading him to the bedside.

"Write what I bid ye, Billy, and be quick, for I hav'n't a long time before me here. I die a good Catholic, though Father O'Rafferty won't give me the 'rites'!"

A general chorus of "Oh, musha, musha," was now heard through the room; but whether in grief over the sad fate of the dying man, or the unflinching severity of the priest, is hard to say.

"I die in peace with all my neighbours and all mankind!"

Another chorus of the company seemed to approve these charitable expressions.

"I bequeath unto my son, Peter—and never was there a better son, or a decenter boy!—have you that down? I bequeath unto my son, Peter, the whole of my two farms of Killimundoonery and Knocksheboorn, with the fallow meadows behind Lynch's house; the forge, and the right of turf on the Dooran bog. I give him, and much good may it do him, Lanty Cassarn's acre, and the Luary field, with

the limekiln—and that reminds me that my mouth is just as dry; let me taste what ye have in the jug."

Here the dying man took a very hearty pull, and seemed considerably refreshed by it.

"Where was I, Billy Scanlan?" says he; "oh, I remember, at the limekiln; I leave him—that's Peter, I mean—the two potato-gardens at Noonan's Well; and it is the elegant fine crops grows there."

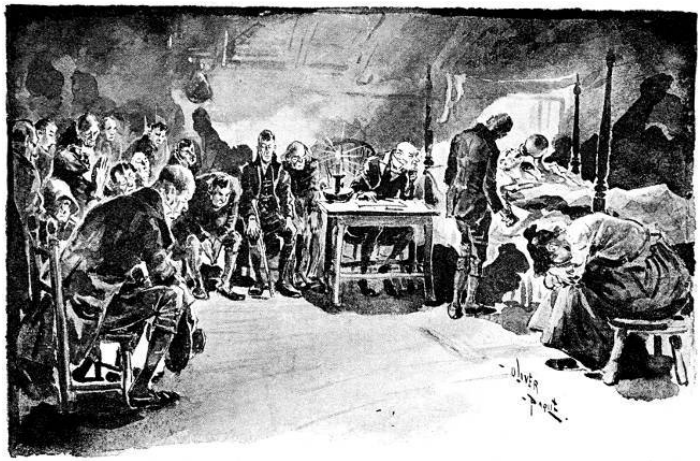
"An't you gettin' wake, father, darlin'?" says Peter, who began to be afraid of my father's loquaciousness; for, to say the truth, the punch got into his head, and he was greatly disposed to talk.

"I am, Peter, my son," says he, "I am getting wake; just touch my lips again with the jug. Ah, Peter, Peter, you watered the drink!"

"No, indeed, father, but it's the taste is leavin' you," says Peter; and again a low chorus of compassionate pity murmured through the cabin.

"Well, I'm nearly done now," says my father; "there's only one little plot of ground remaining, and I put it on you, Peter—as ye wish to live a good man, and die with the same asy heart I do now—that ye mind my last words to ye here. Are ye listening? Are the neighbours listening? Is Billy Scanlan listening?"

"Yes, sir. Yes, father. We're all minding," chorused the audience.



"'YOU WATERED THE DRINK!' 'NO, INDEED, FATHER, BUT IT'S THE TASTE IS LEAVIN' YOU,' SAYS PETER."

"Well, then, it's my last will and testament, and may—give me over the jug"—here he took a long drink—"and may that blessed liquor be poison to me if I'm not as eager about this as every other part of my will; I say, then, I bequeath the little plot at the cross-roads to poor Con Cregan; for he has a heavy charge, and is as honest and as hard-working a man as ever I knew. Be a friend to him, Peter dear; never let him want while ye have it yerself; think of me on my death-bed whenever he asks ye for any trifle. Is it down, Billy Scanlan? the two acres at the cross to Con Cregan and his heirs, in *secla seclorum*. Ah, blessed be the saints! but I feel my heart lighter after that," says he; "a good work makes an easy conscience; and now I'll drink all the company's good health, and many happy returns——"

What he was going to add there's no saying; but Peter, who was now terribly frightened at the lively tone the sick man was assuming, hurried all the people away into another room, to let his father die in peace. When they were all gone Peter slipped back

to my father, who was putting on his brogues in a corner.

"Con," says he, "ye did it all well; but sure that was a joke about the two acres at the cross."

"Of course it was," says he; "sure it was all a joke for the matter of that; won't I make the neighbours laugh hearty to-morrow when I tell them all about it!"

"You wouldn't be mean enough to betray me?" says Peter, trembling with fright.

"Sure ye wouldn't be mean enough to go against yer father's dying words?" says my father; "the last sentence ever he spoke;" and here he gave a low, wicked laugh that made myself shake with fear.

"Very well, Con!" says Peter, holding out his hand; "a bargain's a bargain; yer a deep fellow, that's all!" and so it ended; and my father slipped quietly home over the bog, mighty well satisfied with the legacy he left himself. And thus we became the owners of the little spot known to this day as Con's Acre.

Charles Lever.

KATEY'S LETTER.

Och, girls dear, did you ever hear I wrote my
love a letter?
And although he cannot read, sure, I thought
'twas all the better,
For why should he be puzzled with hard
spelling in the matter,
When the maning was so plain that I loved
him faithfully?
I love him faithfully—
And he knows it, oh, he knows it, without

one word from me.

I wrote it, and I folded it and put a seal upon it;
'Twas a seal almost as big as the crown of my best bonnet—
For I would not have the postmaster make his remarks upon it,
As I said inside the letter that I loved him faithfully.
I love him faithfully—
And he knows it, oh, he knows it, without one word from me.

My heart was full, but when I wrote I dare not put the half in;
The neighbours know I love him, and they're mighty fond of chaffing,
So I dared not write his name outside for fear they would be laughing,
So I wrote "From Little Kate to one whom she loves faithfully."
I love him faithfully—
And he knows it, oh, he knows it, without one word from me.

Now, girls, would you believe it, that postman's so consated,
No answer will he bring me, so long as I have waited—
But maybe there may not be one, for the reason that I stated,
That my love can neither read nor write, but he loves me faithfully,
He loves me faithfully,
And I know where'er my love is that he is true to me.

Lady Dufferin (1807–1867).



"AS I SAID INSIDE THE LETTER THAT I LOVED HIM FAITHFULLY."

DANCE LIGHT, FOR MY HEART IT LIES UNDER YOUR FEET.

"Ah, sweet Kitty Neil, rise up from that wheel—
Your neat little foot will be weary from

spinning;
Come trip down with me to the sycamore tree,
Half the parish is there and the dance is beginning.
The sun has gone down, but the full harvest moon
Shines sweetly and cool on the dew-whitened valley;
While all the air rings with the soft loving things
Each little bird sings in the green shaded valley!”

With a blush and a smile, Kitty rose up the while,
Her eyes in the glass, as she bound her hair, glancing;
’Tis hard to refuse when a young lover sues,—
So she couldn’t but choose to go off to the dancing.
And now on the green the glad groups are seen,
Each gay-hearted lad with the lass of his choosing;
And Pat, without fail, leads out sweet Kitty Neil,—
Somehow, when he asked, she ne’er thought of refusing.

Now Felix Magee puts his pipes to his knee,
And with flourish so free sets each couple in motion;
With a cheer and a bound the lads patter the ground,—
The maids move around just like swans on the ocean.
Cheeks bright as the rose, feet light as the doe’s,
Now coyly retiring, now boldly advancing,—
Search the world all around, from the sky to the ground,
No such sight can be found as an Irish lass

dancing!

Sweet Kate! who could view your bright eyes
of deep blue,
Beaming humidly through their dark lashes
so mildly,—
Your fair-turned arm, heaving breast,
rounded form,—
Nor feel his heart warm and his pulses throb
wildly?
Young Pat feels his heart, as he gazes, depart,
Subdued by the smart of such painful yet
sweet love;
The sight leaves his eye, as he cries, with a
sigh,
"*Dance light, for my heart it lies under your
feet, love!*"

John Francis Waller, LL.D. (1809–1894).

FATHER TOM'S WAGER WITH THE POPE.

"I'd hould you a pound," says the Pope, "that I've a quadruped in my possession that's a wiser baste nor any dog in your kennel."

"Done," says his riv'rence, and they staked the money. "What can this larned quadhruped o' yours do?" says his riv'rence.

"It's my mule," says the Pope; "and if you were to offer her goolden oats and clover off the meadows o' Paradise, sorra taste ov aither she'd let pass her teeth till the first mass is over every Sunday or holiday in the year."

"Well, and what 'ud you say if I showed you a baste ov mine," says his riv'rence, "that, instead ov fasting till first mass is over only, fasts out the whole four-and-twenty hours ov every Wednesday and Friday in the week as reg'lar as a Christian?"

“Oh, be asy, Misther Maguire,” says the Pope.

“You don’t b’lieve me, don’t you?” says his riv’rence; “very well, I’ll soon show you whether or no,” and he put his knuckles in his mouth, and gev a whistle that made the Pope stop his fingers in his ears. The aycho, my dear, was hardly done playing wid the cobwebs in the cornish, when the door flies open, and in jumps Spring. The Pope happened to be sitting next the door, betuxt him and his riv’rence, and may I never die if he didn’t clear him, thriple crown and all, at one spang.



“‘HERE, SPRING, MY MAN,’ SAYS HE.”

“God’s presence be about us!” says the Pope, thinking it was an evil spirit come to fly away wid him for the lie that he hed tould in regard ov his mule (for it was nothing more nor a thrick that consisted in grazing the brute’s teeth); but seeing it

was only one ov the greatest beauties ov a greyhound that he'd ever laid his epistolical eyes on, he soon recovered ov his fright, and began to pat him, while Father Tom ris and went to the sideboard, where he cut a slice ov pork, a slice ov beef, a slice ov mutton, and a slice ov salmon, and put them all on a plate thegither. "Here, Spring, my man," says he, setting the plate down afore him on the hearthstone, "here's your supper for you this blessed Friday night." Not a word more he said nor what I tell you; and, you may believe it or not, but it's the blessed truth that the dog, afther jist tasting the salmon, and spitting it out again, lifted his nose out ov the plate, and stood wid his jaws wathering, and his tail wagging, looking up in his riv'rence's face, as much as to say, "Give me your absolution, till I hide them temptations out ov my sight."

"There's a dog that knows his duty," says his riv'rence; "there's a baste that knows how to conduct himself aither in the parlour or the field. You think him a good dog, looking at him here; but I wisht you seen him on the side ov Slieve-an-Eirin! Be my soul, you'd say the hill was running away from undher him. Oh, I wisht you had been wid me," says he, never letting on to see the dog at all, "one day last Lent, that I was coming from mass. Spring was near a quarther ov a mile behind me, for the childher was delaying him wid bread and butther at the chapel door; when a lump ov a hare jumped out ov the plantations ov Grouse Lodge and ran acrass the road; so I gev the whilloo, and knowing that she'd take the rise ov the hill, I made over the ditch, and up through Mullaghcashel as hard as I could pelt, still keeping her in view, but afore I hed gone a perch, Spring seen her, and away the two went like the wind, up Drumrewy, and down Clooneen, and over

the river, widout his being able onst to turn her. Well, I run on till I came to the Diffagher, and through it I went, for the wather was low, and I didn't mind being wet shod, and out on the other side, where I got up on a ditch, and seen sich a coorse as I'll be bound to say was never seen afore or since. If Spring turned that hare onst that day, he turned her fifty times, up and down, back and for'ard, throughout and about. At last he run her right into the big quarry-hole in Mullaghbawn, and when I went up to look for her fud, there I found him sthretched on his side, not able to stir a fut, and the hare lying about an inch afore his nose as dead as a door-nail, and divil a mark ov a tooth upon her. Eh, Spring, isn't that thrue?" says he.

Jist at that minit the clock sthruck twelve, and afore you could say *thrap-sticks*, Spring had the plateful ov mate consaled. "Now," says his riv'rence, "hand me over my pound, for I've won my bet fairly."

"You'll excuse me," says the Pope, pocketing the money, "for we put the clock half-an-hour back, out ov compliment to your riv'rence," says he, "and it was Sathurday morning afore he came up at all."

"Well, it's no matter," says his riv'rence, "only," says he, "it's hardly fair to expect a brute baste to be so well skilled in the science ov chronology."

Sir Samuel Ferguson (1810–1886).

THE OULD IRISH JIG.

My blessing be on you, old Erin,
My own land of frolic and fun;

For all sorts of mirth and diversion,
Your like is not under the sun.
Bohemia may boast of her polka,
And Spain of her waltzes talk big;
Sure, they are all nothing but limping,
Compared with our ould Irish jig.

Then a fig for your new-fashioned waltzes,
Imported from Spain and from France;
And a fig for the thing called the polka—
Our own Irish jig we will dance.

I've heard how our jig came in fashion—
And believe that the story is true—
By Adam and Eve 'twas invented,
The reason was, partners were few.
And, though they could both dance the polka,
Eve thought it was not over-chaste;
She preferred our ould jig to be dancing—
And, faith, I approve of her taste.

Then a fig, etc.

The light-hearted daughters of Erin,
Like the wild mountain deer they can bound,
Their feet never touch the green island,
But music is struck from the ground.
And oft in the glens and green meadows,
The ould jig they dance with such grace,
That even the daisies they tread on,
Look up with delight in their face.

Then a fig, etc.

An ould Irish jig, too, was danced by
The kings and the great men of yore;
King O'Toole could himself neatly foot it
To a tune they call "Rory O'More."
And oft in the great hall of Tara,
Our famous King Brian Boru,
Danced an ould Irish jig with his nobles,

And played his own harp to them, too.

Then a fig, etc.

And sure, when Herodias' daughter
Was dancing in King Herod's sight,
His heart that for years had been frozen,
Was thawed with pure love and delight;
And more than a hundred times over,
I've heard Father Flanagan tell,
'Twas our own Irish jig that she footed,
That pleased the ould villain so well.

Then a fig, etc.

James M'Kowen (1814–1889).

MOLLY MULDOON.

Molly Muldoon was an Irish girl,
And as fine a one
As you'd look upon
In the cot of a peasant or hall of an earl.
Her teeth were white, though not of pearl,
And dark was her hair, though it did not curl;
Yet few who gazed on her teeth and her hair,
But owned that a power o' beauty was there.
Now many a hearty and rattling *gorsoon*,
Whose fancy had charmed his heart into tune,
Would dare to approach fair Molly Muldoon,
But for *that* in her eye
Which made most of them shy
And look quite ashamed, though they couldn't tell why—
Her eyes were large, dark blue, and clear,
And heart and mind seemed in them blended.
If *intellect* sent you one look severe,

Love instantly leapt in the next to mend it.
Hers was the eye to check the rude,
And hers the eye to stir emotion,
To keep the sense and soul subdued,
And calm desire into devotion.

There was Jemmy O'Hare,
As fine a boy as you'd see in a fair,
And wherever Molly was he was there.
His face was round and his build was square,
And he sported as rare
And tight a pair
Of legs, to be sure, as are found anywhere.
And Jemmy would wear
His *caubeen*[17] and hair
With such a peculiar and rollicking air,
That I'd venture to swear
Not a girl in Kildare,
Nor Victoria's self, if she chanced to be there,
Could resist his wild way—called "Devil may care."
Not a boy in the parish could match him for fun,
Nor wrestle, nor leap, nor hurl, nor run
With Jemmy—no *gorsoon* could equal him—none,
At wake or at wedding, at feast or at fight,
At throwing the sledge with such dext'rous sleight,—
He was the envy of men, and the women's delight.

Now Molly Muldoon liked Jemmy O'Hare,
And in troth Jemmy loved in his heart Miss Muldoon.
I believe in my conscience a purtier pair
Never danced in a tent at a patthern in June,—
To a bagpipe or fiddle
On the rough cabin-door
That is placed in the middle—
Ye may talk as ye will,
There's a grace in the limbs of the peasantry

there
With which people of quality couldn't
compare.
And Molly and Jemmy were counted the
two
That could keep up the longest and go
the best through
All the jigs and the reels
That have occupied heels
Since the days of the Murtaghs and Brian
Boru.

It was on a long bright sunny day
They sat on a green knoll side by side,
But neither just then had much to say;
Their hearts were so full that they
only tried
To do anything foolish, just to hide
What both of them felt, but what
Molly denied.
They plucked the speckled daisies that
grew
Close by their arms,—then tore them too;
And the bright little leaves that they broke
from the stalk
They threw at each other for want of talk;
While the heart-lit look and the sunny
smile,
Reflected pure souls without art or guile;
And every time Molly sighed or smiled,
Jem felt himself grow as soft as a child;
And he fancied the sky never looked so
bright,
The grass so green, the daisies so white;
Everything looked so gay in his sight
That gladly he'd linger to watch them till
night—
And Molly herself thought each little
bird,
Whose warbling notes her calm soul
stirred,—
Sang only his lay but by her to be heard.

An Irish courtship's short and sweet,

It's sometimes foolish and indiscreet;
But who is wise when his young heart's heat
Whips the pulse to a galloping beat—
Ties up his judgment neck and feet,
And makes him the slave of a blind conceit?
Sneer not therefore at the loves of the poor,
Though their manners be rude, their affections are pure;
They look not by art, and they love not by rule,
For their souls are not tempered in fashion's cold school.
Oh! give me the love that endures no control
But the delicate instinct that springs from the soul,
As the mountain stream gushes in freshness and force,
Yet obedient, wherever it flows, to its source.
Yes, give me the love that but Nature has taught,
By rank unallured and by riches unbought;
Whose very simplicity keeps it secure—
The love that illumines the hearts of the poor.

All blushful was Molly, or shy at least,
As one week before Lent
Jem procured her consent
To go the next Sunday and speak to the priest.
Shrove Tuesday was named for the wedding to be,
And it dawned as bright as they'd wish to see.
And Jemmy was up at the day's first peep,
For the livelong night no wink could he sleep.
A bran-new coat, with a bright big button,
He took from a chest and carefully put on —
And brogues as well lamp-blacked as ever went foot on,

Were greased with the fat of *a quare sort of mutton*!
Then a tidier *gorsoon* couldn't be seen
Treading the Emerald Isle so green—
Light was his step, and bright was his eye,
As he walked through the *slobbery* streets of Athy.
And each girl he passed bid "God bless him" and sighed,
While she wished in her heart that herself was the bride.

Hush! here's the Priest—let not the least
Whisper be heard till the father has ceased.
"Come, bridegroom and bride,
That the knot may be tied
Which no power on earth can hereafter divide."
Up rose the bride and the bridegroom too,
And a passage was made for them both to walk through;
And his Riv'rence stood with a sanctified face,
Which spread its infection around the place.
The bridegroom blushed and whispered the bride,
Who felt so confused that she almost cried,
But at last bore up and walked forward, where
The Father was standing with solemn air;
The bridegroom was following after with pride,
When his piercing eye something awful espied!
He stopped and sighed,
Looked round and tried
To tell what he saw, but his tongue denied:
With a spring and a roar
He jumped to the door,
AND THE BRIDE LAID HER EYES ON THE BRIDEGROOM NO MORE!

Some years sped on,
Yet heard no one

Of Jemmy O'Hare, or where he had
gone.
But since the night of that widow'd feast,
The strength of poor Molly had ever
decreased;
Till, at length, from earth's sorrow her
soul released,
Fled up to be ranked with the saints at
least.
And the morning poor Molly to live had
ceased,
Just five years after the widow'd feast,
An American letter was brought to the
priest,
Telling of Jemmy O'Hare deceased!
Who, ere his death,
With his latest breath,
To a spiritual father unburdened his breast,
And the cause of his sudden departure
confest.—
"Oh, Father," says he, "I've not long to
live,
So I'll freely confess, and hope you'll
forgive—
That same Molly Muldoon, sure I loved
her indeed;
Ay, as well as the Creed
That was never forsaken by one of my
breed;
But I couldn't have married her, after I saw
—"
"Saw what?" cried the Father, desirous
to hear—
And the chair that he sat in
unconsciously rocking—
"Not in her *karàcter*, yer Riv'rince, a
flaw"—
The sick man here dropped a significant
tear,
And died as he whispered in the
clergyman's ear—
"But I saw, God forgive her, A HOLE IN HER
STOCKING!"

THE MORAL.

Lady readers, love may be
Fixed in hearts immovably,
May be strong and may be pure;
Faith may lean on faith secure,
Knowing adverse fate's endeavour
Makes that faith more firm than ever;
But the purest love and strongest,
Love that has endured the longest,
Braving cross, and blight, and trial,
Fortune's bar or pride's denial,
Would—no matter what its trust—
Be uprooted by disgust:—
Yes, the love that might for years
Spring in suffering, grow in tears,
Parents' frigid counsel mocking,
Might be—where's the use of talking?—
Upset by a BROKEN STOCKING!

Anonymous.



"WITH A SPRING AND A ROAR HE JUMPED TO THE DOOR."



"THE GANDHER ID BE AT HIS HEELS, AN' RUBBIN' HIMSELF AGIN HIS LEGS."

THE QUARE GANDER.

Terence Mooney was an honest boy and well-to-do, an' he rinted the biggest farm on this side iv the Galties, an' bein' mighty cute an' a sevare worker, it was small wonder he turned a good penny every harvest; but unluckily he was blessed with an iligant large family iv daughters, an' iv coorse his heart was allamost bruck, strivin' to make up fortunes for the whole of them—an' there wasn't a conthrivance iv any soart or discription for makin' money out iv the farm but he was up to. Well, among the other ways he had iv gettin' up in the world, he always kep a power iv turkeys, and all soarts iv poultry; an' he was out iv all raison partial to geese—an' small blame to him for that same—for twiste a year you can pluck them as bare as my hand—an' get a fine price for the feathers, and plenty of rale sizable eggs —an' when they are too ould to lay any more, you can kill them, an' sell them to the gintlemen for gozlings, d'ye see,—let alone that a goose is the most manly bird that is out. Well, it happened in the coorse iv time, that one ould gandher tuck a wondherful likin' to Terence, an' divil a place he could go serenadin' about the farm, or lookin' afther the men, but the gandher id be at his heels, an' rubbin' himself agin his legs, and lookin' up in his face just like any other Christian id do; and the likes iv it was never seen,—Terence Mooney an' the gandher wor so great. An' at last the bird was so engagin' that Terence would not allow it to be plucked any more; an' kept it from that time out, for love an' affection—just all as one like one iv his childhren. But happiness in perfection never lasts long; an' the neighbours bigin'd to suspect the nathur and intentions iv the gandher; an' some iv them said

it was the divil, and more iv them that it was a fairy. Well, Terence could not but hear something of what was sayin', and you may be sure he was not altogether asy in his mind about it, an' from one day to another he was gettin' more ancomfortable in himself, until he detarmined to sind for Jer Garvan, the fairy docthor in Garryowen, an' it's he was the iligant hand at the business, and divil a sperit id say a crass word to him, no more nor a priest. An' moreover he was very great wid ould Terence Mooney, this man's father that was. So without more about it, he was sint for; an' sure enough the divil a long he was about it, for he kem back that very evenin' along wid the boy that was sint for him; an' as soon as he was there, an' tuck his supper, an' was done talkin' for a while, he bigined of coorse to look into the gandher. Well, he turned it this away an' that away, to the right, and to the left, an' straight-ways an' upside down, an' when he was tired handlin' it, says he to Terence Mooney—

"Terence," says he, "you must remove the bird into the next room," says he, "an' put a pettycoat," says he, "or any other convaynience round his head," says he.

"An' why so?" says Terence.

"Becase," says Jer, says he.

"Becase what?" says Terence.

"Becase," says Jer, "if it isn't done—you'll never be asy agin," says he, "or pusilanimous in your mind," says he; "so ax no more questions, but do my biddin',' says he.

"Well," says Terence, "have your own way," says he.

An' wid that he tuck the ould gandher, and giv' it to one iv the gossoons.

"An' take care," says he, "don't smother the crathur," says he.

Well, as soon as the bird was gone, says Jer Garvan, says he, "Do you know what that ould gandher *is*, Terence Mooney?"

"Divil a taste," says Terence.

"Well then," says Jer, "the gandher is your own father," says he.

"It's jokin' you are," says Terence, turnin' mighty pale; "how can an ould gandher be my father?" says he.

"I'm not funnin' you at all," says Jer; "it's thrue what I tell you—it's your father's wandhrin' sowl," says he, "that's naturally tuck pissession iv the ould gandher's body," says he; "I know him many ways, and I wondher," says he, "you do not know the cock iv his eye yourself," says he.

"Oh, blur an' ages!" says Terence, "what the divil will I ever do at all at all," says he; "it's all over wid me, for I plucked him twelve times at the laste," says he.

"That can't be helped now," says Jer; "it was a sevare act surely," says he, "but it's too late to lamint for it now," says he; "the only way to prevint what's past," says he, "is to put a stop to it before it happens," says he.

"Thrue for you," says Terence; "but how the divil did you come to the knowledge iv my father's sowl," says he, "bein' in the ould gandher?" says he.

"If I tould you," says Jer, "you would not

undherstand me," says he, "without book-larnin' an' gasthronomy," says he; "so ax me no questions," says he, "an' I'll tell you no lies; but b'lieve me in this much," says he, "it's your father that's in it," says he, "an' if I don't make him spake to-morrow mornin'," says he, "I'll give you lave to call me a fool," says he.

"Say no more," says Terence, "that settles the business," says he; "an' oh! blur an' ages, is it not a quare thing," says he, "for a dacent, respictable man," says he, "to be walkin' about the counthry in the shape iv an ould gandher," says he; "and oh, murdher, murdher! isn't it often I plucked him," says he; "an' tundher an' ouns, might not I have ate him," says he; and wid that he fell into a could parspiration, savin' your prisince, an' was on the pint iv faintin' wid the bare notions iv it.

Well, whin he was come to himself agin, says Jerry to him quiet an' asy—"Terence," says he, "don't be aggravatin' yourself," says he, "for I have a plan composed that 'ill make him spake out," says he, "an' tell what it is in the world he's wantin'," says he; "an' mind an' don't be comin' in wid your gosther an' to say agin anything I tell you," says he, "but jist purtind, as soon as the bird is brought back," says he, "how that we're goin' to sind him to-morrow mornin' to market," says he; "an' if he don't spake tonight," says he, "or gother himself out iv the place," says he, "put him into the hamper airly, and sind him in the cart," says he, "straight to Tipperary, to be sould for aiting," says he, "along wid the two gossoons," says he; "an' my name isn't Jer Garvan," says he, "if he doesn't spake out before he's half-way," says he; "an' mind," says he, "as soon as ever he says the first word," says he, "that very minute bring him off to Father Crotty," says he, "an' if his raverince doesn't

make him ratire," says he, "like the rest iv his parishioners, glory be to God," says he, "into the siclusion iv the flames iv purgathory, there's no vartue in my charums," says he.

Well, wid that the ould gandher was let into the room agin, an' they all bigined to talk iv sindin' him the nixt mornin' to be sould for roastin' in Tipperary, jist as if it was a thing andoubtingly settled; but not a notice the gandher tuck, no more nor if they wor spaking iv the Lord Liftinant; an' Terence desired the boys to get ready the kish for the poulthry, "an' to settle it out wid hay soft and shnug," says he, "for it's the last jauntin' the poor ould gandher 'ill get in this world," says he. Well, as the night was getting late, Terence was growin' mighty sorrowful an' downhearted in himself entirely wid the notions iv what was goin' to happen. An' as soon as the wife an' the crathurs war fairly in bed, he brought out some iligant potteen, an' himself an' Jer Garvan sot down to it, an' the more anasy Terence got, the more he dhrank, and himself and Jer Garvan finished a quart betune them: it wasn't an imparial though, an' more's the pity, for them wasn't anvinted antil short since; but divil a much matther it signifies any longer if a pint could hould two quarts, let alone what it does, sinst Father Mathew—the Lord purloin his raverince—bigin'd to give the pledge, an' wid the blessin' iv timperance to deginerate Ireland. An' begorra, I have the medle myself; an' its proud I am iv that same, for abstamiousness is a fine thing, although it's mighty dhry. Well, whin Terence finished his pint, he thought he might as well stop, "for enough is as good as a faste," says he, "an' I pity the vagabond," says he, "that is not able to conthroul his licquor," says he, "an' to keep constantly inside iv a pint measure," says he, an' wid that he wished Jer

Garvan a good night, an' walked out iv the room. But he wint out the wrong door, being a thrifle hearty in himself, an' not rightly knowin' whether he was standin' on his head or his heels, or both iv them at the same time, an' in place iv gettin' into bed, where did he thrun himself but into the poulthry hamper, that the boys had settled out ready for the gandher in the mornin'; an' sure enough he sunk down soft an' complate through the hay to the bottom; an' wid the turnin' an' roulin' about in the night, not a bit iv him but was covered up as shnug as a lumper in a pittaty furrow before mornin'. So wid the first light, up gets the two boys that war to take the sperit, as they consaved, to Tipperary; an' they cotched the ould gandher, an' put him in the hamper and clapped a good wisp iv hay on the top iv him, and tied it down sthrong wid a bit iv a coard, and med the sign iv the crass over him, in dhread iv any harum, an' put the hamper up on the car, wontherin' all the while what in the world was makin' the ould bird so surprisin' heavy. Well, they wint along quiet an' asy towards Tipperary, wishin' every minute that some iv the neighbours bound the same way id happen to fall in with them, for they didn't half like the notions iv havin' no company but the bewitched gandher, an' small blame to them for that same. But, although they wor shakin' in their shkins in dhread iv the ould bird biginin' to convarse them every minute, they did not let on to one another, but kep singin' and whistlin', like mad, to keep the dhread out iv their hearts. Well, afther they wor on the road betther nor half-an-hour, they kem to the bad bit close by Father Crotty's, an' there was one divil iv a rut three feet deep at the laste; an' the car got sich a wondherful chuck goin' through it, that it wakened Terence within the basket.

"Oh!" says he, "my bones is bruck wid yer thricks, what the divil are ye doin' wid me?"

"Did ye hear anything quare, Thady?" says the boy that was next to the car, turnin' as white as the top iv a musharoon; "did ye hear anything quare soundin' out iv the hamper?" says he.

"No, nor you," says Thady, turnin' as pale as himself; "it's the ould gandher that's gruntin' wid the shakin' he's gettin'," says he.

"Where the divil have ye put me into?" says Terence inside; "let me out, or I'll be smothered this minute," says he.

"There's no use in purtendin'," says the boy; "the gandher's spakin', glory be to God!" says he.

"Let me out, you murdherers," says Terence.

"In the name iv all the holy saints," says Thady, "hould yer tongue, you unnatheral gandher," says he.

"Who's that, that dar' to call me nicknames?" says Terence inside, roaring wid the fair passion; "let me out, you blasphamious infiddles," says he, "or by this crass I'll stretch ye," says he.

"In the name iv heaven," says Thady, "who the divil are ye?"

"Who the divil would I be but Terence Mooney," says he. "It's myself that's in it, you unmerciful bliggards," says he; "let me out, or by the holy I'll get out in spite iv yez," says he, "an' be jabers I'll wallop yez in arnest," says he.

"It's ould Terence, sure enough," says Thady; "isn't it cute the fairy docthor found him out?" says he.

"I'm on the pint iv snuffication," says Terence; "let me out I tell you, an' wait till I get at ye," says he, "for begorra, the divil a bone in your body but I'll powdher," says he; an' wid that he bigined kickin' and flingin' inside in the hamper, and dhrivin' his legs agin the sides iv it, that it was a wondher he did not knock it to pieces. Well, as soon as the boys seen that, they skelped the ould horse into a gallop as hard as he could peg towards the priest's house, through the ruts, an' over the stones; an' you'd see the hamper fairly flyin' three feet up in the air with the joultin', glory be to God; so it was small wondher, by the time they got to his raverince's door, the breath was fairly knocked out iv poor Terence; so that he was lyin' speechless in the bottom iv the hamper. Well, whin his raverince kem down, they up an' they tould him all that happened, an' how they put the gandher into the hamper, an' how he bigined to spake, an' how he confissed that he was ould Terence Mooney; and they axed his honour to advise them how to get rid iv the sperit for good an' all. So says his raverince, says he—

"I'll take my book," says he, "an' I'll read some rale sthrong holy bits out iv it," says he, "an' do you get a rope and put it round the hamper," says he, "an' let it swing over the runnin' wather at the bridge," says he, "an' it's no matther if I don't make the sperit come out iv it," says he.

Well, wid that, the priest got his horse, an' tuck his book in undher his arum, an' the boys follied his raverince, ladin' the horse down to the bridge, an' divil a word out iv Terence all the way, for he seen it was no use spakin', an' he was afeard if he med any noise they might thrait him to another gallop an' finish him intirely. Well, as soon as they war all

come to the bridge, the boys tuck the rope they had with them, an' med it fast to the top iv the hamper an' swung it fairly over the bridge; lettin' it hang in the air about twelve feet out iv the wather; an' his raverince rode down to the bank iv the river, close by, an' bigined to read mighty loud and bould intirely. An' when he was goin' on about five minutes, all at onst the bottom iv the hamper kem out, an' down wint Terence, falling splash dash into the water, an' the ould gandher a-top iv him; down they both went to the bottom wid a souse you'd hear half-a-mile off; an' before they had time to rise agin, his raverince, wid the fair astonishment, giv his horse one dig iv the spurs, an' before he knew where he was, in he went, horse and all, a-top iv them, an' down to the bottom. Up they all kem agin together, gaspin' an' puffin', an' off down wid the current wid them, like shot in undher the arch iv the bridge, till they kem to the shallow wather. The ould gandher was the first out, an' the priest and Terence kem next, pantin' an' blowin' an' more than half dhrounded; an' his raverince was so freckened wid the dhroundin' he got, and wid the sight iv the sperit as he consaved, that he wasn't the better iv it for a month. An' as soon as Terence could spake, he said he'd have the life iv the two gossoons; but Father Crotty would not give him his will; an' as soon as he was got quiter they all endayvoured to explain it, but Terence consaved he went raly to bed the night before, an' his wife said the same to shilter him from the suspicion ov having the dhrop taken. An' his raverince said it was a mysthery, an' swore if he cotched any one laughin' at the accident, he'd lay the horsewhip across their shouldhers; an' Terence grew fonder an' fonder iv the gandher every day, until at last he died in a wondherful ould age, lavin' the

gandher afther him an' a large family iv childher.

Joseph Sheridan Lefanu (1814–1873).

TABLE-TALK.

If the age of women were known by their teeth, they would not be so fond of showing them.

What is an Irishman but a mere machine for converting potatoes into human nature?

The smiles of a pretty woman are glimpses of Paradise.

Military men never blush; it is not in the articles of war.

We look with pleasure even on our shadows.

It is particularly inconvenient to have a long nose —especially if you are in company with Irishmen after dinner.

Weak-minded men are obstinate; those of a robust intellect are firm.

Bear-baiting has gone down very much of late. The best exhibitions of that manly and rational amusement take place nightly in the House of Commons.

When you are invited to a drinking-party you do not treat your host well if you do not eat at least six salt herrings before you sit down to his table. I have never known this to fail in ensuring a pleasant evening.

Butchers and doctors are with great propriety excluded from being jurymen.

Few men have the moral courage *not* to fight a duel.

It is a saying of the excellent Tom Brown, “No poet ever went to a church when he had money to go to a tavern.” This may be looked on as an indisputable axiom; there is no truer proposition in

Euclid. Indeed, the very name of poet is derived from *potare*—to drink; and it is not by mere accident that the same word signifies *Bacchus* and a *book*.

The most ferocious monsters in existence are authors who insist on reading their MSS to their friends and visitors.

A friend of mine, one of the wittiest and most learned men of the day, once recommended a Frenchman, who expressed an anxiety to possess the autographs of literary men, to cash their bills. “And, believe me,” says he, “if you do, you will get the handwriting of the best of the tribe.”

Tailors call Adam and Eve the first founders of their noble art; they have them depicted on their banners and escutcheons. But they would be nearer the truth if they called the devil the first master-tailor; as only for him a coat and breeches would be unnecessary and useless. This would be giving the devil his due.

A very acute man used to say, “Tell me your second reason; I do not want your first. The second is the true motive of your actions.”

Youth and old age seem to be mutual spies on each other—blind, each, to its own imperfections, but extremely quick-sighted to those of its opposite.

HINTS TO MEN OF BUSINESS.—Whenever you are in a hurry engage a drunken cabman; he will drive you at double the speed of a sober one. Also, be sure not to engage a cabman who owns the horse he drives; he will spare his quadruped, and carry you at a funeral pace. Both these maxims are as good as any in Rochefoucault.

Man is a twofold creature; one half he exhibits to the world, and the other to himself.

Edward V. H. Kenealy, LL.D. (1819–1880).

ADVICE TO A YOUNG POET.

Snooks, my friend, I see with sorrow
  How you waste much precious time—
Notwithstanding all you borrow—
  In concocting wretched rhyme.

Do not think that I fling any
  Innuendoes at your head,
When I state the fact that many
  Mines of Wicklow teem with lead.

Snooks, my friend, you are a ninny
  (Class, mammalia-genus, muff),
If you hope to make a guinea
  By such caterwauling stuff.

Lives of poets all remind us
We may write “demnition” fine,
Leaving still unsolved behind us
The problem, “How are bards to dine?”

Problem which perhaps some others,
As through life they dodge about,
Seeing, shall suppose our mothers
Did not know that we were out.

Hang the bard, and cut the punster,
Fling all rhyming to the deuce,
Take a business tour through Munster,
Shoot a landlord—be of use.

Richard Dalton Williams (1822–1862).



"SAINT KEVIN TOOK THE GANDER FROM THE ARMS OF THE KING."

SAINT KEVIN AND KING O'TOOLE.

As Saint Kevin once was travelling through a
place called Glendalough,
He chanced to meet with King O'Toole, and
asked him for a *shough*;[18]

Said the king, “You are a stranger, for your
face I’ve never seen,
But if you have a taste o’ weed, I’ll lend you
my *dhudeen*.”[19]

While the saint was kindling up the pipe the
monarch fetched a sigh;
“Is there anything the matter,” says the saint,
“that makes you cry?”
Said the king, “I had a gander, that was left
me by my mother,
And this morning he cocked up his toes with
some disease or other.”

“And are you crying for the gander, you
unfortunate ould goose?
Dhry up your tears, in frettin’, sure, there’s
ne’er a bit o’ use;
As you think so much about the bird, if I
make him whole and sound,
Will you give to me the taste o’ land the
gander will fly round?”

“In troth I will, and welcome,” said the king,
“give what you ask;”
The saint bid him bring out the bird, and
he’d begin the task;
The king went into the palace to fetch him
out the bird,
Though he’d not the least intention of
sticking to his word.

Saint Kevin took the gander from the arms of
the king,
He first began to tweak his beak, and then to
pull his wing,
He *hooshed* him up into the air—he flew
thirty miles around;
Said the saint, “I’ll thank your majesty for
that little bit o’ ground.”

The king, to raise a ruction next, he called
the saint a witch,
And sent in for his six big sons, to heave him

in the ditch;
"*Nabocklish*," said Saint Kevin, "I'll soon
settle these young urchins,"
So he turned the king and his six sons into
the seven churches.

Thomas Shalvey (*fl.* 1850).

THE SHAUGHRAUN.

Scene—EXTERIOR OF FATHER DOLAN'S COTTAGE.

Enter MOYA.

Moya. There! now I've spancelled the cow and fed the pig, my uncle will be ready for his tay. Not a sign of Conn for the past three nights. What's come to him?

Enter MRS. O'KELLY.

Mrs. O'K. Is that yourself, Moya? I've come to see if that vagabond of mine has been round this way.

Moya. Why would he be here—hasn't he a home of his own?

Mrs. O'K. The shebeen is his home when he's not in gaol. His father died o' drink, and Conn will go the same way.

Moya. I thought your husband was drowned at sea?

Mrs. O'K. And, bless him, so he was.

Moya (*aside*). Well, that's a quare way of dying o' drink.

Mrs. O'K. The best of men he was, when he was sober—a betther never dhrawed the breath o' life.

Moya. But you say he never was sober.

Mrs. O'K. Nivir! An' Conn takes afther him!

Moya. Mother.

Mrs. O'K. Well?

Moya. I'm afeard I'll take afther Conn.

Mrs. O'K. Heaven forbid, and purtect you agin him. You are a good, dacent girl, an' desarve the best of husbands.

Moya. Them's the only ones that gets the worst. More betoken yourself, Mrs. O'Kelly.

Mrs. O'K. Conn nivir did an honest day's work in his life—but dhrinkin', an' fishin', an' shootin', and sportin', and love-makin'.

Moya. Sure, that's how the quality pass their lives.

Mrs. O'K. That's it. A poor man that spoorts the sowl of a gentleman is called a blackguard.

Enter CONN.

Conn. There's somebody talking about me.

Moya (*running to him*). Conn!

Conn. My darlin', was the mother makin' little of me? Don't believe a word that comes out o' her! She's jealous—a devil a haporth less. She's choking wid it this very minute, just bekase she sees my arms about ye. She's as proud of me as an ould hen that's got a duck for a chicken. Hould your whist now! Wipe your mouth, an' give me a kiss!

Mrs. O'K. (*embracing him*). Oh, Conn, what have you been afther? The polis were in my cabin to-day about ye. They say you stole Squire Foley's horse.

Conn. Stole his horse! Sure the baste is safe and sound in his paddock this minute.

Mrs. O'K. But he says you stole it for the day to go huntin'.



"JUST THEN WE TOOK A STONE WALL AND A DOUBLE DITCH TOGETHER."

Conn. Well, here's a purty thing, for a horse to run away with a man's characther like this! Oh, wurra! may I never die in sin, but this was the way of it. I

was standing by ould Foley's gate, when I heard the cry of the hounds comin' across the tail end of the bog, and there they wor, my dear, spread out like the tail of a paycock, an' the finest dog fox you'd ever seen sailing ahead of them up the boreen, and right across the churchyard. It was enough to raise the inhabitants. Well, as I looked, who should come up and put his head over the gate beside me but the Squire's brown mare, small blame to her. Divil a thing I said to her, nor she to me, for the hounds had lost their scent, we knew by their yelp and whine as they hunted among the grave-stones, when, whish! the fox went by us. I leapt on the gate, an' gave a shriek of a view holloo to the whip; in a minute the pack caught the scent again, an' the whole field came roarin' past. The mare lost her head, an' tore at the gate. "Stop," ses I, "ye divil!" and I slipped the taste of a rope over her head an' into her mouth. Now mind the cunnin' of the baste, she was quiet in a minute. "Come home now," ses I, "asy!" and I threw my leg across her. Be jabers! no sooner was I on her bare back than whoo! holy rocket! she was over the gate, an' tearin' like mad afther the hounds. "Yoicks!" ses I; "come back, you thief of the world, where are you takin' me to?" as she went through the huntin' field an' laid me beside the masther of the hounds, Squire Foley himself. He turned the colour of his leather breeches. "Mother of Moses!" ses he, "is that Conn the Shaughraun on my brown mare?" "Bad luck to me!" ses I, "it's no one else!" "You sthole my horse," ses the Squire. "That's a lie!" ses I, "for it was your horse sthole me!"

Moya. An' what did he say to that?

Conn. I couldn't sthop to hear, for just then we took a stone wall and a double ditch together, and he

stopped behind to keep an engagement he had in the ditch.

Mrs. O'K. You'll get a month in gaol for this.

Conn. Well, it was worth it.

Dion Boucicault (1822–1890).

RACKRENTERS ON THE STUMP.

A REMARKABLE DEMONSTRATION.

The first public meeting held under the auspices of the newly-formed Irish landlord organisation was held on Thursday last, in a field close by the charming residence of W. L. Cromwellian Freebooter, Esq., J.P., and is considered by all who took part in it to have been a great success. The Government gave the heartiest co-operation to the project; they undertook to supply the audience; they sent an engineer from the Royal Barracks, Dublin, to select a strategic site for the meeting, and to superintend the erection of the platform; and they offered any amount of artillery that might be considered requisite to give an imposing appearance to the assembly, and to inspire a feeling of confidence in the breasts of those who were to take part in it. All the police stations within a radius of thirty miles were ordered to send in contingents to form the body of the meeting, and a number of military pensioners were also directed to proceed to the spot and exert themselves in cheering the speakers. When the meeting was fully constituted it was calculated that there could hardly have been less than two hundred and fifty persons on the grounds.

At about one o'clock P.M. the carriages containing

the noble lords and gentlemen who were to occupy the platform began to arrive at Freebooter Hall, where they set down the ladies of the party, who were to figure in the grand ball which was to be held there that evening. At 1.30 the noblemen and gentlemen proceeded to the scene of the meeting, and took their places on the platform, amidst the plaudits of the constabulary, which were again renewed in obedience to signals given by the sub-inspectors. The view from the platform, which was situated on a rising ground, was particularly fine. Some years ago a number of peasant homes and three considerable villages existed on the property; but Mr. Freebooter, being of opinion that they spoiled the prospect and tended to favour overpopulation in the country, had the people all evicted and their houses levelled to the ground. The wisdom and the good taste he had shown in this matter were highly praised by their lordships as they made their way up the carpeted steps leading to the platform, and took their seats on the chairs and sofas which had been placed there for their accommodation. The meeting having presented arms, it was moved by the Hon. Frederick Augustus Mightyswell, and seconded by George Famous Grabber, Esq., that the most noble the Marquis of Squanderall do take the chair.

The noble marquis said—My lords and gentlemen, I may say I thank you for having called me—that is, for the honour you have done me in having called me to have the honour of presiding over this, I may say, important meeting. (Cheers.) I have come over from London—I may say across the Channel—to have the honour of attending this meeting, because we all know these tenant fellows have been allowed to have this sort of thing too long to themselves.

(Hear, hear, and cheers.) There have been, I may say, hundreds of these meetings, at which the fellows say they want to get their rents reduced, that their crops were short, that they must keep their families from starving, and all that sort of rot. How can we help it if their crops were short? (Hear, hear.) How can we help it if they have families to support? (Cheers.) The idiots talk about our rents being three or four times more than Griffith's valuation; if that be so, I may say, more shame for the fellow Griffith, whoever he was. (Groans for Griffith.) Are we to be robbed because Griffith was an ass? (Cheers.) My lords and gentlemen, I shall not detain you longer—(cries of "Go on" from several sub-inspectors)—but will call upon, I may say, my eloquent friend, Lord Deliverus, who will propose the first resolution. (Loud and long-continued cheering from the constabulary.)



"MY ELOQUENT FRIEND, LORD DELIVERUS."

Lord Deliverus—My dear Squanderall, my good friends, and other persons, you know I am not accustomed to this sort of thing, but I have been asked to propose the following resolution:—

"That we regret to notice that the unbounded prosperity which is being enjoyed by the small farmers and the labouring classes of Ireland is having a very bad effect on them, leading them into all sorts of extravagance, and producing among them an insolent and rebellious spirit, and that in the interest

of morality and public safety we consider it absolutely necessary that the rents of the country shall be increased by about 100 per cent."

Now, my friends, this is a resolution which must waken a sympathetic echo in the bosom of every rightly-constituted gentleman of property. Do we not all know, have we not all seen, the lamentable changes that have taken place in this country? Twenty years ago not half the population indulged in the luxury of shoes and stockings, and the labouring classes never thought of wearing waistcoats; now, most of them take care to provide themselves with these things. Where do they get the money to buy them but out of our rents? (True, true.) Twenty years ago they were satisfied if they could get a few potatoes to live upon each day, and a very good, wholesome, simple food they were for such people. (Hear, hear.) But latterly some bad instructors have got amongst them, and now the blackguards will not be contented unless they have rashers two or three times a week. (Oh, oh.) Where do they get the money for these rashers? (Voices—"Out of our rents.") Yes, my friends, out of our rents. They rob us to supply themselves with delicacies of this kind. Eight or ten years ago we could bring up the fellows to vote for us; now they do as they like. (Groans.) And now the fellows say we must give them a reduction of their rents! (A voice—"Give them an ounce of lead.") The rascals say they won't starve. (Oh, oh, and groans.) They say they will feed themselves first, and then consider if they have anything to spare for us. (Shrieks and groans on the platform—Colonel Hardup faints.) They say the life of any one among them is just as precious as the life of any one of us. (Expressions of horror on all sides—Lord Tomnoddy looks unutterably disgusted, changes

colour, puts his hand on his stomach, and retires hastily to the back of the platform.) My friends, I need not tell you that the Government is bound to put them down at any cost. (Tremendous cheering.) Just think what would result from any considerable reduction of our incomes; why, most of us might have to remain in this wretched country, for we would be ashamed to return in reduced circumstances to London and Paris; we should have fewer horses, fewer yachts, fewer servants, less champagne, less Italian opera, no *rouge et noir*—think, my friends, of the number of charming establishments from London to Vienna that would feel the shock. (Sobs and moans on the platform.) Would life be worth living under such circumstances? (No, no.) No, my lords and gentlemen, it would not; and therefore we are entitled to call upon the Government to interfere promptly and with a strong hand to stop the spread of those subversive theories that are now being taught to the lower classes in this country. (Great applause.)

A. D. Shoneen, Esq., J.P., came forward to second the resolution. He said—My lords and gentlemen, I feel that I need not add a word, even if I were able to do so, to the beautiful, the eloquent, the argumentative, the thrilling oration you have just heard from the estimable Lord Deliverus. I will not attempt to describe that magnificent performance in the language it deserves, for the task would far transcend my humble capacity. But I do think that this country should feel grateful—every country should feel grateful—the human race should feel grateful—to his lordship for the invaluable contribution he has made to the sum of our political philosophy in that address. I own I am moved almost

to tears when I consider that the people whose conduct has excited such righteous indignation in the breast of his lordship, and so affected the epigastric region of that most amiable young nobleman, Viscount Tomnoddy—are my countrymen. I blush to make the confession, I am so overcome by my feelings that I am unable to do more than briefly second the resolution, which has been proposed to you in words that deserve to live for ever, and that mankind will not willingly let die. (The resolution was passed unanimously.)

Major Bearhead came forward to propose the next resolution, which was in the following terms: —"That, from the unlawful, rebellious, and revolutionary spirit which is now abroad, we deem it essential that a suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act shall at once be effected, that martial law shall be proclaimed in all disturbed districts, that all land agitators shall be at once arrested, and all tenant-right books, pamphlets, and newspapers shall be confiscated and suppressed."

The gallant Major said—My lords and gentlemen, ahem! you may talk of resolutions, but this is the resolution that is wanted. Ahem! by the soul of Julius Cæsar, it is only such spirited measures that will ever settle this confounded Irish trouble. Ahem! the fellows want reductions—by the boots of the immortal Wellington, I would reduce them with grape and canister; that's the reduction I would give them! Thunder and lightning—ahem! thunder and lightning! to think that these agitating fellows have been going about the country these twelve months, and not one of them shot, sabred, or hanged yet! Two or three fellows were put under a sort of sham arrest, and I am told they are to be tried; trial be

damned, I say. Ahem! a drum-head court-martial is the sort of trial for them. No fear they would ever trouble the country afterwards. Let the Horse-Guards only send me word, “Bearhead, you settle with these people,” and see how soon I’d do it. (Cheers.) By all the bombshells in Britain, I’d have the country as quiet as a churchyard in two months. That is enough for me to say—ahem! (Great cheering.)

The Hon. Charles Edward Algernon Featherhead, in seconding the resolution, said—My lords, ladies, and gentlemen—oh, I really forgot that the ladies are not present, which I take to be a dooced pity, for, as the poet says, “Their smiles would make a summer”—oh, yes, I have it—“where darkness else would be.” (Applause.) I can’t say I know much about these blooming agricultural matters, for on my word of honour I always looked on them as a low, vulgar sort of thing, and all my set of fellows do just the same; but my old governor wished me to come here and take part in the proceedings, and I have a little reason for wishing to humour him just now. But, as I was saying, I don’t see how any sort of fun can go on if we are not to get money from these farming fellows. It may be very true that oats were not worth digging this season, and that potatoes were very short in the straw and very light in the ear; but then, on the other hand, was there not a plentiful supply of cucumbers? (Cheers.) We hear a great deal about American importations, but it seems to me that’s the jolliest part of the whole thing, because surely the farming fellows can’t want to eat the American food and the Irish food both together. Let them eat the Yankee stuff, and then sell the Irish and give us the money, and there’s the whole thing settled handsomely. It’s their confounded stupidity that prevents them seeing this plain and simple way

of satisfying themselves and us. For, as the poet says, "Is there a heart that never loved?"—no, that's not it —"When the wine-cup is circling before us"—no, I forget what the poet said, but no matter: I beg to say that I highly approve of the toast which has just been proposed. (The resolution was carried unanimously.)

Sir Nathaniel H. Castlehack wished to offer a few remarks before the close of the meeting. It appeared to him that the tone of some of the speakers had not shown quite as much confidence in the Government as in his opinion they deserved. I do not think (said the speaker) that the arrests which have been referred to were at all intended to be a flash in the pan, for I have reason to know that at this moment the jury panels are being carefully looked after by the authorities—(good, good)—and I think I may say to the gallant major who has just preceded me, and whose zeal for the public cause we all must recognise and admire, that if he will only exercise to some extent the virtue of patience, and allow things to take their regular course, he will probably ere long have the opportunity which he desires for again distinguishing himself and rendering the State some service.... Don't be afraid, my friends; rely with confidence on the Government; they will give to this unreasonable and turbulent people everything but what they want.

A scene of immense enthusiasm followed these remarks. The gentlemen on the platform embraced each other; the band of the 33rd Dragoons struck up "God save the Queen," and the constabulary fired a *feu de joie*. The meeting was then put through some evolutions, which they performed in brilliant style, after which they broke into sections and marched off to their different stations. Their lordships and the

gentry then proceeded to their carriages, and drove off to Freebooter Hall. They expressed themselves highly pleased with the results of the demonstration, and stated that similar meetings would soon be held in various parts of the country.

T. D. Sullivan (1827).

LANIGAN'S BALL.

In the town of Athy one Jeremy Lanigan
Battered away till he hadn't a pound,
His father he died and made him a man again,
Left him a house and ten acres of ground!
He gave a grand party to friends and relations
Who wouldn't forget him if he went to the wall;
And if you'll just listen, I'll make your eyes glisten
With the rows and the ructions of Lanigan's ball.

Myself, to be sure, got free invitations
For all the nice boys and girls I'd ask,
And in less than a minute the friends and relations
Were dancing as merry as bees round a cask.
Miss Kitty O'Hara, the nice little milliner,
Tipped me the wink for to give her a call,
And soon I arrived with Timothy Glenniher
Just in time for Lanigan's ball.

There was lashins of punch and wine for the ladies,
Potatoes and cakes and bacon and tay,
The Nolans, the Dolans, and all the O'Gradys
Were courting the girls and dancing away.

Songs they sung as plenty as water,
From "The Harp that once through Tara's ould Hall,"
To "Sweet Nelly Gray" and "The Ratcatcher's Daughter,"
All singing together at Lanigan's ball.

They were starting all sorts of nonsensical dances,
Turning around in a nate whirligig;
But Julia and I soon scatthered their fancies,
And tipped them the twist of a rale Irish jig.
Och mavrone! 'twas then she got glad o' me:
We danced till we thought the old ceilin' would fall,
(For I spent a whole fortnight in Doolan's Academy
Learning a step for Lanigan's ball).

The boys were all merry, the girls were all hearty,
Dancin' around in couples and groups,
When an accident happened—young Terence McCarthy
He dhruv his right foot through Miss Halloran's hoops.
The creature she fainted, and cried "*Millia murther!*"
She called for her friends and gathered them all;
Ned Carmody swore he'd not stir a step further,
But have satisfaction at Lanigan's ball.

In the midst of the row Miss Kerrigan fainted —
Her cheeks all the while were as red as the rose—
And some of the ladies declared she was painted,
She took a small drop too much, I suppose.
Her lover, Ned Morgan, so pow'rful and able,
When he saw his dear colleen stretched out

by the wall,
He tore the left leg from under the table,
And smashed all the china at Lanigan's
ball.

Oh, boys, but then was the ructions—
Myself got a lick from big Phelim McHugh,
But I soon replied to his kind introductions,
And kicked up a terrible hullabaloo.
Old Casey the piper was near being
strangled,
They squeezed up his pipes, his bellows,
and all;
The girls in their ribbons they all got
entangled,
And that put an end to Lanigan's ball.

Anonymous.

THE WIDOW'S LAMENT.

Ochone, *acushla mavourneen*! ah, why thus
did ye die?
(I won't keep ye waitin' a minit: just wait
till I wipe my eye);
And is it gone ye are, darlint,—the kindest,
the fondest, the best?
(Don't forget the half-crown for the clerk—
ye'll find it below in the chest).

And to leave me alone in the world—O
whirra, ochone, ochone!
(Is that Misther Moore in the car?—I
thought I was goin' alone);
Why am I alive this minit? why don't I die on
the floore?
(I'll take your hand up the step, an' thank
ye, Misther Moore!)

An' are ye gone at last from your weepin',
desolate wife?
(Not a dhrop, Misther Moore, I thank ye—
well, the laste little dhrop in life!)
'Twas ye had the generous heart, an' 'twas ye
had the noble mind,
(Good mornin', Mrs. O'Flanagan! Is Tim in
the car behind?)

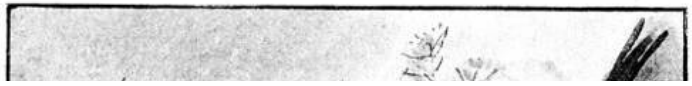
Oh, that I lived till this minit, such bitther
sorrow to taste,
(I'm not goin' to fall, Misther Moore! take
your arm from around my waist).
'Twas the like of you there wasn't in
Ballaghaslatthery town,
(There's Mary Mullaly, the hussy, an' she
wearin' her laylock gown!)

I'll throw meself into the river; I'll never
come back no more;

(’Twon’t be takin’ ye out of the way to lave
me at home, Misther Moore?)
It’s me should have gone that could bear it,
now that I’m young and sthrong,
(He was sixty-nine come Christmas: I
wondhered he lasted so long!)

Oh, what’s the world at all when him that I
love isn’t in it?
(If ’twas any one else but yourself, I’d lave
the car this minit!)
There’s nothin’ but sorrow foreninst me,
wheresoever I roam,
(Musha, why d’ye talk like that—can’t ye
wait till we’re goin’ home?)

Anonymous.





"I'M NOT GOIN' TO FALL, MISTHER MOORE! TAKE YOUR ARM FROM AROUND MY WAIST."

WHISKY AND WATHER.

It's all mighty fine what Taytotallers say,
"That ye're not to go dhrinking of sperits,
But to keep to pump wather, and gruel, and tay"—
Faith, ye'd soon have a face like a ferret's.

I don't care one sthraw what such swaddlers
may think,
(Ye'll find them in every quarther),
The wholesomest liquor in life you can
dhrink,
I'll be bail, now, is *Whisky and Wather*.

Don't go dhrinking of Brandy, or Hollands, or
Shrub,
Or Gin—thim's all docthored, dipind an it
—
Or ye'll soon have a nose that ye niver can
rub,
For the blossoms ye'll grow at the ind iv it;
But the "raal potheen" it's a babby may take
Before its long clothes are cut shorther;
In as much as would swim ye there's divil an
ache,
Av it's not mixed with *too much* could
wather.

Do ye like thim small dhrinks? Dhrink away
by all manes—
I wonst thried Ginger Beer to my sorrow—
Ye'll be tuck jist as I was, wid all sorts of
pains,
And ye'll see what ye're like on the
morrow.
Ye'll find ye can't ate—no, nor walk—for the
wind;
Ye'll have cheeks jist the colour of
morthar;
Av ye call in the docthor he'll jist recommind
A hot tumbler of *Whisky and Wather*.

Av the colic you get, or the cramp in your
legs,
Don't go scalding yerself wid hot bottles:
(Tho' thim's betther, they tell me, than hot
flannel bags),
And take no docthor's stuff down your
throttles;
But just tell the misthress to hate the tin pot
—

(Maybe one for tay ye'll have bought her)
—
And keep dosing yerself off and an, hot and hot,
Till ye're aisy—wid *Whisky and Wather*.

Av ye go to a fair, as it maybe ye might,
And ye meet with some thrilling disasther,
Such as having the head iv ye broken outright,
Av coorse ye'll be wanting a plasther.
Don't sind for a surgeon, thim's niver no use
—
Sure their thrade is to cut and to quarther
—
They'd be dealing wid you, as you'd dale wid a goose:
Thry a poultice iv *Whisky and Wather*.

Av ye can't sleep at night, an ye rowl in yer bed
(And that's mighty disthressin'—no doubt iv it),
Till ye don't know the front from the back iv yer head,
The best thing ye can do is—rowl out iv it.
Av ye've let out the fire, and can't get a light,
Feel yer way to the crock, till ye've caught her
(In the dark it's ye are, so remimber, hould tight),
Take a pull—an' thin dhrink some could wather.

Av ye meet wid misfortune, beyant your controwl,
Av disease gets a hould iv the praties,
Or the slip iv a pig gets the masles, poor sowl;
No matther how sarious yer case is—
Don't go walking about wid yer hands crossed behind,
And a face like a cow's—only shorther,—
Sure the best way to keep up yer sperits, ye'll

find
Is to keep to hot *Whisky and Wather*.

It's in more ways than thim ye'll find whisky yer frind,
Sure it's not only jist while ye dhrink it—
It has vartues on which ye can always depind —
And perhaps, too, when laste ye would think it.
One fine summer's day, it was coorting I wint,
To make love to Dame Flanagan's daughter —
And I won her—and got the old woman's consint:
Sure I did it wid *Whisky and Wather*.

In the Liffey I tumbled, one could winther's day,
And, bedad, it was coulder than plisint,
Out they fished me, and stretched me full length on the quay,
But the divil a docthor was prisint,
When a blessed ould woman of eighty came by
(There's no doubt expariance had taught her),
And—in jist a pig's whisper—I tell ye no lie —
Fetched me to, wid hot *Whisky and Wather*.

It's the loveliest liquor ye iver can take,
And no matther how often ye take it;
The great thing is never to mix it too wake:
And see now—it's this way ye make it:
Take three lumps of sugar—it's jist how ye feel—
About whisky, not less than one quarther;
No limon—the laste taste in life of the peel,
And be sure you put screeching hot wather.

It'll make ye, all over, as warm as a toast,

And yer heart jist as light as a feather;
Sure it's mate, dhrink, and washing, and
lodging almost,
And the great-coat itself, in could weather.
Oh! long life to the man that invinted
potheen—
Sure the Pope ought to make him a
marthyr—
If myself was this moment Victoria, our
queen,
I'd dhrink nothing but *Whisky and Wather*!

Anonymous.



"IT'LL MAKE YE, ALL OVER, AS WARM AS TOAST, AND YER HEART JIST AS LIGHT AS A FEATHER."

THE THRUSH AND THE BLACKBIRD.

A stranger meeting Sally Cavanagh as she tripped along the mountain road would consider her a contented and happy young matron, and might be inclined to set her down as a proud one; for Sally Cavanagh held her head rather high, and occasionally elevated it still higher with a toss which had something decidedly haughty about it. She turned up a short boreen for the purpose of calling upon the gruff blacksmith's wife, who had been very useful to her for some time before. The smith's habits were so irregular that his wife was often obliged to visit the pawn office in the next town, and poor Sally Cavanagh availed herself of Nancy Ryan's experience in pledging almost everything pledgeable she possessed. The new cloak, of which even a rich farmer's wife might feel proud, was the last thing left. It was a present from Connor, and was only worn on rare occasions, and to part with it was a sore trial.



"NANCY FLEW AT HER LIKE A WILD CAT."

Loud screams and cries for help made Sally Cavanagh start. She stopped for a moment, and then ran forward and rushed breathless into the smith's house. The first sight that met her eyes was our friend Shawn Gow choking his wife. A heavy three-legged stool came down with such force upon the part of Shawn Gow's person which happened to be most elevated as he bent over the prostrate woman, that, uttering an exclamation between a grunt and a growl, he bounded into the air, and striking his shins against a chair, tumbled head over heels into the corner. When Shawn found that he was more frightened than hurt, and saw Sally with the three-legged stool in her hand, a sense of the ludicrous overcame him, and turning his face to the wall, he relieved his feelings by giving way to a fit of laughter. It was of the silent, inward sort, however, and neither his wife nor Sally Cavanagh had any notion of the pleasant mood he was in. The bright idea of pretending to be "kilt" occurred to the overthrown son of Vulcan, and with a fearful groan he stretched out his huge limbs and remained motionless on the broad of his back. Sally's sympathy for the ill-used woman prevented her from giving a thought to her husband. Great was her astonishment then when Nancy flew at her like a wild cat. "You kilt my husband," she screamed. Sally retreated backwards, defending herself as best she could with the stool. "For God's sake, Nancy, be quiet. Wouldn't he have destroyed you on'y for me?" But Nancy followed up the attack like a fury. "There's nothing the matter with him," Sally cried out, on finding herself literally driven to the wall. "What harm could a little touch of a stool on the back do the big brute?"

Nancy's feelings appeared to rush suddenly into another channel, for she turned round quickly, and kneeling down by her husband, lifted up his head. "Och! Shawn, *avourneen machree*,"[20] she exclaimed, "won't you spake to me?" Shawn condescended to open his eyes. "Sally," she continued, "he's comin' to —glory be to God! Hurry over and hould up his head while I'm runnin' for somethin' to rewive him. Or stay, bring me the boulster."

The bolster was brought, and Nancy placed it under the patient's head; then snatching her shawl from the peg where it hung, she disappeared. She was back again in five minutes, without the shawl, but with a half pint of whisky in a bottle.

"Take a taste av this, Shawn, an' 'twill warm your heart."

Shawn Gow sat up and took the bottle in his hand.

"Nancy," says he, "I believe afther all you're fond o' me."

"Wisha, Shawn, *achora*,[21] what else 'd I be but fond av you?"

"I thought, Nancy, you couldn't care for a divil that thrated you so bad."

"Och, Shawn, Shawn, don't talk that way to me. Sure I thought my heart was broke when I see you sthretched there 'idout a stir in you."

"An' you left your shawl in pledge agin to get this for me?"

"To be sure I did; an' a good right I had; an' sorry I'd be to see you in want of a dhrop of nourishment."

"I was a baste, Nancy. But if I was, this is what made a baste av me."

And Shawn Gow fixed his eyes upon the bottle with a look in which hatred and fascination were strangely blended. He turned quickly to his wife.

“Will you give in it was a blackbird?” he asked.

“A blackbird,” she repeated, irresolutely.

“Yes, a blackbird. Will you give in it was a blackbird?”

Shawn Gow was evidently relapsing into his savage mood.

“Well,” said his wife, after some hesitation, “’twas a blackbird. Will that plase you?”

“An’ you’ll never say ’twas a thrish agin?”

“Never. An’ sure on’y for the speckles on the breast, I’d never say ’twas a thrish; but sure you ought to know betther than me—an’—an’—’twas a blackbird,” she exclaimed, with a desperate effort.

Shawn Gow swung the bottle round his head and flung it with all his strength against the hob. The whole fireplace was for a moment one blaze of light.

“The Divil was in id,” says the smith, smiling grimly; “an’ there he’s off in a flash of fire. I’m done wid him, any way.”

“Well, I wish you a happy Christmas, Nancy,” said Sally.

“I wish you the same, Sally, an’ a great many av ’em. I suppose you’re goin’ to first Mass? Shawn and me’ll wait for second.”

Sally took her leave of this remarkable couple, and proceeded on her way to the village. She met Tim Croak and his wife, Betty, who were also going to Mass. After the usual interchange of greetings, Betty

surveyed Sally from head to foot with a look of delighted wonder.

“Look at her, Tim,” she exclaimed, “an’ isn’t she as young an’ as hearty as ever? Bad ’cess to me but you’re the same Sally that danced wid the master at my weddin’, next Thursday fortnight ’ll be eleven years.”

“Begob, you’re a great woman,” says Tim.

Sally Cavanagh changed the subject by describing the scene she had witnessed at the blacksmith’s.

“But, Tim,” said she, after finishing the story, “how did the dispute about the blackbird come first? I heard something about it, but I forget it.”

“I’ll tell you that, then,” said Tim. “Begob, ay,” he exclaimed abruptly, after thinking for a moment; “twas this day seven years, for all the world—the year o’ the hard frost. Shawn Gow set a crib in his haggart the evenin’ afore, and when he went out in the mornin’ he had a hen blackbird. He put the *goulogue*[22] on her nick, and tuck her in his hand; an’ wud one *smulluck* av his finger knocked the life out av her; he walked in an’ threw the blackbird on the table.

“‘Oh, Shawn,’ siz Nancy, ‘you’re afther ketchin’ a fine thrish.’ Nancy tuck the bird in her hand an’ began rubbin’ the feathers on her breast. ‘A fine thrish,’ siz Nancy.

“‘’Tisn’t a thrish, but a blackbird,’ siz Shawn.

“‘Wisha, in throth, Shawn,’ siz Nancy, ‘’tis a thrish; do you want to take the sight o’ my eyes from me?’

“‘I tell you ’tis a blackbird,’ siz he.

“‘Indeed, then, it isn’t, but a thrish,’ siz she.

“Anyway one word borrowed another, an’ the end av it was, Shawn flailed at her an’ gev her the father av a batin’.

“The Christmas Day afther, Nancy opened the door an’ looked out.

“‘God be wud this day twelve months,’ siz she, ‘do you remimber the fine thrish you caught in the crib?’

“’Twas a blackbird,’ siz Shawn.

“‘Whisht, now, Shawn, ’twas a thrish,’ siz Nancy.

“‘I tell you again ’twas a blackbird,’ siz Shawn.

“‘Och,’ siz Nancy, beginnen to laugh, ‘that was the quare blackbird.’

“Wud that, one word borrowed another, an’ Shawn stood up an’ gev her the father av a batin’.

“The third Christmas Day kem, an’ they wor in the best o’ good humour afther the tay, an’ Shawn puttin’ on his ridin’-coat to go to Mass.

“‘Well, Shawn,’ siz Nancy, ‘I’m thinkin’ av what an unhappy Christmas mornin’ we had this day twelve months, all on account of the thrish you caught in the crib, bad ’cess to her.’

“‘’Twas a blackbird,’ siz Shawn.

“‘Wisha, good luck to you, an’ don’t be talkin’ foolish,’ siz Nancy; ‘an’ you’re betther not get into a passion agin, account av an ould thrish. My heavy curse on the same thrish,’ siz Nancy.

“‘I tell you ’twas a blackbird,’ siz Shawn.

“‘An’ I tell you ’twas a thrish,’ siz Nancy.

“Wud that, Shawn took a *bunnaun*[23] he had seasonin’ in the chimley, and whaled at Nancy, an’

gev her the father av a batin'. An' every Christmas morning from that day to this 'twas the same story, for as sure as the sun Nancy 'd draw down the thrish. But do you tell me, Sally, she's afther givin' in it was a blackbird?"

"She is," replied Sally.

"Begob," said Tim Croak, after a minute's serious reflection, "it ought to be put in the papers. I never h'ard afore av a wrong notion bein' got out av a woman's head. But Shawn Gow is no joke to dale wud, and it took him seven years to do id."

Charles Joseph Kickham (1828–1882).

IRISH ASTRONOMY.

A veritable myth, touching the constellation of O'Ryan, ignorantly and falsely spelled Orion.

O'Ryan was a man of might
  Whin Ireland was a nation,
But poachin' was his chief delight
  And constant occupation.
He had an ould militia gun,
  And sartin sure his aim was;
He gave the keepers many a run,
  And didn't mind the game laws.

St. Pathrick wanst was passin' by
  O'Ryan's little houldin',
And as the saint felt wake and dhry,
  He thought he'd enther bould in;
"O'Ryan," says the saint, "avick!
  To praich at Thurles I'm goin';
So let me have a rasher, quick,
  And a dhrop of Innishowen."

"No rasher will I cook for you
  While betther is to spare, sir;

But here's a jug of mountain dew,
  And there's a rattlin' hare, sir."
St. Pathrick he looked mighty sweet,
  And says he, "Good luck attind you,
And whin you're in your windin' sheet
  It's up to heaven I'll sind you."

O'Ryan gave his pipe a whiff—
  "Thim tidin's is transportin',
But may I ax your saintship if
  There's any kind of sportin'?"
St. Pathrick said, "A Lion's there,
  Two Bears, a Bull, and Cancer"—
"Bedad," says Mick, "the huntin's rare,
  St. Pathrick, I'm your man, sir!"

So, to conclude my song aright,
  For fear I'd tire your patience,
You'll see O'Ryan any night
  Amid the constellations.
And Venus follows in his thrack,
  Till Mars grows jealous raally,
But, faith, he fears the Irish knack
  Of handling the—shillaly.

Charles Graham Halpine (1829–1868).

PADDY FRET, THE PRIEST'S BOY.

"Sorra a one of me'll get married," remarked Paddy Fret, as he was furbishing up the priest's stirrups one beautiful Saturday morning, in the little kitchen at the rear of the chapel-house. "Sure, if I don't, you will; and there'll be a great palin' of bells at the weddin'. We'll all turn out to see you—the whole of the foolish vargins rowled into wan."

Mrs. Galvin, who was at the moment occupied in turning the white side of a slab of toast to the fire, turned round to her tormentor, no small degree of

acerbity wrinkling up her face.

"Mind your work, and keep a civil tongue in your impty head," she exclaimed petulantly. "There was many a fine lump of a boy would marry me in my time, if I only took the throuble to wink a *comether*[24] at him. There was min in them times, not *sprahauns*[25] like you."

"You're burnin' the toast, an' goin' to make snuff of Father Maher's break'ast," interrupted Paddy. "At the rate you're goin' on, you'll bile the eggs that hard that you'll kill his riverence, and be thried for murdher. And, upon my *soukins*, the hangman will have a nate job with you."

"You'd slip thro' the rope, you flax-hank," was the answer. "Wait till I put my two eyes on Katty Tyrrell, and, troth, I'll put your nose out o' joint, or my name isn't Mary Galvin. You goin' coortin'! The Lord save and guide us! As if any wan would dhrame of taking a switch for a husband—a crathur like you, only fit to beat an ould coat with!"

"Don't lose your timper, Mrs. Galvin," said Paddy, whose inextinguishable love of fun gleamed out of his black eyes, and flashed from his dazzlingly white and regular teeth. "God is good; all the ould fools isn't dead yet, and there's a chance of your not dying without some unforchinate gandher saying the Rosary in thanks for his redimption."

Mrs. Galvin made no reply. She placed the toast in the rack in silence; but that silence was ominous. Next, she removed the teapot, cosy and all, from the fireside, and placed all on a tray, which she bore off with a sort of conscious yet sullen dignity, to the pretty parlour, where Father Maher, after his hard mountain ride, waited breakfast.

"I'll never spake to Paddy Fret again, your riverence," she said, when everything had been arranged, and it was her turn to quit the room.

The priest, like the majority of his Irish brethren—God bless them!—had a ready appreciation of a joke. He paused in the task of shelling an egg, and inquired with all possible gravity, "What is the matter now, Mrs. Galvin?"

"Sure, your riverence, my heart is bruk with the goin's on of Paddy Fret. From mornin' till night he's never done makin' faces at me, an' sayin' as how no wan in Croagh would think of throwin' a stick at me. Ah! then, I can tell you, Father Michael, I squez the heart's blood out of many as fine a man, in my time, as iver bid the divil good night, savin' your riverence."

"You are in the autumn of your beauty yet, Mary," said the priest, "handsome is that handsome does, you know."

"Thank you kindly, Father Maher. But that boy'll be the death o' me. And then," putting her sharp knuckles on the table's edge, and bending over to her master, in deep confidence, "I know for sartin that he's runnin' after half the girls in the parish."

Father Maher looked grave at this disclosure.

"Of course they keep running away from him—don't they, Mary? Why, we've got an Adonis in the house."

"The Lord forbid I'd say that of him, sir," remarked Mrs. Galvin, whose acquaintance with Hellenic myths was rather hazy. "Bad as he is, he hasn't come to that yet."

"I am glad to hear you say as much," said the

priest, as he poured out a cup of tea, and proceeded to butter the toast. “Never fear, Mary, I’ll have an eye on that fellow.”

The door closed, shutting out the housekeeper, and Father Maher’s face relaxed into a broad smile. He rested the local paper against the toast-rack, and laughed cautiously from time to time, as he ran down its columns of barren contents. Neither Paddy nor Mrs. Galvin had the faintest idea of the amusement their daily quarrels afforded him, or of the gusto with which he used to describe them at the dinner-tables to which he was occasionally invited.

Having burnished the irons and cleansed the leathers until they shone again, Paddy Fret mounted to his bedroom, over the stable, and proceeded to array himself with unusual care. His toilet completed, he surveyed himself in the cracked triangle of looking-glass imbedded in the mortar of the wall, and the result of the scrutiny satisfied him that there was not a gayer or handsomer young fellow in the whole parish of Croagh. So, in love with himself and part of the world, he stole cautiously down the rickety step-ladder, and gliding like a snake between the over-bowering laurels which flanked the chapel-house, emerged on the high road.

“I’m afeerd, Paddy, that my father will never listen to a good word for you,” said pretty Katty Tyrrell, as the priest’s boy took a stool beside her before the blazing peat fire, burning on the stoveless hearth. “He’s a grave man, wanst he takes a notion into his head.”

“All ould min has got notions,” said Paddy, “but they dhrop off with their hairs. Lave him to me, and if I don’t convart him, call me a souper. Sure, if he wants a son-in-law to be a comfort in his ould age he

couldn't meet with a finer boy than meself."

"Mrs. Galvin says," continued Katty, "that it would be a morchial sin to throw me and my two hundherd pounds away on the likes o' you. 'A good-for-nothin' *bosthoon*,'[26] says she, 'that I wouldn't graize the wheel of a barrow with.'"

"She wouldn't graize a great many wheels, at any rate," replied Paddy. "The truth is, Katty dear, the poor woman is out of her sivin sinses, and all for the want of a gintleman to make a lady of her, as I'm goin' to make wan o' you."

The splendour of the promise bewildered Miss Tyrrell. She could only rest her elbows on her knees, hide her face in her hands, and cry, "Oh, Paddy!"

"Yes, me jewel," continued the subtle suitor, "I'm poor to-day, perhaps, but there's noble blood coursin' thro' my veins. Go up to the top of Knock-meil-Down some fine mornin', and look down all around you. There isn't a square fut o' grass in all you see that didn't wanst belong to my ancisthors. In the time of Cahul Mohr wan o' my grandfathers had tin thousand min and a hundherd thousand sheep at his command, not to spake of ships at say and forthresses and palaces on land."

"Arrah, how did you get robbed, Paddy?" said Katty.

"Well, you see, my dear, they were a hard-dhrinkin' lot at the time I'm spakin' of. The landed property wint into the Incumbered Estates Coort, and was sould for a song; the forthresses were changed into Martello towers, and the army took shippin' for France, but they were wracked somewhere in the South Says, where they all swam ashore and turned

New Zealandhers."

Katty was profoundly interested by this historical sketch of the Fret family, which Paddy rolled out without hitch or pause—indispensable elements of veracity in a spoken narrative. She allowed her lover to hold her hand, and fancied she was a princess.

As they sat in this delightful abstraction—the ecstasy known to the moderns as "spooning"—they were startled by the sound of wheels in the farmyard, and Katty, with one swift glance at the window, exclaimed in the wildest anguish, "Oh, Paddy, Paddy, what'll become o' me? Here's my father and mother come back from market already."

"Take it aisy, darlint," replied Mr. Fret. "Can't I hide in the bedroom beyant?"

"Not for all the world!" said Katty, in terror. "Oh, dear! oh, dear!"

"Thin stick me in the pot and put the lid over me," was Mr. Fret's next happy suggestion.

Katty glanced in agony round the kitchen, and suddenly a great hope filled her to the lips. Over the fireplace was a rude platform—common to Irish farmhouses—on which saddles, harness, empty sacks, old ropes, boots, and sometimes wool, were stored away indiscriminately.

"Up there—up with you," she cried, placing a chair for him to ascend.

Paddy lost no time in mounting, and having stretched himself at full length, his terrified sweetheart piled the litter over him until he was completely hidden from view.

The hiding was scarce effected when Andy Tyrrell,

old Mrs. Tyrrell, and Mrs. Galvin made their appearance. They each drew stools round the fire, in order to enjoy the blaze, which was most welcome after their inclement ride.

"Are you yit mopin' over that blackguard, Paddy Fret, *ma colleen*?" asked the priest's housekeeper. "'Tis a bad bargain you'd make o' the same *daltheen*, [27] honey."

Katty, profoundly concerned in the mending of a stocking, pretended not to hear the inquiry.

"She's gettin' sense, Mary," said Mrs. Tyrrell. "Boys'll be boys, and girls'll be girls, till the geese crows like cocks."

"I tould the vagabone at the last fair," remarked the old man, "that if ever I caught him within an ass's roar o' this doore I'd put him into the thrashin' machine, and make chaff of his ugly bones. Bad luck to his impidence, the *aulaun*,[28] to come lookin' afther my daughter."

A bottle of whisky was now produced, and Katty busied herself in providing glasses for the party. Mrs. Galvin at first declined to "touch a dhrop, it bein' too airly," but once persuaded to hallow the seductive fluid with her chaste lips, it was wonderful how soon she got reconciled to potation after potation, till her inquisitive eyes began to twinkle oddly in the firelight.

"What the divil is the matther with the creel?" (the platform above alluded to) asked old Tyrrell. "'Tis groanin' as if it had the lumbago."

"The wind, my dear man, 'tis the wind," replied Mrs. Galvin.

"Faith, I think 'tis enchanted it is," observed the

lady of the house. “Look how it keeps rockin’ and shakin’, as if there was a throubled sowl in it.”

“The wind, ma’am—’tis I know what it is, *alanna*, [29] to my cost,” said the housekeeper; “’tis only the wind.”

Katty’s heart went pit-a-pat during this conference. She knew that the “creel” was not the firmest of structures, and she shivered at the bare idea of Paddy making a turn which might send it to pieces.

Again the whisky went round, mollifying the hard lines of Mrs. Galvin’s unromantic countenance. Old Tyrrell, meanwhile, kept a steady eye on the “creel,” which had relapsed by this time into its normal immobility.

“Have a dhrop, Katty,” he said, handing his daughter his glass.

The girl, who knew the consequence of disobeying his slightest command, touched the rim of the vessel with her lips, and returned it with a grateful “Thank you, father.” At the same time on lifting her eyes to the “creel” she saw Paddy’s face peering out at her, and was honoured with one of the finest winks that gentleman was capable of.

“Well, here’s long life to all of us, and may we be no worse off this day twelvemonth,” said the old man, as he replenished the ladies’ glasses, and then set about draining his own. “Give me your hand, Mrs. Galvin. There isn’t a finer nor a better woman in ——”

The sentence was never finished, for whilst he was speaking the “creel” gave way, and Paddy Fret, followed by the miscellaneous lumber which had

concealed him, tumbled into the middle of the astonished party. The women shrieked and ran, whilst poor Katty, overcome by the terror of the situation, fainted into a chair.

Paddy rose to his feet, unabashed and confident. “Wasn’t that a grand fright I gave ye all?” he asked, with superb indifference.

Tyrrell, pale as death, and trembling in every limb, went to a corner, took up a gun, and pointed the muzzle at the intruder’s head. “Swear,” he hoarsely exclaimed, “you’ll make an honest woman of my daughter before another week, or I’ll blow the roof off your skull.”

“I’ll spare you all the throuble,” said Paddy; “send for Father Maher and I’ll marry her this minit, if you like. Will you have Paddy Fret for your husband, Katty?” he asked, taking the hands of the now conscious girl.

The whisky was finished, and on the following Sunday Father Maher united Paddy Fret and Katty Tyrrell, in the little chapel of Croagh. Mrs. Galvin danced bravely at the wedding, and was heard, more than once, to whisper that “only for her ’twould never be a match.”

John Francis O’Donnell (1837–1874).



"'THAT'S THE TRUTH,' SAYS O'SHANAHAN DHU."

O'SHANAHAN DHU.

O'Shanahan Dhu, you're a rover, and you'll never be better, I fear,
A rogue, a deludherin' lover, with a girl for each day in the year;

Don’t you know how the mothers go
frowning, when a village you wander
athrough,
For the priest you’d not seek were you
drowning—
“That’s the truth,” says O’Shanahan
Dhu,
“For I’m aisy in love and divarsion,”
says the ranting O’Shanahan
Dhu.

O’Shanahan, don’t think you’re welcome, for
I was but this moment, I’m sure,
Saying—“Speak of the dhioul[30] and he’ll
come,” and that moment you stood on
the floor;
Now you’ll blarney, and flatter, and swear it,
while you know I’ve my spinning to do,
It would take a bright angel to bear it—
“That’s the truth,” says O’Shanahan
Dhu;
“For, darling, all know you’re an
angel,” says the ranting
O’Shanahan Dhu.

O’Shanahan Dhu, there’s Jack Morrow, the
smith in the hill-forge above,
Who says marriage is nothing but sorrow,
and a wedding the end of all love;
I myself don’t care much for believing that
it’s gospel, yet what can one do,
When you men are so given to deceiving—
“That’s the truth,” says O’Shanahan
Dhu;
“We’re the thieves of the world, still
you like us,” says the ranting
O’Shanahan Dhu.

O’Shanahan Dhu, why come scheming, when
there’s nobody in but poor me,
Can you fancy I’m foolish or draming, to
believe that our hearts could agree?
Don’t you know, sir, all round they’re
reporting, with good reason, perhaps, for

it too,
That Jack Shea's dainty daughter you're
courting?—
"That's the truth," says O'Shanahan
Dhu,
"But there's no one believes it, my
darling," with a wink, says
O'Shanahan Dhu.

O'Shanahan Dhu, now you'll vex me, let me
go, sir, this moment, I say,
I'm in airnest, and why so perplex me, see
I'm losing the work of the day.
There's my spinning all gone to a tangle, my
bleached clothes all boiled to a blue,
While for kisses you wrestle and wrangle—
"That's the truth," says O'Shanahan
Dhu,
"I own I've a weakness for kisses,"
says the ranting O'Shanahan
Dhu.

O'Shanahan Dhu, here's my mother, if you
don't let me go, faith, I'll cry,
Why, she'll tell both my father and brother,
and with shame maybe cause me to die,
And then at your bedside I'll haunt you, with
a light in my hand burning blue,
From my shroud moaning, "Shemus, I want
you,"—
"That's the truth," says O'Shanahan
Dhu,
"But, ah, darling, say that while
you're living," says the ranting
O'Shanahan Dhu.

James J. Bourke (1837–1894).

SHANE GLAS.

If you saw Shane Glas as he tramped to the

fair,
With his fresh white shirt and his neat
combed hair,
You'd never believe what a rake went by;
Why the girls—however he's won them—the
rogue—
Love the ground that is touched by the sole
of his brogue,
And they follow him, 'spite of the old
people's cry—

"Sludhering Shawn, deludhering Shawn,
Whose blarneying lies might a warship
float,
Let the girls alone, you big vagabone,
Or soon they'll have reason to cry,
'Ochone,'
Go home I say, there's a rogue in your
coat."

He met Sally one day at the market town,
With her neat blacked shoes and her dimity
gown,
And never dreamt she what a rake was
nigh;
He whispered soft nothings, he pleaded with
sighs,
Praised her red glowing cheek, her round
breasts, her blue eyes,
And, O maid of the mountain, he left her
to cry—

"Sludhering Shawn, soothering Shawn,
Traitor, on whom all the girls still
doat,
Sal, Peggy, and Sue have reason to rue
The day they beheld your bright eyes of
blue,
And your swaggering gait, and the
rogue in your coat."

Translated from the Irish by J. J. Bourke.

AN IRISH STORY-TELLER.

Meehawl Theige Oge (Murphy) was the name of the man of whom I speak. Though small in stature, he himself deemed that there never lived a more powerful man. He was not fond of speaking truth, as may be easily learnt from the following story.

He lived near Miskish, and reclaimed as much land at the base of this hill as afforded pasture to a cow or two. This, he often swore, he made so fertile that it would grow potatoes without sowing them at all. Somebody once asked him how were the new potatoes. "I'll tell you, then," says he. "I was setting down yesterday west there near the end of wan of the ridges, and I heard the sweetest music that ever a singer made. Wid the hate (heat) of the sun, 'tis how the *knapawns*[31] were fighting wid aich other, and they making noise and they saying like this:—

"'Move out from me and don't crush me so,
But you won't, you won't, O bitter woe!'

West wid me to the house for a spade and a skive. I hadn't the spade in the ground right, when up popped every *knasster*[32] as big as your head. I went home in high glee,—sure, a wran's egg wouldn't break under me, my heart was so light,—I washed the praties for myself and hung them over the fire. Then I sat on the *seestheen*,[33] and reddened (lit) my pipe. I hadn't a *shoch* (whiff) and a half pulled when here are the praties fubbling. I tuk 'em off the fire at my dead aise and put 'em on the table after a spell. Glory be to God that gave 'em to me; 'tis they wor the fine ating; I never ate the like of 'em, and I won't again too till the *Day of Flags* (day of his burial).

'Tisn't that itself, but they wor laffing with me, widout they knowing I was going to lie my back-teeth on 'em."

Meehawl was often obliged to go to England. Once, after returning home, a contemptible little fellow asked him would himself find any kind of suitable employment there. Meehawl looked at him from head to foot, as he stood by the fire warming himself, though the sun was splitting the trees, the heat was so great. A fly alighted on his nose; but he gave him a slap which put an end to his pricking. "The divel," says Meehawl, "if you had a whip I am sure you would keep the flies from the hams of bacon which I used see hanging in the houses in England!"

He was very fond of liquor, but alas! he had not the means whereby to indulge his desires. At times, however, he used to have a few shillings; then he would go to the fair,—not without bringing his blackthorn stick,—and finding some neighbour whom he made much of, they would both go and have a "drop" together, till his money was spent; after which he would make his exit from the tavern like a mad thunderbolt. And if anybody came near him he was sure to get a taste of his blackthorn. To do him justice, there were few men who could beat him fighting with a stick.

One day he came home drunk; "he had a blow on the cat and a blow on the dog." His wife was sitting in the corner as mute as a cat, but she uttered not a word till he had slept off the effects of the drunkenness; then she asked him why he had come home as he did the night before. It did not take him long to find his answer:—"Sure," said he, "I had to drink something to clane the cobwebs out of my

throat!" The poor fellow had no stripper that winter, so that he had to eat his food dry.

I have stated before that Meehawl often had to go to England. Here is one of the stories which he used to relate after coming back:—"After going to England I was a spell widout any work, and sure it did not take me long to spind the little penny of money that I brought wid me, and I wouldn't get a lodging anywhere, since my pocket wasn't stiff. I put my hand in my pocket, trying for my pipe, and what should I get there but tuppence (2d.) by the height of luck. I bought a loaf of bread for myself; I ate a bit of it, and put the rest of it in the pocket of my *casoge*. [34] When it was going of me to get a lodging anywhere, what should I see a couple of steps from me but a big gun. It was a short delay for me to get into its mouth, and while you'd be closing your eye I wasn't inside when I fell asleep. In the morning, when I was waking myself up, I didn't feel a bit till I got a bullet that put so much hurry on me that I couldn't ever or ever stop till I fell in a fine brickle (brittle) *moantawn*[35] in France. 'Well, Meehawl,' says I to myself, 'maybe you oughtn't complain since you didn't fall into the say where you'd get swallowing without chawing (chewing).' Then I thanked God who brought me safe and sound so far. I put my hand in the pocket of my *casoge* and what should be there before me but the small little bit of bread I put into it the night before that. '*Food is the work-horse*, wherever you'll be,' says I to myself, ating up the bread dry as fast as I could. When I had it ate, I looked around me just as cute as Norry-the-bogs[36] when she'd be trying for fish in a river, but sure if I stopped looking till the *Day of Flags*, I wouldn't get as much as the full of my eye of wan Frenchman.

"'Well, that's best,' says I, going to a fine cock of hay, as high as Miskish, but high as it was, I went on top of it. I made a hole through it, and left myself into it, widout a bit of me out but the top of my nose, to draw my breath. I wasn't there long till I fell asleep, and I didn't feel anything till morning. When I woke up I looked round me—where was I? God for ever wid me! where was I only in the middle of the say, and my heart ruz as I thought of it right. I suppose 'tis how a cloud fell near the cock, and that ruz the flood in the river so much that it swept myself and the cock all together away—widout letting *me* know of it. I gave myself up to God, but if I did 'tis likely I didn't deserve much of the good from Him, for again a spell here's a whale to me (there's a creeping could running through me when I think of him!), and he opened his dirty mouth and he swallowed myself and the cock holus bolus.

"I wasn't gone right till that happened me. People say that Hell is dark, but if it is as dark as the stomach of that baste, the divil entirely is in it. But that isn't here nor there; you'd see the fish running hither and over about his stomach, some of 'em swimming fine and aisy for theirself, more of 'em lepping as light as flays (fleas), and some more of 'em bawling like young childer. 'Ye haven't any more right to do that nor me,' says I, and I tuk out and opened a big knife; widout a lie it was sharp—wan blow of it would cut off the leg of the biggest horse that ever trod or walked on grass. Here am I cutting, and 'tis short till the pain pinched the whale, and begor I saw that he would like to turn off. 'Squeeze out,' says I, and wid that I saw the fish running out. 'That your road may rise wid ye,' says I; but I wasn't going to stop till he would give the same tratement or better to myself. Here's he blowing; 'Blow on wid

you,' says I, and I was cutting always at such a rate that it wasn't long till I put my knife out through his side, and I fell on the top of my head. '*Fooisg! fooisg!*' says the stomach of the whale, and praise and thanks be to God, he blew me out through his mouth. He was tired of me and I was no less tired of him too. He blew me so high in the sky that I couldn't be far from the sun, there was so much hate (heat) there. But any way I fell down safe and sound on a fine soft bog of turf that was cut only a few days before that. Nothing happened to me, only that the nail was taken off the *loodeen*[37] of my left leg!"

Patrick O'Leary.

THE HAUNTED SHEBEEN.

A very queer story I heard
Long ago,
In Kerry. 'Tis gruesome and weird:
Stage went slow
As we passed a ruined shebeen
On our way to Cahirciveen.

"They drank and they feasted *galore*,
With each breath
Loud calling for one bottle more!
Father Death
Came in in the midst of the cheer,
With 'Long life to all of yez here!'

"By Crom'ell! his eyes they were bright;
Loud he laughed,
Saying, 'Boys, we will make it a night.'
Then he quaffed
A dandy of punch in a trice,
Remarking, '*Da di!* it is nice!'

"'Tis whisky that loosens the tongue!

Beard o' Crom'!
And that same has been often sung;
Not a *gom*[38]
Was *filea*[39] that *clairsech'd*[40] the line:
O whisky's a nectar divine!

"One welcomed the pale king with cheers;
All his life
Was channelled with woe's soulful tears;
He had wife
That came, a black fate, in his way,
When his years were just clasping the May.

"Another—he gave furtive glance,
And grew pale—
'This coming,' mused he, 'won't entrance,
I'll go bail,
This meeting of ours!'—week ere this,
God Hymen had made for him bliss.

"And another?—Rises the din
Loud and strong;
The whisky a-firing, Neill Finn
Said, 'A song
We'll have from our guest ere we'll go!'
The guest said, 'Well, Neill, be it so!'

"He sang them a *spirited* stave,
Written where
The poet for bread is no slave
To black care—
'Long life to yez!' shouted Neill Finn;
Death smiled, and said, 'Neill, boy, amin!'

"They called for the cards and they played,
Sure the same
'Forty-fives' it was named—Mike Quade
In the game
So cheated that Death said: ''Tis like
The wind from your sails I'll take, Mike.'

"What time with a blow from his stick,
To the earth
He struck Mick. Then *kippeens*[41] took quick

Striking birth;
The Quade boys were there to the fore,
All longing, my dear, for red gore!

“They went for the old man, but he
Used to fight,
His glass drained, and quick as a bee
Left and right
Blows laid—when they woke from their fix,
They waited for Charon by Styx.

“The old one he stuck to the drink,
(So they tell),
Till being o’ercome (as they think),
That he fell
Down under the table—nor woke
Till day o’er the Atlantic broke.

“Forgetful of all that had passed,
He looked round,
And seeing his subjects all massed
On the ground,
He said, ‘Oh, get up from the floor,
And help me with one bottle more!’

“Since that time, the peasantry say,
Every night
Sure there is the devil to pay!
And the sight
They see—‘Sirs, no lie! ’pon my soul!’
Death drunk, *singing Beimedh a gole*!”[42]

Charles P. O’Conor (1837?).



"HE SAID, 'OH, GET UP FROM THE FLOOR, AND HELP ME WITH ONE BOTTLE MORE!'"

FAN FITZGERL.

Wirra, wirra! *ologone!*
Can't ye lave a lad alone,
Till he's proved there's no tradition left of any other girl—
Not even Trojan Helen,
In beauty all excellin'—
Who's been up to half the divilment of Fan Fitzgerl?

Wid her brows of silky black
Arched above for the attack,
Her eyes they dart such azure death on poor admiring man;
Masther Cupid, point your arrows,
From this out, agin the sparrows,

For you're bested at Love's archery by young
Miss Fan.

See what showers of goolden
thread
Lift and fall upon her head,
The likes of such a trammel-net at say was
never spread;
For, whin accurately reckoned,
'Twas computed that each second
Of her curls has cot a Kerryman and kilt him
dead.

Now mintion, if you will,
Brandon Mount and Hungry Hill,
Or Mag'llicuddy's Reeks, renowned for
cripplin' all they can;
Still the country-side confisses
None of all its precipices
Cause a quarther of the carnage of the nose
of Fan.

But your shatthered hearts
suppose,
Safely steered apast her nose,
She's a current and a reef beyand to wreck
them roving ships.
My meaning it is simple,
For that current is her dimple,
And the cruel reef 'twill coax ye to's her coral
lips.

I might inform ye further
Of her bosom's snowy murther,
And ah ankle ambuscadin' through her
gown's delightful whirl;
But what need when all the village
Has forsook its peaceful tillage,
And flown to war and pillage all for Fan
Fitzgerl!

Alfred Perceval Graves (1846).

FATHER O'FLYNN.

Of priests we can offer a charmin' variety,
Far renown'd for larnin' and piety;
Still, I'd advance ye without impropriety,
  Father O'Flynn is the flow'r of them all.
    Here's a health to you, Father O'Flynn,
    Slainthe, and *slainthe*, and *slainthe* agin;
    Powerfullest preacher, and tenderest teacher,
      And kindliest creature in ould Donegal.

Don't talk of your Provost and Fellows of Trinity,
Famous for ever at Greek and Latinity,
Faix, and the divil and all at Divinity,
  Father O'Flynn 'd make hares of them all!
Come, I venture to give ye my word,
Never the likes of his logic was heard,
Down from Mythology into Thayology,
  Troth! and Conchology, if he'd the call.

Och! Father O'Flynn, you've a wonderful way wid you,
All the ould sinners are wishful to pray wid you,
All the young childer are wild for to play wid you,
  You've such a way wid you, Father *avick*!
Still for all you've so gentle a soul,
Gad, you've your flock in the grandest control;
Checking the crazy ones, coaxing onaisy ones,
  Lifting the lazy ones on with a stick.

And though quite avoidin' all foolish frivolity,
Still, at all seasons of innocent jollity,
Where was the play-boy could claim an equality
  At comicality, Father, wid you?

Once the Bishop looked grave at your jest,
Till this remark set him off wid the rest:
"Is it lave gaiety all to the laity?
Cannot the clargy be Irishmen too!"

Alfred Perceval Graves.

PHILANDERING.

Maureen, *acushla*, ah! why such a frown on you!
Sure, 'tis your own purty smiles should be there,
Under those ringlets that make such a crown on you,
As the sweet angels themselves seem to wear,
When from the picthers in church they look down on you,
Kneeling in prayer.

Troth, no, you needn't, there isn't a drop on me,
Barrin' one half-one to keep out the cowld;
And, Maureen, if you'll throw a smile on the top o' me,
Half-one was never so sweet, I'll make bowld.
But, if you like, dear, at once put a stop on me
Life with a scowld.

Red-haired Kate Ryan?—Don't mention her name to me!
I've a taste, Maureen darlin', whatever I do.
But I kissed her?—Ah, now, would you even that same to me?—
Ye saw me! Well, well, if ye did, sure it's true,
But I don't want herself or her cows, and

small blame to me
When I know you.

There now, *aroon*, put an ind to this strife o' me
Poor frightened heart, my own Maureen, my duck;
Troth, till the day comes when you'll be made wife o' me,
Night, noon, and mornin', my heart'll be brack.
Kiss me, *acushla*! My darlin'! The life o' me!
One more for luck!

William Boyle (1853).

HONIED PERSUASION.

"Terry O'Rourke, 'tis your presence that tazes me;
Haven't I towld you so often before?
If you've the smallest regard for what plazes me,
Never come prowlin' round here any more.
Why you persist in this game's what amazes me;
Didn't I tell you I'd beaus be the score?
There's Rody Kearney would give twenty cows to me
Any fine day that I'd let him be spouse to me."

"Biddy, *asthore*, an' 'tis you that is hard on me,
Whin 'tis me two wicked legs are to blame;
Troth, I believe if you placed a strong guard on me,
They'd wandher back to this spot all the same.
Saving the gates of the prison are barr'd on me,

You might as well try to keep moths from
the flame,
Ducks from the water, or bees from the
flowers,
As thim same legs from your door, be the
powers!

"Come now, me darlin', 'tis no use to frown
on me;
Tho' I've no cows, but two mules an' a car,
You wouldn't know but I'd yet have the
gown on me,
Ringing the tunes of me tongue at the Bar.
Whin I've won you, who despised and looked
down on me,
Shure 'tis meself that might come to be
Czar.
What are you smilin' at? Give me the hand of
you,
I'll make the purtiest bride in the land of
you."

J. De Quincey (185-).



"I'LL MAKE THE PURTIEST BRIDE IN THE LAND OF YOU."

THE FIRST LORD LIFTINANT.

(AS RELATED BY ANDREW GERAGHTY, PHILOMATH.)

"Essex," said Queen Elizabeth, as the two of them sat at breakwhist in the back parlour of Buckingham Palace, "Essex, me haro, I've got a job that I think would suit you. Do you know where Ireland is?"

"I'm no great fist at jografy," says his lordship, "but I know the place you mane. Population, three million; exports, emigrants."

"Well," says the Queen, "I've been reading the *Dublin Evening Mail* and the *Telegraft* for some time back, and sorra one o' me can get at the trooth o' how things is goin', for the leadin' articles is as conthradictory as if they wor husband and wife."

"That's the way wid papers all the world over," says Essex; "Columbus told me it was the same in Amerikay, when he was there, abusin' and conthradictin' each other at every turn—it's the way they make their livin'. Thrubble you for an egg-spoon."

"It's addled they have me betune them," says the Queen. "Not a know I know what's goin' on. So now, what I want you to do is to run over to Ireland, like a good fella, and bring me word how matters stand."

"Is it me?" says Essex, leppin' up off his chair. "It's not in airnest ye are, ould lady. Sure it's the hoight of the London saison. Every one's in town, and Shake's new fairy piece, 'The Midsummer's Night Mare,' billed for next week."

"You'll go when ye're tould," says the Queen, fixin' him with her eye, "if you know which side yer bread's buttered on. See here, now," says she, seein' him chokin' wid vexation and a slice o' corned beef, "you ought to be as pleased as Punch about it, for you'll be at the top o' the walk over there as vice-regent representin' me."

"I ought to have a title or two," says Essex, pluckin' up a bit. "His Gloriosity the Great Panjandhrum, or the like o' that."

"How would His Excellency the Lord Liftinant of Ireland sthrike you?" says Elizabeth.

"First class," cries Essex. "Couldn't be betther; it

doesn't mean much, but it's allitherative, and will look well below the number on me hall door."

Well, boys, it didn't take him long to pack his clothes and start away for the Island o' Saints. It took him a good while to get there, though, through not knowin' the road; but by means of a pocket compass and a tip to the steward, he was landed at last contagious to Dalkey Island. Going up to an ould man who was sittin' on a rock, he took off his hat, and says he—

"That's great weather we're havin'?"

"Good enough for the times that's in it," says the ould man, cockin' one eye at him.

"Any divarshun goin' on?" says Essex.

"You're a sthranger in these parts, I'm thinkin'," says the ould man, "or you'd know this was a 'band night' in Dalkey."

"I wasn't aware of it," says Essex; "the fact is," says he, "I only landed from England just this minute."

"Ay," says the ould man bitterly, "it's little they know about us over there. I'll hould you," says he, with a slight thrimble in his voice, "that the Queen herself doesn't know there is to be fireworks in the Sorrento Gardens this night."

Well, when Essex heard that, he disremembered entirely he was sent over to Ireland to put down rows and ructions, and away wid him to see the fun and flirt wid all the pretty girls he could find. And he found plenty of them—thick as bees they wor, and each one as beautiful as the day and the morra. He wrote two letters home next day—one to Queen Elizabeth and the other to Lord Montaigle, a play-

boy like himself. I'll read you the one to the Queen first:—

"DAME STHREET, *April 16th, 1599*.

"FAIR ENCHANTRESS,—I wish I was back in London, baskin' in your sweet smiles and listenin' to your melodious voice once more. I got the consignment of men and the post-office order all right. I was out all the mornin' lookin' for the inimy, but sorra a taste of Hugh O'Neil or his men can I find. A policemin at the corner o' Nassau Street told me they wor hidin' in Wicklow. So I am makin' up a party to explore the Dargle on Easter Monda'. The girls here are as ugly as sin, and every minute o' the day I do be wishin' it was your good-lookin' self I was gazin' at instead o' these ignorant scarecrows. Hopin' soon to be back in ould England, I remain, your lovin' subjec',

"ESSEX.

"P.S.—I hear Hugh O'Neil was seen on the top o' the Donnybrook tram yesterday mornin'. If I have any luck the head 'll be off him before you get this.

"E."

The other letter read this way—

"DEAR MONTY—This is a great place all out. Come over here if you want fun. Divil such play-boys ever I seen, and the girls—oh! don't be talkin'—'pon me secret honour you'll see more loveliness at a tay and supper ball in Rathmines than there is in the whole of England. Tell Ned Spenser to send me a love-song to sing to a young girl who seems taken wid my appearance. Her name's Mary, and she lives in Dunlary, so he oughtent to find it hard. I hear Hugh O'Neil's a terror, and hits a powerful welt, especially when you're not lookin'. If he tries any of his games on wid me, I'll give him in charge. No brawlin' for

yours truly,

"ESSEX."

Well, me bould Essex stopped for odds of six months in Dublin, purtendin' to be very busy subjugatin' the country, but all the time only losin' his time and money widout doin' a hand's turn, and doin' his best to avoid a ruction with "Fighting Hugh." If a messenger came to tell him that O'Neil was campin' out on the North Bull, Essex would up stick and away for Sandycove, where, after draggin' the forty-foot hole, he'd write off to Elizabeth, saying that "owing to their suparior knowledge of the country, the dastard foe had once more eluded him."

The Queen got mighty tired of these letters, especially as they always ended with a request to send stamps by return, and told Essex to finish up his business and not be makin' a fool of himself.

"Oh, that's the talk, is it," says Essex; "very well, me ould sauce-box" (that was the name he had for her ever since she gev him the clip on the ear for turnin' his back on her), "very well, me ould sauce-box," says he, "I'll write off to O'Neil this very minute, and tell him to send in his lowest terms for peace at ruling prices."

Well, the threaty was a bit of a one-sided one—the terms being—

1. Hugh O'Neil to be King of Great Britain.

2. Lord Essex to return to London and remain there as Viceroy of England.

3. The O'Neil family to be supported by Government, with free passes to all theatres and places of entertainment.

4. The London markets to buy only from Irish

dealers.

5. All taxes to be sent in stamped envelope, directed to H. O'Neil, and marked "private." Cheques crossed and made payable to H. O'Neil. Terms cash.

Well, if Essex had had the sense to read through this treaty he'd have seen it was of too graspin' a nature to pass with any sort of a respectable sovereign, but he was that mad he just stuck the document in the pocket of his pot-metal overcoat, and away wid him hot foot for England.

"Is the Queen widin?" says he to the butler, when he opened the door o' the palace. His clothes were that dirty and disorthered wid travellin' all night, and his boots that muddy, that the butler was for not littin' him in at the first go off, so says he very grand: "Her Meejesty is abow stairs and can't be seen till she's had her breakwhist."

"Tell her the Lord Liftinant of Ireland desires an enterview," says Essex.

"Oh, beg pardon, me lord," says the butler, steppin' to one side, "I didn't know 'twas yourself was in it; come inside, sir; the Queen's in the dhrawin'-room."



"'YER MAJESTY, YOU HAVE A FACE ON YOU THAT WOULD CHARM A BIRD OFF A BUSH.'"

Well, Essex leps up the stairs and into the dhrawin'-room wid him, muddy boots and all; but not a sight of Elizabeth was to be seen.

"Where's your missis?" says he to one of the maids-of-honour that was dustin' the chimbley-piece.

"She's not out of her bed yet," says the maid with a toss of her head; "but if you write your message on the slate beyant, I'll see"—but before she had finished, Essex was up the second flight and knockin' at the Queen's bedroom door.

"Is that the hot wather?" says the Queen.

"No, it's me,—Essex. Can you see me?"

"Faith, I can't," says the Queen. "Hould on till I

draw the bed-curtains. Come in now," says she, "and say your say, for I can't have you stoppin' long—you young Lutharian."

"Bedad, yer Majesty," says Essex, droppin' on his knees before her (the delutherer he was), "small blame to me if I am a Lutharian, for you have a face on you that would charm a bird off a bush."

"Hould your tongue, you young reprobate," says the Queen, blushin' up to her curl-papers wid delight, "and tell me what improvements you med in Ireland."

"Faith, I taught manners to O'Neil," cries Essex.

"He had a bad masther then," says Elizabeth, lookin' at his dirty boots; "couldn't you wipe yer feet before ye desthroyed me carpets, young man?"

"Oh, now," says Essex, "is it wastin' me time shufflin' about on a mat you'd have me, when I might be gazin' on the loveliest faymale the world ever saw."

"Well," says the Queen, "I'll forgive you this time, as you've been so long away, but remimber in future that Kidderminster isn't oilcloth. Tell me," says she, "is Westland Row Station finished yet?"

"There's a side wall or two wanted yet, I believe," says Essex.

"What about the Loop Line?" says she.

"Oh, they're gettin' on with that," says he, "only some people think the girders a disfigurement to the city."

"Is there any talk about that esplanade from Sandycove to Dunlary?"

"There's talk about it, but that's all," says Essex; "'twould be an odious fine improvement to house property, and I hope they'll see to it soon."

"Sorra much you seem to have done, beyant spendin me men and me money. Let's have a look at that threaty I see stickin' out o' your pocket."



"'ARREST THAT THRATER.'"

Well, when the Queen read the terms of Hugh O'Neil she just gev him one look, an' jumpin' from off the bed, put her head out of the window, and called out to the policeman on duty—

"Is the Head below?"

"I'll tell him you want him, ma'am," says the policeman.

"Do," says the Queen. "Hello," says she, as a slip

o' paper dhropped out o' the dispatches. "What's this? 'Lines to Mary.' Ho! ho! me gay fella, that's what you've been up to, is it?"

"Mrs. Brady's
A widow lady,
And she has a charmin' daughter I adore;
I went to court her
Across the water,
And her mother keeps a little candy-store.
She's such a darlin',
She's like a starlin',
And in love with her I'm gettin' more and more,
Her name is Mary,
She's from Dunlary;
And her mother keeps a little candy-store."

"That settles it," says the Queen. "It's the gaoler you'll serenade next."

When Essex heard that, he thrimbled so much that the button of his cuirass shook off and rowled under the dhressin'-table.

"Arrest that man," says the Queen, when the Head-Constable came to the door; "arrest that thrater," says she, "and never let me set eyes on him again."

And indeed she never did, and soon after that he met with his death from the skelp of an axe he got when he was standin' on Tower Hill.

William Percy French (1854).

THE AMERICAN WAKE.[43]

'Twas down at the Doherty's "wake,"

(They were off to New York in the
morning),
So we thought we'd a night of it make,
And gave all the countryside warning.
The girls came drest in their best,
The boys gathered too, every soul of them,
And Mary along with the rest——
'Tis she took the sway of the whole of
them.

We'd a fiddler, the pipes, and a flute——
The three were enough sure to bother you,
But you danced to whichever might suit,
And tried not to think of the other two.
The frolic was soon at its height,
The small drop went round never chary,
The girls would dazzle your sight,
But all I could think of was Mary.

The first jig, faith, out she'd to go,
The piper played "Haste to the Wedding,"
And while I set to heel and toe,
You'd think 'twas on eggs she was
treading.
So bright was her smile and her glance,
So dainty the modest head bowed of her,
'Tis she was the Queen of the Dance,
And wasn't it I that was proud of her!

At last I looked out for a chair,
And off I led Mary in state to it;
But think of us when we got there,
The sorra the sign of a *sate* to it!
Still, as there was no other free,
We thought we'd put up for a start with it
—
Och, when she sat down on my knee
For an emperor's throne I'd not part with
it.

When Mary sat down on my lap
A tremor ran through every bit of me,
My heart 'gin my ribs gave a rap
As if it was going to be quit of me.

I tried just a few words to say
To show the delight and the pride of me,
But my tongue was as dry in a way
As if I'd a bonfire inside of me.

And there sat the *cailin* as mild
As if nothing at all was gone wrong with me,
And I just as wake as a child,
To have her so cosy along with me.
My arm around her I passed
When I saw there was no one persaiving us —
"Don't you wish, dear," says I, at long last,
"The Dohertys always were laving us?"

The words weren't out of my mouth
When the thieves of musicians stopped playing,
And the boys ruz a laugh and a shout,
When they listened to what I was saying.
Poor Mary as swift as a hare
Ran off 'mong the girls and hid herself,
And, except that I fell through the chair,
I fairly forget what I did myself.

The Dohertys scarce in New York
Were landed, I'm thinking, a week or more,
When a wedding took place in West Cork,
The like of it vainly you'd seek before.
Some day if my way you should pass,
Step in—I've a drop of the best of it;
And while Mary is mixing a glass,
I'll try and I'll tell you the rest of it.

Francis A. Fahy (1854).



"MY ARM AROUND HER I PASSED."

HOW TO BECOME A POET.

Of all the sayings which have misled mankind from the days of Adam to Churchill, not one has been more harmful than the old Latin one, "A poet is born, not made."

The human intellect, it is said, may, by patient toil and study, gather laurels in all fields of knowledge

save one—that of poesy. You may, by dint of hard work, become a captain in the Salvation Army, a corporation crossing-sweeper—ay, even an unsuccessful Chief Secretary for Ireland; but no amount of labour or perseverance will win you the favour of the Muses unless those fickle-minded ladies have presided at your birth, wrapped you, so to speak, in the swaddling clothes of metre, and fashioned your first yells according to the laws of rhythm and rhyme.

Foolish, fatal fallacy! How many geniuses has it not nipped in the bud—how many vaulting ambitions has it not brought to grief, what treasures of melody has it not shut up for ever to mankind!

Hence the paucity of poetical contributions to the press, the eagerness of publishers to secure the slightest scrap of verse, the bashfulness and timidity of authors, who yet in their hearts are quite confident of their ability to transcend the best efforts of the "stars" of ancient or modern song.

Now the first thing that will strike you in reading poetical pieces is the fact that nearly all the lines end in rhymed words, or words ending in similar sounds, such as "kick, lick, stick," "drink, ink, wink," etc.

This constitutes the *real* difference between prose and poetry. For instance, the phrase, "The dread monarch stood on his head," is prose, but

> "The monarch dread
> Stood on his head"

is undeniable poetry.

Rhyme is, in fact, the chief or only feature in

modern poetry. Get your endings to rhyme and you need trouble your head about little else. A certain amount of common sense is demanded by severe critics; the general public, however, never look for it, would be astonished to find it, and, as a matter of fact, seldom or never do find it.

By careful study of the best authors you will soon discover what words rhyme with each other, and these you should diligently record in a small note-book, procurable at any respectable stationers for the ridiculously small sum of one penny.

Few researches afford keener intellectual pleasure than the discovery of rhymes, in such words, say, as "cat, rat, Pat, scat"; "shed, head, said, dead," and it is excellent elementary training for the young poet to combine such words into versed sentences, and even sing them to a popular operatic air.

For example——

"With that the cat
Sprang at the rat,
Whereat poor Pat
Yelled out 'Iss-cat.'

The roof of the shed
Fell plop on his head,
No more he said,
But fell down dead."

These first efforts of your muse are of high interest, and, although it would not be advisable to rush to press with them, they should be sedulously preserved for the use of future biographers, when fame, honours, and emoluments shall have showered in upon you.

A little caution is needed in the use of such rhymes as “fire, higher, Maria,” “Hannah, manner, dinner,” “fight, riot, quiet.” There is excellent authority for these, but it is well to recognise that an absurd prejudice does exist against them.

You will soon make the profitable discovery that there is a host of words, the members of which run, like beagles, in couples, the one invariably suggesting the other, such as “peeler, squealer”; “lick, stick”; “Ireland, sireland”; “ocean, commotion,” and so on.

“’Twas then my bold peeler
Made after the squealer;”
“He fetched him a lick
Of a murdering stick;”
“His shriek spread from Ireland,
My own beloved sireland;”
“And raised a commotion
Beyond the wide ocean.”

Were it not for such handy couplets as these, most of our modern bards would be forced to earn their bread honestly.

Of equal importance is “alliteration’s artful aid.” It consists in stringing together a number of words beginning with the same letter. A large school of our bards owe their fame to this figure. You should make a free use of it. How effective are such phrases as, “For Freedom, Faith, and Fatherland we fight or fall”; “Dear Dirty Dublin’s damp and dreary dungeons”; “Softly shone the setting sun in Summer splendour”; “Blow the blooming heather”; “Winter winds are wailing wildly.”

Of great effect at this stage of your progress will

be the adroit and unstinted employment of such phrases as “I wis,” “I wot,” “I trow,” “In sooth,” “Methinks,” “Of yore,” “Erstwhile,” “Alack,” a plentiful sprinkling of which, like currants in a cake, will impart a quaint poetical flavour to your verses, making up for a total want of sense and sentiment. Observe their effect in the following admirable lines from Skott:—

“It were, I ween, a bootless task to tell
How here, of yore, in sooth, the foeman fell,
Erstwhile the Paynim sank with eerie yell,
Alack, in goodly guise, forsooth, to——.”

Of like value are words melodious in sound or poetical in suggestion, like “nightingale,” “moonlight,” “roundelay,” “trill,” “dreamy,” and so on, which, freely used, throw a glamour over the imagination and lull thought, the chiefest value of verse nowadays.

“There trills the nightingale his roundelay
In dreamy moonlight till the dawn of day.”

Note that in poetic diction you must by no means “call a spade a spade.” The statement of a plain fact is highly objectionable, and a roundabout expression has to be resorted to. For example, if a girl have red hair, describe it as

“Glowing with the glory of the golden God of Day,”

or, if Nature has blest her with a “pug-nose,” you

should, like Tennyson, describe it as

> "Tip-tilted like the petal of a flower"

For similar reasons words of mean significance have to be avoided. For instance, for "dead drunk," use "spirituously disguised"; for "thirty days in quad," "one moon in durance vile." You may now be said to have mastered the rudiments of modern poetry, and your future course is easy.

You may now choose, although it is not at all essential, to write on a subject conveying some meaning to your reader's mind. You would do well to try one of a familiar kind, or of personal or everyday interest, of which the following are specimens: —"Lines on beholding a dead rat in the street"; "Impromptu on being asked to have a drink"; "Reverie on being asked to stand one"; "Epitaph on my mother-in-law"; "Ode to my creditors"; "Morning soliloquy in a police cell"; "Acrostic on a shillelah." Through pieces of this character the soul of the writer permeates. Hence their abiding value and permanency on second-hand bookstalls; Then you may seek "fresh woods and pastures new," and weave garlands in fields untrod by the ordinary bard. One of these is "Spring." Conceive the idea of that season in your mind. Winter gone, Summer coming, coughs being cured, overcoats put up the spout, streets dryer, coals cheaper, or—if you love nature—the strange facts of the leaves budding, winds surging, etc. Then probably the spirit (waterproof) of poesy will take possession of you, and you will blossom into song as follows:—

"'Tis the Spring! 'Tis the Spring!
Little birds begin to sing.
See! the lark is on the wing,
The sun shines out like anything;
And the sweet and tender lamb
Skips beside his great big dam,
While the rough and horny ram
Thinketh single life a sham.
Now the East is in the breeze,
Now old maids begin to sneeze,
Now the leaves are on the trees,
Now I cannot choose but sing:
Oh, 'tis Spring! 'tis Spring! 'tis Spring!"

Verses like the above have an intrinsic charm, but if you should think them too trivial, you may soar into the higher regions of thought, and expand your soul in epics on, say, "The Creation," "The Deluge," "The Fall of Rome," "The Future of Man." You possibly know nothing whatever of those subjects, but that is an advantage, as you will bring a fresh unhackneyed mind to bear upon them.

I need hardly tell you that there is one subject above all others whose most fitting garb is poetry, and that is—Love. Fall in love if you can. It is easy—nothing easier to a poet. He is mostly always in love, and with ten at a time. But if you cannot, or (hapless wretch!) if you find it an entirely one-sided affair—very little free trade, and no reciprocity—ay, even if you be a married man who walketh the floor of nights, and vainly seeketh to soothe the seventh olive-branch—despair not. To write of Love, needeth not to feel it. If not in love, imagine you are. Extol in unmeasured terms the beauty of your adored one—matchless, as the pipe-bearing stranger in the street—peerless, as the American House of Representatives. Safely call on mankind to produce her equal, and inform the world that you would give up all its honours and riches (of which you own

none) for the sake of your Dulcinea; but tell them not the fact that you would not forego your nightly pipe and glass of rum punch for the best woman that ever breathed. Cultivate a melancholy mood. Call the fair one all sorts of names, heartless, cold, exacting—yourself, a miserable wight, hurrying hot haste to an early grave, and bid her come and shed unavailing tears there. At the same time keep your strength up, and don't forget your four meals a day and a collation.

I need not touch on the number of feet required in the various kinds of verse, as if a verse lacks a foot anywhere you are almost sure to put yours in it.

And now to "cast your lines in pleasant places."

Having fairly mastered the gamut of poetical composition, you will be open to a few hints as to the publication of your effusions. It is often suggested that the opinion of a friend should be consulted at the outset as to their value. Of course you may do so, but, as friends go nowadays, you must be prepared to ignore his verdict. It is now you will discover that even the judgment of your dearest and most intellectual friend is not alone untrustworthy, but really below contempt, and that what he styles his candour is nothing less than brutality. I have known the greatest coolnesses ascribable to this cause, and the noblest offspring of the muse consigned to oblivion in weak deference to a friendly opinion. On the other hand, it is often of great value to read aloud your longest epics to some one who is in any way indebted to you and cannot well resent it.

Where the poet's corners of so many papers await you, the choice of a medium to convey your burning thoughts to the world will be easily made. You will

scarcely be liable, I hope, to the confusion of mind of a friend of mine who, in mistake, sent his "Ode to Death" to the editor of a comic paper, and found it accepted as eminently suitable.

You should write your poem carefully on superfine paper with as little blotting, scratching, and bad spelling as you can manage.

To smooth the way to insertion, you might also write a conciliatory note to the editor, somewhat in this vein:—

> "RESPECTED SIR,—It is with much diffidence that a young poet of seventeen (*no mention of the wife and five children*) begs to send you his first attempt to woo the Muses (*it may be your eighty-first, but no matter*). Hoping the same may be deemed worthy of insertion in the widely-read columns of your admirable journal, with whose opinions I have the great pleasure of being in thorough accord (*you may have never read a line of it before*), I have the honour to be, respected sir, your obedient, humble servant,
>
> "HOMER.
>
> "P.S.—If inserted, kindly affix my full name as A. B.; if not, my *nom-de-plume*, 'Homer.'
>
> "N.B.—If inserted send me twenty copies of your valuable paper.—HOMER."

It will be vain to attempt to describe your feelings from the time you post that letter until you know the result of your venture. Your reason is unhinged; you cannot rest or sleep. You hang about that newspaper office for hours before the expected edition is out of the press. At last it appears. Trembling with eagerness you seize the coveted issue, and disregarding the "Double Murder and Suicide in ——," the "Collapse of the Bank of——," the

"Outbreak of War between France and Germany," you dash to the poet's corner and search with dazed eyes for your fate.

You may have vaguely heard, at some period of your life, of the mean, petty jealousies that befoul the clear current of journalism, and frown down new and aspiring talent, however promising, and you may have indignantly refused to believe such statements. Alas! now shall you feel the full force of their truth in your own person.

You look for your poem blindly, confusedly—amazed, bewildered, disgusted! You turn that paper inside out, upside down; you search in the Parliamentary debates, in the Money Market, in the Births, Deaths, and Marriages, in the advertisements —everywhere. No sign of it!

With your heart in your boots you turn to the "Answers to Correspondents," there to find your *nom-de-plume* heading some scurrilous inanity from the editorial chair, of one or other of the following patterns:—

> "Homer—*Don't* try again!"
>
> "Homer—Sweet seventeen. So young, so innocent. Hence we spare you."
>
> "Homer—Have you no friends to look after you?"
>
> "Homer—Do you really expect us to ruin this paper?"
>
> "Homer—Send it to the *Telegraph* man. We have a grudge against him?"
>
> "Homer—The 71st *Ode to Spring* this year! And yet we live."

While it would be quite natural to indulge in any

number of "cuss" words, your best plan will be to veil your wrath, and, refraining from smashing the editorial windows, write the editor a studiously polite letter, asking him to be good enough to point out for your benefit any errors or defects in the poem submitted to him. This will fairly corner him, and he will probably be driven to disclose his meanness in the next issue:—

> "Homer—If you will engage to pay for the working of this journal during the twelve months it would take us to explain the defects in your poem, we are quite willing to undertake the job."

Insults and disappointments like these are the ordinary lot of rising genius, and should only nerve you to greater efforts. Perseverance will ultimately win, though it may not deserve, success.

And who shall paint the joy that will irradiate life when you find yourself in print for the first time? who shall describe the delirium of reading your own verses? a delight leading you almost to forgive the printer's error which turns your "blessed rule" into "blasted fool," and your "Spring quickens" into "Spring Chickens"; who will count the copies of that paper you will send to all your friends?

By-and-by your fame spreads and you rank of the *élite*; you assume the air and manners of a poet. You wear your hair long (it saves barber's charges). You are fond of solitary walks, communing with yourself (or somebody else). You assume a rapt and abstracted air in society (when asked to stand a drink). You despise mere mundane matters (debts, engagements, and the like). Your eyes have a far-away look (when you meet a poor relation). When people talk of Tennyson, Browning, Swinburne, etc., you smile pityingly, and say: "Ah, yes! Poor Alfred

(or Robert or Algernon, as the case may be); he means well—he means well;" and you ask your friends if they have read your "Spirit Reveries," and if not, you immediately produce it from your pocket, and read it (never be without copies of your latest pieces for this purpose).

And now farewell and God-speed. You are on the high road to renown.

"Farewell, but whenever you welcome the hour,
They crown you with laurels and throne you in power,
Oh, think of the friend who first guided your way,
And set you such rules you could not go astray,
And who, as reward, doth but one favour claim,
That you *won't* dedicate your first vol. to his name."

Francis A. Fahy.

THE DONOVANS.

If you would like to see the height of hospitality,
The cream of kindly welcome and the core of cordiality;
Joys of old times are you wishing to recall again?—
Oh! come down to Donovan's, and there you'll meet them all again!

Chorus.

Cead mille failte[44] they'll give you down at Donovan's,
As cheery as the spring-time, and Irish as the *ceanabhan*;[45]

The wish of my heart is, if ever I had any one
—
That every luck in life may linger with the
Donovans.

Soon as you lift the latch, little ones are
meeting you;
Soon as you're 'neath the thatch, kindly looks
are greeting you;
Scarce have you time to be holding out the
fist to them—
Down by the fireside you're sitting in the
midst of them!

There sits the grey old man, so
flaitheamhail[46] and so handsome,
There sit his sturdy sons, well worth a
monarch's ransom;
Songs the night long, you may hear your
heart's desire of them,
Tales of old times they will tell you till you
tire of them.

There bustles round the room the *lawhee-*
est[47] of *vanithees*,[48]
Fresh as in her young bloom, and trying all
she can to please;
In vain to maintain you won't have a
deorin[49] more again—
She'll never let you rest till your glass is
brimming o'er again.

There smiles the *cailin deas*[50]—oh! where
on earth's the peer of her?
The modest grace, the sweet face, the
humour and the cheer of her?
Eyes like the skies, when but twin stars beam
above in them—
Oh! proud may be the boy that's to light the
lamp of love in them.

Then when you rise to go, 'tis "Ah, then,
now, sit down again!"
"Isn't it the haste you're in," and "Won't you

come round soon again?”
Your *cothamor*[51] and hat you had better put
astray from them—
The hardest job in life is to tear yourself
away from them!

Francis A. Fahy.



“SHE’LL NEVER LET YOU REST TILL YOUR GLASS IS BRIMMING O’ER AGAIN.”]

PETTICOATS DOWN TO MY KNEES.

When my first troubles in life I began to know,
Spry as a chick newly out of the shell,
Nothing I longed for so much as a man to grow,
Sharing his joys and his sorrows as well.
Now that the high tide of life’s on the slack again,
Pleasure’s deep draught drained down to
the lees,
Dearly I wish I had the days back again,
When I wore petticoats down to my knees!

Well do I mind the day I donned trousereens,
My proud mother cried “We’ll soon be a man!”
Little we know what fate has in store for us—
Troth, it was then that my troubles began.
Cramped up in clothes, little comfort or ease I find,
Crippled and crushed, almost frightened to sneeze!
Oh to have back my old freedom and peace of mind,
When I wore petticoats down to my knees!

Now must I walk many miles for an appetite,
And after all find my journey in vain—
Oh for the days when howe’er you might wrap it tight
My school lunch was ate at the end of the lane!
Now scarce a wink of sleep on the best of nights,
Worried in mind and ill at my ease,
Headache or heartache ne’er troubled my rest of nights
When I wore petticoats down to my knees!

Once of my days I thought girls were nuisances,
Petting and coaxing and ruffling your brow,
Now Love the rogue runs away with my few senses,
Vainly I wish they would fondle me now!
Idols I worship with ardour unshakeable,
But none of all half so fitted to please
As the poor toys full of sawdust and breakable,
When I wore petticoats down to my knees!

Little I cared then for doings political,
The ebb or the flow of the popular tides,
Europe might quake in convulsions most critical—
I had my bread buttered well on both

sides.
Now must I wander for themes for my puny verse
Over earth's continents, islands and seas;
Small stock I took of affairs of the universe,
When I wore petticoats down to my knees!

Life is a puzzle and man is a mystery,
He that would solve them a wizard need be;
Precepts lie thick in the pathways of history,
This is the lesson that life has taught me.
Man ever longs for the dawn of a golden day,
Visions of joy in futurity sees,
Ah! he enjoyed Life's cream in the olden day,
When he wore petticoats down to his knees!

Francis A. Fahy

MUSICAL EXPERIENCES AND IMPRESSIONS.

AT A GIRL'S SCHOOL—THE TONIC SOL-FA METHOD—PAYING AT THE DOOR—FLORAL OFFERINGS—DOROTHISIS.

Last Tuesday, when turning over my invitations, I found a card addressed to me, not in my ancestral title of Di Bassetto, but in the assumed name under which I conceal my identity in the vulgar business of life. It invited me to repair to a High School for Girls in a healthy south-western suburb, there to celebrate the annual prize-giving with girlish song and recitation. Here was exactly the thing for a critic. "Now is the time," I exclaimed to my astonished colleagues, "to escape from our stale iterations of how Mr. Santley sang 'The Erl King,' and Mr. Sims Reeves 'Tom Bowling'; of how the same old orchestra played Beethoven in C minor or accompanied Mr. Henschel in Pogner's 'Johannistag' song, or Wotan's

‘Farewell’ and ‘Fire Charm.’ Our business is to look with prophetic eye past these exhausted contemporary subjects into the next generation—to find out how much beauty and artistic feeling is growing up for the time when we shall be obsolete fogies, mumbling anecdotes of the funerals of our favourites.” Will it be credited that the sanity of my project and the good taste of my remarks were called in question, and that I was absolutely the only eminent critic who went to the school!

I found the school on the margin of a common, with which I have one ineffaceable association. It is not my custom to confine my critical opinions to the columns of the Press. In my public place I am ever ready to address my fellow-citizens orally until the police interfere. Now, it happens that once, on a fine Sunday afternoon, I addressed a crowd on this very common for an hour, at the expiry of which a friend took round a hat, and actually collected sixteen shillings and ninepence. The opulence and liberality of the inhabitants were thus very forcibly impressed on me; and when, last Tuesday, I made my way through a long corridor into the crowded schoolroom, my first thought, as I surveyed the row of parents, was whether any of them had been among the contributors to that memorable hatful of coin. My second was whether the principal of the school would have been pleased to see me had she known of the sixteen and ninepence.

When the sensation caused by my entrance had subsided somewhat, we settled down to a performance which consisted of music and recitation by the rising generation, and speechification by the risen one. The rising generation had the best of it. Whenever the girls did anything, we were delighted;

whenever an adult began, we were bored to the very verge of possible endurance. The deplorable member of Parliament who gave away the prizes may be eloquent in the House of Commons; but before that eager, keen, bright, frank, unbedevilled, unsophisticated audience he quailed, he maundered, he stumbled, wanted to go on and couldn't, wanted to stop and didn't, and finally collapsed with a few remarks to the effect that he felt proud of himself, which struck me as being the most uncalled-for remark I ever heard, even from an M.P. The chairman was self-possessed, not to say hardened. He quoted statistics about Latin, arithmetic and other sordid absurdities, specially extolling the aptitude of the female mind since 1868 for botany. I incited a little girl near me to call out "Time" and "Question," but she shook her head shyly, and said "Miss—— would be angry;" so he had his say out. Let him deliver that speech next Sunday on the common, and he will not get 16s. 9d. He will get stoned.

But the rest of the programme was worth a dozen ordinary concerts. It is but a few months since I heard Schubert's setting of "The Lord is my Shepherd" sung by the Crystal Palace Choir to Mr. Manns' appropriate and beautiful orchestral transcript of the accompaniment; but here a class of girls almost obliterated that memory by singing the opening strain with a purity of tone quite angelic. If they could only have kept their attention concentrated long enough, it might have been equally delightful all through. But girlhood is discursive; and those who were not immediately under the awful eye of the lady who conducted, wandered considerably from Schubert's inspiration after a time, although they stuck to his notes most commendably. Yet for all that I can safely say that if

there is a little choir like that in every High School the future is guaranteed. We were much entertained by a composition of Jensen's, full of octaves and chords, which was assaulted and vanquished after an energetic bout of fisticuffs by an infant pianist, who will not be able to reach the pedals for years to come.

I need hardly say that my remarks about the Tonic Sol-fa have brought letters upon me insisting on the attractive simplicity of the notation, and even inviting me to learn it at once. This reminds me of a sage whom I consulted in my youth as to how I might achieve the formation of a perfect character. "Young man," he said, "are you a vegetarian?" I promptly said "Yes," which took him aback. (I subsequently discovered that he had a weakness for oysters.) "Young man," he resumed, "have you mastered Pitman's shorthand?" I told him that I could write it very nearly as fast as longhand, but that I could not read it; and he admitted that this was about the maximum of human attainment in phonography. "Young man," he went on, "do you understand phrenology?" This was a facer, as I knew nothing about it, but I was determined not to be beaten, so I declared that it was my favourite pursuit, and that I had been attracted to him by the noble character of his bumps. "Young man," he continued, "you are indeed high on the Mount of Wisdom. There remains but one accomplishment to the perfection of your character. Are you an adept at the Tonic Sol-fa system?" This was too much. I got up in a rage, and said, "Oh, d—the Tonic Sol-fa system!" Then we came to high words, and our

relations have been more or less strained ever since. I have always resolutely refused to learn Tonic Sol-fa, as I am determined to prove that it is possible to form a perfect character without it.

The other evening I went to the Wind Instrument Society's concert at the Royal Academy of Music in Tenterden Street. Having only just heard of the affair from an acquaintance, I had no ticket. The concert, as usual, had been kept dark from me; Bassetto the Incorruptible knows too much to be welcome to any but the greatest artists. I therefore presented myself at the doors for admission on payment as a casual amateur. Apparently the wildest imaginings of the Wind Instrument Society had not reached to such a contingency as a Londoner offering money at the doors to hear classical chamber music played upon bassoons, clarionets, and horns; for I was told that it was impossible to entertain my application, as the building had no licence. I suggested sending out for a licence; but this, for some technical reason, could not be done. I offered to dispense with the licence; but they said it would expose them to penal servitude. Perceiving by this that it was a mere question of breaking the law, I insisted on the secretary accompanying me to the residence of a distinguished Q.C. in the neighbourhood, and ascertaining from him how to do it. The Q.C. said that if I handed the secretary five shillings at the door in consideration of being admitted to the concert, that would be illegal. But if I bought a ticket from him in the street, that would be legal. Or, if I presented him with five shillings in remembrance of his last birthday, and he gave me a free admission in celebration of my silver

wedding, that would be legal. Or, if we broke the law without witnesses and were prepared to perjure ourselves if questioned afterwards (which seemed to me the most natural way), then nothing could happen to us. I cannot without breach of faith explain which course we adopted; suffice it that I was present at the concert.

I went to the Prince of Wales' Theatre on Wednesday afternoon to hear the students of the Royal College of Music.... I am sorry to say that the bad custom of bouquet-throwing was permitted; and need I add that an American *prima donna* was the offender? What do you mean, Madame——, by teaching the young idea how to get bouquets shied? After the manner of her countrymen this *prima donna* travels with enormous wreaths and baskets of flowers, which are handed to her at the conclusion of her pieces. And no matter how often this happens, she is never a whit the less astonished and delighted to see the flowers come up. They say that the only artist who never gets accustomed to his part is the performing flea who fires a cannon, and who is no less dismayed and confounded by the three-hundredth report than by the first. Now, it may be ungallant, coarse—brutal even; but whenever I see the fair American thrown into raptures by her own flower-basket, I always think of the flea thrown into convulsions by his own cannon. And so, dear but silly American ladies, be persuaded, and drop it. Nobody except the very greenest of greenhorns is taken in; and the injury you do to your own artistic self-respect by condescending to take him in is incalculable. Just consider for a moment how

insanely impossible it is that a wreath as big as a cart-wheel could be the spontaneous offering of an admiring stranger. One consolation is, that if the critics cannot control the stars, they can at least administer the stripes.

Last Saturday evening, feeling the worse for want of change and country air, I happened to voyage in the company of an eminent dramatic critic as far as Greenwich. Hardly had we inhaled the refreshing ozone of that place ninety seconds when, suddenly finding ourselves opposite a palatial theatre, gorgeous with a million gaslights, we felt that it was idiotic to have been to Wagner's Theatre at Bayreuth and yet be utterly ignorant concerning Morton's Theatre at Greenwich. So we rushed into the struggling crowd at the doors, only to be informed that the theatre was full. Stalls full, dress circle full; pit, standing room only. As the eminent dramatic critic habitually sleeps during performances, and is subject to nightmare when he sleeps standing, the pit was out of the question. Was there room anywhere? we asked. Yes, in a private box or in the gallery. Which was the cheaper? The gallery, decidedly. So up we went to the gallery, where we found two precarious perches vacant at the side. It was rather like trying to see Trafalgar Square from the knife-board of an omnibus half-way up St. Martin's Lane; but by hanging on to a stanchion, and occasionally standing with one foot on the seat and the other on the backs of the people in the front row, we succeeded in seeing as much of the entertainment as we could stand.

The first thing we did was to purchase a bill, which informed us that we were in for "the entirely original pastoral comedy-opera in three acts, entitled 'Dorothy,' which has been played to crowded houses in London 950, and (still playing) in the provinces 788 times." This playbill, I should add, was thoughtfully decorated with a view of the theatre showing all the exits, for use in case of a reduction to ashes during performing hours. From it we further learnt that we should be regaled by an augmented and powerful orchestra; that the company was "No. 1"; that—— believes he is now the only HATTER in the county of Kent that exists on the profits arising solely from the sale of HATS and CAPS; and so on. Need I add that the eminent one and I sat bursting with expectation until the overture began. I cannot truthfully say that the augmented and powerful orchestra proved quite so augmented or so powerful as the composer could have wished; but let that pass; I disdain the cheap sport of breaking a daddy-long-legs on a wheel (butterfly is out of the question, it was such a dingy band). My object is rather to call attention to the condition to which 788 nights of Dorothying have reduced the unfortunate wanderers of "No. 1 Company." I submit to the manager of these companies that in his own interest he should take better care of No. 1. Here are several young persons doomed to spend the flower of their years in mechanically repeating the silliest libretto in modern theatrical literature, set to music which must pall somewhat on the seven hundred and eighty-eighth performance.

As might have been expected, a settled weariness of life, an utter perfunctoriness, an unfathomable inanity pervaded the very souls of "No. 1." The tenor, originally, I have no doubt, a fine young man,

but now cherubically adipose, was evidently counting the days until death should release him from the part of Wilder. He had a pleasant speaking voice; and his affability and forbearance were highly creditable to him under the circumstances; but Nature rebelled in him against the loathed strains of a seven-hundred-times repeated *rôle*. He omitted the song in the first act, and sang "Though born a man of high degree," as if with the last rally of an energy decayed and a willing spirit crashed. The G at the end was as a vocal earthquake. And yet methought he was not displeased when the inhabitants of Greenwich, coming fresh to the slaughter, encored him. The baritone had been affected the other way; he was thin and worn; and his clothes had lost their lustre. He sang "Queen of my heart" twice in a hardened manner, as one who was prepared to sing it a thousand times in a thousand quarter-hours for a sufficient wager. The comic part, being simply that of a circus clown transferred to the lyric stage, is better suited for infinite repetition; and the gentleman who undertook it addressed a comic lady called Priscilla as "Sarsaparilla" during his interludes between the *haute-école* acts of the *prima donna* and tenor, with a delight in the rare aroma of the joke, and in the roars of laughter it elicited, which will probably never pall. But anything that he himself escaped in the way of tedium was added tenfold to his unlucky colleagues, who sat out his buffooneries with an expression of deadly malignity. I trust the gentleman may die in his bed; but he would be unwise to build too much on doing so. There is a point at which tedium becomes homicidal mania.

The ladies fared best. The female of the human species has not yet developed a conscience: she will apparently spend her life in artistic self-murder by

induced Dorothisis without a pang of remorse, provided she be praised and paid regularly. Dorothy herself, a beauteous young lady of distinguished mien, with an immense variety of accents ranging from the finest Tunbridge Wells English (for genteel comedy) to the broadest Irish (for repartee and low comedy), sang without the slightest effort and without the slightest point, and was all the more desperately vapid because she suggested artistic gifts wasting in complacent abeyance. Lydia's voice, a hollow and spectral contralto, alone betrayed the desolating effect of perpetual Dorothy; her figure retained a pleasing plumpness akin to that of the tenor; and her spirits were wonderful, all things considered. The chorus, too, seemed happy; but that was obviously because they did not know any better. The pack of hounds employed darted in at the end of the second act, evidently full of the mad hope of finding something new going on; and their depression when they discovered it was "Dorothy" again, was pitiable. The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals should interfere. If there is no law to protect men and women from "Dorothy," there is at least one that can be strained to protect dogs.

George Bernard Shaw (1856).

FROM PORTLAW TO PARADISE.

Wance upon a time, an' a very good time it was too, there was a dacent little man, named Paddy Power, that lived in the parish of Portlaw.

At the time I spayke of, an' indeed for a long spell before it, most of Paddy's neighbours had wandhered from the thrue fold, an' the sheep that didn't stray

wor, not to put too fine a point on it, a black lot. But Paddy had always conthrived to keep his last end in view, an' he stuck to the ould faith like a poor man's plasther.

Well, in the coorse of time poor Paddy felt his days wor well-nigh numbered, so he tuk to the bed an' sent for the priest; an' thin he settled himself down to aise his conscience an' to clear the road in the other world by manes of a good confession.

He reeled off his sins, mortial an' vanyial, to the priest by the yard, an' begor he felt mighty sorrowful intirely whin he thought what a bad boy he'd been, an' what a hape of quare things he'd done in his time —though, as I've said before, he was a dacent little man in his way, only, you see, bein' so close to the other side of Jordan, he tuk an onaisy view of all his sayin's and doin's. Poor Paddy—small blame to him —was very aiger to get a comfortable corner in glory in his old age, for he'd a hard sthruggle enough of it here below.

Well, whin he'd towld all his sins to Father McGrath, an' whin Father McGrath had given him a few hard rubs by way of consolation, he bent his head to get the absolution, an' lo an' behold you! before the priest could get through the words that would open the gates of glory to poor Paddy, the life wint out of the man's body.

It seems 'twas a busy mornin' in heaven, an' as soon as Father McGrath began to say the first words of the absolution, down they claps Paddy Power's name on the due-book. However, we'll come to that part of the story by-an'-by.

Anyhow, up goes Paddy, an' before he knew where he was he found himself standin' outside the

gates of Paradise. Of coorse, he partly guessed there 'ud be throuble, but he thought he'd put a bowld face on, so he gives a hard double-knock at the door, an' a holy saint shoves back the slide an' looks out at him through an iron gratin'.

"God save all here!" says Paddy.

"God save you kindly!" says the saint.

"Maybe I'm too airly?" says Paddy, dhreadin' all the time that 'tis the cowld showlder he'd get.

"'Tis naither airly nor late here," says the saint, "pervidin' you're on the way-bill. What's yer name?" says he.

"Paddy Power," says the little man from Portlaw.

"There's so many of that name due here," says the saint, "that I must ax you for further particulars."

"You're quite welcome, your reverence," says Paddy.

"What's your occupation?" says the saint.

"Well," says Paddy, "I can turn my hand to anything in raison."

"A kind of Jack-of all-thrades?" says the saint.

"Not exactly that," says Paddy, thinkin' the saint was thryin' to make fun of him. "In fact," says he, "I'm a general dayler."

"An' what do you generally dale in?" axes the saint.

"All's fish that comes to my net," says Paddy, thinkin', of coorse, 'twould put Saint Pether in good humour to be reminded of ould times.

"An' is it a fisherman you are, thin?" axes the

saint.

"Well, no," says Paddy, "though I've done a little hucksthering' in fish in my time; but I was partial to scrap-iron, as a rule."

"To tell you the thruth," says the saint, "I'm not over fond of general daylin', but of coorse my private feelin's don't intherfere wud my duties here. I'm on the gates agen my will for the matther of that; but that's naither here nor there so far as yourself is consarned, Paddy," says he.

"It must be a hard dhrain on the constitution at times," says Paddy, "to be on the door from mornin' till night."

"'Tis," says the saint, "of a busy day—but I must go an' have a look at the books. Paddy Power is your name?" says he.

"Yis," says Paddy; "an', though 'tis meself that says it, I'm not ashamed of it."

"An' where are you from?" axes the saint.

"From the parish of Portlaw," says Paddy.

"I never heard tell of it," says the saint, bitin' his thumb.

"Sure it couldn't be expected you would, sir," says Paddy, "for it lies at the back of God-speed."

"Well, stand there, Paddy *avic*," says the holy saint, "an' I'll have a good look at the books."

"God bless you!" says Paddy. "Wan 'ud think 'twas born in Munsther you wor, Saint Pether, you have such an iligant accent in spaykin'."

Faix, Paddy was beginnin' to dhread that his name wouldn't be found on the books at all on account of

his not havin' complate absolution, so he thought 'twas the best of his play to say a soft word to the keeper of the kays.

The saint tuk a hasty glance at the enthry-book, but whin Paddy called him Saint Pether he lifted his head an' he put his face to the wicket again, an' there was a cunnin' twinkle in his eye.

"An' so you thinks 'tis Saint Pether I am?" says he.

"Of coorse, your reverence," says Paddy; "an' 'tis a rock of sense I'm towld you are."

Well, wud that the saint began to laugh very hearty, an' says he—

"Now, it's a quare thing that every wan of ye that comes from below thinks Saint Pether is on the gates constant. Do you raley think, Paddy," says he, "that Saint Pether has nothing else to do, nor no way to pass the time except by standin' here in the cowld from year's end to year's end, openin' the gates of Paradise?"

"Begor," says Paddy, "that never sthruck me before, sure enough. Of coorse he must have some sort of divarsion to pass the time. An' might I ax your reverence," says he, "what your own name is? an' I hopes you'll pardon my ignorance."

"Don't mintion that," says the saint; "but I'd rather not tell you my name, just yet at any rate, for a raison of my own."

"Plaize yourself an' you'll plaize me, sir," says Paddy.

"'Tis a civil-spoken little man you are," says the saint.

Findin' the saint was such a nice agreeable man

an' such an iligant discoorser, Paddy thought he'd venture on a few remarks just to dodge the time until some other poor sowl 'ud turn up an' give him the chance to slip into Paradise unbeknownst—for he knew that wance he got in by hook or by crook they could never have the heart to turn him out of it again. So says he—

"Might I ax what Saint Pether is doin' just now?"

"He's at a hurlin' match," says the deputy.

"Oh, murdher!" says Paddy, "couldn't I get a peep at the match while you're examinin' the books?"

"I'm afeard not," says the saint, shakin' his head. "Besides," says he, "I think the fun is nearly over by this time."

"Is there often a hurlin' match here?" axes Paddy.

"Wance a year," says the saint. "You see," says he, pointin' over his showldher wud his thumb, "they have all nationalities in here, and they plays the game of aich nation on aich pathron saint's day, if you undherstand me."

"I do," says Paddy. "An' sure enough 'twas Saint Pathrick's Day in the mornin' whin I started from Portlaw, an' the last thing I did—of coorse before tellin' my sins—was to dhrink my Pathrick's pot."

"More power to you!" says the saint.

"I suppose Saint Pathrick is the umpire to-day?" says Paddy.

"No," says the saint. "Aich of us, you see, takes our turn at the gates on our own festival days."

"Holy Moses!" shouts Paddy. "Thin 'tis to Saint Pathrick himself I've been talkin' all this while back. Oh, murdher alive, did I ever think I'd live to see this

day!"

Begor, the poor *angashore* of a man was fairly knocked off his head to discover he was discoorsin' so fameeliarly wud the great Saint Pathrick, an' the great saint himself was proud to see what a dale the little man from Portlaw thought of him; but he didn't let on to Paddy how plaized he was. "Ah!" says he, "sure we're all on an aiquality here. You'll be a great saint yourself, maybe, wan of these days."

"The heavens forbid," says Paddy, "that I'd dhrame of ever being on an aiquality wud your reverence! Begor, 'tis a joyful man I'd be to be allowed to spake a few words to you wance in a blue moon. Aiquality, *inagh*!"[52] says he. "Sure what aiquality could there be between the great apostle of Ould Ireland and Paddy Power, general dayler, from Portlaw?"

"I wish there was more of 'em your way of thinkin', Paddy," says Saint Pathrick, sighin' deeply.

"An' do you mane to tell me," says Paddy, "that any craychur inside there 'ud dar' to put himself an an aiqual footin' wud yourself?"

"I do, thin," says Saint Pathrick; "an' worse than that," says he, "there's some of 'em thinks 'tis very small potatoes I am, in their own mind. I gives you me word, Paddy, that it takes me all my time occasionally to keep my timper wud Saint George an' Saint Andhrew."

"Bad luck to 'em both!" said Paddy, intherruptin' him.

"Whisht!" says Saint Pathrick. "I partly admires your sintiments, but I must tell you there's no rale ill-will allowed inside here. You'll feel complately

changed wance you gets at the right side of the gate."

"The divil a change could make me keep quiet," says Paddy, "if I heard the biggest saint in Paradise say a hard word agen you, or even dar' to put himself on a par wud you!"

"Oh, Paddy!" says Saint Pathrick, "you mustn't allow your timper to get the betther of you. 'Tis hard, I know, *avic*, to sthruggle at times agen your feelin's, but the laiste said the soonest mended."

"An' will I meet Saint George and Saint Andhrew whin I get inside?"

"You will," says Saint Pathrick; "but you mustn't disgrace our counthry by makin' a row wud aither of 'em."

"I'll do my best," says Paddy, "as 'tis yourself that axes me. An' is there any more of 'em that thrates you wud contimpt?"

"Well, not many," says Saint Pathrick. "An' indeed," says he, "'tis only an odd day we meets at all; an' I can tell you I'm not a bad hand at takin' my own part—but there's wan fellow," says he, "that breaks my *giddawn* intirely."

"An' who is he? the bla'guard!" says Paddy.

"He's an uncanonised craychur named Brakespeare," says Saint Pathrick.

"A wondher you'd be seen talkin' to the likes of him!" says Paddy; "an' who is he at all?"

"Did you never hear tell of him?" says Saint Pathrick.

"Never," says Paddy.

"Well," says Saint Pathrick, "he made the worst bull——"

"Thin," says Paddy, interruptin' him in hot haste, "he's wan of ourselves—more shame for him! Oh, wait till I gets a grip of him by the scruff of the neck!"

"Whisht! I tell you!" says Saint Pathrick. "Perhaps 'tis committin' a vaynial sin you are now, an' if that wor to come to Saint Pether's ears, maybe he'd clap twinty years of Limbo on to you—for he's a hard man sometimes, especially if he hears of any one losin' his timper, or getting impatient at the gates. An' moreover," says Saint Pathrick, "himself an' this Brakespeare are as thick as thieves, for they both sat in the same chair below. I had a hot argument wud Nick yesterday."

"Ould Nick, is it?" says Paddy.

"No," says Saint Pathrick, laughin'. "Nick Brakespeare, I mane—the same indeveedual I was tellin' you about."

"I beg your reverence's pardon," says Paddy, "an' I hopes you'll excuse my ignorance. But you wor goin' to give me an account of this hot argument you had wud the bla'guard whin I put in my spoke."

Begor, Saint Pathrick dhrew in his horns thin, an' fearin' Paddy might think they wor in the habit of squabblin' in heaven, he says, "Of coorse, I meant only a frindly discussion."

"An' what was the frindly discussion about?" axes Paddy.

"About this bull of his," says Saint Pathrick.

"The mischief choke himself an' his cattle!" says

Paddy.

"Begor," says Saint Pathrick, "'twas choked the poor man was, sure enough."

"More power to the man that choked him!" says Paddy. "I hopes ye canonised him."

"'Twasn't a man at all," says Saint Pathrick.

"A faymale, perhaps?" says Paddy.

"Fie, fie, Paddy," says Saint Pathrick. "Come, guess again."

"Ah, I'm a poor hand at guessin'," says Paddy.

"Well, 'twas a blue-bottle," says St. Pathrick.

"An' was it thryin' to swallow the bottle an' all he was?" says Paddy. "He must have been 'a hard case.'"

Begor, Saint Pathrick burst out laughin', an' says he, "You'll make your mark here, Paddy, I have no doubt."

"I'll make my mark on them that slights your reverence, believe me," says Paddy.

"Hush!" says Saint Pathrick, puttin' his finger on his lips an' lookin' very solemn an' business-like. "Here comes Saint Pether," he whispers, rattlin' the kays to show he was mindin' his duties. "He looks in good-humour too; so it's in luck you are."

"I hope so, at any rate," says Paddy; "for the clouds is very damp, an' I'm throubled greatly wud the rheumatics."

"Well, Pathrick," says Saint Pether, comin' up to the gates—Paddy Power could just get a sighth of the pair inside through the bars of the wicket—"how

goes the enemy? Have you had a hard day of it, my son?"

"A very hard mornin'," says Saint Pathrick. "They wor flockin' here as thick as flies at cock-crow—I mane," says he, gettin' very red in the face, for he was in dhread he was afther puttin' his fut in it wud Saint Pether, "I mane just at daybreak."

"It's sthrange," says Saint Pether, in a dhramey kind of a way, "but I've noticed meself that there's often a great rush of people in the airly mornin'; often I don't know whether it's on my head or my heels I do be standin' wud the noise they kicks up outside, elbowin' wan another, an' bawlin' at me as if it was hard of hearin' I was."

"How did the match go?" says Saint Pathrick, aiger to divart Saint Pether's mind from his throubles.

"Grand!" says Saint Pether, brightenin' up. "Hurlin' is a great game. It takes all the stiffness out of my ould joints. But who's that outside?" catchin' sighth of Paddy Power.

"A poor fellow from Ireland," says Saint Pathrick.

"I dunno how we're to find room for all these Irishmen," says Saint Pether, scratchin' his head. "'Twas only last week I gev ordhers to have a new wing added to the Irish mansion, an' begor I'm towld to-day that 'tis chock full already. But of coorse we must find room for the poor sowls. Did this chap come *viâ* Purgathory?" say he.

"No," says Saint Pathrick. "They sint him up direct."

"Who is he?" says Saint Pether.

"His name is Paddy Power," says St. Pathrick. "He seems a dacent sort of craychur."

"Where's he from?" axes Saint Pether.

"The Parish of Portlaw," says Saint Pathrick.

"Portlaw!" says Saint Pether. "Well, that's sthrange," says he, rubbin' his chin. "You know I never forgets a name, but to my sartin knowledge I never heard of Portlaw before. Has he a clane record?"

"There's a thrifle wrong about it," says Saint Pathrick. "He's down on the way-bill, but there are some charges agen him not quite rubbed out."

"In that case," says Saint Pether, "we'd best be on the safe side, an' sind him to Limbo for a spell."

Begor, when Paddy Power heard this he nearly lost his seven sinses wud the fright, so he puts his face close up to the wicket, an' he cries out in a pitiful voice—

"O blessed Saint Pether, don't be too hard on me. Sure even below, where the law is sthrict enough agen a poor sthrugglin' boy, they always allows him the benefit of the doubt, an' I gives you my word, yer reverence, 'twas only by an accident the slate wasn't rubbed clane. I know for sartin that Father McGrath said some of the words of the absolution before the life wint out of my body. Don't dhrive a helpless ould man to purgathory, I beseeches you. Saint Pathrick will go bail for my good behaviour, I'll be bound; an' 'tis many the prayer I said to your own self below!"

Faix, Saint Pether was touched wud the implorin' way Paddy spoke, an' turnin' to Saint Pathrick he says, "'Tis a quare case, sure enough. I don't know that I ever remimber the like before, an' my memory

is of the best. I think we'd do right to have a consultation over the affair before we decides wan way or the other."

"Ah, give the poor *angashore* a chance," says Saint Pathrick. "'Tis hard to scald him for an accident. Besides," says he, brightenin' up as a thought sthruck him, "you say you never had a man before from the parish of Portlaw, an' I remimber you towld me wance that you'd like to have a represintative here from every parish in the world."

"Thrue enough," says Saint Pether; "an' maybe I'd never have another chance from Portlaw."

"Maybe not," says Saint Pathrick, humourin' him.

So Saint Pether takes a piece of injy-rubber from his waistcoat-pocket, an' goin' over to the enthry-book he rubs out the charges agen Paddy Power.

"I'll take it on meself," says he, "to docthor the books for this wance, only don't let the cat out of the bag on me, Pathrick, my son."

"Never fear," says Saint Pathrick. "Depind your life on me."

"Well, it's done, anyhow," says Saint Pether, puttin' the injy-rubber back into his pocket; "an' if you hands me over the kays, Pat," says he, "I'll relaise you for the day, so that you can show your frind over the grounds."

"'Tis a grand man you are!" says Saint Pathrick. "My blessin' on you, *avic*!"

"Come in, Paddy Power," says Saint Pether, openin' the gate; "an' remimber always that you wouldn't be here for maybe nine hundred an' ninety-nine year or more only that you're the only offer we

ever had from the Parish of Portlaw."

Edmund Downey (1856).



"'COME IN, PADDY POWER,' SAYS SAINT PETHER, OPENIN' THE GATE."

THE DANCE AT MARLEY.

Murtagh Murphy's barn was full to the door
when eve grew dull,
For Phelim Moore his beautiful new pipes
had brought to charm them;
In the kitchen thronged the girls—cheeks of
roses, teeth of pearls—
Admiring bows and braids and curls, till
Phelim's notes alarm them.
Quick each maid her hat and shawl hung on
dresser, bed, or wall,
Smoothed down her hair and smiled on all
as she the *bawnoge* entered,
Where a *shass* of straw was laid on a ladder
raised that made
A seat for them as still they stayed while
dancers by them cantered.

Murtagh and his *vanithee*[53] had their chairs
brought in to see
The heels and toes go fast and free, and
fun and love and laughter;
In their sconces all alight shone the tallow
candles bright—
The flames kept jigging all the night,
upleaping to each rafter!
The pipes, with noisy drumming sound, the
lovers' whispering sadly drowned,
So the couples took their ground—their
hearts already dancing!
Merrily, with toe and heel, airily in jig and
reel,
Fast in and out they whirl and wheel, all
capering and prancing.

"Off She Goes," "The Rocky Road," "The
Tipsy House," and "Miss McLeod,"
"The Devil's Dream," and "Jig Polthogue,"
"The Wind that Shakes the Barley,"
"The First o' May," "The Garran Bwee,"
"Tatther Jack Welsh," "The River
Lee,"—

As lapping breakers from the sea the
myriad tunes at Marley!
Reels of three and reels of four, hornpipes
and jigs *galore*,
With singles, doubles held the floor in
turn, without a bar low;
But when fun and courting lulled, and the
dancing somewhat dulled,
The door unhinged, the boys down pulled
for “Follow me up to Carlow.”

Ned and Nelly, hand in hand, footed in a
square so grand,
Then back the jingling door they spanned,
and swept swift as their glances;
Nell, indignant-like, retired, chased by Ned
until he tired,
Her constancy so great admired, that he
soon made advances.
But young Nell would not be won, and a
lover’s chase came on—
The maidens laughed to see the fun, till
she surrendered fairly:
Hands enclasped in rosy pride, tripping
neatly side, by side,
They turned and bowed most dignified to
all the folk of Marley!

Poorly pen of sage or scribe could such
scenes of joy describe,
Or due praises fair ascribe, where all were
nearly equal!
The love-making I’ve forgot in each cosy
saustagh[54] spot—
Yet now I think I’d better not go tell, but
wait the sequel.
Everything must have an end, and the
girshas[55] home did wend,
With guarding brother and a friend—this
last was absent rarely!
Late the Murphys by the hearth talked about
the evening’s mirth—
Ne’er a dance upon the earth could match
that one at Marley.

Patrick J. McCall (1861).



"FAST IN AND OUT THEY WHIRL AND WHEEL, ALL CAPERING AND PRANCING."

FIONN MACCUMHAIL AND THE PRINCESS.

Wance upon a time, when things was a great'le betther in Ireland than they are at present, when a rale king ruled over the counthry wid four others

undher him to look afther the craps an' other industhries, there lived a young chief called Fan MaCool. Now, this was long afore we gev up bowin' and scrapin' to the sun an' moon an' sich like *raumash* (nonsense); an', signs an it, there was a powerful lot ov witches an' Druids, an' enchanted min an' wimen goin' about, that med things quare enough betimes for iverywan.

Well, Fan, as I sed afore, was a young man when he kem to the command, an' a purty likely lookin' boy, too—there was nothin' too hot or too heavy for him; an' so ye needn't be a bit surprised if I tell ye he was the mischief entirely wid the *colleens*. Nothin' delighted him more than to disguise himself wid an ould *coatamore* (overcoat) threwn over his showlder, a lump ov a *kippeen* (stick) in his fist an' he mayanderin' about unknownst, *rings around* the counthry, lookin' for fun an' *foosther* (diversion) ov all kinds.

Well, one fine mornin', whin he was *on the shaughraun*, he was *waumasin*' (strolling) about through Leinster, an' near the royal palace ov Glendalough he seen a mighty throng ov grand lords an' ladies, an', my dear, they all dressed up to the nines, wid their jewels shinin' like dewdrops ov a May mornin', and laughin' like the tinkle ov a *deeshy* (small) mountain strame over the white rocks. So he cocked his beaver, an' stole over to see what was the matther.

Lo an' behould ye, what were they at but houldin' a race-meetin' or *faysh* (festival)—somethin' like what the quality calls *atalèticks* now! There they were, jumpin', and runnin', and coorsin', an' all soorts ov fun, enough to make the trouts—an' they're mighty fine leppers enough—die wid envy in the

river benaith them.

The fun wint on fast an' furious, an' Fan, consaled betune the *trumauns* an' *brushna* (elder bushes and furze), could hardly keep himself quiet, seein' the thricks they wor at. Peepin' out, he seen, jist forninst him on the other bank, the prencess herself, betune the high-up ladies ov the coort. She was a fine, bouncin' *geersha* (girl) with goold hair like the furze an' cheeks like an apple blossom, an' she brakin' her heart laughin' an' clappin' her hands an' turnin' her head this a-way an' that a-way, jokin' wid this wan an' that wan, an' commiseratin', *moryah*![56] the poor *gossoons* that failed in their leps. Fan liked the looks ov her well, an' whin the boys had run in undher a bame up to their knees an' jumped up over another wan as high as their chins, the great trial ov all kem on. Maybe you'd guess what that was? But I'm afeerd you won't if I gev you a hundhered guesses! It was to lep the strame, forty foot wide!

List'nin' to them whisperin' to wan another, Fan heerd them tellin' that whichever ov them could manage it wud be med a great man intirely ov; he wud get the Prencess Maynish in marriage, an' ov coorse, wud be med king ov Leinster when the ould king, Garry, her father, cocked his toes an' looked up through the butts ov the daisies at the skhy. Well, whin Fan h'ard this, he was put *to a nonplush* (considering) to know what to do! With his ould *duds* (clothes) on him, he was ashamed ov his life to go out into the open, to have the eyes ov the whole wurruld on him, an' his heart wint down to his big toe as he watched the boys makin' their offers at the lep. But no wan ov them was soople enough for the job, an' they kep on tumblin', wan afther the other, into the strame; so that the poor prencess began to

look sorryful whin her favourite, a big hayro wid a *coolyeen* (curls) a yard long—an' more be token he was a boy o' the Byrnes from Imayle—jist tipped the bank forninst her wid his right fut, an' then twistin', like a crow in the air scratchin' her head with her claw, he spraddled wide open in the wather, and splashed about like a hake in a mudbank! Well, me dear, Fan forgot himself, an' gev a screech like an aigle; an' wid that, the ould king started, the ladies all screamed, an' Fan was surrounded. In less than a minit an' a half they dragged me bould Fan be the collar ov his coat right straight around to the king himself.

"What ould *geochagh* (beggar) have we now?" sez the king, lookin' very hard at Fan.

"I'm Fan MaCool!" sez the thief ov the wurruld, as cool as a frog.

"Well, Fan MaCool or not," sez the king, mockin' him, "ye'll have to jump the strame yander for freckenin' the lives clane out ov me ladies," sez he, "an' for disturbin' our spoort ginerally," sez he.

"An' what'll I get for that same?" sez Fan, *lettin' on* (pretending) he was afeerd.

"Me daughter, Maynish," sez the king, wid a laugh; for he thought, ye see, Fan would be drownded.

"Me hand on the bargain," sez Fan; but the owld chap gev him a rap on the knuckles wid his *specktre* (sceptre) an' towld him to hurry up, or he'd get the *ollaves* (judges) to put him in the Black Dog pres'n or the Marshals—I forgets which—it's so long gone by!

Well, Fan peeled off his *coatamore*, an' threw away his *bottheen* ov a stick, an' the prencess seein' his big

body an' his long arums an' legs like an oaktree, couldn't help remarkin' to her comerade, the craythur—

"Bedad, *Cauth* (Kate)," sez she, "but this beggarman is a fine bit ov a *bouchal* (boy)," sez she; "it's in the arumy he ought to be," sez she, lookin' at him agen, an' admirin' him, like.

So, Fan, purtendin' to be fixin' his shoes be the bank, jist pulled two *lusmores* (fox-gloves) an' put them anunder his heels; for thim wor the fairies' own flowers that works all soort ov inchantment, an' he, ov coorse, knew all about it; for he got the wrinkle from an owld *lenaun* (fairy guardian) named Cleena, that nursed him when he was a little stand-a-loney.

Well, me dear, ye'd think it was on'y over a little *creepie* (three-legged) stool he was leppin' whin he landed like a thrish jist at the fut ov the prencess; an' his father's son he was, that put his two arums around her, an' gev her a kiss—haith, ye'd hear the smack ov it at the Castle o' Dublin. The ould king groaned like a corncrake, an' pulled out his hair in hatfuls, an' at last he ordhered the bowld beggarman off to be kilt; but, begorrah, when they tuk off his weskit an' seen the collar ov goold around Fan's neck the ould chap became delighted, for he knew thin he had the commandher ov Airyun for a son-in-law.

"Hello!" sez the king, "who have we now?" sez he, seein' the collar. "Begonnys," sez he, "you're no *boccagh* (beggar) anyways!"

"I'm Fan MaCool," sez the other, as impident as a cock sparra'; "have you anything to say agen me?" for his name wasn't up, at that time, like afther.

"Ay, lots to say agen you. How dar' you be comin'

round this a-way, dressed like a playacthor, takin' us in?" sez the king, lettin' on to be vexed; "an' now," sez he, "to annoy you, you'll have to go an' jump back agen afore you gets me daughter for *puttin' on* (deceiving) us in such a manner."

"Your will is my pleasure," sez Fan; "but I must have a word or two with the girl first," sez he, an' up he goes an' commences talkin' soft to her, an' the king got as mad as a hatther at the way the two were *croosheenin*' an' *colloguin*' (whispering and talking), an' not mindin' him no more than if he was the man in the moon, when who comes up but the Prence ov Imayle, afther dryin' himself, to put his pike in the hay, too.

"Well, *avochal* (my boy)," sez Fan, "are you dry yet?" an' the prencess laughed like a bell round a cat's neck.

"You think yourself a smart lad, I suppose," sez the other; "but there's one thing you can't do wid all your prate!"

"What's that?" sez Fan. "Maybe not," sez he.

"You couldn't whistle an' chaw oatenmale," sez the Prence ov Imayle, in a pucker. "Are you any good at throwin' a stone?" sez he, then.

"The best!" sez Fan, an' all the coort gother round like to a cock-fight. "Where'll we throw to?" sez he.

"In to'ards Dublin," sez the Prence ov Imayle; an' be all accounts he was a great hand at *cruistin* (throwing). "Here goes pink!" sez he, an' he ups with a stone, as big as a castle, an' sends it flyin' in the air like a cannon ball, and it never stopped till it landed on top ov the Three Rock Mountain.

"I'm your masther!" sez Fan, pickin' up another

clochaun (stone) an' sendin' it a few perch beyant the first.

"That you're not," sez the Prence ov Imayle, an' he done his best, an' managed to send another finger stone beyant Fan's throw; an' shure, the three stones are to be seen, be all the world, to this very day.

"Well, me lad," says Fan, stoopin' for another as big as a hill, "I'm sorry I have to bate you; but I can't help it," sez he, lookin' over at the Prencess Maynish, an' she as mute as a mouse watchin' the two big men, an' the ould king showin' fair play, as delighted as a child. "Watch this," sez he, whirlin' his arm like a windmill, "and now put on your spectacles," sez he; and away he sends the stone, buzzin' through the air like a peggin'-top, over the other three *clochauns*, and then across Dublin Bay, an' scrapin' the nose off ov Howth, it landed with a swish in the say beyant it. That's the rock they calls Ireland's Eye now!

"Be the so an' so!" sez the king, "I don't know where that went to, at all, at all! What *direct* did you send it?" sez he to Fan. "I had it in view, till it went over the say," sez he.

"I'm bet!" sez the Prence ov Imayle. "I couldn't pass that, for I can't see where you put it, even—good-bye to yous," sez he, turnin' on his heel an' makin' off; "an' may yous two be as happy as I can wish you!" An' back he went to the butt ov Lugnaquilla, an' took to fret, an' I undherstand shortly afther he died ov a broken heart; an' they put a turtle-dove on his tombstone to signify that he died for love; but *I* think he overstrained himself, throwin', though that's nayther here nor there with me story!

"Are you goin' to lep back agen?" sez ould King

Garry, wantin' to see more sport; for he tuk as much delight in seein' the like as if he was a lad ov twenty.

"To be shure I will!" sez Fan, ready enough, "but I'll have to take the girl over with me this time!" sez he.

"Oh, no, Fan!" sez Maynish, afeerd ov her life he might stumble, an' that he'd fall in with her; an' then she'd have to fall out with him—"take me father with you," sez she; an', egonnys, the ould king thought more about himself than any ov them, an' sed he'd take the will for the deed, like the lawyers. So the weddin' went on; an' maybe that wasn't the grand *blow out*. But I can't stay to tell yous all the fun they had for a fortnit; on'y, me dear, they all went into *kinks* (fits) ov laughin', when the ould king, who tuk more than was good for him, stood up to drink Fan's health, an' forgot himself.

"Here's to'ards your good health, Fan MaCool!" sez he, as grand as you like—"an' a long life to you, an' a happy wife to you—an' a great many ov them!" sez he, like he'd forgot somethin'.

Well, me dear, every one was splittin' their sides like the p'yates, unless the prencess, an' *she* got as red in the face as if she was churnin' in the winther an' the frost keepin' the crame from crackin'; but she got over it like the maisles.

But I suppose you can guess the remainder, an' as the evenin's gettin' forrad I'll stop; so put down the kittle an' make tay, an' if Fan and the Prencess Maynish didn't live happy together—that we may!

Patrick J. McCall.

TATTHER JACK WELSH.

Did you e'er meet a boy on the road to the fair,
With his merry blue eyes and his curly brown hair,
With his hands in his pockets, and whistling a jig,
To humour the way for himself and his pig?

Oh, that was the boy who has won my fond heart,
Whose eyes have sent through me a dangerous dart;
And cut out my sweetheart of old, Darby Kelsh—
Oh, my blessing attend you, my Tatther Jack Welsh!

Well, he lives up the lane, by the side of Lug Dhu,
And the dickens a ha'porth in life does he do,
But breaking the hearts of the girls all around —
Not a single one, whole and entire, can be found.

For he is the boy that can lilt up a tune—
Troth, you'd think 'twas the fairies were singing "Da Luan."
Oh! your feet would go jigging in spite of yourself
If you heard the fife played by that musical elf.

One fine evening young Darby came up to our house,
And indeed the poor boy was as mute as a mouse,
Till my Jacky came in, and says he, "Darby Kelsh,
Shure you can't court at all—look at Tatther Jack Welsh!"

So up the rogue rushes, and gave me a *pogue*,[57]
And Darby ran out, like he'd got a *polthogue*,[58]—
"Arrah, what can be ailing," says he, "Darby Kelsh?"
"Haith, you know well enough," says I, "Tatther Jack Welsh!"

Patrick J. McCall.

THEIR LAST RACE.

I.—The Faction Fight.

In the heart of the Connemara Highlands, Carrala Valley hides in a triangle of mountains. Carrala Village lies in the comer of it towards Loch Ina, and Aughavanna in the corner nearest Kylemore. Aughavanna is a wreck now: if you were to look for it you would see only a cluster of walls grown over by ferns and nettles; but in those remote times, before the Great Famine, when no English was spoken in the Valley, there was no place more renowned for wild fun and fighting; and when its men were to be at a fair, every able-bodied man in the countryside took his *kippeen*—his cudgel—from its place in the chimney, and went out to do battle with a glad heart.

Long Mat Murnane was the king of Aughavanna. There was no grander sight than Mat smashing his way through a forest of *kippeens*, with his enemies staggering back to the right and left of him; there was no sweeter sound than his voice, clear as a bell, full of triumph and gladness, shouting, "Hurroo! whoop! Aughavanna for ever!" Where his *kippeen*

flickered in the air his followers charged after, and the enemy rushed to meet him, for it was an honour to take a broken head from him.

But Carrala Fair was the black day for him. That day Carrala swarmed with men—fishers from the near coast, dwellers in lonely huts by the black lakes, or in tiny ragged villages under the shadow of the mountains, or in cabins on the hill-sides—every little town for miles, by river or seashore or mountain-built, was emptied. The fame of the Aughavanna men was their ruin, for they were known to fight so well that every one was dying to fight them. The Joyces sided against them; Black Michael Joyce had a farm in the third corner of the Valley, just where the road through the bog from Aughavanna (the road with the cross by it) meets the high-road to Leenane, so his kin mustered in force. Now Black Michael, "Meehul Dhu," was Long Mat's rival; though smaller he was near as deadly in fight, and in dancing no man could touch him, for it was said he could jump a yard into the air and kick himself behind with his heels in doing it.

The business of the Fair had been hurried so as to leave the more time for pleasure, and by five of the afternoon every man was mad for the battle. Why you could scarcely have moved in Callanan's Field out beyond the churchyard at the end of the Village, it was so packed with men—more than five hundred were there, and you could not have heard yourself speak, for they were jumping and dancing, tossing their *caubeens*, and shouting themselves hoarse and deaf—"Hurroo for Carrala!" "Whoop for Aughavanna!" Around them a mob of women, old men and children, looked on breathlessly. It was dull weather, and the mists had crept half-way down the

dark mountain walls, as if to have a nearer look at the fight.

As the chapel clock struck five, Long Mat Murnane gave the signal. Down the Village he came, rejoicing in his strength, out between the two last houses, past the churchyard and into Callanan's Field; he looked every inch a king; his *kippeen* was ready, his frieze coat was off, with his left hand he trailed it behind him holding it by the sleeve, while with a great voice he shouted—in Irish—"Where's the Carrala man that dare touch my coat?" "Where's the cowardly scoundrel that dare look crooked at it?"

In a moment Black Michael Joyce was trailing his own coat behind him, and rushed forward, with a mighty cry, "Where's the face of a trembling Aughavanna man?" In a moment their *kippeens* clashed; in another, hundreds of *kippeens* crashed together, and the grandest fight ever fought in Connemara raged over Callanan's Field. After the first roar of defiance the men had to keep their breath for the hitting, so the shout of triumph and the groan as one fell were the only sounds that broke the music of the *kippeens* clashing and clicking on one another, or striking home with a thud.

Never was Long Mat nobler: he rushed ravaging through the enemy, shattering their ranks and their heads, no man could withstand him; Red Callanan of Carrala went down before him; he knocked the five senses out of Dan O'Shaughran of Earrennamore, that herded many pigs by the sedgy banks of the Owen Erriff; he hollowed the left eye out of Larry Mulcahy, that lived on the Devil's Mother Mountain —never again did Larry set the two eyes of him on his high mountain-cradle; he killed Black Michael Joyce by a beautiful swooping blow on the side of

the head—who would have dreamt that Black Michael had so thin a skull?

For near an hour Mat triumphed, then suddenly he went down under foot. At first he was missed only by those nearest him, and they took it for granted that he was up again and fighting. But when the Aughavanna men found themselves out-numbered and driven back to the Village, a great fear came on them, for they knew that all Ireland could not out-number them if Mat was to the fore. Then disaster and rout took them, and they were forced backwards up the street, struggling desperately, till hardly a man of them could stand.

And when the victors were shouting themselves dumb, and drinking themselves blind, the beaten men looked for their leader. Long Mat was prone, his forehead was smashed, his face had been trampled into the mud—he had done with fighting. His death was untimely, yet he fell as he would have chosen—in a friendly battle. For when a man falls under the hand of an enemy (as of any one who differs from him in creed or politics), revenge and black blood live after him; but he who takes his death from the kindly hand of a friend leaves behind him no ill-will, but only gentle regret for the mishap.

II.—Their Last Race.

When the dead had been duly waked for two days and nights, the burying day came. All the morning Long Mat Murnane's coffin lay on four chairs by his cabin, with a kneeling ring of dishevelled women *keening* round it. Every soul in Aughavanna and their kith and kin had gathered to do him honour. And when the Angelus bell rang across the Valley from the chapel, the mourners fell into ranks, the coffin

was lifted on the rough hearse, and the motley funeral—a line of carts with a mob of peasants behind, a few riding, but most of them on foot—moved slowly towards Carrala. The women were crying bitterly, *keening* like an Atlantic gale; the men looked as sober as if they had never heard of a wake, and spoke sadly of the dead man, and of what a pity it was that he could not see his funeral.

The Joyces too had waited, as was the custom, for the Angelus bell, and now Black Michael's funeral was moving slowly towards Carrala along the other side of the bog. Before long either party could hear the *keening* of the other, for you know the roads grow nearer as they converge on Carrala. Before long either party began to fear that the other would be there first.

There is no knowing how it happened, but the funerals began to go quicker, keeping abreast; then still quicker, till the women had to break into a trot to keep up; then still quicker, till the donkeys were galloping, and till every one raced at full speed, and the rival parties broke into a wild shout of "Aughavanna *abu*!" "Meehul Dhu for ever!"

For the dead men were racing—feet foremost—to the grave; they were rivals even in death. Never did the world see such a race, never was there such whooping and shouting. Where the roads meet in Callanan's Field the hearses were abreast; neck to neck they dashed across the trampled fighting-place, while the coffins jogged and jolted as if the two dead men were struggling to get out and lead the rush; neck to neck they reached the churchyard, and the hearses jammed in the gate. Behind them the carts crashed into one another, and the mourners shouted as if they were mad.

But the quick wit of the Aughavanna men triumphed, for they seized their long coffin and dragged it in, and Long Mat Murnane won his last race. The shout they gave then deafened the echo up in the mountains, so that it has never been the same since. The victors wrung one another's hands; they hugged one another.

"Himself would be proud," they cried, "if he hadn't been dead!"

Frank Mathew (1865).

IN BLARNEY.

He—Be the fire, *alanna*, sittin',
Purty 'tis you look and sweet,
Wid yer dainty fingers knittin'
Shtockin's for yer daintier feet.

She—It's yer tongue that has the blarney,
Yis, and impudence *galore*!
Is it me to thrusht ye, Barney,
When yer afther half-a-score?

He—Shure, I ne'er, in all I thravelled,
Found at all the likes o' you.
She—Now my worsted all is ravelled
And whatever will I do?

He—Might I make so bould to ask it,
Shure I know the girl o' girls;
And I'd make me heart the casket,
And her love the pearl o' pearls.

She—Ah, thin, Barney dear, I'm thinkin'
That it's you're the honied rogue.
He—Faix, I'd be the bee a-dhrinkin'
From yer rosy lips a *pogue*.[59]

She—Is it steal a colleen's kisses,
When it's all alone she's left?
He—Wor they all as sweet as this is,
Troth, I'd go to jail for theft.

She—Barney! Barney, shtop yer foolin'!
Or I'll soon begin to scould.
Sure, I'd like to know what school in
Did ye learn to be so bould?

He—Och! it's undher Masther Cupid
That I learned me A, B, C.
She—That the scholar wasn't stupid,
Faith, is very plain to see.

He—Ah, then Eily, but the blush is
Most becomin' to ye, dear!
Like the red rose on the bush is——
She—Sir I you needn't come so near!

He—Over lane and road and *boreen*,
Troth, I've come a weary way,
Jusht to whisper ye, *asthoreen*,
Somethin' that I've longed to say.

I've a cosy cottage, which is
Jusht the proper size for two——
She—There, I've tangled all me stitches,
And it's all because av you!

He—And, to make a sthray suggestchun,
Maybe you me wish might guess?
She—Sure, an' if ye pressed the question,
Somehow—I—might answer—YES!

Patrick J. Coleman (1867).



“GATHERIN’ UP THE GOLDEN GRAIN.”

BINDIN' THE OATS.

Bindin' the oats in sweet September,
  Don't you remember
    That evening, dear?
Ah! but you bound my heart complately,
  Fair and nately,
Snug in the snood of your silken hair!

Swung the sickles, you followed after
  With musical laughter
    And witchin' eye.
I tried to reap, but each swathe I took, love,
  Spoiled the stook, love,
For your smile had bothered my head awry!

Such an elegant, graceful binder,
  Where could I find her
    All Ireland through?
Worn't the stout, young, strappin' fellows
  Fairly jealous,
Dyin', *asthore machree*, for you?

Talk o' Persephone pluckin' the posies,
  Or the red roses,
    In Henna's plain!
You wor sweeter, with cheeks so red, love,
  And beautiful head, love,
Gatherin' up the golden grain.

Bindin' the oats in sweet September,
  Don't you remember
    The stolen *pogue*?[60]
How could I help but there deliver
  My heart for ever
To such a beautiful little rogue?

Bindin' the oats, 'twas there you found me,
  There you bound me
    That harvest day!
Ah! that I in your blessed bond, love,
  Fair and fond, love,
Happy, for ever and ever, stay!

Patrick J. Coleman.

SELECTED IRISH PROVERBS, ETC.

A man ties a knot with his tongue that his teeth will not loosen.

Honey is sweet, but don't lick it off a briar.

The doorstep of a great house is slippery.

The leisure of the smith's helper (*i.e.*, from the bellows to the anvil).

You have the foal's share of the harrow.

Laziness is a heavy burden.

You'd be a good messenger to send for death—(said of a slow person).

Better be bald than have no head at all—but the devil a much more than that.

Better the end of a feast than the beginning of a fight.

Let him cool in the skin he warmed in.

A man is shy in another man's corner.

The pig in the sty doesn't know the pig going along the road.

'Tis on her own account the cat purrs.

Cows far from home have long horns.

A black hen lays a white egg (*i.e.*, do not judge by appearances).

'Tis a good story that fills the belly.

A drink is shorter than a story.

The man that's up is toasted, The man that's down is trampled on.

He knows more than his "Our Father."

A mouth of ivy and a heart of holly.

A soft word never broke a tooth yet.

He comes like the bad weather (*i.e.*, uninvited).

Who lies down with dogs will get up with fleas.

The eye of a friend is a good looking-glass.

'Tis the fool has luck.

What the Pookha writes, he himself can read.

A blind man can see his mouth.

To die and to lose one's life are much the same.

Don't leave a tailor's remnant behind you.

'Tis a wedge of itself that splits the oak.

The three sharpest things at all—a thorn in mire, a hound's tooth, and a fool's retort.

When it goes hard with the old hag, she must run.

The jewel most rare is the jewel most fair.

He that loses the game, let him talk away.

A heavy purse makes a light heart.

He is like a bag-pipe—he never makes a noise till his belly's full.

Out of the kitchen comes the tune.

Falling is easier than rising.

A woman has an excuse readier than an apron.

The secret of an old woman scolding (*i.e.*, no

secret at all).

A bad wife takes advice from every man but her own husband.

The daughter of an active old woman makes a bad housekeeper.

Never take a wife who has no faults.

She burnt her coal and did not warm herself (*i.e.*, when a woman makes a bad marriage).

A ring on the finger and not a stitch of clothes on the back.

A hen with chickens never yet burst her craw.

A big belly was never generous.

One bit of a rabbit is worth two of a cat.

There is hope from the sea, but no hope from the cemetery.

When the hand ceases to scatter, the mouth ceases to praise.

Big head and little sense.

The tail is part of the cat (*i.e.*, a man resembles his family).

A cat's milk gives no cream (said of a stingy person).

Butter to butter's no relish (said when two men dance together, or two women kiss each other).

One cockroach knows another.

A heavy load are your empty guts.

The young thorn is the sharpest.

Sweet is wine, bitter its payment.

Whoever drinks, it is Donall that pays.

An alms from his own share, to the fool.

Better a wren in hand that a crane promised.

The man on the fence is the best hurler (against critics and idle lookers-on).

A closed hand gets but a shut fist.

It is not all big men that reap the harvest.

Easy, oh woman of three cows! (against pretentious people).

Fair words won't feed the friars.

Never poor till one goes to hell.

Not worried till married.

Brother to Donall is Theigue (= *Arcades ambo*).

Three without rule—a wife, a pig, and a mule.

When your hand is in the dog's mouth, draw it out gently.

Better a drop of whisky than a blow of a stick.

After their feeding, the whelps begin to fight.

The four drinks—the drink for thirst, the drink without thirst, the drink for fear of thirst, and the drink at the door.

A woman is more obstinate than a mule—a mule than the devil.

All the world would not make a racehorse of a jackass.

When the goat goes to church he never stops till he goes up to the altar.

A strip of another man's leather is very soft.

'Tis a bad hen that won't scratch for herself.

Better riding a goat than the best marching.

Death is the poor man's doctor.

If 'tis a sin to be yellow, thousands will be damned.

There's no good crying when the funeral is gone.

Buttermilk is no milk, and a pudding's no meat.

Though near to a man his coat, his shirt is nearer (*i.e.*, blood is thicker than water).

Better a fistful of a man than a basketful of a woman.

What cannot be had is just what suits.

An unlearned king is a crowned ass.

'Tis the end of the little pot, the bottom to fall out of it.

A woman's desire—the dear thing.

Twelve things not to be found—four priests not covetous, four Frenchmen not yellow, and four cobblers not liars.

Nora having a servant and herself begging (shabby gentility).

A man without dinner—two for supper.

The man without a resource is hanged.

Poor women think butter-milk good.

Harsh is the poor man's voice—he speaks all out of place.

A wet mouth does not feel a dry mouth (*i.e.*, plenty does not understand want).

'Tis a fine horse that never stumbles.

Take care of my neck and go on one side (*i.e.*, do not lean altogether on one).

A man loses something to teach himself.

A hen carried far is heavy.

The day of the storm is not the day for thatching.

Winter comes on the lazy.

A crow thinks its own young white.

Putting on the mill the straw of the kiln (*i.e.*, robbing Peter to pay Paul).

Truth is bitter, but a lie is savoury at times.

'Tis a bad hound that is not worth whistling for.

Better to-day than to-morrow morning.

Patience is the cure of an old complaint.

Have your own will, like the women have.

It is not the same thing to go to town (or to court) and to come from it.

An old cat does not burn himself.

A foolish woman knows the faults of a foolish man.

The man that's out his portion cools (*i.e.*, out of sight, out of mind).

That's great softening on the butter-milk.

The law of lending is to break the ware.

No heat like that of shame.

A candle does not give light till lit.

Don't praise your son-in-law till the year's out.

It is not a sheep's head that we wouldn't have another turn at it (there being only one meal in a sheep's head).

The glory the head cannot bear, 'twere better not there.

He that does not tie a knot will lose his first stitch.

The fox never found a better messenger than himself.

Better a little fire that warms than a large fire that burns.

Better a short sitting than a long standing.

Better be idle than working for nothing.

Do not show your teeth when you cannot give a bite.

Better come empty than with bad news.

Trust him as far as you can throw a cow by the tail.

Praise the end of it.

To know one since his boots cost fourpence (*i.e.*, from an early age).

Never was door shut but another was opened.

The heaviest ear of corn bends lowliest.

He who is bad at giving lodging is good at showing the road.

The husband of the sloven is known amongst a crowd.

Where there's women there's talk, and where there's geese there's cackling.

More beard than brains, as the fox said of the

goat.

A bad reaper never got a good reaping hook.

A trade not learned is an enemy.

An empty house is better than a bad tenant.

He knows as much about it as a dog knows of his father.

He'd say anything but his prayers.

A vessel will only hold the full of it.

Blow before you drink.

Better fame (*i.e.*, reputation and character) than fortune.

A blind man is no judge of colours.

Fierceness is often hidden under beauty.

When the cat is out, the mice dance.

There is often anger in a laugh.

A fool's gold is light.

No one claims kindred with the homeless.

An empty vessel makes most sound.

The lamb teaching her dam to bleat.

Both hard and soft, like the cow's tail.

He that gets a name for early rising may sleep all day.

Talk is cheap.

When the hand grows weak, love gets feeble.

If you have a cow you can always find somebody to milk her.

Long-lived is a man in his own country.

Forgetting one's debts does not pay them.

Nearer is God's aid than the door.

Bad is the walk that is not better than rest.

Diseases without shame are love and thirst.

It is hard to dry a rush that has been dipped in tallow (*i.e.*, it is hard to break off a habit).

Might is not lasting.

Wrath speaketh not true.

A bribe bursts the rock.

What goes to length goes to coldness.

Better the good that is than the double good that was.

Often a mouse went under a cornstack.

A good retreat is better than a bad stand.

Not better is food than sense at time of drinking.

The idiot knows the fault of the fool.

Thy complexion is black, says the raven.

Better be sparing at first than at last.

Whoever escapes, the peacemaker won't.

I would take an eye out of myself to take two out of another.

A hedge on the field after the trespass.

Melodious is the closed mouth.

A spit without meat is a long thing.

Alas for a house that men frequent not.

It's many the skin that sloughs off youth.

Time is a good story-teller.

The quills often took the flesh with them.

One debt won't pay another.

There never came a gatherer but a scatterer came after him.

There's none for bad shoes like the shoemaker's wife.

No man ever gave advice but himself were the better for some of it.

A man of learning understands the half-word.

O'Brien's gift and his two eyes after it (*i.e.*, regretting it).



BIOGRAPHICAL INDEX OF WRITERS.

BARRETT, EATON STANNARD.—Satirist and poet, and one of the wittiest of writers. Born in Cork in 1786, he graduated at Trinity College, Dublin, and became a barrister in London. Some of his satires had great vogue, especially "All the Talents," which was directed against a ministry still known by that description. He was the author of various burlesque novels, plays, and poems, but could write well on serious topics. Barrett died in Glamorganshire, Wales, on March 20th, 1820, through the bursting of a blood-vessel.

BOUCICAULT, DION.—The real name of this popular dramatist and actor was Dionysius Lardner Bourcicault. He was born in Dublin on December 26th, 1822, and wrote the comedy of "London Assurance," when only nineteen years old. His Irish dramas are well known, and are still considered the best of their kind. He was an admirable comedian, as well as dramatic writer. He spent many years in the United States, and died there in September 1890.

BOURKE, JAMES JOSEPH.—Born in Dublin on September 17th, 1837. His poems are very widely known and appreciated among Irish people. Over the signature of "Tiria" he wrote largely for the Irish newspapers of the last thirty years. He died on April 28th, 1894.

BOYLE, WILLIAM.—There are few Irish authors

whose writings are more racy than his. He was born in 1853 at Dromiskin, co. Louth, and was educated at St. Mary's College, Dundalk. He entered the Inland Revenue department in 1874, and is now stationed in Glasgow.

CANNING, GEORGE.—Born in London on April 11th, 1770. His father and mother were Irish, and he insisted that he was an Irishman born out of Ireland. After a brilliant Parliamentary career he became Prime Minister in 1827, but only held the position about three months, his death occurring on August 8th of that year. His witty essays were written in early life for *The Microcosm* and *Anti-Jacobin*.

CANNINGS, THOMAS.—A private soldier, who published at Cork in 1800, or thereabouts, a volume of *Detached Pieces in Verse*. He belonged to the 61st Regiment.

CARLETON, WILLIAM.—Author of the *Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry*, and recognised as one of the greatest delineators of Irish character. Born at Prillisk, co. Tyrone, in 1794, he was the son of a peasant. His best-known work, already mentioned, appeared in 1830, and after that date scarcely a year passed without a new work of his appearing. He wrote largely for the *Dublin University Magazine*, etc., and was granted a Civil List pension of £200 by Lord John Russell. He died near Dublin on January 30th, 1869.

COLEMAN, PATRICK JAMES.—A native of Ballaghadeerin, co. Mayo, where he was born on September 2nd, 1867. He matriculated in London University, and in 1888 went to America. He now occupies a position in the journalistic world of Philadelphia, and is regarded as one of the rising Irish-American

poets.

CURRAN, JOHN PHILPOT.—This noted orator and wit was born at Newmarket, co. Cork, on July 24th, 1750. His patriotism has endeared him to his countrymen, and his eloquence and humour have made his name widely familiar. He became Master of the Rolls in Ireland in 1806, and died in London on October 14th, 1817.

DAWSON, ARTHUR.—A Baron of the Exchequer in Ireland, was born about 1700, and graduated B.A. at Dublin University. He was appointed Baron of the Irish Court of Exchequer in 1742, and died in 1775.

DE QUINCEY, J.—A solicitor's clerk in Limerick, who wrote a little humorous verse in the Irish papers some years ago.

DOWNEY, EDMUND.—Author of the well-known stories signed "F. M. Allen," such as "Through Green Glasses," etc. These richly humorous Irish stories are perhaps better known, but can hardly be considered superior to his excellent sea-stories. "Anchor-Watch Yarns" and kindred tales by Mr. Downey place him in the front rank of writers of sea-stories. He was born in Waterford in 1856, and is the son of a shipowner and broker. He came to London in 1878, and was for a time in the office of Tinsley the publisher. He afterwards became a partner in the firm of Ward & Downey, from which he has now retired.

DUFFERIN, LADY.—Born in 1807, the daughter of Thomas, son of Richard Brinsley Sheridan. She and her two sisters were noted for personal beauty; one of them, the Hon. Mrs. Norton, was also well known as a poetess. She married first the Hon. Pryce Blackwood (afterwards Lord Dufferin), and afterwards

the Earl of Gifford. The present Marquis of Dufferin is her son. She died on June 13th, 1867. Her poems are often exquisite in their pathos, humour, or grace.

ETTINGSALL, THOMAS.—A fishing-tackle manufacturer of Wood Quay, Dublin, and was born about the close of last century. He wrote only a few sketches and stories for *The Irish Penny Journal* (1840) and *Dublin Penny Journal* (1832). It was in the last-named magazine, on December 15th, 1832, that the story here given appeared. He was concerned with H. B. Code in the authorship of *The Angling Excursions of Gregory Greendrake*, which was published in Dublin in 1824. He was "Geoffrey Greydrake" of that work, which was reprinted from *The Warder*. He died in poor circumstances about 1850.

FAHY, FRANCIS ARTHUR.—One of the raciest and most humorous of Irish poets. Born in Kinvara, co. Galway, on September 29th, 1854, and came to London as a Civil Service clerk in 1873. He wrote many poems for the Irish papers, signed "Dreoilin" (the wren), and in 1887 published a collection of *Irish Songs and Poems* in Dublin. He is represented by a few pieces in the recently-issued *Songs of the Four Nations*, and some of his later songs have been admirably set to music by Mrs. Needham.

FARQUHAR, GEORGE.—This noted dramatist was born in Derry in 1678, and was the son of a clergyman. He studied at Dublin University and did not graduate. He went on the stage in 1695, but though successful as an actor, he left the stage and wrote plays, of which his most important are "The Beaux Stratagem," "The Inconstant," and "The Recruiting Officer." He died in April 1707.

FERGUSON, SIR SAMUEL.—Is regarded as one of the greatest of Irish poets. Was born on March 10th, 1810; graduated at Dublin University, and was called to the Bar. He was one of the leading contributors to *Blackwood's Magazine*, his "Father Tom and the Pope" (often attributed in error to others) appearing in its columns, and also his fine poem, "The Forging of the Anchor." He published several volumes of very admirable poetry, and some graphic stories of ancient Ireland. He died on August 9th, 1886.

FRENCH, WILLIAM PERCY.—Born at Clooniquin, co. Roscommon, on May 1st, 1854, and graduated at Dublin University. He is one of the cleverest of living Irish humorists, and is the author of many verses, stories, etc., most of which appeared in a small Dublin comic, *The Jarvey*, edited by himself. Some of his songs have become very popular, and he is also the author of the *libretti* of one or two operas.

GOLDSMITH, OLIVER.—The leading facts of Goldsmith's career are almost too well known to need even bare mention. He was born at Pallas, near Ballymahon, co. Longford, on November 10th, 1728. He entered Dublin University, and graduated B.A. there in 1749. After wandering about the Continent he settled down in London to a literary life, his first experiences being those of a badly-paid hack. He died on April 4th, 1774, and was buried in the Temple.

GRAVES, ALFRED PERCEVAL.—The author of "Father O'Flynn" is decidedly the most popular, after Lover, of the humorous Irish song-writers. He has not only produced many good songs in the lighter vein, but has also written excellent ones of a pathetic character.

He is the son of the present Bishop of Limerick, and was born in Dublin in 1846. He is a graduate of Dublin, and holds the position of Inspector of Schools. He resided for some years in Taunton, but now lives in London. It would have been easy to extract a dozen inimitable pieces from his several volumes. He has done much to make Irish music and the Irish character better known.

GRIFFIN, GERALD.—Born in Limerick on December 12th, 1803, came to London in youth to carve out his fortune. He wrote some admirable Irish stories and some beautiful poems, as well as a tolerable play, but just as he was succeeding in literature he withdrew from the world, joining the order of the Christian Brothers. He died in Cork on June 12th, 1840. His best-known book is *The Collegians, or, the Colleen Bawn*.

HALPINE, CHARLES GRAHAM.—Author of one or two volumes of verse, some of which is occasionally very humorous. He was born at Oldcastle, co. Meath, in 1829, and was the son of a Protestant clergyman. He went to the United States in the fifties and fought through the Civil War, gaining the rank of colonel. He died through taking an overdose of chloral to induce sleep, on August 3rd, 1868.

HYDE, DOUGLAS, LL.D.—Is the son of Rev. Arthur Hyde of Frenchpark, co. Roscommon, and was born at Kilmactranny, co. Sligo, somewhere about 1860. Graduated at Dublin University, and had a brilliant career there. Is one of the foremost of living Irish writers, and a master of the Gaelic tongue. He is well known as a scholar and an enthusiast in folk-lore studies, and has published fine collections of Irish folk-tales and popular songs of the West of Ireland. He is also a

clever writer of verse, both in Irish and in English.

KENEALY, EDWARD VAUGHAN HYDE, LL.D.—Born in Cork on July 2nd, 1819, and graduated LL.D. at Dublin University in 1850. Was called to the English Bar in 1847, and had a somewhat stormy career as a member, being finally disbarred on account of his conduct in the famous Tichbourne case. He wrote a good deal for *Fraser's Magazine* in its early years, as also for *Bentley's Miscellany*, and published various collections of poetry. He was a vigorous journalist, and a man of undoubtedly great ability, and entered Parliament in 1875. He died on April 16th, 1880.

KICKHAM, CHARLES JOSEPH.—A poet of the people, and a novelist of some power. To get a genuine impression of the home-life of the Munster people, his stories, *Sally Cavanagh* and *Knocknagow, or the Homes of Tipperary*, should be read. He was born at Mullinahone, co. Tipperary, in 1828, and became a Fenian. He was connected with *The Irish People*, the Fenian organ, and in 1865 was arrested and sentenced to fourteen years' penal servitude. He lost his sight during his imprisonment, and was much shattered in health. He died on August 22nd, 1882.

LEFANU, JOSEPH SHERIDAN.—Born in Dublin on August 28th, 1814, and graduated B.A. at Dublin University in 1837. He was called to the Bar, but devoted himself to literature and journalism. He owned two or three Dublin papers, and was editor of *The Dublin University Magazine*, also his property, where most of his novels and poems appeared. He is one of the most enthralling of novelists, his *Uncle Silas*, *In a Glass Darkly*, etc., being very

powerful. His poems, such as "Shamus O'Brien," are also very well known. He died on February 7th, 1873.

LEVER, CHARLES JAMES.—This most widely read of Irish novelists was born in Dublin on August 31st, 1806, and graduated M.B. at Dublin University in 1831. He took his M.D. degree at Louvain, and became a dispensary doctor in Ireland, but also practised abroad for a time with success. He was editor of *The Dublin University Magazine* from 1842 to 1845, and wrote much for it, for *Blackwood's Magazine* and other leading periodicals. There is no necessity to name any of his novels. He acted as English Consul in Italy, and died at Trieste on June 1st, 1872. His life has been admirably told by Mr. W. J. Fitzpatrick (1879; 2nd ed. 1882).

LOVER, SAMUEL.—Poet, painter, musician, dramatist, and novelist—and successful in all departments. His work in each was excellent, and he might have been considered great if he had confined himself to any one of them. He was born in Dublin on February 24th, 1797, and was first notable as a miniature painter. His weak eyesight, however, compelled him to give up the art. He wrote several clever plays, one or two tremendously popular novels, and some hundreds of songs, most of which he set to music himself. He died in Jersey on July 6th, 1868.

LUTTRELL, HENRY.—At one time Luttrell was one of the most popular men in London society, and known far and wide for his powers of repartee. He was born in 1766 or 1767, in Dublin, and was for a time a member of the Irish Parliament. After the Union he came to England, and was a frequent guest at the brilliant social functions of Holland House.

He died in Brompton Square on December 19th, 1851. His "Advice to Julia" and "Crockford House" are clever verse of the light satirical order.

LYSAGHT, EDWARD.—One of the most famous of Irish wits, born at Brickhill, co. Clare, on December 21st, 1763, and educated at Cashel, co. Tipperary, and at Oxford, where he graduated M. A. in 1788. He became a barrister, but was too much of a *bon vivant* to succeed greatly in his profession. His reputation as a wit is not sustained by his collected poems. He has been accredited with the authorship of "Kitty of Coleraine," "The Sprig of Shillelagh," "Donnybrook Fair," and "The Lakes of Mallow," not one of which was written by him (*vide* "The Poets of Ireland, a biographical dictionary," by D. J. O'Donoghue). He died in Dublin in 1810.

MAGINN, WILLIAM, LL.D.—One of the greatest scholars and humorists Cork has produced. He was born in that city on July 10th, 1793, and graduated LL.D. at Dublin University in 1819. He was, from its commencement, the most brilliant contributor to *Blackwood's Magazine*, and also edited *Fraser* on its appearance in 1830. His fatal propensity to liquor prevented his doing himself justice, though he wrote many inimitable pieces, which have mostly been collected. He was one of the most lovable of men. He died on August 21st, 1842.

MAHER, WILLIAM.—A Waterford clothier, who is considered the most likely author of "The Night before Larry was Stretched." One thing is certain, Dean Burrowes of Cork did *not* write it, as has often been claimed. Walsh's *Ireland Sixty Years Ago* (1847) gives it to Maher, who flourished about 1780.

MAHONY, REV. FRANCIS SYLVESTER.—Better remembered as "Father Prout," the name he took as his pseudonym in writing. He was of Kerry family, but was born in Cork in 1804—not 1805, as is frequently said. He was educated for the priesthood at Amiens and Paris, and joined the Jesuit order. After some years, however, he practically gave up his functions, and led a Bohemian life. He was one of the most admired contributors to *Fraser*, where his "Reliques" appeared. In later life he acted as Paris correspondent of *The Globe* (which he partly owned) and as Roman correspondent of *The Daily News*. Before his death, which occurred in Paris on May 18th, 1866, he repented of his disregard for his sacred calling. He was buried in his native city. It is extremely difficult to make extracts from his prose, on account of the superabundant classical allusions and references which it contains. He was not a very agreeable man, personally.

MANGAN, JAMES CLARENCE.—One of the first of Irish poets, and held to be the greatest of them by many of his countrymen. He was born in Dublin on May 1st, 1803, and was the son of a grocer. He wrote innumerable poems to the Irish periodicals of his time, notably *The Nation* and *Dublin University Magazine*. He knew various languages, but his pretended translations from Turkish, Coptic, Hebrew, Arabic, and Persian are so many elaborate jokes. He was most unfortunate in life, mainly through his addiction to drink. His was a wonderful personality, which has attracted many writers, and his great poetical gifts are gradually becoming evident to English critics. He was greatly encouraged by his admirers, but to little purpose. His poems

have been collected into several small volumes, but there is no complete edition, though it is badly wanted. He died in a Dublin hospital on June 20th, 1849. See John McCall's *Life of J. C. Mangan* for further particulars of his interesting career.

MATHEW, FRANK.—Is a solicitor and a nephew of the eminent English judge, Sir James Mathew. Was born in 1865, and his first literary work was his biography of his illustrious relative, Father Mathew, "The Apostle of Temperance." His admirable Irish stories, which appeared in *The Idler*, have been collected in a volume called *At the Rising of the Moon*. They are very graphically told.

MCCALL, PATRICK JOSEPH.—A genuinely Irish poet, whose original poems and translations from the Irish are very characteristic. He is the son of a Dublin grocer (the author of a memoir of Mangan), and was born in Dublin on March 6th, 1861. Was educated at the Catholic University School in his native city, and for some years has been a frequent and welcome contributor to the Dublin Nationalist press. A good selection of his poems has just been published under the title of *Irish Noinins*. His stories have mostly appeared in *The Shamrock* of Dublin.

MCKOWEN, JAMES.—Born at Lambeg, near Lisburn, co. Antrim, on February 11th, 1814. He received only an elementary education, and was first employed at a thread manufactory, afterwards working as a linen-bleacher for many years. He wrote principally for North of Ireland papers, and was exceedingly popular with Ulster people, but one or two of his songs have found a much wider audience. He died on April 22nd, 1889.

MOORE, THOMAS.—Son of a Dublin grocer, and

born in that city on May 28th, 1779. He graduated at Dublin University, and studied law in London. He began to woo the muse, as the saying goes, at a very early age, but his first great success was occasioned by his *Irish Melodies*, which began to appear in parts in 1806. He died on February 26th, 1852.

O'CONOR, CHARLES PATRICK.—Born in co. Cork in or about 1837, and came to England in his youth. He has written some good verse, and was granted a Civil List pension of £50 a year. To Irish papers he contributed very largely, and published several small collections of verse. His complete works were published by himself, and are to be obtained from him at Hither Green, Lewisham.

O'DONNELL, JOHN FRANCIS.—An Irish writer who is best known to his countrymen as a poet. He was born in Limerick in 1837, and began to write for the press at the age of fourteen. In 1861 he came to London, and wrote largely for various journals, including those of Charles Dickens. He died on May 7th, 1874. A selection from his poems was published in 1891, through the exertions of the Southwark Irish Literary Club.

O'FLAHERTY, CHARLES.—Born in 1794, in Dublin, where his father was a pawnbroker in Ross Lane, and was apprenticed to a bookseller, eventually turning to journalism. He was on the staff of the Dublin *Morning Post*, and afterwards edited the *Wexford Evening Post*. He died in May 1828. He published three volumes of verse, and some of his songs enjoyed great popularity, especially "The Humours of Donnybrook Fair," which is taken from his *Trifles in Poetry*, 1813.

O'KEEFFE, JOHN.—This popular dramatist was born in Dublin on June 24th, 1747, and was

at first intended as an artist, as he was very deft with the pencil. But he preferred the stage, and was a successful actor for a time. Removing to London, he began to earn repute as a dramatist, writing numerous plays, chiefly operas and farces, which had great vogue. His "Wild Oats," a comedy, still keeps the stage, and other pieces of his are still remembered. He lost his sight many years before his death, which occurred at Southampton on February 24th, 1833.

O'LEARY, JOSEPH.—Author of *The Tribute*, a collection of prose and verse, published anonymously at Cork in 1833. He was born in Cork about 1790, and was a contributor to the scurrilous *Freeholder* and other papers of his native city and of Dublin. He came to London in 1834, and acted as parliamentary reporter for the *Morning Herald*. Between 1840 and 1850 he disappeared, and is said to have committed suicide in the Regent's Canal. "Whisky, Drink Divine" first appeared in The *Freeholder* about 1820.

O'LEARY, PATRICK.—One of the foremost writers in Irish at the present day. He is a resident of West Cork, and is probably a native of that locality. The original of the sketch quoted appeared in *The Gaelic Journal*, and was translated by himself for the present collection.

O'RYAN, JEREMIAH.—Born near Bansha, co. Tipperary, about the close of last century, and died in March 1855. He is generally known as "Darby Ryan of Bansha." Some of his songs were collected and published in Dublin in 1861.

PORTER, REV. THOMAS HAMBLIN, D.D.—Born about 1800, and died some years ago, but

little is known about him. He graduated D.D. at Dublin University in 1836, and wrote a few pieces, which were published in Dublin magazines. “The Nightcap” appeared about 1820.

ROCHE, SIR BOYLE.—Born probably in the south of Ireland about 1740. Was a soldier, and distinguished himself in the American War. He entered the Irish Parliament, and was created a baronet in 1782 by the Government for his unwavering support. He was pensioned for his service in voting for the Union, and died in Dublin on June 5th, 1807. He was noted for his very carefully prepared blunders in speech.

SHALVEY, THOMAS.—A market-gardener in Dublin, who wrote some amusing poems for James Kearney, a vocalist who used to sing at several music-halls and inferior concert-rooms in Dublin a good many years ago. Kearney was very popular, and some of his best songs were written for him by Shalvey.

SHAW, GEORGE BERNARD.—Born in Dublin in 1856, is now recognised as one of the most brilliant of musical critics in London. He was for a time a land agent in the West of Ireland, but was always a musical enthusiast, and belongs to a musical family well known in Dublin. He has a profound knowledge of music, but a somewhat flippant way of showing it. He has written several clever novels, and literary, art, and musical criticisms for leading London papers. He was the caustic “Corno di Bassetto” of *The Star*, and is now the musical critic of *The World*. He is also a brilliant speaker, and has quite recently come to the front as a dramatist.

SHERIDAN, RICHARD BRINSLEY.—Born in October 1751, in Dorset Street, Dublin, and son of a

noted actor and manager. As dramatist, orator, and spendthrift, Sheridan's name figures very prominently in the memoirs of his time. His wit was squandered in every direction as well as his cash, and he has been reproached for making every one of the characters in his plays as witty as himself. He was an important personality in the politics of his day, and sat in the English Parliament for many years. He died in debt and poverty on July 7th, 1816, and was accorded a grand burial in Westminster Abbey.

STEELE, SIR RICHARD.—Born in Dublin in 1671 or 1672, and educated at the Charterhouse School, London, and at Oxford. In 1709 he commenced the publication of *The Tatler*, and followed it up by *The Spectator*, etc. He also wrote several comedies, and other works. He entered Parliament in 1713, and held one or two Government offices. He died in Wales on September 1st, 1729.

STERNE, REV. LAURENCE.—Born at Clonmel, co. Tipperary, on November 24th, 1713, and graduated M.A. at Cambridge in 1740. His father was an officer in the army. He was ordained about 1740, and after some years of inactivity at home and travel abroad, wrote his great work, *Tristram Shandy*, which appeared at intervals between 1759 and 1767. *His Sentimental Journey* appeared in 1768. He died on March 18th, 1768.

SULLIVAN, TIMOTHY DANIEL.—This well-known politician is one of the most widely read of the Irish verse-writers, and has written a few songs which have deeply impressed themselves on Irish memories. But he excels in the writing of political skits, which at one time formed one of the chief features of the *Nation* newspaper, then edited by him.

Several volumes of his poetical work have been published. He was born at Bantry, co. Cork, in 1827.

SWIFT, REV. JONATHAN, D.D.—This greatest of satirists in the English tongue was born in Hoey's Court, Dublin, on November 30th, 1667, and graduated B. A. at Dublin University in 1686, and afterwards at Oxford. He was ordained in 1694, and published The *Tale of a Tub* in 1705. *Gulliver's Travels* followed in 1726–27, and innumerable other works came from his pen. He was one of Ireland's champions, and had an extraordinary popularity with the people. He died on October 19th, 1745.

WADE, JOSEPH AUGUSTINE.—An unfortunate Irish genius, born in Dublin in 1796, and the son of a dairyman in Thomas Street. As a poet and musician Wade has been highly praised. He composed some excellent songs. He made large sums of money by his writings and music, but was very erratic in his career. He died in poverty on September 29th, 1845.

WALLER, JOHN FRANCIS, LL.D.—Born in Limerick in 1809, and connected with the Wallers of co. Tipperary. He graduated LL.D. at Dublin University in 1852, and held an important Government position in Dublin for many years. He was editor of The *Dublin University Magazine* for some time, and published several volumes of clever prose and verse. He is one of the best of Irish song-writers. Died on January 19th, 1894.

WILLIAMS, RICHARD DALTON.—Born in Dublin, of Tipperary family, on October 8th, 1822. Was one of the earliest and one of the leading contributors to *The Nation*, writing generally over the signature of "Shamrock." His writings are often very fierce and intense, but

his true power lay in the humorous vein, some of his parodies being almost unrivalled. He was implicated in the '48 rising and was arrested, but was soon released, and went to America, where he became a professor of English literature at Mobile, Alabama. He was a medical student when he wrote for *The Nation*. He died in Louisiana on July 5th, 1862.

WINSTANLEY, JOHN.—A Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin. He was born in 1678, and died in 1750. His poems first appeared in 1742, a second series being published after his death by his son.

NOTES

The Monks of the Screw, p. 102.—Curran belonged to a small convivial society in Dublin known by this name in the latter part of the last century. It included some of the most famous Irishmen of the time, and Curran was prior, and called his residence at Rathfarnham "The Priory" on that account.

To a Young Lady, etc., p. 132.—From *The Shamrock, or Hibernian Cresses*, 1772, a collection of poems edited and largely written by Samuel Whyte, the schoolmaster of Moore, Sheridan, etc.

Daniel O'Rourke, p. 175.—This was written for Crofton Croker by Dr. Maginn, together with other stories, and as they were included in the former's *Fairy Legends* without a signature, they have been always assigned to Croker.

Kitty of Coleraine, p. 188.—This very popular song is based on an old story, of which one version will be found in "La Cruche" by M. Autereau, a contemporary of La Fontaine, the fabulist, which is included in some editions of the latter's works.

Brian O'Linn, p. 198.—This version is made up from several in the possession of Mr. P. J. McCall, of Dublin.

Bellewstown Hill, p. 228.—An inferior song on the same subject was written by Richard Sheil, a Drogheda printer and poet.

The Peeler and the Goat, p. 231.—This famous

song, thought written at the time of, or very soon after, the establishment of the Irish police force, is still popular in Ireland. A version of it will be found in Gerald Griffin's *Rivals*, 1835.

Nell Flaherty's Drake, p. 239.—Many versions of this ballad are to be found in the Irish ballad-slips. They are all corrupt and generally very gross.

Father Tom's Wager with the Pope, p. 267.—This is extracted from the story of "Father Tom and the Pope," which, though attributed to Dr. Maginn, John Fisher Murray, and others, was really written by Sir Samuel Ferguson. It appeared anonymously, in May 1838, in *Blackwood's Magazine*, at the time of a famous controversy between a Father Maguire and the Rev. Mr. Pope.

Molly Muldoon, p. 273.—This poem was written about 1850, and its authorship has always been a mystery. An American journal once ascribed it to Fitzjames O'Brien, the Irish-American novelist.

Lanigan's Ball, p. 306.—A version made up from several, and as near absolute correctness as seems possible.

The Widow's Lament, p. 308.—This piece is of comparatively recent origin. It appeared in an Irish-American paper some years ago, and attempts to find its author have proved futile.

Whisky and Wather, p. 310.—Taken from a song-book published in Dublin, and there attributed in a vague way to "Zozimus" (Michael Moran), the once celebrated blind beggar of Dublin. He, however, could not have written it, any more than the other matters assumed to be his compositions because he recited them.

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FOOTNOTES:

[1] *I.e.*, Wexford, the natives of which are nicknamed “yellow bellies,” from a legend current amongst them. Queen Elizabeth first gave them the name (so they say) on witnessing a hurling match when the Wexford men, with yellow scarves round their waists, won. Said the queen, “These Yellow Bellies are the finest fellows I’ve ever seen.”

[2] Mourn.

[3] Forsooth.

[4] Law commentators of the time.

[5] A celebrated and noisy French singer.

[6] A noted French actress.

[7] Hanged.

[8] Generous, satisfying.

[9] Fool.

[10] My boy.

[11] O’Connell’s.

[12] Lament.

[13] Catholic.

[14] Anything eaten with potatoes.

[15] A pig.

[16] Be it so.

[17] Hat.

[18] A draw, a whiff.

[19] Short pipe.

[20] Darling of my heart.

[21] Friend.

[22] A forked stick.

[23] Cudgel.

[24] Come hither.

[25] Evidently *sprissaun*, a diminutive, expressing contempt.

[26] Blockhead.

[27] Puppy.

[28] Lout.

[29] Child.

[30] Devil.

[31] *Knapawns*, a huge potato.

[32] *Knasster*, a big potato.

[33] A seat made of straw or hay ropes.

[34] *Casoge*, a coat.

[35] Reclaimed mountain-land.

[36] A species of diver.

[37] The small toe.

[38] *Gom* or *Gommach*—a fool.

[39] Bard.

[40] Harped.

[41] Cudgels.

[42] *Beimedh a gole*—Let us be drinking.

[43] The “American wake” is the send-off given to people the night before their departure for America.

[44] A hundred thousand welcomes—pron. *cade meelya falltha*.

[45] *Canavaun*—blossom of the bog.

[46] *Floohool*—generous.

[47] Kindliest.

[48] Woman of the house.

[49] *Doreen*—small drop.

[50] *Colleen dhas*—pretty girl.

[51] Overcoat.

[52] Indeed.

[53] Woman of the house.

[54] Suitable.

[55] Girls.

[56] Forsooth.

[57] A kiss.

[58] A blow.

[59] Kiss.

[60] Kiss.

Transcriber's Notes:
1. Obvious printers', punctuation and spelling errors have been corrected silently.
2. Some hyphenated and non-hyphenated versions of the same words have been retained as in the original.
3. Where appropriate, the original spelling has been retained.

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