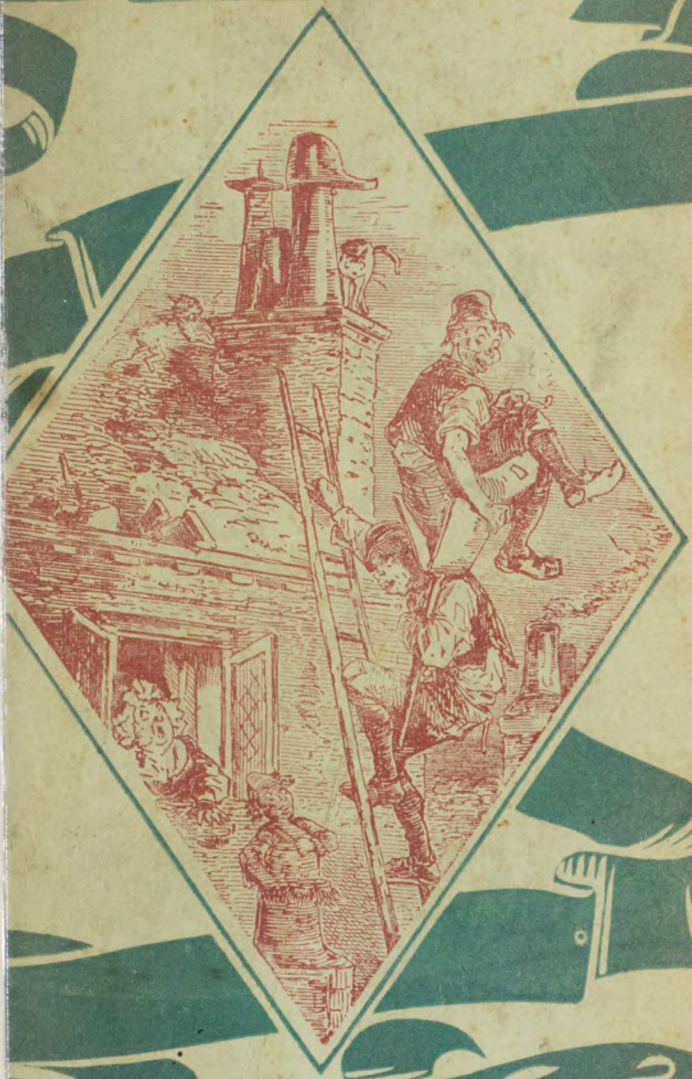
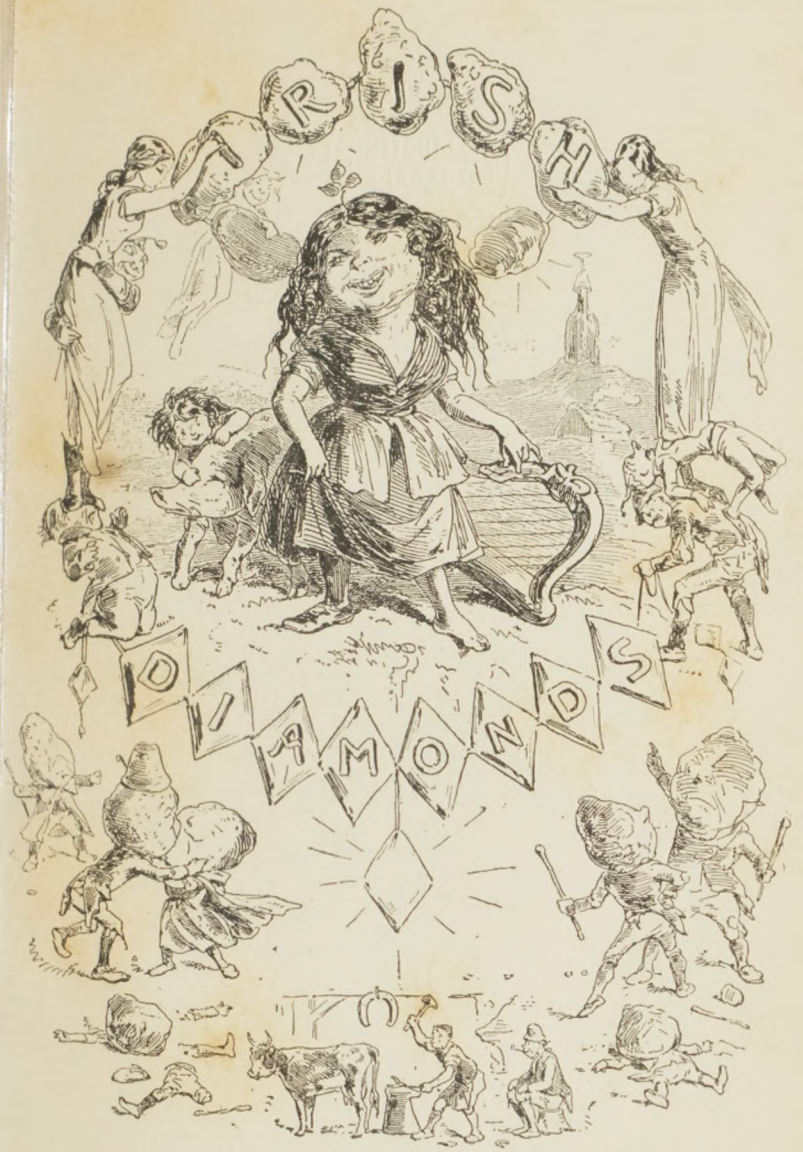
Irish diamonds

IRISH



DIAMONDS

IRISH DIAMONDS



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CONTENTS

ILLUSTRATIONS

IRISH DIAMONDS.

CHAPTER I.

ON THE ROAD.

"Sure, Ireland 's the gim of the ocean."

"And her people?"

"Are the diamonds of creation."

With this modest estimate of the Irish folk, emanating from one who was a "Diamond" himself, what good would there be in quarrelling? By all means, then, let it be conceded that the Irish are "Diamonds," and let us look at them, and at some of the surroundings in which the good jeweller, Nature, has set them.

"Every one 's left her," said an Irishman, speaking in sad tones of his country. "It 's deserted she is intirely, and the only means now that even an Irishman has to know the state of his native land and his people, is to come back to her again and see those he 's left behind."

The remark, redolent as it is with the national facility for making "bulls," is sadly true.

"Every one 's left her." A sad thing to be said of a nation's children. They have not left her of their own free will. The love of his native country is as strong in an Irishman's heart as such love can be in the heart of any

man. He has only been wrested from her with infinite pain and tribulation to himself.

"Agh ! Dublin, sweet Jasus be wid you !" exclaimed a poor Irishman, as he stood on the deck of a vessel which was carrying him out of the Bay of Dublin. The pathos of this poor fellow will not probably affect delicate sensibility, because he says *wid* instead of *with*, and *Jasus* instead of Jesus. Adam Smith is certainly right in his theory, that the sufferings of those in exalted stations have generally most power to command our sympathies. The very same sentiment, expressed so awkwardly by the poor Irishman, appears to every reader of taste exquisitely pathetic from the lips of Mary Queen of Scots :—

"After bidding adieu to her mourning attendants, with a sad heart, and eyes bathed in tears, Mary left that kingdom, the short but only scene of her life in which fortune smiled upon her. While the French coast remained in sight she intently gazed upon it, and, musing in a thoughtful posture, on that height of fortune whence she had fallen, and presaging, perhaps, the disasters and calamities which embittered the remainder of her days, she sighed often, and cried out, 'Farewell, France ! farewell, beloved country, which I shall never more behold !'"

The very moment the stranger puts his foot on Irish ground, he is presented with a specimen of Irish character and Irish humour. He is besieged by a little army of ragged, bareheaded, and barefooted boys, who insist on carrying his carpet-bag or greatcoat, or whatever other portable article he may be carrying himself. Grown up, able-bodied persons make a dead set at his trunks or other heavy luggage. The best amusement is to be had with the boys. In the true bullish spirit of their country, they put up their hands to their foreheads, as if in the act of touching their caps, though they have none, and importunately

entreat permission to carry whatever you are carrying yourself. They stick to you like leeches, if they discover that you are a stranger, which they are very quick in doing. They will take no denial. They are not to be got rid of—not, at least, without a great deal of trouble. They are *often* most ingenious and witty in parrying your attempts to disentangle yourself from them.

"Go along, you little rogue," said a passenger to one of those unfortunate urchins; "go along, I don't want you at all."

"Ah, you don't mane that, your honour," was the reply.

"Now do be after allowing un to carry your bag for you, and I'll do it for nothing, if you've got no coppers; it's all the same, your honour."

The traveller could not resist this. He rewarded the wit of the youngster with a few halfpence.

Another little fellow, seemingly about nine or ten years of age, insisted, on a gentleman coming out of the train at the Dublin station, that he would conduct him to his hotel.

"I'll do it for a halfpenny, sir," said the boy.

"If you had a halfpenny," said the gentleman, "perhaps you would go and get drunk with it."

"Och, no, sir, and I'm sure I would not," was the reply.

"You're quite sure?"

"Quite sartain, your honour, for I'm a teetotaller."

This the little fellow said with as much gravity of countenance and manner as if he had been a man of fifty.

"Then, what," remarked the gentleman, "would you do with a halfpenny if you had one?"

"Och, I would give it, your honour, to my mother to buy a pennyworth of bread with it."

These little fellows, though a perfect nuisance, from their clamorous entreaties to earn a halfpenny or penny—for

they would not ask or expect more, even were they to show one over the whole of Dublin—these little fellows are, nevertheless, not only remarkably civil, but highly honourable in their conduct. A gentleman had given one of them a penny, merely because of the happy answer he gave to a remark which he made. On seeing the gentleman shortly afterwards at a loss to know where to find the place for procuring railway tickets, the little fellow at once abandoned his calling of importuning other persons to be allowed to carry something for them, and directed the bewildered gentleman to the place he wanted. This was a pleasing proof of gratitude ; there was a kindliness and unselfishness in it which is rarely to be found in persons of the same condition in England.

An Englishman had landed at Kingstown, and Delany was the lucky fellow selected from the eager many to carry the stranger's portmanteau up to the neighbouring hotel.

"And now what am I to give you for this job?" inquired the stranger as they reached the door.

"Ah, sure, sor, it isn't for the likes of me to say to a gintleman like your honour what you'll be pleased to give me."

"But I am a stranger," said the gentleman, "and am not acquainted with the custom of the place. Just say what you think is reasonable."

"Oh no, sor ; what your generosity plases. Only I will say, that whatever your honour gives I'll be after dividing it betune myself and Norah, and the five childer I've got at home."

Delany's answers are full of a happy recognition of the best way to the stranger's heart.

A younger "Diamond" than Delany, but one belonging to the same class, was employed one day by a dissenting minister to carry his portmanteau a short distance.

The gentleman fumbled in his pocket for a few pence wherewith to reward young Pat for his services. Finding he had nothing less than a shilling, he took it out, and holding it in his hand, observed—

"I find I have got nothing less than a shilling, and I cannot afford so far to act the gentleman as to give you that."

"Faith, sir," remarked the lad, with his eye eagerly fixed on the coin,—"faith, sir, an' it's myself hopes that you'll act the gentleman on this occasion, whatever your honour may be pleased to do afterwards."

The people with whom the stranger comes earliest in contact are the beggar folk, and they are, perhaps, the first thing that gives him an idea of the poverty of Ireland. They meet him wherever he goes; they cross his path in all directions. They are generally most deplorably clad; indeed, clothing, properly speaking, they have none. One is puzzled to know how they continue to keep together the mass of rags which is attached to their persons. You are afraid it will drop off their backs while they beg your charity. One cannot resist the suspicion that many of the Irish mendicants are actually in love with their rags, and that to put them into a new suit of clothes would be to render them altogether miserable. Of this one may be quite certain, that they would never rest satisfied until they had made a number of holes in their coats, for a coat would seem to them incomplete without a few holes in it. One is struck with the fact, that many of the large perforations seen in their apparel might easily be mended, and that if they were patched up, the appearance of the owners would be greatly improved. The use of the needle, however, is comparatively unknown to the Irish mendicant. Nature has not made him a tailor, and he has no notion of attempting to fly in her face. He

seems to find a peculiar pleasure in his tattered garments. One will always see more holes in an Irish beggar's coat than buttons on it. Yet, amidst all his rags, there is the absence of that actual misery in the Irish mendicant which you see in the English beggar. One is surprised at the jolly-looking and often ruddy countenance which you see associated with so much apparent wretchedness. No one can be half an hour in Ireland without being impressed with the conviction that the Irish possess constitutionally all the elements of happiness, and that, if their physical condition were but ameliorated, they would be the happiest people on the face of the earth.

Strange folk, and such as come prominently under a stranger's notice, are the carmen. They are "characters," and some of the best witticisms have found birth in their ranks.

It is fervently to be hoped that there are not many specimens similar to the man who one day drove two gentlemen in Dublin, who had hired his two-wheeled open car, such as is called, from its bowl-like form, an inside car, to convey them to their hotel. The driver soon attained the required speed by using the customary *arguments* to his beast, but he was observed to pay quite as much attention to something below him as to his poor locomotive quadruped. He was every moment looking forward and whipping, and then looking down again over his right shoulder. This he continued with great energy and glee all the way. When the party had alighted and paid their fare, Paddy "trusted their honours would afford him a trifle beyant the fare, especially as he had something to tell them that was worth the knowin'." After a little refusing, and a little bantering, and indulging some curiosity to know the "sacret," they conceded the additional trifle.

"And now, what is it?" they inquired.

"And, sure, your honours, it's I that desarves an extra glass, anyhow, for there's not another boy in all ould Ireland that could ha' druv ye as I done, and at such a rate, for a mile and a quarter over hard stones, *without a linch-pin.*"

The Irish carmen will never confess that anything is the matter with their horses.

"I say, Pat, your horse is lame."

"Oh no, sir, nothing of the sort. He's only a little stiff in the hind-leg."

"But he's lame in one of his fore-legs."

"Oh no, sir, he has only got a corn on one of his toes."

Nor will they, except in very peculiar circumstances, ever acknowledge their ignorance on any one point. Ask them to drive you to Kamschatka, and they would undertake to do it at once. When you have got into the vehicle, the driver will say to you as he starts in a particular direction, "This is the way to it, sir," half-affirmatively and half-interrogatively. You answer, "No, that's not the way," on which he begs your pardon, and tells you that he "meant the other way," pointing to some leading thoroughfare. You remark that he's wrong again, to which the cool reply is, "Ah, sure, you're right, sir, and I'm wrong. What a fool I am! didn't I know the road lay in *that* direction?"

"Wrong again."

"Ah, then, sure and I cannot be mistaken any more. *That's* the right road, sir," pointing to the only way remaining.

In this way, if the person employing the man knows the way himself, the latter is sure to get the desired knowledge out of him. A gentleman requested a carman to drive him

to a particular house in the suburbs of Dublin, in the neighbourhood of the Phœnix Park. Pat, though having no other clue to the house except that it was in the vicinity of the Park, drove the gentleman for a full hour backwards and forwards in what he thought might be the place. The gentleman, who was quite a stranger, at last asked the reason of this.

"Because," said the man, "I thought you'd like to see the suburbs."

"I don't think you know the place."

"Yes, I do, your honour."

"Then why don't you drive me to it at once?"

"Oh, I will, sir, immediately."

Pat, however, in this instance was fairly driven into a corner. He not only did not know, in the first instance, the place when its name was mentioned to him, but he had now forgotten the name. In this dilemma, he felt that he must confess his ignorance, and yet he was unwilling to do so. At last he bethought himself of making a compromise—

"Plase, sir, didn't you say I did not know the place?"

"I did, and I am more and more convinced every moment that I was right."

"Ah, your honour's wrong there. I know the place quite well—but I've forgotten it."

On another occasion, the same gentleman employed a carman to drive him to a particular part in the south suburbs of Dublin, having previously received from him an assurance that he knew the place perfectly well. Pat paused within a few yards of the house which the gentleman wished to visit.

"I say, you, sir, you don't know where you're going."

"Oh yes, your honour, I do. Isn't that it?" pointing to a spot a little further on.

"No, it is not."

"Where does your honour say it is, then?

"Why, you've passed it. There it is," pointing to a house about thirty yards in the rear.

"Faith, and your honour's right. I knew it quite well, but I see your honour knows it *better*."

The Irishman's "baste" can prove refractory at times, and one day a gentleman of humane feeling and religious principles saw a man lashing his horse at a most furious rate, and at the same time uttering oaths and curses at the poor animal with each fresh application of the whip.

"My good friend," said the gentleman, "do you not know that it is not only cruel to be lashing your horse in that way, but very absurd to be making use of those oaths to him, for the poor animal does not understand a single word of that sort of language?"

"An' sure then, your honour, it's his own fault if he doesn't, for he hears enough of it every day."

It was a pity that the man had not a little more of the humorous good-nature of the peasant who, on a small ragged pony, was floundering through a bog, when the animal, in its efforts to push on, got one of its hoofs into the stirrups.

"Arrah, my boy," said the rider, "if *you* are going to get up, it is time for *me* to get down."

The carman can be righteously sarcastic.

One of them happened one day to have an English passenger of foppish appearance, who conducted himself rather rudely towards a girl who chanced to sit next to him. The coachman, seeing this, asked him to sit in another part of the coach.

"I won't move out of this," was the answer; "and let me tell you that you ought to know that you are speaking to a gentleman."

"Well, sir," drily replied the man, "an' it 's quite sure I am that I would never have discovered that same if you hadn't told me."

"Did you give the horses a feed of oats at the village where we stopped to sketch?" inquired a passenger of the driver, who had for the last three or four miles with much exertion urged on the jaded hacks.

"I did not, your honour," was the reply; "but sure and they know I promised them a good one at Limerick."

This instance of pretended understanding between man and horse is not singular.

Riding once in company with a poor farmer from Cork to Mallow, a gentleman advised him to quicken the pace of his steed as the evening was closing in, and the lurid appearance of the sky foreboded a storm.

"Sure, then, that I would with the greatest pleasure in life for the honour I have of your company, sir; but I promised the *baste* to let him walk, and I never would belie myself to any one, much less to a poor creature that carries me.

"'For,' says the baste to me, 'I 'm tired, as good right I have, and I 'll not go a step faster, and you won't make me.'

"'I scorn it,' says I, 'so take your own way!'"

A verbatim dialogue on an Irish breakdown happily characterises that accident. The scene, a bleak mountain, and the time, the return of the driver with another chaise from the nearest station which affords one—seven miles distant.

"Is the carriage you have brought us safe?"

(One of the travellers attempts to get in.)

"Oh, never fear, sir; wait till I just bale out the water and put a little sop of hay in the bottom; and sure now and 'tis a quare thing that the *ould* black chaise should play such a trick, and it has gone this road eleven years

and never broke down afore. But no wonder, poor cratur ; the turnpike people used to get money enough for mending the roads, and bad luck to the bit of it they mended, but put it all in their pockets."

"What ! the road ?"

"No, your honour, the money."

A gentleman who was on a tour, attended by an Irish servant-man, who drove the vehicle and had charge of the petty cash for road disbursements, was several times puzzled with the appearance of a charge in the man's daily account entered as "refreshment for the horse, 2d." ; and again, "refreshment for the horse, 2d." At length, being of opinion that such an item ought to have been included in the general bills at the different inns, all of which he paid himself, he asked Dennis about it.

"Och ! sure," said he, "it's whipcord, it is."

Even this "refreshment" was unable to effect much good when applied to Mike Haggerty's "baste." Mike, whose horse could not be induced to mend his pace, either by coaxing or by the application of the whip, replied, on being remonstrated with respecting the slow pace at which he was proceeding, that "the *baste* knew that we had come out to admire the beauties of natur, and therefore wished to give us plenty of time. But," he added, "you'll see how he'll make up for it when we're going home. Bless your sowls, gintlemen, it will be all we'll be able to do to keep him from running away with us !"

English tourists in Ireland soon discover that the length of Irish miles smacks of Hibernian generosity, eleven Irish miles being equal to about fourteen English. A stranger one day complained of the barbarous condition of the road in a particular district.

"True," said a native ; "but if the quality of it be inferior, we give good measure of it, anyhow."

When it was proposed to adopt the English measure of miles in Ireland, it was humorously suggested that it would so increase the distance between the towns, that travellers would rise earlier in the morning to perform their journeys.

Even English miles are found to be too long when the number of them is great, as two unfortunate Irishmen discovered, who, having travelled on foot from Chester to Barnet, were very tired and fatigued by their journey; and when they were informed in answer to their questions that the place they desired to reach was still ten miles off, the two poor fellows looked dismally at each other in anticipation of the pain the journey would entail upon them. At length one of them, plucking up heart, and anxious to cheer his comrade, observed: "Arrah then, and after all it is but five miles apiece!"

The old roads in Ireland were invariably constructed over the highest points of ground; and, formerly, a journey was performed by a series of ascents and descents. Road making, or rather jobbing, at one period formed a regular matter of traffic to the country gentry, who, being on the county Grand Jury, had influence in obtaining presentments. It has been facetiously said that the Irish squires of the rackrent school usually bequeathed a lawsuit and a score of mortgages with the estate to their eldest sons, and left their road contracts as a provision for the younger children. To be serious, the fact of misapplication of large sums of money voted to improve the country by roads, that might facilitate the conveyance of produce and means of travelling, is notorious.

As to "Which is the road?" a stranger's efforts to obtain information are sometimes attended with very little success, as the following dialogue witnesses—

"Pray, is this the nearest road to N——?"

"Is it to N—— you are going? Fait and that 's not the nearest road—being 'tis no road at all."

"Then had I better go yon way?"

"Och! indeed and I wouldn't advise your going that way at all. 'Tis few people goes that way, for there 's a big black dog there, and he 'll *ate* you up entirely."

"Which way then can I go?"

"Fait! and the best way you 'd go is just to be staying where you are."

Having made our way over miles and roads, we came at length to an inn.

The interior was not very cheering. The cottage consisted of a kitchen with a mud floor, a little room divided from it by a low partition wall, where all the family slept, and a little boarded parlour for strangers. This parlour had a most cold, dirty, and melancholy appearance. The rain pattered through its little broken window, and came down the chimney with such force as to prevent the fire from burning, but supplied us with plenty of smoke. We had a book or two with us, and tried to read; but though the little low window admitted abundance of rain and cold wind, very little light could penetrate through its dingy panes. We absolutely could not see to read, and so in despair went back into the kitchen, to watch the progress of some potatoes they had promised to boil for our luncheon.

"What a beautiful picture!" whispered one of my companions.

It was so, indeed. A beautiful peasant-girl sat near the fire, apparently much fatigued after a long walk. Her pretty head rested on her hand. Her eyes were closed, and their long dark lashes overshadowed a fair cheek of lovely form, but an arch smile played round her lips, and showed that though enjoying the luxury of repose and

the comfortable warmth of the fire, she heard all that was going on.

On the opposite side of the fireplace an old woman was seated on a low stool, smoking a pipe in an attitude of great enjoyment. Two countrymen were sitting on the ground near her, with a few potatoes and a jug before them, laughing and talking away with great glee. The youngest, who was very handsome, often looked up towards the reposing beauty, and when he had uttered some witty saying, which threw his companion into fits of laughter, he seemed not a little provoked that those long eyelashes were never raised. We enjoyed the scene so much, that we were sorry when the smoking "praties" were turned out and the little serving-girl informed us luncheon was ready.

We were somewhat reconciled, however, to the interruption by seeing the reposing girl open her eyes. Jumping up, she placed a basket of eggs on her head, and said something in Irish, while she directed her dark beaming eyes towards the handsome peasant who had been unable to obtain a glance before. This was the signal for a general move. The old woman took her pipe from her mouth, and, adjusting her cloak over her head, moved towards the door. The two men shook hands and seemed to be taking leave of each other, and the handsome one then accompanied the beautiful girl and old woman out into the rain. That he was her intended, and the old woman her mother, we unanimously pronounced, and we allowed our imagination to speculate over the history of those three happy-looking people.

One of the great pleasures of travelling in Ireland is the conviction that every trifle spent gladdens many hearts, and does more good than four times the same sum would do in England. This fact must reconcile us to the bad accommodation we sometimes meet with, and after all, the defects

are more in appearance than in reality. At a most unpromising inn one sometimes gets an excellent dinner. Eggs, cream, potatoes, and butter are invariably good—far superior to what the best appointed English country inns can produce. This being the case, even the most fastidious traveller runs no risk of starvation.

Sometimes, however, one may be unlucky, as every traveller is likely to find out for himself.

Previous to starting on one of our tours, luncheon, a meal not common in Ireland, was proposed, to give vigour to our fallen spirits, and perhaps with a foreboding of what was to happen at the next meal-time. Of what this unusual meal should consist occasioned some debate. At length it was suggested that some treacle would be a good thing, and accordingly the hand-bell was rung outside the door, accompanied by a loud shout of "Waiter! waiter! I say, waiter!"

"Coming, your honour, sure I'm coming up, sir," shouted a voice from below.

"Have you got any treacle in the house, waiter?"

"What, sir? Is it treacle you mean, sir—treacle? Oh! no, indeed; but if 'tis treacle your honour wants, sure I know where I can get some, may be."

"Then go and get some."

About half an hour after this conversation, which occurred with the balusters intervening, the waiter appeared with a pound of stickiness, which he called treacle, looking as black as ink, and smelling very strongly of pitch.

Arrived at the next halting-place, the demand being made at the inn what could be had for supper, the girl replied, with perfect confidence—

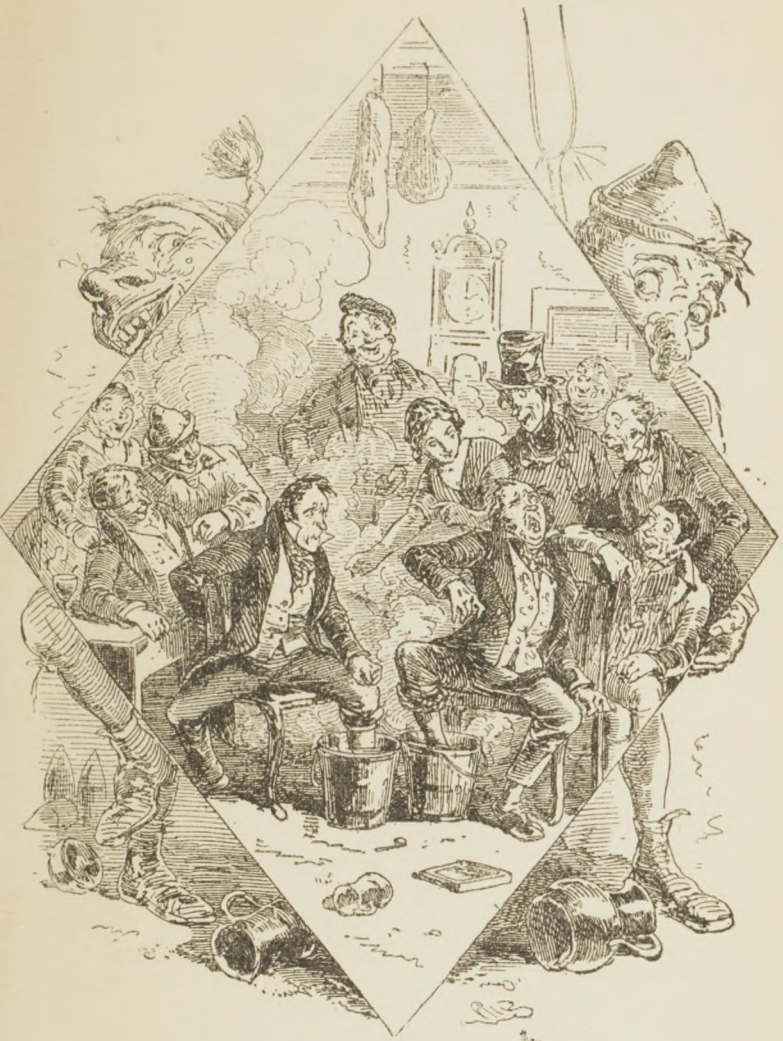
"Just anything you like, sure."

"Have you anything in the house?"

"Indeed and we have not, but it 's likely I might be able to get an egg for ye."

Whatever reception, as far as eating is concerned, the traveller may meet with at the Irish inns, he will not be accorded a welcome like that with which strangers were wont to be greeted at Bolton by a body of merry dogs, who, having leisure hours, did not, perhaps, apply them to the best use. The actors were not Irishmen, but as the digression after all ends "in Cork," the record of a sample of their humour may be pardoned. Their waggery was known as "Bolton trotting." The word trotting might, perhaps, be rendered "tricking," or "trapping," for the jokes had generally the practical effect, or at least such was their object, of obtaining glasses round from some "victim," or of punishing a party against whom some feeling of dislike existed.

It was a very common trick, when a stranger dropped in amongst the "trotters," whose favourite resort was the bar of the Swan Inn, that his black coat should be alluded to as very handsome, a good fit, etc., but it would be termed of some other colour by the speaker—say blue. The stranger would remind him that he meant black. Oh no; it was blue, decidedly, or his eyes were strangely deceived. The dispute would be kept up until the "trotter" would bet glasses round it was blue. Frequently the stranger would accept so safe a wager, and the decision was, of course, left to the company. The coat was shown round, and the betting parties retired for a moment. Of eleven persons present six would vote that it was blue. The chairman announced the result to the stranger, when he and his opponent returned to hear it, and, of course, he had to *pay the shot*, but he was comforted by the assurance "that it was only so decided by a majority of one, so that they had brought him in decent" anyhow. Like wagers, and like decisions, were frequently made, when a stranger, coming in during a shower, would be accosted



THE ORDEAL.

about the dryness of the weather. His assertions as to rain would be disputed, and a wager proposed, and a verdict equally as decent as the foregoing would afford the "trotters" a glass at the expense of the novice.

The "trotters" had one day a traveller amongst them, whom they drew into conversation about the power of the human body to endure heat. The recent exhibition of an itinerant "fire-king," or "fire-eater," assisted the discussion. When at length the stranger spoke slightingly of some of the exhibitor's tricks, and came out with a boast respecting his own powers in handling hot articles, or bearing the effect of heat on his skin, it was immediately suggested that some experiment should be made, and one of the company, "just for the good of the house," proposed to bet the stranger glasses round as to which of the two could longest bear to keep his leg in a pail of hot water. This being agreed to, a couple of pails of steaming water were ordered in, and the hardy rivals each immersed a limb, stockings and all, to abide the result. The contortions of countenance betrayed by each—the writhing agony depicted in their looks and movements—the half-suppressed vocal intimations of pain—afforded, for some time, intense amusement to the company. At last the stranger hastily gave in, drew his parboiled leg from the scalding liquid, and manfully submitted to the penalty of the bond, the zest in the enjoyment of which was by no means lessened to the "trotters" by the victorious party resuming a most placid countenance and deliberately raising his well-shaped *cork* leg, dripping from its bath.

It has been said that everything comes to him who waits. However true the saying may be as regards the "everything," there is no doubt that very little comes to a man at an Irish inn if he does not wait.

There were on one occasion six gentlemen besides myself

who travelled by the same conveyance. As we had taken no refreshments by the way, we were, as may be supposed, in very excellent condition when we arrived at our afternoon halting-place, for our dinner. The waiter, a short, comfortably-built personage, dressed in a striped jacket and flannel-looking trousers, and the proprietor of a pair of eyes in which there was infinite shrewdness—perhaps I should say cunning, mingled with humour,—met us at the door before we had time to alight from the vehicle, and shouted interrogatively with the voice of a Stentor—

"Dinner, gintlemen?"

"Yes, certainly," answer six out of the seven, in chorus, delighted at the sound; for what can be more musical in the ears of a hungry man than the word "dinner"?

"Yes, dinner by all *manes*," chimed in the seventh, who was an Irish gentleman by birth and education but had the brogue in its richest perfection.

"Very well, gintlemen," responded Pat, and he rushed into the house with as much haste as if it had been on fire.

"Stay a moment, Pat," said one of the party; "how soon shall we have dinner?"

Pat turned round with the rapidity of thought, and in a twinkling was standing before the gentleman, looking him in the face, and responding to his call with a "Yes, sir?"

"How soon shall we have dinner?"

"Oh, immediately, sir."

"Could we not get it a little sooner?"

"Oh, sartainly, sir, if you wish it."

"Very well, then, be quick."

"Yes, sir; sartainly," and Pat again bounded into the house, dignified with the name of an hotel, with the lightness of a roe upon the mountains.

The cloth was laid, and we all took our seats at the table, awaiting the dinner in hungry silence, and all

expecting it to be put before us every moment. A full quarter of an hour elapsed, and still there was no dinner, nor the slightest symptoms of any. "A hungry man," says the proverb, "is an angry man." The adage was verified in the case of some of the party, and very probably it held true in all, though all did not show it in the same marked manner. "Ring the bell and ask for an explanation," said one of the company, addressing the gentleman nearest where the bell handle hung. "Ay, do!" cried all. The gentleman thus unanimously asked to ring the bell rose to comply with the wishes of the party. He gave two or three pulls, which one might have supposed would have summoned Pat into our presence, even had he been herding in the "vasty deep" with the spirits which Shakespeare places in that profound locality. Pat, however, like the poet's "spirits," would not come when called. This was intolerable; it was too much for human nature to endure, especially at a time when the appetite was in a state of extreme ferocity. As Pat would not respond to the invitation of the bell, it was determined to try the effect of the human voice. Accordingly a gentleman, with a voice which might have awakened the dead, bawled from the passage—

"Waiter! waiter! waiter!"

"Yes, sir," said Pat, with inimitable coolness, as he deliberately stepped out of an adjoining pantry.

"What's the meaning of this, sir? Give us an explanation, sir."

"Of what, sir?" said Pat, with the same supreme nonchalance as before.

"Why, sir, that you did not answer the bell?"

"Did you ring, sir?" asked Pat, with indescribable coolness.

"Ring, you rascal; to be sure I did, with a force which might have pulled the house about your ears."

"I did not hear it, sir," remarked Pat, with, if possible, still greater *sang-froid.*

"Then why didn't you hear it?"

"Throth, sir, and if I must tell you the truth, it was because it didn't ring at all at all, sir."

"You rogue, how dare you tell so big a falsehood? You know it rang, sir; and you must have heard it, too."

"Well, sir, faith, I couldn't have done that same, for the wire's broken, and it's itself hasn't rung a bit for a long time."

This edifying dialogue took place in the passage opposite the door of the room in which we all were, not patiently, but impatiently waiting for dinner. The imperturbable coolness of Pat afforded all present so much amusement that no one, annoyed as we all were, could find in his heart to say another angry word to him.

We afterwards ascertained that Pat had on previous occasions been so tormented by hungry visitors, who had, like ourselves, to wait a long time for dinner, furiously ringing the bell, that he had purposely cut the wire, in order that an end might be put to the intolerable annoyance caused by the terrific tongue of his own bell.

"Now, then, Pat," said another of the gentlemen, softened and subdued, as has just been remarked,—"now, then, Pat, will you tell us when we may now expect dinner?"

"Oh, presently, sir."

"Ah, come now, no nonsense; can't you give us a direct answer?"

"Well, gintlemen, I will."

"Then tell us what you mean by presently."

"Sure, gintlemen, I mane directly."

A roar of laughter burst from the company. The cunning rogue knew that he was gaining his point by thus, with his wit and drollery, amusing his patrons, inasmuch

as the culinary process was all the time actively going on in the kitchen.

"Now, Pat, once for all, tell us when dinner will be ready?" said another of the party, thinking he might be more successful in his efforts to obtain a definite answer.

"As soon as we can get it, sir."

Again the table, with nothing on it, was set in a roar.

"But that is no answer to my question," resumed Pat's new interrogator; "say when we may expect it."

"As soon, sir, as the potatoes are boiled."

The laughter was renewed. In spite of our bitter disappointment, and the uncontrollable state of our appetites, it was impossible for the risible faculties of any one present to remain unmoved, while Pat stood with the most perfect *sang-froid*, evading every direct question put to him.

A fourth gentleman now ventured to enter the lists with Pat, seeing he had so successfully and speedily routed the other three.

"Pat! waiter!"

"Yes, sir."

"You say that dinner will be ready as soon as the potatoes are boiled."

"Yes, sir; and it's the blessed truth I spake when I said it."

"Are they dug yet?"

"Oh yes, sir, and in the pot too."

"Well, how long will they take to boil?"

"That depends on when they are put on, sir."

Another burst of laughter followed the new evasion.

"Then, when were they put on?"

"The very moment they were washed, your honour."

Again the company broke out in a roar of laughter, which made the room resound again. Those who had themselves been already put down by Pat enjoyed with a

peculiar zest the discomfiture of their brother in adversity. He looked as crestfallen as a counsel who fancies that he is about to confound some simple-looking witness, when, on the contrary, that witness, by the turn of his answers, completely turns the tables on the "learned gentleman." The latter says in such a case, "You may go down, sir." The interrogator of Pat sat down himself. He had not the courage to ask any further questions.

Just as the echoes of the last peals of laughter were dying away, a middle-aged female, with a face nearly as black as the pot in which the potatoes were boiled, thrust her head in at the door, and addressing Pat, said—

"Dinner 's ready now."

"Ah, I told you, gintlemen," shouted Pat, his countenance brightening up,—"I told you, gintlemen, you 'd have it immediately; and wasn't I right? The raal truth is, gintlemen, that we don't have any dinner made until we know whether there will be anybody to ate it, and we 've got it all ready since the car came with your honours."

This *was* the real truth; and all of us, now that the presence of the fish, the steaks, and the fowl was proved by the evidence of our eyes, as well as that of another organ, were in a condition to admire the candour of Pat in making the admission. One gentleman left the inn with the full conviction that he saw the couple of hens served up to us at dinner strutting before the door of the inn when the car arrived.

CHAPTER II.

YOUNG IRELAND.

"A CONVERSATION with a young Irishman," says Landor, "of good natural abilities (and among no race of men are those abilities more general) is like a forest walk, in which, while you are delighted with the healthy fresh air and the green unbroken turf, you must stop at every twentieth step to extricate yourself from a brier. You acknowledge that you have been amused, but that you rest willingly, and that you would rather not take the same walk on the morrow."

Young Ireland is possessed of rare, and often unexpected, abilities.

The Irish are, strange to say, very good at arithmetic. A gentleman who was riding near a village in Ireland overtook a little ragged *gossoon*, who was running with great eagerness along the road.

"Where are you going, my little fellow?" he asked.

"Plase your honour, to an uncle of my own who lives five miles off, for the Scholar's Vade Mecum."

"What, are you a scholar?"

"Yes, plase your honour, a piece of one."

"What do you know of arithmetic?"

"Plase your honour, I 'm as far as Tare and Tret."

"Can you answer this question?" asked the gentleman, giving what he thought no easy sum in the Double Rule of

Three. In a few minutes the boy, who had kept on running, and panting, and calculating in his head, came up close to the gentleman's horse, and cried—

"Here, plase your honour, I have the answer for you."

The answer was perfectly right, and the lad explained the manner in which he had worked the question, so that this could not have been merely a happy hit.

While we were on a visit to Bally Carbery Castle, and to the ruin called Cahir-Gal in its neighbourhood, a barefooted, tattered young fellow came up to us, and, in excellent English, asked some questions about the ruin. He very good-naturedly afterwards came to show the nearest way to Coom-croun, a little harbour in the Bay of Dingle. On our way we discovered that our ragged guide was a mathematician. We did not give him credit for much acquirement in that branch. However, to ascertain the point, one of us asked him if he knew the fifth proposition of the book of Euclid, known at schools as the *pons asinorum*. He was so perfect in this, and in the forty-seventh proposition, that the inquirer would not venture any further, lest he might get out of his own depth. He also possessed a considerable knowledge of Irish history and superstitions. As we walked along, he picked up a sprig of shamrock, and said—

"Sure, then, ours is a beautiful emblem, and beats the rose and thistle all to nothing."

"Why so?" inquired one of us. "The rose is certainly more beautiful."

"It may be so to the eye," replied the guide, "but it doesn't represent the Holy Trinity as ours does. A blessed thought it was of the holy Saint Patrick to explain that great and wonderful mystery by this little bit of threefold leaf."

When, after a long walk, we reached the cliffs which

overlook Dingle Bay, our guide observed the day was far spent and he must leave us, having work to do for his master before evening. He evidently left with reluctance. He absolutely refused some money that was offered to him, and though in tatters, and evidently poor, we saw it would hurt him to press it. He was a very fine-looking man, with one of the most "mind-illumined" faces I ever saw. He told us that he was only twenty-five years of age, but that he had a severe illness last year, which he said made him look much older, and that since then he had "lost his countenance."

The Irish lad is ready in expedient. One of them saw a train of his companions leading their cars loaded with kishes of turf coming towards his father's cabin. His father had no turf, and the question was how some should be obtained. To beg he was ashamed, to dig he was unwilling, but his head went to work immediately. He took up a turf which had fallen from one of the cars the preceding day, and stuck it on the top of a pole near the cabin. When the cars were passing, he appeared throwing turf at the mark. "Boys," cried he, "which of ye will hit?" Each leader of a car as he passed could not forbear flying a turf at the mark. The turf fell at the foot of the pole, and when all the train of cars had passed there was a heap left sufficient to reward the ingenuity of the little Spartan.

Little Tom Ryan, too, was a credit to his country, at least on the score of smartness. Tom, the donkey-guide, was a *character*. One morning, Master Tom, as though he knew the way to the squire's heart, presented himself at the hall-door, in the very irresistible guise of a "poor scholar." There were all the well-known characteristics of the folk who feed their minds with the crumbs of learning that fall from hedge-schools, and their bodies with the stray

potatoes they pick up in the farmers' houses, in exchange for helping the heir-apparent of the cabin over the longest words in the "Dublin Spelling Book." These "poor scholars" (generally pedagogues or priests in embryo) are a distinct body, as the German students on the banks of the Rhine, though, for the honour of Bonn and Leipzig, the *grade* is rather different. Well, there stood Tommy Ryan, with all the marks and tokens of "poor scholarship thick upon him" —the pale, meek, studious, half-starved look, cap doffed, eyes bent on the ground, ink-bottle tied to the ragged button-hole, cracked slate, and little bundle of books under the arm, and garments, among whose "many colours" the fair skin peeped out, forming by far the largest patches.

A lamentable story was Tom's, and told in a lamentable voice: "A poor scholar, your honour, widout father or mother, thrown upon the wide world." He succeeded in whining himself into everybody's good graces. The school-master gave him a place on one of the wooden forms, and declared that "Tommy Ryan was the best conducted and most diligent boy in the school." The neighbours gave him a night's lodging, turn about, and allowed him to share the straw and supper of their own children, pronouncing him to be "as quiet, dacent, and civil-spoken a little craythur as ever was, God bless him!" He became a constant and a favourite visitor at the hall-door. Soon the flesh-coloured patches disappeared, together with the flying and tattered remnants of what had once been a shirt, and a pair of substantial shoes and stockings were added to the new suit of corduroys. The next step was to raise Master Tom above the precarious potatoes dealt to him by the charity of the parents of his school-fellows. He commenced earning his own livelihood as a stonebreaker, until at last he wormed himself into the responsible function of guide to a donkey, which he contrived to manage in some unaccountable way.

"I don't know how it is," said one of the neighbours, "but that donkey, that is so stubborn, and will do nothing for other people sometimes, by fair means or foul, is as quiet as a lamb with that bit of a *gossoon* that isn't as high as his tail. I can't tell what way he has with him, but the never a kick does he show while the child is guiding him. That 's the crabbedest little fellow in the world ; he 's as smart as two of his age, and will do almost as much work in the day as a man."

Tom's success with the donkey was indeed wonderful. One might have thought he was possessed of the secret of O'Sullivan, the "whisperer," but that it is very much to be doubted whether the little fellow could have reached up as high as the donkey's ear to have whispered into it.

Things went on in this way for some time, when one Sunday morning, as people were preparing for the Sunday-school, the folk at the hall were told that a respectable-looking young man was outside, and wished to speak to them. This well-dressed person proved, to their astonishment, to be Ryan's brother ; and great was their amazement when he informed them that the "poor scholar without father or mother, plase your honour" had both parents living in very comfortable circumstances at Bruff.

From these he had absconded about a year since, merely, it would seem, from the love of adventure, for he was most kindly treated at home, being the youngest, and the favourite of the whole family. They described to the young man the miserable, half-starved, and ragged plight in which Ryan had made his appearance, and he said that when the boy left home he was well clad from head to foot, and had decamped with his brother's ink-bottle and two or three books, by way of insignia of his new trade of "poor scholar."

It was really impossible not to admire (if such a word

may be used) the ingenuity and cleverness with which this mere child had woven his tale and acted his part; and it was equally impossible not to grieve over such a lamentable perversion of faculties, that in a higher class of life might have been applied to such good account. It required no small talent and imagination to construct, and afterwards keep up, with such consistency and perseverance, the fiction Ryan had invented. He described all the particulars with the greatest minuteness—how his father and mother had been of different religions, and the difficulty the latter had in having him reared a Protestant (which he pretended to be), how his father had died of cholera, and his mother some time after of a lingering illness. He dwelt with true Irish feeling and pathos on all the details of her funeral—the festivities of the wake—describing even the kind of wood of which the coffin was made, and the long, weary walk he had on a winter's day, while following her remains to the distant churchyard where they were buried. All this, and much more, told in a way to draw tears from the hearers, proved to be an utter fabrication from beginning to end! So much for the powers of Irish imagination.

Young Ireland has something else to do than study Old Irish, and the language is probably doomed to steadily die out. What loss would it be? Very little, perhaps, in the opinion of most Englishmen, yet if one can credit the evidence of Master Lilly, it must needs be a fine tongue, for he says—

"The angels very rarely speak unto any one, but when they do, it is like the Irish, very much in the throat."

Richard Stanyhurst, too, an Irish writer who died in the year 1618, has the following anecdote as to the virtues of the language:—

"A gentleman of mine acquaintance reporteth that he did see a woman in Rome which was possessed of a

babbling spirit, that could chatter any language saving the Irish ; and that was so difficult, as the verie devill was pavelled therewith. A gentleman that stood by answered that he took the speech to be so sacred and holie that no damned fiend had the power to speak it, no more than they were able to say (as the report goeth) the verse of St. John the Evangelist, *et verbum caro factum est.* It is such a tongue, man (quoth the other), I stand in doubt (I tell you) whether the Apostles in their copious mart of languages at Jerusalem could have spoken Irish if they were apposed."

However the fact may be as to Irish "pavelling" the "verie devill," certain it is that it "pavelled" Dr. Johnson.

The Doctor's pomposity, and his display of learning amongst those who assumed in his presence any acquaintance with literature, are well known. Old Macklin, the player, who was a genuine Hibernian, one day paid the Doctor a visit as a literary man, and after a few introductory words the Doctor observed in a sneering way that literary men should not converse in a vulgar tongue, but in the learned languages, and immediately addressed the dramatist in a long sentence of Latin. Macklin, after expressing his approval of the Doctor's proposition, said he would rather converse in Greek, and immediately proceeded in a sentence of equal length in Irish. The Doctor again reverted to the English tongue, and observed—

"Sir, you may speak very good Greek, but I am not sufficiently versed in that dialect to converse with you fluently."

Macklin burst out laughing, made his bow, and retired.

At the present day, however, the traveller, unless he makes his way into some very remote region, will not be compelled to fall back upon the "language of nature," as was the unfortunate English traveller, who, dining in a

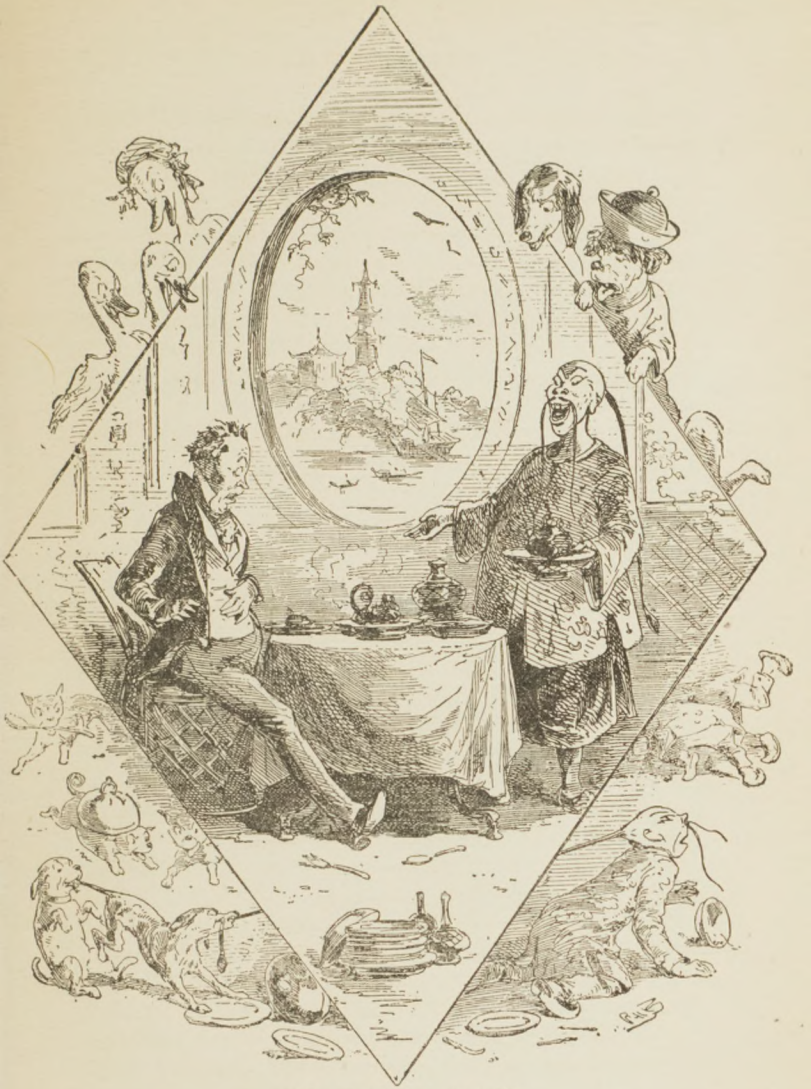
Chinese village, was greatly enjoying a savoury dish—something of a hash it appeared—and would have expressed his pleasure to the waiter, a tall, solemn "Celestial," who, however, understood nothing of English, while the stranger knew not a word of Chinese. Though eloquence was therefore denied, wit was present, and answered the purpose. The smacking of lips indicated satisfaction, and then came a question ingeniously put. Pointing at the portions of meat in the dish, which he supposed to be duck, the Englishman, with an inquiring look, said, "Quack, quack, quack?"

The waiter, gravely shaking his head, as much as to say 'no," replied, "Bow, wow, wow!"

This unfortunate explanation led to the dropping of the knife and fork, and the sudden termination of the repast, to the unspeakable surprise of the caterer.

Amongst the peasantry classical learning is sometimes discovered, and a tattered Ovid or Virgil may now and then be found even in the hands of common labourers. In Munster the village schoolmaster forms a peculiar character, and, next to the lord of the manor, the parson, and the priest, he is the most important personage in the parish. His "academic grove" is a long thatched house, generally the largest in the place, surrendered, when necessary, for the waking of a dead body, or the celebration of mass, whilst the chapel is undergoing repairs, and, on Sundays, when not otherwise engaged, it is used as a jig or a dancing house.

The highest class of scholars is composed of men as full-grown and often as old as the master himself, distinguished by the name of "poor scholars," or "strangers." These strangers are generally the sons of reduced farmers, and natives of Ulster and Connaught, who, having swallowed all the classical information within their immediate reach,



"No! Bow, wow, wow!"

range through the bogs of Munster to complete their knowledge of Latin, and to acquire the Greek tongue. The village schoolmaster gains but little from this class of students, but the glory of possessing pupils who, when they return to their native provinces, will spread his fame, appears to him an adequate recompense. Nor is his generosity confined to their education. He also contributes his exertions towards their subsistence, and obtains for them gratuitous lodging in some neighbour's cabin.

The enterprising spirit of these literary adventurers is surprising. They will start from the home of their infancy, traverse the southern parts of the island, visit every village, sojourn in every school, examine every local curiosity, and return to their birthplace, after perhaps a year's absence, without having, for that space of time, expended, or indeed possessed, a single half-crown, so warm is the hospitality of the peasantry, and so high their respect for learning. With the schoolmaster, too, it is a matter of special pride to be visited from remote districts, and it is not unusual to hear the respectability of a school estimated by its "stranger pupils."

But it may be asked, What can be the object or use of a classical education to the children of Irish peasants? The population are Roman Catholics. By the penal statutes the wealthier part of that persuasion were deprived of their property, and the general exercise of their religion was subjected to severe penalties and restrictions. In this state of things the clerical profession had nothing to tempt the ambition of the ancient Catholic families. It was a life of privations, difficulties, and sufferings. Those who enjoyed even competence would not embrace it, and hence it fell into the hands of peasants. The cottager reared one or more of his children in the expectation of their obtaining holy orders, and prided himself in the hope of seeing one of

them, at some future day, the priest of his native parish. After wandering in search of learning through the country they made their way to France, Spain, or Portugal, studied, and were ordained in the colleges of those countries, and returned to exercise their profession in Ireland, where the Roman Catholic clergy are, with few exceptions, sprung from the humblest ranks of the people.

These circumstances, and this feeling, crowd the country schools with learners of the classical languages, and there are few families, however lowly their condition, that do not boast a young aspirant for clerical distinction.

To return to the preceptor. In an evening assembly of village statesmen he holds the most distinguished place, from his historical information, pompous eloquence, and classical erudition. His principles verge very broadly, indeed, on the broadest republicanism. He delivers warm descriptions of the Grecian and Roman commonwealths, the ardent spirit of freedom and the general equality of rights in former days, and then comes down to his own country, which is always the ultimate political subject of discussion. He praises the Milesians, curses "the betrayer Dermod," abuses "the Saxon strangers," lauds Brian Boru, utters one sweeping invective against the Danes, Henry VIII., Elizabeth, Cromwell "the Bloody," William "of the Boyne," and Anne. He denies the legality of the criminal code; deprecates and disclaims the Union; dwells with enthusiasm on the memories of Curran, Grattan, "Lord Edward," and young Emmet; attacks the *Peelers*, horse and foot; and threatens a separation of the United Kingdom. These are his principles, which he pronounces with a freedom proportioned to the patriotic feelings of his auditory. Before congenial spirits he talks downright treason. In the presence of a yeomanry sergeant, or excise officer, he reasons on legitimate liberty. He is an enemy to loyalty, and to English

domination. Nor do these political sentiments confine themselves to the limits of mere laudation. He is frequently the promoter of insurrectionary tumults. He plans the nocturnal operations of the disaffected, writes their threatening proclamations, studiously misspelled and pompously signed, Captain Moonlight, Lieutenant Firebrand, Major Hasher, Colonel Dreadnought, and General Rock, *Night* Errant, and Grand Commander of the Order of the Shamrock Election.

Our schoolmaster is a poet, too, and consecrates his powers to the diffusion of patriotic aspirations—songs, treasonable, amatory, and laudatory, on his "Green Erin,"

"Like an emerald set in the ring of the sea."

Nor are his effusions confined merely to manuscript, but pass into print, and, in the shape of penny ballads, obtain considerable and important circulation.

Pat Carroll was an amusing young Irish labourer. The landlord was looking over the labourers' book as usual, to see what work had been done in his absence. All the people were marked as regular in their attendance, with one exception—that of the young lad named Carroll, opposite whose name the ominous word "absent" invariably appeared. Now this Carroll had been always a notorious scamp, whom his friends had been advised long before to "send to sea," as the only vocation for one of his incorrigibly wild and unsteady habits. He was a most comical-looking urchin, with a face of irresistible drollery and shrewdness, and a pair of eyes as sharp and bright as a rat's.

"What would he be about, to keep him so long away from the work? Perhaps he stayed at home to dig out the potatoes?"

"No, the never a potato he dug, good nor bad. His mother had to do them with her own hands, while he was away on his tricks about the counthry."

"Drinking, very probably," said one.

"Ah, I never thought he would come to any good," said another. All joined in deploring the depravity of so young an offender.

A few days after the truth came out as to what it was that kept Mister Patrick, commonly called Patsey Carroll, away from his work and his potato-garden. He was learning the flute!

We called at the cabin of the delinquent's mother soon after this.

"Terrible news about Patsey, Mrs. Carroll!"

"Oh, then, you may say that," exclaimed Mrs. Carroll, with a face full of tribulation. "I don't know what I'll do with him at all at all. Sure I 'm afraid he 's past advice or mending now, intirely, since he 's taken to the music—bad luck to it! Here 's the thing that 's putting him astray," she added, taking down an old flute from the dresser. "Only 'tis a borrowed one, I 'd put it behind the fire, so I would, for all the holes that 's in it, and the black rings round about it. And 'tisn't to play tunes like any other Christian he does be doing, only he must have notes wrote down before him on a paper just like a reading-book. He 'd sooner, now, part with a bit of his bread than that old flute; and he thinks more of the music he gets out of them little holes than of his breakfast, dinner, or supper. I 'm afraid I'll never get any good out of him. But," said the poor woman, trying to console herself under her misfortunes, while the mother broke out in spite of her wrath, "may be 'tis better than drinking or fighting, anyhow, and who knows but he 'll repent yet?"

The Irish are an inflammable race as regards love. Courtship is generally commenced soon after the parties attain their 'teens, and the bashfulness of the youthful lover is sometimes very amusing.

"As I was with'n three bits of miles of Tim Haggerty's

cabin," replied a fine lad of fourteen, when asked why he had loitered on an errand, "and Tim Haggerty was a relation of mine, for his mother was a second cousin of my grandfather's gossip, and as I thought your honour would not be wanting me, I just stepped across, I couldn't do less, why ! to inquire after his welfare, and finding only Honny at home, I couldn't but wait a little, as he would soon be in, she said ; but as for my thinking of Honny, your honour, I that's not out of my time, and that has but less than nothing to begin the world with, it is only those that seeks to belie me that spreads the report ; but Honny, for all that, is as proper and clean a girl as any in the country, and if your honour did but know her you 'd not say that was a bold word, for nobody can gainsay it."

A numerous offspring is the result of early marriage, and it frequently happens that the appearance of father and son is more like that of brothers, and they associate together rather with a fraternal feeling, than with that usually existing between parent and child.

A house with three contiguous apartments is selected for a wedding. The reason for this is to preserve a distinction between the classes of company expected. The best apartment is reserved for the bride and bridegroom, the priest, the piper, and the more opulent and respectable guests, as the landlord, his family, and the neighbouring gentry, who are always invited and usually attend on such occasions. The second apartment is appropriated for the neighbours in general, and the third, or an outhouse, is devoted to the reception of buckaughs, shulers, and other beggars. When the marriage is celebrated two collections are raised amongst the guests, the first for the priest, the other for the piper. The assembly does not take place until late in the evening, when the marriage ceremony is performed, and the festivities seldom conclude before daybreak the next morning.

An odd way to choose a wife, and one essentially Irish, was that of Sir Condy, as related by "honest Thady." Sir Condy was wavering between Judy M'Quirk and Miss Moneygawl.

"'It 's all over with our poor Judy!' said I, with a heavy sigh, making bold to speak to him one night when he was a little cheerful, and standing in the servants' hall all alone with me, as was often his custom.

"'Not at all,' said he; 'I never was fonder of Judy than at this present speaking; and to prove it to you,' said he—and he took from my hand a halfpenny change that I had just got along with my tobacco—'and to prove it to you, Thady,' says he, 'it's a toss-up with me which I should marry this minute, her or Mr. Moneygawl of Mount Juliet's Town's daughter—so it is.'

"'Oh—boo! boo!' says I, making light of it, to see what he would go on to next; 'your honour's joking, to be sure; there's no compare between our poor Judy and Miss Isabella, who has a great fortune, they say.'

"'I'm not a man to mind a fortune, nor never was,' said Sir Condy proudly, 'whatever her friends may say; and to make short of it,' says he, 'I'm come to a determination upon the spot.' With that he swore such a terrible oath as made me cross myself. 'And by this book,' said he, snatching up my ballad-book, mistaking it for my prayer-book, which lay in the window,—'and by this book,' says he, 'and by all the books that ever were shut and opened, it's come to a toss-up with me, and I'll stand or fall by the toss; and so, Thady, hand me over that *pin* out of the ink-horn;' and he makes a cross on the smooth side of the halfpenny; 'Judy M'Quirk,' says he, 'her mark.'

"God bless him! his hand was a little unsteadied by all the whisky-punch he had taken, but it was plain to

see his heart was for poor Judy. My heart was all as one as in my mouth when I saw the halfpenny up in the air, but I said nothing at all; and when it came down I was glad I had kept myself to myself, for to be sure now it was all over with poor Judy.

"'Judy's out a luck,' said I, striving to laugh.

"'I'm out of luck,' said he; and I never saw a man look so cast down: he took up the halfpenny off the flag, and walked away quite sober-like by the shock. Now, though as easy a man, you would think, as any in the wide world, there was no such thing as making him unsay one of these sort of vows, which he had learned to reverence when young, as I well remember teaching him to toss up for bog-berries on my knee. So I saw the affair was as good as settled between him and Miss Isabella, and I had no more to say but to wish her joy, which I did the week afterwards, upon her return from Scotland with my poor master."

Campbell, a girl of sixteen, was contemplating matrimony, and seemed to think that she had some good cause for complaint that she had had to wait to such an age before entering into the blissful state of Irish wedded life. A girl of her acquaintance had married at fifteen. She thought that old enough, but at sixteen it was quite time to commence housekeeping.

"Let me see," said a lady, "if you are fit to be married. Can you make a shirt?"

"That can I."

"Can you milk a cow?"

"Rightly, if there were twenty of them."

"Can you cook a dinner?"

"Ay."

"Could you keep your temper if your husband were cross?"

"Eh! may be I'd be the crossist o' the two."

The laughter so honest and unexpected an answer occasioned put an end to the examination.

Kitty Galway was married to a "boy" from Kildimo. A few days after, when *les bien séances* permitted her to make her appearance, she went to see some English friends she had, to give them an account of her future prospects —how the "boy" had an acre of ground and four sheep, and an elegant cabin, only it wasn't *thatched* yet!

"And where is your ring, Kitty?" asked one of the friends, observing that the fourth finger of her left hand was in its original state.

"Och! 'twas with a borrowed one we were married. He didn't give me the ring yet."

"And why not? When he is so rich as you say, he ought to buy you one."

"May be he will."

"But you should ask him."

"Is it ask him?" she exclaimed, looking down. "Do you think I could make so *bould* upon the man, an' I only a few days married to him! 'Tis shy indeed I'd be to ask the likes of that yet, anyhow!"

The course of true love is as rough in Ireland as elsewhere. Some years ago there lived in that country an eccentric old landed proprietor. His own dress and manners were plain, and his mode of life homely; but, intending a handsome fortune for his family—two sons and a daughter—it was his great ambition to give them a first-rate education. The daughter, being the eldest, had returned from one of the first boarding-schools quite an accomplished lady. He doted on her, and fully made up his mind that she should either be married to a man of rank and importance in the world, or not married at all. For the two sons—in order, as he said, that they

might be educated under his own eye, and that he might see that full justice was done to them—he employed a talented young man, whom the old eccentric gentleman constantly lauded to the skies for his exceeding modesty of manner. Things went on for a season as smoothly as either party could wish, the tutor growing every hour in the good graces of his patron. He became, in fine, a confirmed favourite, and was in every respect "treated as one of the family." One day after dinner, the modest tutor (there being no one present but themselves) said to the old gentleman, in hesitating accents, scarcely venturing to raise his head as he spoke, that he wished to consult him confidentially for a few minutes on a very important and delicate matter, and to get his advice as to how he ought to act in the peculiar circumstances in which he was placed.

"Quite ready to hear you, sir, and to give you the best advice in my power," observed the other, who had always been remarkable for his rough, blunt manner of speaking.

"I really do not know how to begin ; I'm almost afraid to mention the matter to you," remarked the tutor, tying and untying a piece of twine on his finger, on which he kept his eye thoughtfully.

"Oh, don't be afraid, sir ; out with it. It's nothing horrible, I hope?"

"Oh dear no !"

"Well, then, let us hear it at once."

"It's about an affair of the heart."

"Ah ! an affair of the heart. Ay, I see you young men know something about these matters. It's long since I had an affair of the heart, though I have had plenty of other affairs since, far more serious. But young men must be young men, yes, they must. Come, take a glass of wine and tell us all about it."

As he spoke, the old gentleman poured out a glass of unexceptionable port, and handed it to the tutor, who deliberately drank it off.

"Now, sir, for this love-story—this affair of the heart. You have fallen in love with some pretty girl, and wish to marry her, I suppose."

The tutor owned such was the case.

"Well, and *why* not marry her?"

"That's just the point about which I wished to consult you."

"Is she an amiable girl?"

"The very perfection of everything that is morally good and mentally excellent."

"So, so, and belongs to a respectable family?"

"A *very* respectable family. Indeed, she moves in a better sphere of life than myself, and her family are *so* respectable that any gentleman might and would be proud to be connected with it."

"Then why, you spalpeen, don't you marry her at once?" said the old gentleman, raising his right leg and placing it over the arm of his chair.

"But I have not yet obtained the consent of her father," replied the tutor, speaking in a seemingly subdued and timid tone, and not having courage to look his patron in the face.

"Then why, sir, don't you obtain it?"

"I'm afraid to ask it."

"Why afraid to ask it? Don't be a coward."

"I'm afraid because she assures me that she knows her father would never give his consent to her marriage with one who is entirely without means, and has nothing but his education and good moral character to recommend him."

"Does she speak confidently on the point?"

"Oh, most confidently. She is quite positive."

"Quite sure, eh?"

"Perfectly certain."

"No chance of her father yielding?"

"Not the slightest."

"Is he an old man?"

"He *is* advanced in years."

"Then, sir, he must be an old fool. Come, take another glass of wine. Do I know this stupid piece of antiquity?"

"Intimately."

"And for some time?"

"For very many years."

"Do he and his daughter reside in this neighbourhood?"

"They do."

"Is it a fair question to ask the old idiot's name?"

"I would rather not mention it in existing circumstances."

"Oh, very good, very good. I would not press you by any means. I say."

The love-struck tutor was all attention.

"Listen to me, sir. Lend me your ears."

"I will, with the greatest pleasure."

"What I am going to say is worth hearing."

"I'm anxious to hear it."

"I'll tell you what you'll do."

"I shall be most grateful for any advice in so trying a situation as that in which I am placed."

"Take another glass of port. Keep up your heart, sir."

The tutor took another glass, the example being set by his friend and counsellor.

"Is the young lady very much attached to you?"

"I have no reason to doubt the ardour of her affection."

"Would she elope—that is, run away with you?"

"She is willing to do anything."

"Then, sir, your course is clear. Carry her off and get married at once."

"I'm afraid of offending the old gentleman, her father."

"Oh !—the old gentleman, her father. Never mind him if you get the girl herself."

"And would you really advise me to run away with her? I would not like to take so important a step without your approval."

"*Would* I advise you? I *do* advise you, and let it be done directly, sir. Why, sir, you have no pluck or spirit about you, or you would have done it before now. Thunder and lightning! old as I am, sir, I would do it myself. You do it at once."

"I was anxious to consult you on so delicate a matter."

"Well, sir, you now know my opinion, and have got my advice. Don't be faint-hearted, sir; get up early and elope with the lady to-morrow morning, and take my horse and gig for the service. They are quite at your service, very much at your service."

"I am really under infinite obligations to you for the deep interest you have taken in the matter. I'll adopt your advice, and avail myself of your kind offer of your horse and gig to carry her off!"

"Do, sir, do, and mind you do it effectually. Let there be no mistake, no failure in the matter. Success to you in your enterprise! Let me know when you have made the young lady your wife."

"I will, with the greatest possible pleasure."

On the following morning the old gentleman summoned his daughter, as was his custom, down to breakfast, he stationing himself on the occasion at the foot of the stairs.

"What do you mean, you lazy, indolent hussy, that you don't come when you're called?" bawled the old gentleman, getting irritated.

Still there was no answer.

"You are sound asleep, I suppose. Why don't you get up and come down directly? Do you hear?"

Still there was no response.

"I say, you indolent, good-for-nothing piece of goods, why don't you——"

"Plase, sir," interposed an outdoor manservant, who had just entered the hall,—"Plase, sir, I saw Miss and the gintleman tutor driving off this morning at five o'clock in your honour's gig."

The old gentleman groaned, and sank down upon the stairs, as the truth flashed across his mind. The tutor had, indeed, in obedience to the advice he received the day before, run away with the old gentleman's daughter.

As I was one day occupied in sketching in a district beyond Adrigoil, a poor man carrying a child in his arms accosted me. There are so few beggars in those unfrequented parts that I looked up at him with some curiosity. Although his clothes were tattered, and his countenance was haggard, it was not charity he required. He was young and handsome, but his cheeks were pale, and there was an expression of sorrow and deep feeling in his large dark eyes. The poor little child he was holding, with all a mother's gentle care, looked thin and ill.

"Will your honour be plazed to tell me what's the hour?" said he.

I answered that it was about four o'clock.

"Is it no more, then?" said he. "Sure 'tis a weary long time since I have been in these parts, and the shadows of the Almighty's sun seem changed since then."

"Where are you going?" I inquired.

A tear started to the poor fellow's eye, as he said—

"'Tis to Castletown back I am going this blessed day, and sure 'tis a sad heart I am carrying along with me."

He paused for a moment, but, probably perceiving the

interest his appearance aroused from the inquiry I had made, he continued, with that yearning for sympathy so inherent in natures which, like the Irish, are seldom disfigured by the bitter sullenness of a sulky temper—

"'Tis sad hearts I'll make in my father's place. Four years agone I went away full of riches and happiness, and now I return desolate and broken-hearted. I took away with me the pride of the place, the prettiest girl in all Munster, who refused many a good offer, and angered her parents by loving me. Ah! if you had seen my Noreen you would have seen the most beautiful eyes in the world, and the best too, for she never caused a tear to flow from mortal eye, no, not even from her dear mother's, when she declared she would live and die a maid rather than marry any boy but her own Ned—that was myself, and no other. Her parents forgave her, as well they might, for sure Noreen's beseeching eyes would make even a savage heart as quiet as a lamb. They consented to our marriage, and let their darling follow the fortunes of an unworthy spalpeen like myself; and sure 'twas good of them, and shows they had a better opinion of me than I desarved, for Noreen was their only joy, the only child that was spared to their ould age out of eight that lies in the ould churchyard. Ochone! ochone! what'll I do? —how'll I ever—deep is the grief that is mine this day, and cursed will be the tongue that's to tell them their darling is gone—gone from all of us—gone to live among creatures more worthy of her than us."

The poor man, with a gesture of despair, was moving away, but my interest in him had become so strong that I urged him to proceed with his melancholy history. He shook his head. Wishing, if possible, to soothe his extreme grief, I observed—

"But, my good man, you have a child left."

"Oh! then praised be God for having left this little picture of Noreen to comfort me, anyhow; and blessings be upon your lips for letting me to think of that," he continued, his eyes beaming with gratitude. "Sure, wasn't this weenock the only thing that prevented me from being now at the side of Noreen's grave? Wasn't it this, her child, that smiled on me so sweetly that I feel sometimes as if Noreen herself was looking at me, through these blue eyes, from her own blessed home, and I saw her smile through them, and say she was happy, and seemed to entreat me not to grieve that she was taken away from all the sin and sorrow of this world. For we had hard times of it at Waterford. When I went there work was scarce, and only that neither of us could bear to come back poorer than we went, we should ha' come long ago to the dear place, where we were both born in, and then Noreen would not have died, may be. But God's will be done. We was both too proud. We didn't like our friends to see we had failed, and I couldn't bear the thoughts of appearing before the boys she had refused to marry, and hearing them say, 'Look there at that spalpeen who took away Noreen but didn't know how to make a fortin for her'; and so we suffered, and in the winter Noreen got ill. There wasn't a bit of work to be had, though I begged on my bare knees for it. We were obliged to pawn everything, and through the cold winter to sleep where the rain came down upon us, and our boy, our first-born darlin', was laid in the could grave.

"Sure 'twas starved he was, though we went without a bit or a sup for days and days that he might ate. But the Lord took him—glory be to His name! But, oh! his mother's heart seemed to sink from that hour. Before that day she was always the one to hope, and her bright eyes never seemed to get dim with care. She would go and sit

on her child's grave, and though she tried to keep up and never clouded our home with a dark look, yet I saw that her heart was breaking within her in silence. She got weaker and weaker, and when this weenock was born I thought she must die surely; but, the Lord be praised! I got plenty of work then, and got back all her things, and could get nourishing food for her, and she lived to nurse this child, and to look and smile again like herself formerly did. And she would talk of days to come, and how pleasant it would be to return home with a good bit of money, and to buy a nice little farm near her father's. But, your honour, the blow—the bitter blow—was struck; her days were counted. As this poor child grew, she withered away, and couldn't nourish it any longer. Ah! 'twas then she reproached herself for having grieved so sorely over her boy. Many 's the time her two sweet, pale lips said to me, 'Sure, Ned, I was ungrateful to cry so much when I had you, darling, and you never ceased to love me. Why did I grieve so sorely for the boy? Why didn't I listen to you when ye tould me to cheer up and not go moaning over the grave, and wasting my strength? Why didn't I listen when ye tould me to remember I had you, and that God would give me another boy to comfort us? Oh! how dreadful to be taken from you and to lave you all alone, and my poor child—the poor thing—and never to see my dear father and mother any more!'

"I tried to cheer her, but the words often would not pass my lips, for my heart was fainting within me, as I saw that she was going, and I knew that no mortal power could save her.

"And then poor Noreen couldn't bear to think she'd die. 'Oh! do you forgive me, Ned?' she used to say; 'and will you pray for me, and will God forgive my sinfulness, in having wished over my child's grave that I might soon

be laid alongside of him? The Almighty has heard what my sinful heart wished, and He has granted my prayer. Oh! what wouldn't I now give had it never been spoken? Dear Ned, I entrate you not to do as I did when my heart was overcome with grief; promise me never to ask God to take ye out o' this world; swear to me never to desert the child.'

"She took this so to heart, and entreated me so often about it, that to aise her mind I took a solemn Bible oath that I would niver ask God to take me out of the world, but that I would always make the best of all things, and wait patiently the Lord's own good time for my release.

"Soon afterwards my darling Noreen grew still worse. She sank down like one of the bright and beautiful clouds out of the heavens, and all was then darkness to me.

"'Remember your oath to me, Ned,' were the last words she spoke, and 'tis in obedience to that angel I wouldn't let my heart break, and 'tis only from feeling she sees me now that I have toiled along the weary road with this innocent child, and that ever makes me bear the thought of going to our own old home. Sure, 'tis the thought of my own Noreen's last wish that will give me courage to tell her poor father and her own mother that their child is dead."

The poor fellow's tears had flowed fast during his recital, but when it was ended he brushed them away, and with tender paternal care arranged a cloak, probably his poor wife's, round the child's head. Then, with a sad, yet resigned tone, observing "that there were many weary miles to go, and the poor child was noways strong," he proceeded on his road. The baby did, indeed, look ill, and as if it were not long for this world, and it was with a heavy heart that I left him as the thought crossed my mind that the poor fellow's cup of sorrow was not yet, perhaps, full.

CHAPTER III.

IRISH WIT.

An Irish writer has well observed :—

"Broad humour is not the characteristic of our people. The Irish character is not that grotesque *ludibrium* which men, incapable of comprehending its true sentiment, would set up, like the far-famed scarecrow of a Roman garden, to frighten from the desecrated precincts all others but themselves. What though the blight of national calamity has, in some districts, left the Irish peasant, in physical culture, little better than the beast of the field, degenerate in stature, in aspect semi-brutalised—and, even as we write, we see the wanderers of Connaught, ragged, diminutive, and of abortive feature, the miscreations of hardship and neglect, crowding to the quays, upon their weary way to the English harvest; what though in food and raiment these poor Irishmen be the raggedest remnant of humanity that ever fluttered its fantastic wretchedness in the chill air of contempt; yet there is scarce one among them all in whose breast, naked and sunburnt though it be, his nation's genius has not placed a perennial fountain of affections, deep, pure, and inexhaustible.

"Open-heartedness is, to a certain extent, nationally characteristic; still they are but the inferior qualities of his nature that the Irishman among strangers has *in propatulo*; his perceptions of the ludicrous, the whimsical,

and the absurd ; his susceptibilities, to some extent, of the gentler, and his impulses, in all their fierce sincerity, of the stronger passions, are traits exhibited at large before the world ; but a profound depth of feeling, too sacred for the profanation of public sympathy, lies behind these, unseen and unappreciated, except by those whose very appreciation of it in another generally forms portion of a similar reserve of sentiment in themselves. Englishmen cannot appreciate, in consequence of not understanding, true Irish humour, which depends more on the drollery of a turn in the expression, the readiness of the repartee, or the mistake, as much designed as accidental, which constitutes the peculiar excellence of the wit of our countrymen."

The comment on the general characteristics of Irish humour is good ; but if Englishmen do in general misunderstand Irish humour, as the writer imagines, so much the worse for them. The man who thinks the Irishman deficient in mental quality because of the effervescing of his natural wit need not look abroad for a fool.

To what are we to ascribe this national trait of humour? Can we accept the explanation of Sir Richard Steele, who, when he was asked how it happened that his countrymen made so many bulls, replied—

"It is the effect of climate, sir. If an Englishman were born in Ireland he would make as many."

It would actually appear as if there were something in the air or in the soil of Ireland favourable to the making of bulls. Sir John Davies, a Welshman, had some office in Ireland during the reign of James I., to whom he wrote the following letter :—

"Most mighty prince, the gold mine that was lately discovered at Ballycurry turns out to be a lead one."

In further corroboration of Sir Richard's theory we may cite the case of another gentleman who appeared to be

infected in the manner Sir Richard suggests, though he was not born in Ireland, but had only recently arrived in Dublin with many friendly introductions. The delivery of his first letter alone led to his being invited out for four days in succession by different parties, by one of whom a carriage and livery servant were placed at his command. He experienced, indeed, in full measure, the strength and activity of Irish hospitality, and was so feasted and lionised for a fortnight, without a day's respite, and until late hours at night, that, alluding to this round of gaiety one day, he exclaimed to a companion—

"Upon my word, if I live long here I shall die soon!"

The Irish seem to resent the imputation of being the best "bull" makers on the earth. A gentleman, a genuine Hibernian, walking down the street of a town, two boys looked out of an upstairs window, and one of them cried—

"There goes Mr. ———, who makes so many bulls."

Looking up, the Irishman retorted—

"You rascals, I know you well enough, and if I only had you here, I'd kick you downstairs."

Swift, apparently regarding the reputation as a species of aspersion on the nation, proposed to retaliate.

"I have it in contemplation," says he, "to write an essay on English bulls and blunders."

If the Dean could have discovered such good English bulls as there are Irish, it is a matter for regret that his essay was never completed. No doubt Englishmen have made bulls.

A quartermaster in a regiment of light horse, who was about six feet high, and very corpulent, was joking with an Irishman concerning the natural proneness of his countrymen to make bulls in conversation.

"By my soul," cried the Irishman, "Ireland never made such a bull in all its lifetime as England did when she made a *light* horseman of you!"

There is not a more celebrated bull than Paddy Blake's. When Paddy heard an English gentleman speaking of the fine echo at the Lake of Killarney, which repeats the sound forty times, he very promptly observed—

"Faith that's nothing at all to the echo in my father's garden, in the county of Galway. If you say to it, 'How do you do, Paddy Blake?' it will answer, 'Pretty well, I thank you, sir.'"

This echo of Paddy Blake's, which has long been the admiration of the world, is not a prodigy unique in its kind. It can be matched by one recorded in the immortal works of the great Lord Verulam.

"I remember well," says this father of philosophy, "that when I went to the echo at Charenton, there was an old Parisian that took it to be the work of spirits, and of good spirits, 'for,' said he, 'call Satan, and the echo will not deliver back the devil's name, but will say 'Va t' en.'" Bacon relates the story to show that echoes will not readily return the letter S.

Bulls relating to personal identity are numerous.

An Irishman, who had a most unfortunately ugly countenance, was complaining one day to his acquaintance of the hardness of his lot.

"Well," said one of his friends, "you certainly have a very peculiar face—how did you come by it?"

"Why, I'll tell you how it was. When I was first born, I was the swatest little creature you ever saw, but my mother put me out to nurse, and, do you know, the decateful ould wretch of a woman changed me for another."

We find a similar blunder in Spain, in the time of Cervantes.

"Pray tell me, squire," says the Duchess in *Don Quixote*, "is not your master the person whose history is

printed under the name of the Sage Hidalgo Don Quixote de la Mancha, who professes himself the admirer of one Dulcinea del Toboso?"

"The very same, my lady," answered Sancho, "and I myself am that very squire of his who is mentioned, or ought to be mentioned, in that history, *unless they have changed me in the cradle.*"

A jovial, good-humoured, and industrious commercial traveller, a native of the Green Isle, though he felt much fatigued by a hard day's duty in a country town, resolved, whilst enjoying his evening glass at the fireside of an inn, to journey, deep winter as it was, an early stage in the morning by a coach which, starting before daybreak, would reach his next scene of business by breakfast-time. He named this project in presence of several of his brethren of the road, and gave orders to "boots" to call him just in time for the coach, and no sooner, as he would make his toilet in the next town, where he would arrive by daylight. Having paid his bill, and feeling that all was comfortably settled, he sat till rather a late hour in the warm room, where the fumes from a cigar or two of his neighbours' probably contributed to his dropping fast asleep. Some of the party, taking advantage of his condition, carefully blacked his face. By and by he became wakeful enough, though still very drowsy, to find his way to bed. In the morning "boots" awoke him exactly in time, and hastily huddling on his clothes, he was soon in the coach, where darkness being still around, he was soon again asleep.

In a couple of hours the coach again pulled up at an inn, and he was shown, in the grey light, and with candles still visible here and there, into the gloomy breakfast-room, where, after gaping and stretching, he took up a candle, that he might look at himself in the glass and turn up his hair from his forehead, when, utterly astounded at the black and

unknown visage he there beheld, he shouted out lustily, and in a tone of sudden alarm—

"Why, by the powers, if 'boots' hasn't wakened the wrong man!"

A gentleman, hearing that his mother was married again, said in great perturbation—

"I hope she won't have a son older than me, for if she does, I shall be cut out of the estate."

This blunder is, however, equalled by one of French origin.

A quarrel happening between an old French gentleman and his son, the former reproached the latter with ingratitude.

"I am under no obligation to you," replied the young man; "on the contrary, for if you had never been born I should now have been heir to my grandfather."

An Irishman telling his friend that, passing along the street, he saw a person on the other side with whom he thought he was acquainted, said—

"I crossed to see him. I thought I knew him, but, my honey, it was neither the one nor t'other of us."

Perhaps this was the same gentleman who, on meeting an acquaintance, accosted him with this ambiguous compliment—

"When first I saw you I thought it was you, but now I see it is your brother."

It has been remarked that an Englishman thinks and speaks; a Scotchman thinks twice before he speaks; and an Irishman speaks before he thinks. But it is a truer remark that a Scotchman thinks with his head; an Irishman with his heart. Macklin recognised this when he said—

"Sir, I have experienced to my cost that a man, in any situation of life, should never be off his guard. It is the

fault of the Irish that they are too ready to 'commit' themselves. Now this never happens with the Scotch. A Scotchman is always on the look-out. He never lives a moment *extempore*, and that is one great reason why he is so successful in life as we see."

There is an old story of an experiment made in London by two friends, who spoke to every labourer they met between St. Giles and Holborn Hill, until they had found one belonging to each of the three countries; and to each, but separately, they put the question, "What would you take to stand on the top of the Monument all night with only your night-clothes on?" The Englishman, in a straightforward way, replied at once, "Five pounds;" the Scotchman cautiously asked, "What will ye gie?" and the Irishman, offhand, exclaimed, "Sure, I'd be after taking a bad cowld."

In the following instance an Irishman was evidently off his guard.

An Irish gentleman was writing a letter in a coffee-house, and perceiving that an Irishman stationed behind him was overlooking him, he continued writing—

"I would say more, but an impudent tall Irishman is reading over my shoulder every word I write."

"You lie, you scoundrel!" said the self-convicted Hibernian.

This blunder is unquestionably excellent, but it is not originally Irish. It comes, with other riches, from the East, and is to be found in a book by M. Golland, entitled, *The Remarkable Sayings of the Eastern Nations.* "A learned man was writing to a friend; a troublesome fellow was beside him, who was looking over his shoulder at what he was writing. The learned man, who perceived this, continued writing in these words—'If an impertinent fellow who stands beside me were not looking at what I write, I

would say many other things to you, which should be known only to you and me.' The troublesome fellow, who was reading on, now thought it incumbent upon him to speak, and he said—

"'I swear to you that I have not read, or looked at what you are writing!'

"The learned man replied—

"'Blockhead, as you are, why then do you say to me what you are now saying?'"

Before proceeding to further Irish bulls, let us consider a few of other people's.

Dr. Desaguliers, in his *Lectures on Natural Philosophy*, says: "That the nature of things should last, and their natural consequence continue the same, all the changes made in bodies must arise only from the various separations, new conjunctions, and motions, of these original particles. *These must be imagined of an inconceivable smallness*, but by the union of them there are made bigger lumps," etc.

Dr. Johnson, in his celebrated preface to *Shakspere*, says that "he has not only shown human nature as it acts in real exigencies, but as it *would be found in situations to which it cannot be exposed.*"

On a church door in Hertfordshire it is stated that the following notice was once placed—

"This is to give notice, that no person is to be buried in this churchyard but those living in the parish; and those who wish to be buried are desired to apply to the parish-clerk."

Some years ago there appeared in an English newspaper an advertisement of a new washing-machine, commencing with the words—"Every man his own washerwoman," and on the wall of a coffee-house in the Metropolis there was once affixed an advertisement to the following effect—"This coffee-house removed upstairs."

The first printed article of a new burial society at Manchester ran—"Whereas many persons find it difficult to bury themselves," etc.

An advertisement appeared in an Irish newspaper, of lands to let to "an improving tenant." "A few miles from Cork, in a most sporting country, bounded by a most uncommon fine turf bog, on the verge of which there are a number of fine lime-kilns, where that manure may be had on very moderate terms, the distance for carriage not being many hundred yards. The whole lands being now in great mart, and completely laid down, entirely surrounded and divided by impenetrable furze ditches made of quarried stone, laid edgeways."

We have heard in England of things almost as extraordinary as this. Dr. Grey, in his erudite and entertaining notes on *Hudibras*, records the deposition of a lawyer, who, in an action of battery, told the judge, "that the defendant beat his client with a wooden instrument, called an iron pestle." Nay, to go further still, a wise annotator on the Pentateuch, named Peter Harrison, observed of Moses' two tables of stone, that they were made of shittim wood.

In the proclamation of an Irish mayor the public were informed that certain business would be transacted in the city where he presided "every Monday (Easter Sunday only excepted)." This seems rather an unnecessary exception, but it is not an inadvertency caused by any hurry of business in his worship; it is deliberately copied from a precedent set in England by a baronet, once well known in Parliament, who in the preamble to a certain bill proposed that certain regulations should be in force "on every Monday (except it should fall on Christmas Day, or Easter Sunday)."

If bulls originate in an obliquity of the mental vision, we must admit that there are very few people who can at all times see straight.

It took an Irishman to discover how to write a letter adapted to a deaf person.

"Why do you write in so large a hand?" inquired a friend of Dennis, who was writing a letter home.

"Arrah, dear, an' isn't it to my poor mother I'm writing? and she is so very deaf, that I'm writing her a loud letther."

We hope that this "loud" letter was one which did not require the apology for bad writing made by another Irishman, who protested that he should have written his letter better only he had not time to copy it before he wrote it.

The Honourable Dennis O'Connor, who was very tenacious in fabricating bulls, with all his sagacity, was continually erring. Happening one day to go into a linendraper's shop, he asked the price of a pair of gloves, when, on thinking he was asked an exorbitant figure, he exclaimed—

"Och, my dear friend, sooner than I'll be imposed upon, I'll go barefoot all the rest of my life."

Upon boots hang many good stories.

An Irish gentleman having a pair of new boots sent home to him proceeded to try to put them on. After a great deal of labour, and pulling and straining, till, from the blisters on his hands, he could no longer continue the violent exertion, he desisted, declaring that he perceived very clearly that he should never get those boots on "till he had worn them a day or two."

Was the misfit of these boots the result of a mistake on the part of the shoemaker such as is embodied in the following anecdote?

A gentleman gave orders for a pair of boots, and when his measure was taken, he observed to the bootmaker that as one of his feet was bigger than the other the boots must be made accordingly. When they were brought

home he put the big boot on the small foot, and after trying in vain to get the small boot on the big foot, he burst out into the exclamation—

"Oh, you thief of the world, I ordered you to make one foot bigger than the other and instead of that you have made one smaller than the other!"

A beggar woman had pathetically implored alms from a lusty gentleman who was hobbling along in evident pain from his swollen and gouty feet, but her repeated entreaties were of no avail. He waved his hand in token of all refusal, when she calmly exclaimed, as she turned away—

"Indeed, I wish his heart was as tender as his toes."

An Irish gentleman was visited by a friend who found him a little ruffled, and being asked the reason for it, replied that he had lost a new pair of black silk stockings out of his room, which had cost him eighteen shillings, but he hoped to recover them, for he had ordered them to be cried, and had offered half a crown reward. The gentleman observed that the reward was far too little for such valuable stockings.

"Pooh!" said the gentleman, "I ordered the crier to say they were worsted."

It is doubtful whether the gentleman ever recovered his missing property. Could he be the author of the following advertisement?—

"Lost on Saturday last, but the loser does not know where, an empty sack with a cheese in it. On the sack the letters P. G. are marked, but so completely worn as not to be legible."

An Irishman being asked why he wore his stockings the wrong side outwards, answered—

"Because there is a hole on the other side."

However wide awake the Irishman may be when up his slumbers are sometimes inconveniently prolonged. A gentle-

man of Cork ordered his man to call him at six o'clock, but he awoke him at four. Being asked the reason, he replied he came to tell him he had two hours longer to sleep.

Dennis bidding an extraordinary price for an alarm clock, gave as a reason, "that, as he loved to rise early, he had now nothing to do but pull the string, and he could wake himself."

"What makes you so very drowsy this morning?" said a friend to a neighbour.

"Why, the fact is," said he, "I'm not at all refreshed by my night's rest."

"How has that happened, I wonder?" continued his friend.

"Indeed, sir, I couldn't sleep for draiming."

An Irish soldier waking one morning from a sound sleep on a floor of hard boards, felt his limbs ache to an unusual degree. Looking round, he espied a few feathers lying about where he had slept.

"Oh! I see how it is. It's them plaguy feathers, sure enough. And if the likes of them few can make one's bones so sore, I pities greatly the poor craters that lies on whole beds full av 'em."

An ingenious mode of appearing to disparage a bed at an inn, whilst, on the contrary, a real compliment was conveyed, was adopted by a witty Irish traveller. The landlady, adorned with her best morning smile, hoped he had enjoyed a comfortable night's rest, a hope which his gay and cheerful look might well warrant.

"Oh! ma'am, you oughtn't to charge me for the bed at all at all."

"No! Why, my good sir, what's amiss? This is the first time I ever heard a complaint about the bed. What ever can there be wrong about it?"

"I tell ye, ma'am, you must not charge me a penny for it."

"Well, but what's amiss with it?"

"Why, ma'am, to tell you the truth, I'd no good of it at all, for I never knew I was in it."

It was past midnight, in a dark, cold, comfortless season, when a gentle but oft-repeated knock was heard at the door of a huge building, the domicile of a well-known institution in the Metropolis, the inmates of which had all retired to rest. The knock, however, was perseveringly repeated at intervals, until the matron put her head out of the window and inquired who was there at so unseasonable an hour.

"An' sure, ma'am, it's myself it is," replied a plaintive voice. "It's myself that's wantin' shelter till morning for I'm cowld and hungry, and sure it's a dacent Christian like you that'll be after letting me in."

"Get away," said the embarrassed matron, "this is no place for you. Get away, I say. For shame of you, coming here! This is the Lying-in Hospital."

"Oh, thin, indeed!" replied the poor fellow, "it's the very place for me, for I've been lying out these three nights."

A Moriarty was once discovered, holding a looking-glass in his hand, shutting his eyes, and placing it before his face. A friend asked him why he did so.

"Upon my soul," he replied, "it is to see how I look when I am asleep."

Irish doctors have contributed their quota of wit.

Bedford Row, the street in which the celebrated Abernethy resided, is a very broad thoroughfare, and, of course, the repaving of such a space of ground would be a work of some little time. A heap of stones had already lain two days before the worthy surgeon's door, when, on the third morning, and in a very nice temper, as those who knew him may readily suppose, Abernethy appeared on the

steps of his house, and imperiously called out to the paviors—

"Take away those stones, you men! Take them away! My patients cannot drive up to the door. I have borne this for two mornings already, and I insist on their being removed instantly."

The leader of the workmen was an Irishman, and he called out—

"Oh, sor, give us a little time, sure. To-morrow we will be past you, sure enough."

"Take them away, I say."

"Indeed, sor, only look at the sand there, and the heap of things there, and the road we must keep open beyant, and where will we take 'em to?"

"Take them to ——, if you like, so that they are out of my way," said Abernethy, pointing downwards, stamping his foot, and naming a warm place.

"Oh, sor," replied the Hibernian, "I think if I took 'em to the other place," pointing upwards, "they would be more out of your honour's way."

An Irish doctor advertised that persons afflicted with deafness might hear of him at a house in Liffey Street, where also blind patients might see him daily, from ten till three o'clock.

It was merely the prevailing spirit of humour which prompted the medical examiners in Dublin to ask a student what he thought he should do if a man were to be blown up into the air by an explosion in his presence; and it was a similar spirit which dictated the ready answer—

"Why, gentlemen, I would wait till he came down again."

Perhaps this was the student, a little more advanced in his professional career, who, when asked what progress he was making in his studies, replied, "I shall soon be

qualified to practise as a physician, for I can already cure a child."

"Do not send for Dr. S——," said Captain O'Neal,—"Do not send for Doctor S—— ; for he once attended a young officer of our regiment, and, upon my conscience, he stuffed the poor lad so unmercifully with potions and draughts, that he continued sick a fortnight after he was quite well."

When Lord Townshend was Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, the then Mayor of Dublin lost no opportunity of repeating his solicitations for places.

"My dear Hely," said his lordship, "you have a great many things, and I have nothing to give but a majority of dragoons."

"I accept it then," said the Mayor.

"What! You take a majority!" exclaimed the Lord-Lieutenant. "It is impossible. I only meant it as a joke."

"And I accept it," rejoined the Mayor, "merely to show you how well I can take a joke."

Even under the influence of that awful authority which hedges round a superior officer, Pat's wit is not frozen but flows on.

A military officer of diminutive stature was drilling a tall Irish recruit.

"Hold up your head," said the officer, elevating the chin of the Irishman with the end of his cane to an angle of nearly forty degrees, "hold up your head so."

"And must I always do so, captain?" asked the recruit.

"Yes, always," answered the officer.

"Thin fare-you-well, sir," rejoined Paddy, "for I shall never see you more."

An Irish sentinel on duty was so furiously assailed by a dog, that, to escape threatened damage from its powerful

fangs, he shot the animal. It turned out to be the property of an officer of the garrison, who severely rebuked the soldier, telling him that he might surely have been satisfied with taking the butt-end of his musket to defend himself. "And so I would have done, your honour, had he run at me with his tail," replied the man.

Some differences once occurred between a corps of volunteers and their commander. The regiment was ordered to appear before the inspecting-general, and the colonel, of course, gave the word of command, "Attention!" —"shoulder arms." Not a muscle or a musket moved. The command was repeated in a louder voice, but the corps still remained motionless. The general, much surprised, beckoned to a sergeant, and asked why the corps refused to act.

"An't please your honour," replied the sergeant, making the due obeisance, "it is bekays the Colonel and the regiment are not on speaking terms."

Several press-gangs infesting the streets of a city and suburbs, one of them gave umbrage to an Irish punster, who had just staggered from a tavern into the middle of them.

"God bless his majesty's arms," said he, "but as to the supporters, they're beasts."

The Irishman sticks close to his friend.

Two sailors, one Irish, the other English, agreed reciprocally to take care of each other, in case of either's being wounded in the action then about to commence. It was not long before the Englishman's leg was shot off by a cannon-ball, and on his calling Pat to carry him to the doctor, according to the agreement, the other very readily complied. He had scarcely got his wounded companion on his back when a second ball struck off the poor fellow's head. Pat, who, through the noise and disturbance common

in a sea engagement, had not perceived his friend's last misfortune, continued to make the best of his way to the surgeon. An officer, observing him with a headless trunk upon his shoulders, asked him where he was going.

"To the doctor," said Pat.

"The doctor?" rejoined the officer. "Why, you blockhead, the man has lost his head."

On hearing this Pat flung the body from his shoulders, and having looked at it very attentively, said—

"By my soul, he tould me it was his leg!"

A ship being in great danger at sea, everybody was observed to be upon his knees but an Irish officer, who, being called upon to come with the rest to prayers, said—

"Not I. It is your business to take care of the ship. I am only a passenger."

A somewhat similar *sang-froid* was manifested by a compatriot who, having been run over by a troop of horse, miraculously escaped without hurt.

"Down upon your knees and thank God, you reprobate!" said one of the spectators.

"Thank God! for what? Is it for letting a troop of horse run over me?"

In this speech there is the same sort of humour and sophistry that appears in the Irishman's celebrated question—

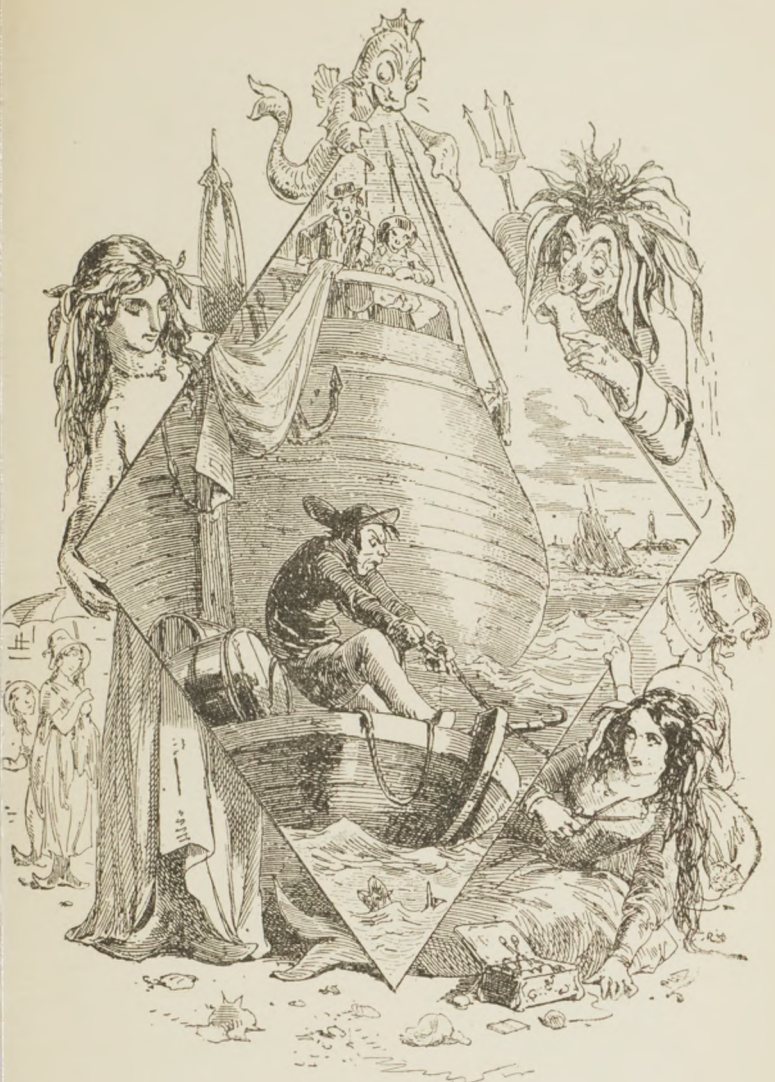
"What has posterity done for me, that I should do so much for posterity?"

When an apprentice sailor-boy fell from the round-top to the deck, stunned, but little hurt, the captain exclaimed in surprise—

"Why, where did you come from?"

"From the north of Ireland, your honour," was the prompt reply, as the poor fellow gathered himself up.

A ship was almost under way; it was floating towards



THE ENDS CUT OFF.

the stream of the river, and all were anxious to be clear away, when poor Barney was still in the boat tugging in a long line that was chiefly under water.

"Come, come," said the captain, from the poop, "don't be all day pulling in that line. Bear a hand."

"Yes, sor," said Barney, and with renewed efforts he pulled and pulled till his back ached, and his brow was moist, and his patience almost gone.

The captain had taken a turn on deck, and again hastily looking over, he found Barney still tugging away.

"Why, haven't you reached the end yet?" he cried out.

"No, indeed, master," replied the anxious Barney, still pulling, but looking up to appease the captain, "and, by my soul, I've been looking for the end till I'm beginning to think it has got none. I do believe, sor, somebody's cut it aff."

This story is much of a piece with the following :—

An Irishman, who was sent on board a ship, and who believed in ghosts, inquired of his messmates if the ship were haunted.

"As full of ghosts as a churchyard," replied they. "They are ten thousand strong every night."

This so terrified Pat, that, whenever he turned into his hammock, he pulled his blanket over his head and face, so that, from his knees downwards, he was always uncovered and cold.

"That there purser's a terrible rogue," he exclaimed one night. "He serves out blankets that don't fit a man. They are too long at top, and too short at bottom, for they cover up my head and ears, and my feet are always perished with cold. I have cut several slices off the top and sewed them on the bottom, but the divil a bit longer it is."

"Come down, this instant," said the boatswain to a

mischievous son of Erin, who had been idling in the round-top, "come down, I say, and I'll give you a good dozen, you rascal!"

"Troth, sir, and I wouldn't come down if you gave me two dozen."

An Irishman, angling in the rain, was observed to keep his line under the arch of a bridge. Upon being asked the reason, he replied—

"To be sure the fishes will be after crowding there in order to keep out of the wet."

Murphy was evidently innocent of ichthyological knowledge, when, arriving in London, he observed a glass globe within a shop window containing some large goldfish.

"And sure," said he, "this is the first time in my life that I've seen live red herrings."

Let us hope that the Irish have become better acquainted with the working of banks than they were at the time of the Rebellion.

A person named Beresford, a banker and a member for Dublin, at that time rendered himself so very obnoxious to the rebels, in consequence of his vigilance in bringing them to punishment, that whenever they found any of his bank-notes in plundering a house, the general cry was, "We'll ruin the rascal. We'll destroy every note of his we find." They are supposed to have destroyed no less than twenty thousand pounds'-worth of his notes during the Rebellion.

In the Irish Bank Bill, passed in June 1808, there was a clause providing that the profits should be equally divided, and that the residue should be given to the governor.

Pat has in different ways figured a good deal in the courts of justice.

A prisoner being brought before a magistrate in Dublin on a charge of assault, candidly acknowledged that he had a *hand* in kicking the plaintiff downstairs.

"My lord," said a witness who wanted to establish an alibi, "I could not be, like a bird, in two places at once."

A broth of a boy, rejoicing in the cognomen of Teddy Maguire, was examined as a witness in a case as to the quality of oatmeal. The questioning counsel wished to make it appear that when bad oats were brought to the mill for sale, they were refused by the buyer.

"Did you ever see Mr. Murdock return oats?" inquired the counsel.

"Yes, your honour," was the reply.

"On what ground did he refuse them?" was next asked.

"In the back-yard."

Mr. Curran being retained against a young officer who was indicted for a very gross assault, opened the cause in the following manner:—

"My lord, I am counsel for the Crown, and I am first to acquaint your lordship that this soldier——"

"Nay, sir," said the officer, "I would have you know, sir, I am an officer."

"Oh, sir, I beg your pardon," replied Curran, very drily. "Why then, my lord, to speak more correctly, this officer, *who is no soldier*."

Curran had not often to excuse himself for the loss of a case. A counsellor having lost his cause, which had been tried before three judges, one of whom was esteemed a very able lawyer, and the other two but indifferent, some of the other barristers were very merry on the occasion.

"Well, now," said he, "at any rate it was a bad cause, and I have lost no great things by it. But who could help losing such a case when there were a hundred judges on the bench?"

"A hundred?" said one, "there were but three."

"Indeed," replied the barrister, "there were *one* and *two ciphers*."

An old Irishman, convicted of some grave offence, having been sentenced to fourteen years penal servitude, bowed most profoundly to the bench, and thanked his lordship, "for, indeed," said he, "I didn't think I had so long to live till your lordship told me."

A celebrated judge, in passing sentence on a thief who had been convicted of stealing a timepiece in a dwelling-house, said that "in grasping time, he had reached eternity."

Sir Peter Jackson, registrar to Lord Norbury in the Court of Common Pleas, one day came to his lordship, and complained grievously that he really could not afford to supply the court with gospels and prayer-books, as witnesses, after they had taken their oaths, were in the constant habit of stealing the book.

"Peter," said Lord Norbury, "if the rascals read the book, it will do them more good than the petty larceny will do them mischief."

"Read or not read," urged Peter, "they are rogues, that's plain. I have tied the book fast, but for all that they have slipped it off and taken it away."

"Well, well," replied the judge; "if they be not afraid of the cord, hang your gospel in chains, and that, perhaps, by reminding the fellows of the fate of their fathers and grandfathers, may make them behave themselves."

Jackson took the hint, and, for many years, a good-looking, well-bound New Testament hung close to the witness-box, suspended from the gallery by a huge jack-chain, which had evidently done service for many years previously in the registrar's kitchen.

Judging by the anecdotes concerning him, Lord Norbury was one of those men who, rejoicing in the misery of their fellows, regarded a death sentence as a *bonne-bouche.*

Once, on a special commission to try the culprits in one

of the Irish rebellions, he had, in the course of a sitting, convicted a great many.

"You are going on swimmingly here, my lord," said a counsel for the prisoners.

"Yes," answered his lordship significantly, "seven knots an hour."

Curran was the man to give such a one a rub.

Lord Norbury, going as a judge on the Munster Circuit, was, as usual, so strict in the administration of criminal justice, that few, of whose guilt there were any grounds of suspicion, were suffered to escape merely through any slovenly flaws in the wording of their indictments, or doubts upon the testimony. Dining, as usual, with the seniors of the bar at the next inn, a gentleman, who sat near the judge, asked leave to help his lordship to part of a pickled tongue. Lord Norbury replied that he did not like pickled tongue, but if it had been hung, he would try it. Curran, who sat on the other side, said that the defect was easily obviated, for if his lordship would only *try* it, it would certainly be hung.

The sanguinary taste of Norbury is reflected in the hero of the following anecdote :—

A counsellor having fallen asleep upon the bench, the president, who was gathering the votes, asked him for his. He answered, rubbing his eyes—

"Hang him ! hang him !"

Being told the point in question was concerning a meadow.

"Well then, " said he, "let it be mown."

It was a contrast amounting to a reflection which the impudent Irish vagrant played off upon the magistrate, who showed no little prejudice at the first sight of the offender.

"Ah ! sir," he exclaimed, "I see what you are,—I see the rogue in your face."

"Indeed, your worship, I didn't know before that my face was a looking-glass."

A judge, on passing sentence of death, said, as usual—

"I have nothing now to do but to pass the dreadful sentence of the law upon you."

"Oh! don't trouble yourself on my account," interrupted Pat.

"I must do my duty," resumed the judge. "You must go from hence to the place of execution, where you are to be hanged by the neck till you are dead; and the Lord have mercy on your soul!"

"I am much obliged to you," says the prisoner; "but I never heard of any one thriving after your prayers."

Dennis was toiling, toiling, toiling, on the treadmill with others, whose looks were as joyless and dull as the walls of their prison, when he exclaimed—

"And sure this is such a staircase as I never knowed the likes of afore. I've been climbing up ever so long, step after step, and I haven't reached the first chamber door yet."

Two Irish labourers being present at an execution on the scaffold before Newgate, one said to the other—

"Pray now, is there any difference between being hanged on this new drop here, or being hanged in chains?"

"Why, no," replied the other; "only on one you hang about an hour, and on the other you hang all the days of your life."

A hangman asked a criminal, about to be executed, for the customary bequest. Having received it, he exclaimed, "Long life to your honour," and at the same moment, drawing the bolt, launched the unfortunate man into eternity.

During the Rebellion, at the military execution of some wretched rebel, the cord broke, and the criminal, who had been only half hanged, fell to the ground. The mayor, who was superintending the execution, exclaimed, "You rascal, if you do that again, I'll kill you, as sure as you breathe."

Jonathan and his friend Paddy were enjoying a fine ride, when they came in sight of an old gallows. This suggested to the American the idea of being witty at the expense of his companion.

"You see that, I calculate," said he nasally, pointing to the object; "and now, where would you be if the gallows had its due?"

"Riding alone," coolly replied Pat.

Captain M'Dermot, who was hanged for murder, explained his situation thus:—

"And I, who was taught to read the Latin, English, and Irish tongues, and was naturally complaisant to all mankind, am here made an example of for the sins of my forefathers."

As a companion to this is "an elegy on the death of Mr. J. Poe, *who unfortunately departed this life* at Kilmainham Gallows."

An Irishman meeting a friend, asked him what had become of their old acquaintance, Patrick Murphy.

"Arrah, my honey," replied the other, "he was condemned to be hanged, and only saved his life by dying in prison."

An Irishman can at times say things that one might wish unsaid.

"Please your worship, he bid me go to the devil, and I came straight to your honour."

The prototype of this blunder is to be found in Marmontel's *Annette and Lubin*. Lubin concludes his harangue with—

"The bailiff sent us to the devil, and we came to put ourselves under your protection, my lord."

A celebrated Irish beauty was being presented at Court. His Majesty, King George the Second, politely hoped that since her arrival in England she had been entertained with the gaieties of London.

"Oh yes, please your Majesty," replied the lady; "I have seen every sight in London worth seeing except a coronation."

This *naïveté* is certainly not equal to that of the English Earl Marshal, who, when the King found fault with some arrangement at his coronation, said—

"Please your Majesty, I hope it will be better next time."

An attorney, not proverbial for his probity, was robbed one night in going from Wicklow to Dublin. His father, next day, meeting Baron O'Grady, said—

"My lord, have you heard of my son's robbery?"

"No," replied the baron. "Whom did he rob?"

Two officers of customs in a large seaport, one of them an Irishman, the other an Englishman, were on very friendly terms. They met each other one morning, when the Irishman exclaimed—

"I wish you had been with us at the coffee-house last night, and yet, on reflection, I don't, for there was that impudent fellow you affronted the other day, taking liberties with your name."

"Tell me," said the other, "what did the vile slanderer say?"

"No, indeed, I won't, you'll be in a passion if I do, and sorry I am now I named it, as it's all over. I took your part completely, so never mind."

"The villain! I'll——"

"Yes, I know you would, but for that raison I won't tell you. If you'll only promise not to spake to him, nor meddle with him, you shall know it all, but not else."

"Well, well, I promise."

"Upon your honour?"

"Upon my honour."

"Why, you see, we happened to mintion your name,

when, in a most insulting way, the fellow bawled out, 'What's he? He's not fit to carry garbage to a bear!'

"Did he so? The impudent scoundrel, I'll—no, I mustn't, I suppose, as I've promised, but I am glad you were there. What did you say?"

"Why," replied the Irishman, "of course, I contradicted him in the flattest terms, and silenced him in a minute, for I declared most confidently *that you were.*"

An eccentric barber had opened a shop underneath the walls of the King's Bench prison. The windows having been broken when he entered, he mended them with paper on which appeared, "Shave for a penny," with the usual invitation to customers, and over the door were scrawled these lines :—

"Here lives Jemmy Wight,
Shaves as well as any man in England,
Almost—not quite."

Foote, who loved anything eccentric, saw these inscriptions, and hoping to extract some wit from the author, whom he justly concluded to be an odd character, he pulled off his hat, and thrusting his head through a paper-pane into the shop, called out—

"Is Jemmy Wight at home?"

The barber immediately forced his own head through another pane, into the street and replied—

"No, sir, he's just popped out."

Foote laughed heartily, and gave the man a guinea.

A poor Irishman, whose workshop was in a cellar, was one day clearing away some muddy accretions from the stone sill about the outside of his window-pane, when a neighbour remarked that he was making the most of his space.

"Yes," said he. "I am just wanting to let as much of the darkness out of my cellar as possible."

A gentleman, building a house, ordered a pit to be dug to contain the heaps of rubbish left by the workmen. His steward asked what they should do with the earth out of the pit.

"Make it large enough to hold both the rubbish and the earth, to be sure," said he.

Probably it was a brother of this gentleman, who, superintending his country improvements, and observing that a large hole had been cut in one of the doors for the cat, desired that a smaller one might be cut for the kitten.

An Irishman ordered a painter to draw his picture, and to represent him standing behind a tree.

A girl told her forbidden lover she was longing to possess his portrait, and intended to obtain it.

"But how if your friends see it?" inquired he.

"Ah, but I'll tell the artist not to make it like you, so they won't know it."

Foote's powers of mimicry once grievously offended a gentleman, who went to remonstrate with him very seriously for "taking him off," as he called it.

"Bless you," said the wit, "don't be displeased at that, I very often take myself off, by way of amusement."

"Why, do you do so?"

"I do, indeed," replied Foote coolly, taking up his hat and leaving the room.

Sir. C. Moyan asked Tom Gannon what he thought of Kean's acting.

"I like his dying scenes best," replied Tom. "He acts the dead man to the very life."

The player gave a ready and humorous turn to the dispute in which he and his manager were involved, when the latter evinced some disappointment at the actor's declaring himself unable to play the part of Henry the Eighth.

"Why, you can play almost anything and everything, and yet won't undertake that one part of King Henry the Eighth?"

"No indeed," replied the actor, "I can't, but I'll tell you what I'll do for you. I'll play the two parts of Henry the Fourth, and that will be aiqual."

A company happening to have a dispute concerning the age of Lord Chesterfield, a gentleman observed he must be older than they supposed, for, he added, "his lordship must have been upwards of one-and-twenty when he signed the bond which was forged by Doctor Dodd." All present agreed that this evidence was conclusive.

An Irish gentleman hearing it said that the Chapter Coffee-room was the most ancient coffee-house in London, interposed, "I beg your pardon. The Chapter Coffee-house *was* the oldest coffee-house in London, but it is not so now, for an older one has been set up."

A clergyman having gone to view the portraits of the Scottish Kings in Holyrood House, observed one of the monarchs of a very youthful appearance, while his son was depicted with a long beard, and wore the traits of extreme old age.

"Sancta Maria," exclaimed the good Hibernian, "is it possible that this gentleman was an old man when his father was born!"

Murphy was going to his work early one morning, and was met by a friend, who knew that Murphy's married sister, with whom he lodged, was expected to add a unit to the population.

"Well, is there any news of your sister this morning?"

"Oh, thin, indeed there is, I'm glad to tell you; and all's nicely over, thanks be for that same, anyhow."

"And is it a boy or a girl?"

"By the powers, now, and if I haven't forgotten to ask whether I am an uncle or an aunt!"

An Irishman announced to his neighbour the birth of his child. "Is it a boy?" was the question. "No." "Then it's a girl?" "Sure, somebody has been after telling you."

In the course of the proceedings in the Irish Commission one of the witnesses created some amusement, and also some perplexity, by swearing that at a meeting, the minutes of the proceedings at which he produced, he himself opposed a motion which in his own minutes was described as having been "passed unanimously." The case is paralleled, however, by that of the celebrated motion of which it was recorded in the minutes— "Resolved unanimously (with only one dissentient voice)." If this be a bull, however, it is more than matched by that of the government of Munich, which published a catalogue of forbidden books, and afterwards, under heavy penalties, forbade the reading of the catalogue.

Perhaps no one excelled O'Connell in the power of felicitous mud-slinging. I do not say he abused his power. Some latitude must be allowed politicians whose schemes depend for their feasibility upon their advocates standing well with voters not sufficiently intellectual to distinguish abuse from argument and reiteration from proof positive.

One of the drollest scenes of vituperation that O'Connell ever figured in took place in the early part of his life. Not long after he was called to the bar, his character and peculiar talents received rapid recognition from all who were even casually acquainted with him. His talent for vituperative language was perceived, and by some he was, even in those days, considered matchless as a scold. There was, however, at that time in Dublin, a certain woman, Biddy Moriarty, who had a huckster's stall on one of the quays nearly opposite the Law Courts. She was a virago of the first order, very able with her fist, and still more

formidable with her tongue. From one end of Dublin to the other she was notorious for her powers of abuse, and even in the provinces Mrs. Moriarty's language had passed into currency. The dictionary of Dublin slang had been considerably enlarged by her, and her voluble impudence had almost become proverbial. Some of O'Connell's friends, however, thought that he could beat her at the use of her own weapons. Of this, however, he had some doubts himself, when he had listened once or twice to some minor specimens of her Billingsgate. It was mooted once whether the young Kerry barrister could encounter her, and some of the company (in O'Connell's presence) rather too freely ridiculed the idea of his being able to meet the famous Madam Moriarty. O'Connell never liked the idea of being put down, and he professed his readiness to encounter her, and even backed himself for the match. Bets were offered and taken—it was decided that the matter should come off at once.

The party adjourned to the huckster's stall, and there was the owner herself, superintending the sale of her small-wares. A few loungers and ragged idlers were hanging round her stall, for Biddy was a "character," and, in her way, was one of the sights of Dublin.

O'Connell was very confident of success. He had laid an ingenious plan for overcoming her, and with all the anxiety of an ardent experimentalist, waited to put it into practice. He resolved to open the attack. At this time O'Connell's own party, and the loungers about the place, formed an audience quite sufficient to rouse Mrs. Moriarty, on public provocation, to a due exhibition of her powers. O'Connell commenced the attack :—

"What's the price of this walking-stick, Mrs. What's-your-name?"

"Moriarty, sir, is my name, and a good one it is; and

what have you to say agin it? and one-and-sixpence's the price of the stick. Troth, it's chape as dirt, so it is."

"One-and-sixpence for a walking-stick! Whew! Why, you are no better than an impostor to ask eighteenpence for what cost you twopence."

"Twopence, your grandmother!" replied Mrs. Biddy; "do you mane to say that's chating the people I am? Impostor, indeed!"

"Ay, impostor; and it's that I call you to your teeth," rejoined O'Connell.

"Come, cut your stick, you cantankerous jackanapes."

"Keep a civil tongue in your head, you old *diagonal*," cried O'Connell calmly.

"Stop your jaw, you pugnosed badger, or by this and that," cried Mrs. Moriarty, "I'll make you go quicker nor you came."

"Don't be in a passion, my old *radius*—anger will only wrinkle your beauty."

"By the hokey, if you say another word of impudence, I'll tan your dirty hide, you bastely common scrub; and sorry I'd be to soil my fists upon your carcass."

"Whew! boys, what a passion old Biddy is in; I protest as I am a gentleman——"

"Gintleman! gintleman! the likes of him a gintleman! Wisha, why now that bangs Banagher. Why, you potato-faced pippin sneezer, when did a Madagascar monkey like you pick enough of common Christian dacency to hide your Kerry brogue?"

"Easy now, easy now," cried O'Connell, with imperturbable good-humour, "don't choke yourself with fine language, you old whisky-drinking *parallelogram*."

"What's that you call me, you murderin' villain?" roared Mrs Moriarty, stung into fury.

"I call you," answered O'Connell, "a parallelogram; and

a Dublin judge and jury will say that it's no libel to call you so."

"Oh, tare-and-ouns! holy Biddy! that an honest woman like me should be called a parrylellygrum to her face. I'm none of your parrylellygrums, you rascally gallows-bird; you cowardly, sneaking, plate-licking bliggard!"

"Oh, not you, indeed!" retorted O'Connell; "why, I suppose you'll deny that you keep a *hypotenuse* in your house?"

"It's a lie for you, you robber; I never had such a thing in my house, you swindling thief."

"Why, sure all your neighbours know very well that you keep not only a hypotenuse, but that you have got two *diameters* locked up in your garret, and that you go out to walk with them every Sunday, you heartless old *hep'agon*."

"Oh, hear that, you saints in glory! Oh, there's bad language from a fellow that wants to pass as a gintleman. May the divil fly away with you, you micker from Munster, and make cilery sauce of your limbs, you mealy-mouthed scamp."

"Ah, you can't deny the charge, you miserable *sub-multiple* of a *duplicate ratio*."

"Go, rinse your mouth in the Liffey, you nasty tickle pitcher; after all the bad words you speak, it ought to be filthier than your face, you dirty chicken of Beelzebub."

"Rinse your own mouth, you wicked-minded old *polygon* —to the deuce I pitch you, you blustering *intersection of a superficies*!"

"You saucy tinker's apprentice, if you don't cease your jaw——." But here she gasped for breath unable to call up any more words, for the last volley of O'Connell had nearly knocked the wind out of her.

"While I have a tongue I'll abuse you, you most inimit-

able *periphery*. Look at her, boys! There she stands—a convicted *perpendicular* in petticoats! Ah, you're found out, you *rectilineal antecedent* and *equiangular* old hag! 'Tis with you the devil will fly away, you porter swiping *similitude* of the *bisection of a vortex*!"

Overwhelmed with this torrent of language, Mrs. Moriarty was silenced. Catching up a saucepan, she was aiming at O'Connell's head, when he very prudently made a timely retreat, and was hailed by his friends victor in the contest.

CHAPTER IV.

IRISH LIFE.

In the smoke and dirt of an Irish cabin there is a great and positive want of comfort; yet, on observing the neglected means by which the labouring classes might improve their condition, it would almost lead to the belief that they are happier in their own way than they could be made by any innovation. There seems to be one inherent spirit of indolence and obstinacy in the lower order of Irish that enables them to live without any apparent notion of comfort or even common decency. They seem, indeed, to feel some degree of pride in being destitute of wants, and evidently prefer the exclusion of light from their dwellings. When a window of a foot square has been made by their landlord they usually close it up with turf, boards, or rags, leaving, perhaps, a strip of an inch broad; in many instances it is closed entirely, and the only light admitted is by the door, to which the women bring their needlework or spinning, on rare occasions of industry when they can forsake the fascinating smoke of their turf fires. They are consequently exposed to the weather, and have to rise when any inmate requires to pass, or when the pig, who considers himself lord of the mansion, chooses to alter his position; but "it does us well enough, sure—it answered our fathers before us, why."

A gentleman, once trying to convince a man that he

might with very little trouble improve the state of his cabin by building a shed for his pig and banishing him the chimney corner, coolly answered, "Sure, then, and who has a better right to be in it? isn't he the man of the house? and isn't it he that will pay the rent?"

The Irish have been accused of letting their pigs live in dirt, but it would seem, on some occasions, that this accusation is highly unjust, as they prefer the pig's accommodation to their own. A gentleman who had floored a room with boards, for one of his tenants, found the pig one day in sole possession of this room; and upon asking why the pig was allowed to have the best apartment in the house, was answered—

"Because, plase your honour, it has every convaniency a pig could want."

So little money is there circulating, that if one sends for two or three shillings'-worth of anything in the morning, in the evening, or next day at furthest, comes a note:—

"Dear Sir,—Will your honour be plased to settle my little account?"

One evening a gentleman received a note indited by the letter-writer of the village for a man he had employed, begging his "honour to be pleased to settle the small bill, being in great want of the same." The amount was eightpence, and it was discovered afterwards that the day on which application was made was the man's wedding-day. The eightpence was in all probability the income upon which the happy pair were to begin housekeeping.

A pedlar asked an itinerant poulterer the price of a couple of fowl.

"Six shillings, sir."

"In my dear country, my darling, you might buy them for sixpence a-pace."

"Why don't you remain in your own dear country, then?"

"'Case we have no sixpences in it, my jewel."

Hospitality an Irishman regards as a positive duty, and in some parts of the country stories are narrated illustrating the penalties attaching to a want of this virtue.

Clewen Castle formerly belonged to the Fitzgeralds, but it has long been in ruins. The four corners of its large square tower are rent asunder, and through the fissures thus formed the wind howls with a strange, unearthly sound. A wild legend accounts for this peculiar destruction in the following manner :—

The last Baron Fitzgerald to whom it belonged gave one night a splendid feast within its walls. He was boasting of his wealth, and of the uninterrupted prosperity which his family had enjoyed for many generations, when a person describing herself as a poor widow came to the door and begged for charity. Fitzgerald repelled her with disdain, and angrily reproved her for interrupting his enjoyment.

The widow immediately assumed the form of a banshee —that well-known apparition, which always foreboded death to one of the ancient family of Fitzgerald. The baron and his guests trembled at the sight, and their mirth was turned into sadness. But after a few minutes Fitzgerald gazed steadfastly on the supernatural being, who still remained under the great gateway of the banqueting-hall, and said to his companions—

"Let not your hearts be sad. If my hour is come I will die bravely, as my fathers have done."

"You will not die as your fathers did," said the banshee, "for they fell on the battlefield, and their spirits now dwell with God, because during their lives they were ever mindful of the poor. No beggar was ever turned from their doors, and therefore a blessing attended them and their possessions. Proud baron ! your hour draws near, and I came to try your heart. If I had found it open to charity,

your race would have continued long to enjoy its ancient greatness, but now that you have proved unworthy, you shall miserably perish ! This castle, under whose splendid roof you have forgotten that the poor dwelt without, exposed to the howling tempest—this proud castle shall be rent asunder, and as long as the world lasts, its ruined halls shall remain open to the four winds of heaven !"

So saying, the banshee disappeared in a loud clap of thunder. The castle was struck by lightning, and the great tower which contained the banqueting-hall was torn asunder at the four corners. The roof fell in upon the baron and his guests, and thus perished the last of that powerful branch of Fitzgeralds, or Geraldines, as they were generally called.

The Irish are, unless they are much calumniated, the people who derive the most enjoyment from a fight. We suppose that Donnelly's explanation of the national taste is the correct one. He was asked by a novice in his science what was the best way to learn to fight, and replied—

"Och, sir, there's no use in life in a man learning to fight, unless nature gave him a bit of a taste for it."

The shillela is, of course, the weapon, *par excellence*. It derives its name from the fact that, formerly, there was in the county of Wicklow, in Ireland, an oak wood called shillela, from which the country proper used to cut sticks or cudgels, thence named shillelas. Shillela is now a general name for any cudgel, whether of oak or other wood.

Combats take place not only between strangers, but between members of the same family, and are prosecuted with some ferocity. A man swearing the peace against his three sons thus concluded his affidavit—"and this deponent further saith, that the only one of his children who showed him any real affection was his youngest son, Larry, for he never struck him when he was down."

Duels, with more aristocratic weapons, used formerly to form one of the chief modes of amusement among the higher classes. A gentleman, just arrived at Dublin, put up at an inn, and, hearing a noise in the next room, like somebody pricking the wainscot with a sword, asked what it was.

"Och, an plase your honour," said the waiter, "it's only Lord C—— pushing a little, because he expects a party to dinner to-day, and he is practising, in case he should have to fight with any of his friends."

In Sir Jonah Barrington's memoirs, a quarrelsome, fashionable, fighting bully is suddenly reported to a convivial party as having been killed, shot dead in a duel.

"Shot, is he?" exclaimed one of the party, "then by my word he died a natural death."

How the gentleman came by a "natural death," if his wound proved mortal, in the following case, is not quite clear. An Irish paper, describing the result of a duel, says, "The one party was wounded in the chest, and the other fired in the air." Who hit the wounded man does not appear.

Many gentlemen did die "naturally" in "honourable fashion," among them being Sir Kit, one of "honest" Thady's masters. Sir Kit's married life had not been one of the happiest description, and when his wife was lying, to all expectation, on her deathbed of a broken heart, "I could not," says Thady, "but pity her, though she was a Jewish, and considering too it was no fault of hers to be taken with my master, so young as she was at the Bath, and so fine a gentleman as Sir Kit was when he courted her; and considering too, after all they had heard and seen of him as a husband, there were now no less than three ladies in our county talked of for his second wife, all at daggers drawn with each other, as his gentleman swore,

at the balls, for Sir Kit for their partner—I could not but think them bewitched, but they all reasoned with themselves that Sir Kit would make a good husband to any Christian but a Jewish, I suppose, and especially as he was now a reformed rake ; and it was not known how my lady's fortune was settled in her will, nor how the Castle Rackrent estate was all mortgaged, and bonds out against him, for he was never cured of his gaming tricks ; but that was the only fault he had, God bless him !

"My lady had a sort of fit, and it was given out that she was dead, by mistake : this brought things to a sad crisis for my poor master. One of the three ladies showed his letters to her brother, and claimed his promises, whilst another did the same. I don't mention names. Sir Kit, in his defence, said he would meet any man who dared to question his conduct ; and as to the ladies, they must settle it amongst them who was to be his second, and his third, and his fourth, whilst his first was still alive, to his mortification and theirs. Upon this, as upon all former occasions, he had the voice of the country with him, on account of the great spirit and propriety he acted with. He met and shot the first lady's brother : the next day he called out the second, who had a wooden leg, and their place of meeting by appointment being in a new-ploughed field, the wooden-leg man stuck fast in it. Sir Kit, seeing his situation, with great candour, fired his pistol over his head ; upon which the seconds interposed, and convinced the parties there had been a slight misunderstanding between them : thereupon they shook hands cordially, and went home to dinner together. This gentleman, to show the world how they stood together, and by the advice of the friends of both parties, to re-establish his sister's injured reputation, went out with Sir Kit as his second, and carried his message next day to the last of his adver-

saries : I never saw him in such fine spirits as that day he went out—sure enough he was within ames-ace of getting quit handsomely of all his enemies ; but unluckily, after hitting the toothpick out of his adversary's finger and thumb, he received a ball in a vital part, and was brought home, in little better than an hour after the affair, speechless on a hand-barrow to my lady."

The fighting instinct of game-cocks, however, is incomprehensible even to an Irishman. A gentleman, having engaged to fight a main of game-cocks, directed his feeder in the country, who was a son of the sod, to pick out two of the best, and bring them to town. Pat, having made his selection, put the two cocks together into a bag, and brought them with him in the mailcoach. When they arrived, it was found that, upon their journey, they had almost torn each other to pieces, for which Pat was severely taken to task for his stupidity in putting both cocks in one bag.

"Indeed," he said, "I thought there was no risk of their falling out, as they were going to fight on the same side."

Pat will fight to the last gasp, and then wind up with a bull. Captain Christie, an officer who served in the American War, was dreadfully wounded in one of the battles. As he lay on the ground, a soldier near him who was also wounded made a terrible howling, when the Captain, looking at him, indignantly demanded—

"What do you make such a noise for? Do you think that nobody is killed but yourself?"

In one of the engagements with the French at Cuddalore, a regiment commanded by an Irish colonel gave way, and their place had to be supplied by a battalion of black infantry. A gentleman shortly afterwards, in company with Colonel Kennedy, alluding to the circumstance, said he was surprised the men retreated.

"And so am I, too," replied the Colonel, "for they were all tried men."

"How can you make that out?" asked the gentleman, "when it was a new regiment?"

"Oh! by my conscience," answered the Colonel, "they were all tried at the Old Bailey long ago."

That he is beaten no Irishman will ever admit. A scuffle, between some labourers and St. Giles's sojourners, having occurred on Putney Bridge, and a royal battle having ensued, one of the Hibernians was very neatly tumbled over the bridge. Whilst he was floundering in the water, he called out to his opponent—

"Och, you spalpeen, come and hit me *now* if you dare!"

Possibly this love of fighting is the result of a desire for excitement, and a recklessness of disposition which, if inconvenient at times, is amusing.

At the close of the American War, as a noble lord of high naval character was returning home to his family, after various escapes from danger, he was detained a day at Holyhead by contrary winds. Reading in a summer-house, he heard the well-known sound of bullets whistling near him; he looked about, and found that two balls had just passed through the door beside him. He looked out of the window and saw two gentlemen, who were just charging their pistols again, and as he guessed that they had been shooting at a mark upon the door, he rushed out, and very civilly remonstrated with them on the imprudence of firing at the door of a house, without having previously examined whether any one was on the other side. One of them immediately answered, in a tone which proclaimed at once his disposition and his country—

"Sir, I did not know you were within there, and I don't know who you are now, but if I have given offence, I am willing," said he, holding out the ready charged pistols, "to

give you the satisfaction of a gentleman—take your choice."

With his usual presence of mind, the noble lord seized hold of both the pistols, and said to his astonished countryman—

"Do me the justice, sir, to go into that summer-house, shut the door, and let me have two shots at you ; then we shall be upon equal terms, and I shall be quite at your service to give or receive the satisfaction of a gentleman."

There was an air of drollery and of superiority in his manner, which at once struck and pleased the Hibernian.

"Upon my conscience, sir, I believe you are a very honest fellow," said he, looking him earnestly in the face ; "and I've a great mind to shake hands with you. Will you only tell me who you are ?"

The nobleman told his name, a name dear to every Briton and every Irishman.

"I beg your pardon, and that's what no man ever accused me of doing before," cried the gallant Hibernian ; "and had I known who you were, I would as soon have shot my own soul as have fired at the door. But how could I tell who was on the other side of it ?"

"That is the very thing of which I complain," said his lordship.

His candid opponent admitted the justice of his complaint as soon as he understood it, and he promised never more to be guilty of such a practical bull.

The following is an instance of a reckless bet.

Terence, the bricklayer's labourer, had disputed a good deal with a fellow-workman about their relative strength, and at last laid a wager of a shilling that the latter could not carry him in his hod up to the roof of the house which they were busy repairing. Terence, whilst taking a glass

with a friend in the evening, described his disappointment and the loss of his money in these words :—

"I was soon snugly sated in his hod, the hod was soon on his shoulder, and up we goes, step after step. Hard work it was, too, I could persave that, but stiddy as time we mounted to the third story, and here, to be sure, he shook and tottered, and the ladder fairly trembled agin, and I was in hopes he 'd ha' bin down, head and heels ; but, by my faith, he rallied bravely and took fresh courage, and in a few jiffies he tossed me on the slates, the raw-boned varmint ! and I lost my thirteener out and out, but sure I had a good laugh at the fright he was in."

This reckless disposition often extends itself to the management of pecuniary matters ; but though Paddy has seldom been accused of pecuniary thriftiness, sometimes poverty of pocket may stimulate him to financial conceptions, for there is an old adage that necessity is the mother of invention, and certainly some few instances of an eye to the main chance have been observed in him, though they may be few and far between. The Irish traveller is well remembered who, on the coach stopping about noonday at a roadside inn, while refreshments were prepared, inquired the charge for dinner.

"Half a crown," was the reply.

"And what for supper ?"

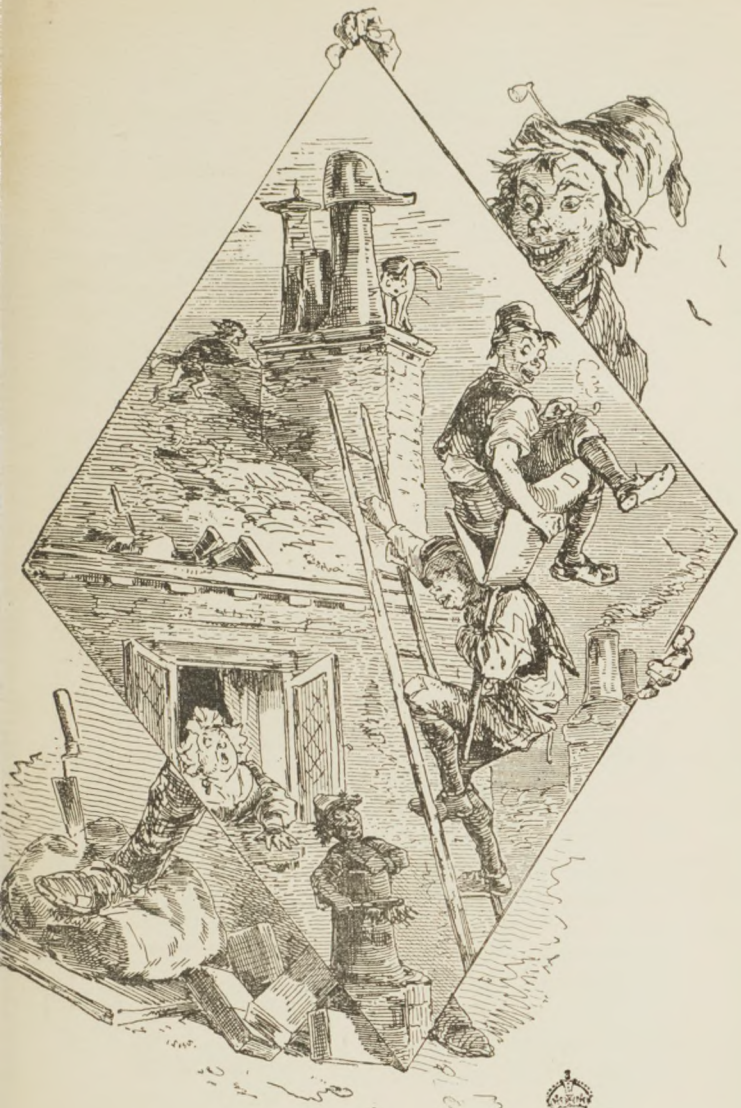
"Eighteenpence."

"Then bring me a supper, immediately, Mr. Waiter."

Possibly it was the same necessity which prompted an Irish student in the University of Edinburgh, who is reported to have waited upon a celebrated teacher of the German flute to learn his terms.

"Two guineas for the first month, and one guinea for the second and succeeding months."

"Oh, very well, then, I 'll come the second month."



THE WAGER.

In a company where it was the subject of conversation that a wealthy gentleman of the neighbourhood intended to give twenty thousand pounds with each of his daughters on their marriage, a cool, calculating person present said he would ingratiate himself with the gentleman by showing him how to save ten thousand pounds, for he would marry one of his daughters for half the proposed dowry. An Irishman took a very opposite view of the tempting prospect, for he exclaimed, "Twenty thousand pounds do you say he 'll give with aich girl? Then I 'll be after taking two of 'em immediately."

Most people on seeing any one, and a labouring man especially, eating, all at once, bread, butter, and cheese, would deem the repast an extravagant one, but Phelim, accused of the wasteful practice, excused himself adroitly by his view of the subject. "It 's economy, I tell ye, real economy. Don't you see I make one piece of bread go as far as two? It sarves for the butter, and it sarves for the cheese too. It 's quite a saving of the loaf."

Under the *régime* of the old Irish landlords the saving propensity was not strong. Honest Thady gives us a picture of how matters were managed in too many cases.

"A fine life we should have led had my master stayed amongst us, God bless him! He valued a guinea as little as any man: money to him was no more than dirt, and his gentleman and groom, and all belonging to him, the same; but the sporting season over, he grew tired of the place, and having got down a great architect for the house, and an improver for the grounds, and seen their plans and elevations, he fixed a day for settling with the tenants, but went off in a whirlwind to town, just as some of them came into the yard in the morning. A circular letter came next post from the new agent with news that the master was sailed for England, and he must remit £500 to Bath for his use

before a fortnight was at an end; bad news still for the poor tenants, no change still for the better with them. Sir Kit Rackrent, my young master, left all to the agent; and though he had the spirit of a prince, and lived away to the honour of his country abroad, which I was proud to hear of, what were we the better for that at home? The agent was one of your middle-men, who grind the face of the poor, and can never bear a man with a hat upon his head; he ferreted the tenants out of their lives; not a week without a call for money, drafts upon drafts for Sir Kit; but I laid it all to the fault of the agent, for, says I, what can Sir Kit do with so much cash, and he a single man? But still it went. Rents must be all paid up to the day, and afore; no allowance for improving tenants, no consideration for those who had built upon their farms: no sooner was a lease out but the land was advertised to the highest bidder; all the old tenants turned out, when they spent their substance in the hope and trust of a renewal from the landlord. All was now let at the highest penny to a parcel of poor wretches, who meant to run away, and did so after taking two crops out of the ground. Then fining down the year's rent came into fashion—anything for the ready penny; and with all this and presents to the agent and the driver, there was no such thing as standing it. I said nothing, for I had a regard for the family, but I walked about thinking if his honour Sir Kit knew all this, it would go hard with him but he'd see us righted; not that I had anything for my own share to complain of, for the agent was always very civil to me when he came down into the country, and took a great deal of notice of my son Jason. Jason Quirk, though he be my son, I must say was a good scholar from his birth, and a very 'cute lad; I thought to make him a priest, but he did better for himself; seeing how he was as good a clerk as any in the country, the agent

gave him his rent-accounts to copy, which he did first of all for the pleasure of obliging the gentleman, and would take nothing at all for his trouble, but was always proud to serve the family. By and by a good farm bounding us to the east fell into his honour's hand, and my son put in a proposal for it: why shouldn't he, as well as another? The proposals all went over to the master at the Bath, who knowing no more of the land than the child unborn, only having once been out a-grousing on it before he went to England, and the value of lands, as the agent informed him, falling every year in Ireland, his honour wrote over in all haste a bit of a letter, saying he left it all to the agent, and that he must let it as well as he could—to the best bidder, to be sure—and send him over £200 by return of post: with this the agent give me a hint, and I spoke a good word for my son, and gave out in the country that nobody need bid against us. So his proposal was just the thing, and he a good tenant, and he got the promise of an abatement in the rent after the first year, for advancing the half-year's rent at signing the lease, which was wanting to complete the agent's £200 by return of the post, with all which my master wrote back he was well satisfied. About this time we learnt from the agent, as a great secret, how the money went so fast, and the reason of the thick coming of the master's drafts: he was a little too fond of play, and Bath, they say, was no place for no young man of his fortune, where there were so many of his own countrymen, too, hunting him up and down day and night, who had nothing to lose. At last, at Christmas, the agent wrote over to stop the drafts, for he could raise no more money on bond or mortgage, or from the tenants, or anyhow, nor had he any more to lend himself, and desired at the same time to decline the agency for the future, wishing Sir Kit his health and happiness, and the compliments of the season,

for I saw the letter before ever it was sealed, when my son copied it. When the answer came there was a new turn in affairs, and the agent was turned out, and my son Jason, who had corresponded privately with his honour occasionally on business, was forthwith desired by his honour to take the accounts into his own hands, and look them over, till further orders. It was a very spirited letter to be sure: Sir Kit sent his service, and the compliments of the season, in return to the agent, and he would fight him with pleasure to-morrow, or any day, for sending him such a letter, if he was born a gentleman, which he was sorry, for both their sakes, to find, too late, he was not."

Sir Kit was succeeded by Sir Condy, and the following is the manner in which he managed affairs :—

"My lady's few thousands could not last for ever, especially the way she went on with them; and letters from tradesfolk came every post thick and threefold, with bills as long as my arm, of years' and years' standing. My son Jason had 'em all handed over to him, and the pressing letters were all unread by Sir Condy, who hated trouble, and could never be brought to hear talk of business, but still put it off and put it off, saying, 'Settle it somehow,' or, 'Bid 'em call again to-morrow,' or, 'Speak to me about it some other time.' Now it was hard to find the right time to speak, for in the mornings he was abed, and in the evenings over his bottle, where no gentleman chooses to be disturbed. Things in a twelvemonth or so came to such a pass there was no making a shift to go on any longer, though we were all of us well enough used to live from hand to mouth at Castle Rackrent.

"The execution came down, and everything at Castle Rackrent was seized by the gripers, and my son Jason, to his shame be it spoken, amongst them. I wondered, for the life of me, how he could harden himself to do it; but

then he had been studying the law, and had made himself Attorney Quirk; so he brought down at once a heap of accounts upon my master's head. To cash lent, and to ditto, and to ditto, and to ditto and oats, and bills paid at the milliner's and linendraper's, and many dresses for the fancy balls in Dublin for my lady, and all the bills to the workmen and tradesmen for the scenery of the theatre, and the chandlers' and grocers' bills, and tailors', besides butchers' and bakers', and worse than all, the old one of that base wine merchant's, that wanted to arrest my poor master for the amount on the election day, for which amount Sir Condy afterwards passed his note of hand, bearing lawful interest from the date thereof; and the interest and compound interest was now mounted to a terrible deal on many other notes and bonds for money borrowed, and there was, besides, hush-money to the sub-sheriffs, and sheets upon sheets of old and new attorneys' bills, with heavy balances, 'as per former account furnished,' brought forward with interest thereon; then there was a powerful deal due to the Crown for sixteen years' arrear of quit-rent of the townlands of Carrickshaughlin, with drivers' fees, and a compliment to the receiver every year for letting the quit-rent run on to oblige Sir Condy, and Sir Kit afore him. Then there were bills for spirits and ribands at the election time, and the gentlemen of the committee's accounts unsettled, and their subscription never gathered; and there were cows to be paid for, with the smith and farrier's bills to be set against the rent of the demesne, with calf and hay money; then there was all the servants' wages, since I don't know when, coming due to them, and sums advanced for them by my son Jason for clothes, and boots, and whips, and odd moneys for sundries expended by them in journeys to town and elsewhere, and pocket-money for the master continually, and messengers and postage before his being a Parliament

man. I can't myself tell you what besides; but this I know, that when the evening came on the which Sir Condy had appointed to settle all with my son Jason, and when he comes into the parlour, and sees the sight of bills and load of papers all gathered on the great dining-table for him, he puts his hands before both his eyes, and cried out, 'Merciful Jasus! what is it I see before me?' Then I sets an arm-chair at the table for him, and with a deal of difficulty he sits him down, and my son Jason hands him over the pen and ink to sign to this man's bill and t'other man's bill, all which he did without making the least objections. Indeed, to give him his due, I never seen a man more fair and honest, and easy in all his dealings, from first to last, as Sir Condy, or more willing to pay every man his own as far as he was able, which is as much as any one can do.

"'Well,' says he, joking like with Jason, 'I wish we could settle it all with a stroke of my grey goose-quill. What signifies making me wade through all this ocean of papers here; can't you now, who understand drawing out an account, debtor and creditor, just sit down here at the corner of the table and get it done out for me, that I may have a clear view of the balance, which is all I need be talking about, you know?'

"'Very true, Sir Condy; nobody understands business better than yourself,' says Jason.

"'So I've a right to do, being born and bred to the bar,' says Sir Condy. 'Thady, do step out and see are they bringing in the things for the punch, for we've just done all we have to do for this evening.'

"I goes out accordingly, and when I came back Jason was pointing to the balance, which was a terrible sight to my poor master.

"'Pooh! pooh! pooh!' says he. 'Here's so many noughts they dazzle my eyes, so they do, and put me in

mind of all I suffered larning of my numeration table when I was a boy at the day-school along with you, Jason—units, tens, hundreds, tens of hundreds. Is the punch ready, Thady?' says he, seeing me.

"'Immediately; the boy has the jug in his hand; it's coming upstairs, please your honour, as fast as possible,' says I, for I saw his honour was tired out of his life; but Jason, very short and cruel, cuts me off with—'Don't be talking of punch yet awhile; it's no time for punch yet a bit—units, tens, hundreds,' goes he on, counting over the master's shoulder, 'units, tens, hundreds, thousands.'

"'A-a-ah! hold your hand,' cries my master. 'Where in this wide world am I to find hundreds, or units itself, let alone thousands?'

"'The balance has been running on too long,' says Jason, sticking to him as I could not have done at the time if you'd have given both the Indies and Cork to boot; 'the balance has been running on too long, and I'm distressed myself on your account, Sir Condy, for money, and the thing must be settled now on the spot, and the balance cleared off,' says Jason.

"'I'll thank you if you'll only show me how,' says Sir Condy.

"'There's but one way,' says Jason, 'and that's ready enough. When there's no cash, what can a gentleman do but go to the land?'

"'How can you go to the land, and it under custodiam to yourself already,' says Sir Condy; 'and another custodiam hanging over it? And no one at all can touch it, you know, but the custodees.'

"'Sure, can't you sell, though at a loss? Sure, you can sell, and I've a purchaser ready for you,' says Jason.

"'Have you so?' says Sir Condy. 'That's a great point gained. But there's a thing now beyond all, that perhaps

you don't know yet, barring Thady has let you into the secret.'

"'Sirrah bit of a secret, or anything at all of the kind, has he learnt from me these fifteen weeks come St. John's Eve,' says I, 'for we have scarce been upon speaking terms of late. But what is it your honour means of a secret?'

"'Why, the secret of the little keepsake I gave my Lady Rackrent the morning she left us, that she might not go back empty-handed to her friends.'

"'My Lady Rackrent, I'm sure, has baubles and keepsakes enough, as those bills on the table will show,' says Jason; 'but whatever it is,' says he, taking up his pen, 'we must add it to the balance, for to be sure it can't be paid for.'

"'No, nor can't till after my decease,' says Sir Condy; 'that's one good thing.' Then colouring up a good deal, he tells Jason of the memorandum of the five hundred a year jointure he had settled upon my lady; at which Jason was indeed mad, and said a great deal in very high words, that it was using a gentleman who had the management of his affairs, and was, moreover, his principal creditor, extremely ill to do such a thing without consulting him, and against his knowledge and consent. To all which Sir Condy had nothing to reply, but that, upon his conscience, it was in a hurry and without a moment's thought on his part, and he was very sorry for it, but if it was to do over again he would do the same; and he appealed to me, and I was ready to give my evidence, if that would do, to the truth of all he said.

"So Jason with much ado was brought to agree to a compromise.

"'The purchaser that I have ready,' says he, 'will be much displeased, to be sure, at the incumbrance on the land, but I must see and manage him. Here's a deed ready

drawn up; we have nothing to do but to put in the consideration money and our names to it.'

"'And how much am I going to sell?—the lands of O'Shaughlin's Town, and the lands of Gruneaghoolaghan, and the lands of Crookagnawaturgh,' says he, just reading to himself. 'And—O murder, Jason! sure you won't put this in—the castle, stable, and appurtenances of Castle Rackrent?'

"'O murder!' says I, clapping my hands; 'this is too bad, Jason.'

"'Why so?' said Jason. 'When it's all and a great deal more to the back of it, lawfully mine, was I to push for it.'

"'Look at him,' says I, pointing to Sir Condy, who was just leaning back in his arm-chair, with his arms falling beside him like one stupefied: 'is it you, Jason, that can stand in his presence, and recollect all he has been to us, and all we have been to him, and yet use him so at the last?'

"'Who will you find to use him better, I ask you?' said Jason; 'if he can get a better purchaser, I'm content; I only offer to purchase to make things easy, and oblige him; though I don't see what compliment I am under, if you come to that. I have never had, asked, or charged more than sixpence in the pound, receiver's fees, and where would he have got any agent for a penny less?'

"'O Jason! Jason! how will you stand to this in the face of the county, and all who know you?' says I; 'and what will people think and say when they see you living here in Castle Rackrent, and the lawful owner turned out of the seat of his ancestors, without a cabin to put his head into, or so much as a potato to eat?'

"Jason, whilst I was saying this and a great deal more, made me signs, and winks, and frowns; but I took no heed,

for I was grieved and sick at heart for my poor master and couldn't but speak.

"'Here 's the punch,' says Jason, for the door opened; 'here 's the punch!'

"Hearing that my master starts up in his chair, and recollects himself, and Jason uncorks the whisky.

"'Set down the jug here,' says he, making room for it beside the papers opposite to Sir Condy, but still not stirring the deed that was to make over all.

"Well, I was in great hopes he had some touch of mercy about him when I saw him making the punch, and my master took a glass; but Jason put it back as he was going to fill again, saying: 'No, Sir Condy, it sha'n't be said of me I got your signature to this deed when you were half-seas-over: you know your name and handwriting in that condition would not, if brought before the courts, benefit me a straw; wherefore, let us settle all before we go deeper into the punch-bowl.'

"'Settle all as you will,' said Sir Condy, clapping his hands to his ears; 'but let me hear no more. I 'm bothered to death this night.'

"'You 've only to sign,' said Jason, putting the pen to him.

"'Take all, and be content,' said my master. So he signed; and the man who brought in the punch witnessed it, for I was not able, but crying like a child; and besides, Jason said, which I was glad of, that I was no fit witness, being so old and doting. It was so bad with me, I could not taste a drop of the punch itself, though my master himself, God bless him! in the midst of his trouble, poured out a glass for me, and brought it up to my lips.

"'Not a drop; I thank your honour's honour as much as if I took it, though.' And I just set down the glass as it was, and went out, and when I got to the street-door the

neighbours' childer, who were playing at marbles there, seeing me in great trouble, left their play and gathered about me to know what ailed me; and I told them all, for it was a great relief to me to speak to these poor childer, that seemed to have some natural feeling left in them; and when they were made sensible that Sir Condy was going to leave Castle Rackrent for good and all, they set up a whillalu that could be heard to the farthest end of the street; and one—fine boy he was—that my master had given an apple to that morning, cried the loudest; but they were all the same sorry, for Sir Condy was greatly beloved amongst the childer, for letting them go a-nutting in the demesne, without saying a word to them, though my lady objected to them."

It could not for a moment be supposed by those who were acquainted with Judith and Ellen that they were remarkably profound in polemics, but it appears that, like many other ignorant people, they were controversialists nevertheless. Judith was an Irish Roman Catholic, Ellen was an Irish Protestant, and each was, of course, confident of being in the right way.

"Sure," said Judith, "mine's the thrue faith and nothing else, Nelly. Isn't the Pope a Roman, and the cardinals and the priests, and isn't it all larned men they are, and would they be such fools as to be wrong all the time?"

"Ah! but, indeed, and you're altogether wrong. Isn't the Queen a Protestant, and the archbishops, and the bishops, and the clargy, and all of them, and arn't they larned in the colleges, and knows the languages? To be sure, and they knows what's right, depind on it."

"Ah! but it's sadly mistaken that you are, and I can give you Scripter proof of it."

"Oh, thin, if it's Scripter you can give for it, Judy, that's another thing; but how can ye?"

"Well, Nelly, have you got a Bible?"

"Troth, I have, and I knows a good dale that's in it."

"Well, thin, isn't there St. Paal's Epistle to the Romans?"

"To be sure there is, and what of that?"

"Why thin, where's his Epistle to the Protestants?"

A lady desiring to make the most of her choice tap of table-beer, the merit of which her servants had discovered, is said to have addressed her butler thus:—

"Daly, what do you think will be the best way of saving this nice beer as much as possible? It is so unusually fine and nice, that I should like it to last a good while."

"Why, ma'am," replied the well-fed functionary, "I raly don't think you could do better than place a barrel of good strong ale close by the side of it."

Pat can occasionally be lazy. He came very late to his work one morning, for which his employer reprimanded him. In the afternoon his master met him half-way home before the usual hour of dismissal.

"How is this," he inquired, "and you were so late this morning, too?"

"Troth, sor, I'm going airly for that same raison, because it would be too bad to be late twice in one day."

Murphy was asked how it was so difficult to waken him every morning.

"Indeed, master, it's because of your own advice, always to attind to what I'm about, so whenever I sleep I pays attintion to it."

An Irish gentleman, parting with a lazy servant-woman, was asked, with respect to her industry, whether she was afraid of work.

"Oh! not at all," said he, "not at all. She'll frequently lie down and fall asleep by the very side of it."

The delicacy of the following hint is superb. An Irish footman having carried a basket of game from his master

to a friend, waited a considerable time for the customary fee, but not finding it likely to appear, he scratched his head, and said—

"Sir, if my master should say, 'Pat, what did the gentleman give you?' what would your honour have me to tell him?"

Curran's coachman had a peculiar notion of equalising matters, and so putting things straight. Curran, when Master of the Rolls in Ireland, was going one day to a levee at the Castle. There was a great press of carriages. All at once he was startled by the pole of the carriage which followed him crashing through the back of his. He hastily put his head out of the window, crying to the coachman—

"Holloa! look out there! the pole of the carriage behind is driven right into us."

"Arrah, then it's all right, again, your honour," said Pat exultingly, "for I've just druv my pole into the carriage before."

We have before spoken of the beggars. They are a strange class, and some good stories are current of their sayings and doings.

I have sat at an inn window for nearly an hour looking at the figures beneath, admiring the smiling philosophy with which the poor wretched beggars endured their ever-recurring disappointments. Multitudes of dirty hands were constantly thrust out in begging attitudes to all comers and goers, but few were the pence that gladdened the dingy palms! A very honest and unselfish spirit pervades the Irish beggars. However small the sum may be that one of them receives, it always seems to be regarded as a contribution to a common stock, to be divided among them, and this even when there has been no stipulation to that effect by the giver. A penny bestowed on one miserable object always causes the departure of four or five others, to

purchase whisky or potatoes, and if sixpence be given it generally clears away the whole crowd. After numerous benedictions of "long lives," "happy deaths," etc., have been uttered, off go the clamorous throng.

If they receive a halfpenny they are grateful; if they are denied they generally depart civilly, but sometimes all the saints are called down against the refuser of a coin.

When General V—— was quartered in a small town, he and his lady were regularly besieged, whenever they got into their carriage, by an old beggar woman, who kept her foot at the door, assailing them daily with fresh importunities and fresh tales of distress. At last the lady's charity and the general's patience were nearly exhausted, but their petitioner's wit was still in its pristine vigour. One morning at the accustomed hour, when the lady was getting into her carriage, the old woman began—"Agh! my lady; success to yer ladyship, and success to yer honour's honour this morning, of all the days in the year; for sure didn't I drame last night that her ladyship gave me a pound of tay, and that yer honour gave me a pound of tobacco?"

"But, my good woman," said the General, "do you not know that dreams always go by the rule of contrary?"

"Do they so, plase yer honour?" rejoined the old woman; "then it must be yer honour that will give me the tay, and her ladyship that will give me the tobacco."

A lady refusing to relieve a beggar, on the plea "We never give anything at the door," was met by the ingenious invalidation of the demurrer by a change of the *locus in quo*. "Ah, indeed! Then I'll just go to the winday, if you plase."

An Irish beggar woman rapped diffidently at the door of a philanthropic gentleman in Liverpool. His sister, then keeping house for him, attended to the knock herself, and in answer to the beseeching tones of the applicant for a "trifle of charity," she said—

"No ; go away, good woman. I never give anything at the door."

"Oh, then, ma'am," replied the poor creature, curtseying, "I'll be after stepping into the hall, if you plase, ma'am," and suiting the action to the word, she stepped over the threshold.

This tickled the lady into a suppressed laugh, and we may easily guess what followed. After some inquiries into particulars, there was at last a looking-up of some broken meat, an article or two of cast-off clothing, and a few pence.

"There," said the lady, "now, go your way, and as I have given you these things contrary to my rule, don't trouble me any more, I pray you."

"Ah ! good lady, dear, don't say the likes of that. If we don't go where they *do* give to us, where will we go ?"

One is sometimes quite confounded at the intelligence and good manners to be found under the rags. The people's minds and bodies are in good repair, it is only external dilapidation. A little old man with a beard three weeks old at least, basking in the sun, his coat in shreds, and the brim and crown of his hat declining partnership, received a shilling or two for a little job he had done, with a bow and an air that was quite astonishing, and his, "Sir, I thank you ; sir, I am obliged to your honour," was uttered in a way that reminded one of what we hear of old French politeness. He might have been the Chevalier de St. Louis selling his *pâtés*.

It is related of Sir Walter Scott, that, when in Ireland, he had occasion to give sixpence to a poor man for opening a gate, or performing some such service, and finding, after some search, that he had nothing less than a shilling, he handed it to the man, with the observation—

"I only intended to give you half this sum, and therefore remember you owe me sixpence."

Murphy's instant answer was, "Oh! bless your honour! May you live till I pay you!"

The money would probably be paid at the same time as the loan alluded to in the following conversation :—

Poor Sullivan called out to Pat—

"I'm railly afraid you'll never be after paying me that two-and-twenty shillings I lent you last Christmas was a twelvemonth."

"Troth," replied Pat, "I'm very much of that same opinion myself."

The Countess of Kenmore, who was a devout Catholic, passing one day from her devotions at a chapel in Dublin through a lane of beggars, who are there certainly the best actors in Europe in the display of counterfeit misery, her ladyship's notice was particularly attracted by one fellow apparently more wretched than all the rest, and she asked him—

"Pray, my good man, what's the matter with you?"

The fellow, who well knew her simplicity and benevolence, answered—

"Oh! my lady, I'm deaf and dumb."

"Poor man," replied the innocent lady. "How long have you been so?

"Ever since I had the faver last Christmas."

The lady presented him with half a crown, and went away piously commiserating his misfortunes.

The Countess's simplicity was, however, equalled by that of Dr. Barrett who, having on a certain occasion detected a student walking in the Fellows' Garden, Trinity College, Dublin, asked him how he had obtained admission.

"I jumped over the library, sir," said the student.

"D'ye see me now, sir? You are telling me an infernal lie, sir," exclaimed the Vice-Provost.

"Lie, sir!" echoed the student, "I'll do it again!" and forthwith he proceeded to button his coat, in apparent preparation for the feat, when the worthy doctor, seizing his arm, prevented him, exclaiming with horror—

"Stop, stop! You'll break your bones if you attempt it!"

Buckaughs are a description of mendicants that have of late very much diminished in number. The name implies a lame or mutilated person, but vigorous young men may be found, who, having assumed the ragged garb, crave the privileges of the impotent and aged. In Ireland there are no gypsies, but their place is filled by buckaughs, who have the same wandering habits and adopt the same unsettled mode of life, without, however, entering into associations or troops.

A buckaugh is a solitary and isolated being, one who seems to stand alone in the world without apparent occupation or pursuit. He is met travelling both upon highroads and along unfrequented paths, at all hours and in all seasons, his beard unshaven, and his body incased in a garment composed of shreds and patches, or, to use the more expressive local idiom, "a coat all stitches and packthread." Loaded with innumerable bags and wallets, he strides along, assisted by a long walking pole, shod with iron, and terminated by a formidable spike. In the evening the buckaugh is seen seated beside the turf fire of the poor cottager's hearth, partaking of his humble fare, the wallets and the staff deposited in a corner of the cabin, and at night he reposes beside them on a bundle of straw. It is not uncommon to find these men possessed of considerable literary acquirements. They are generally the possessors of several books and Irish manuscripts, which they have collected and bear about from place to place with incredible fondness, nor can money always purchase part of their

travelling library. Their knowledge of writing renders them acceptable guests to many farmers, whose correspondence is often carried on entirely by such agency. By the younger members of the family buckaughs are looked upon with much regard, and made the mutual confidant of their rustic amours. These persons write love-letters and secretly deliver them, commend the youth to his mistress and the girl to her lover, and are consequently caressed and consulted by all parties. A buckaugh is the umpire of rural disputes, and the ambassador from one clan or faction to another, in which diplomatic capacity he is termed "the spokesman." The superabundance of potatoes and broken victuals bestowed upon them from motives of gratitude or charity they usually sell to the family of the poor peasant or to city mendicants, whom they consider an inferior order of persons, and in fact they are so, as their respective means of gaining a livelihood are essentially at variance. Deeply conversant with character, this singular class of mendicants are quick, artful, and intelligent, but assume a careless and easy manner, seldom hesitating, when it is for their own advantage, to dupe those who have confided in them, though instances are recorded of the almost chivalrous honour of a poor buckaugh.

Beggars crowd round strangers at every town or village, in a manner that, to the English traveller, appears quite marvellous, always urging their demands in the imperative mood. "Ah, then, if you have one halfpenny in the world you shall give it to me till I get some food for a sick child." "Remember the poor, your honour, and may good increase you ; a fivepenny, your honour, would be nothing to the likes of ye ; a tenpenny, your honour, amongst us, and we will not grumble." At least twenty of these demands at once assail you, and if you give to some, the reinforcement of applicants becomes so numerous as to be

quite deafening, invoking the most singular blessings on you and yours for ever, but if you are "hard-hearted" bestowing as liberally their curses. The eloquence of an Irish mendicant is very peculiar and sometimes incredible. A poor blind woman, who for many years took her station every evening on George's quay in Cork, used to make her appeals to the passengers in the most figurative manner, and never perhaps was more poetry on the subject of blindness uttered than was heard from her lips.

The following are some specimens of Pat's epistolary ability :—

The wife of a gentleman being suddenly taken ill, the husband ordered a servant to get a horse ready to go to town for the doctor. By the time, however, that the horse was ready, and his letter to the doctor written, the lady recovered, on which he added the following postscript, and sent off the messenger—"My wife having recovered, you need not come."

An Irish lady wrote to her lover, begging him to send her some money. She added by way of postscript—"I am so ashamed of the request I have made in this letter, that I sent after the postman to get it back, but the servant could not overtake him."

"Dear B——,

We will have a few friends to dine with us on Thursday, and hope you will give us the pleasure, too, at six. Don't dress, but come any way ; it's only Hurd and the Mafraas, and Harry Cavanagh, and perhaps the Murphys, and anyhow Dan. I would like to persuade the Stopers and Dunn, and we'll get Ambrose Casan and his cousins. My brother has asked a few, but we'll have a quiet party, and perhaps some spoiled five and a knock. If you can oblige us with some spoons and forks, and some

plates and a tureen, and your servant, if he is doing nothing, we should be glad; and, as our tables are short, he might bring one with him. You'll not be late? We'll have great fun with Ambrose.

Yours very truly,

MANBY O'DWYER FARRELL.

"P.S.—You could not lend your castors, for our sauce is all gone?"

"To my Wife, at Tim Flaherty's, in Ireland. If gone, to be forwarded.

May the two— 18—.

"My Dear Judy,

I commenced this letter yesterday. If it does not come to hand you may allow that I am not here but gone to Quebec. Tell Barney that his brother's family is all dead barren the cow, God bless her! I'd write you more, but as there is no means of sending this, I'll just let it go as it is. Remember me in your prayers, and to all the Flahertys. No more at present, from your loving husband, if alive, Thady O'Riley, and if dead, God rest his soul!

"*P.S.*—If this letter doesn't reach you, you must let me know by return of post, and don't wait for another till you hear from me again, but write me immediately, and let me know how you are coming on.

"*N.B.*—I have altered my mind, and won't send this after all, so you can answer or not at all, just as it plase you. Give my love to the children. When you come to the end of this letter don't stop to read more of it, but just answer by the first post-office, yours till death, and after it.

Your own THADY O'RILEY, as in duty bound I ought to be."

Pat can pay a handsome compliment. An author gave one of his books to an old Irish steward, asking, at the same time, in what colour he would like to have the book bound. The steward turned to one of the company, and asked—

"What is the colour that never fades?"

The same steward, upon another occasion, made a yet more sentimental answer. His master said to him—

"You have lived with me so long, and served me so faithfully, that now, even should you do anything to displease me, you shall not be the worse for my anger. I have provided for you handsomely in my will."

Instead of replying with a slavish bow or mercenary thanks, he answered with a countenance that showed he spoke from the heart—

"I hope there's no danger I should do anything to displease your honour."

A florist, upon whose bouquets an elderly lady was gazing, whilst her daughter stooped to enjoy the fragrance, said—

"My dear young lady, your beautiful face down there will put the lady out of consait entirely with them roses and lilies."

And the fishmonger was equally happy when the lady, touching some of his prime white fish, observed that its colour was not quite so white and delicate as she had seen it sometimes.

"Oh, ma'am, that's owin' to your ladyship's hand, it is. If you will only put your glove on, you will see the fish is most iligant."

An Irish gentleman, by way of complimenting the king, said that the only difference he knew of between the pope and his majesty was, that the first was infallible, and the second could do no wrong.

The French, at least in former years, were celebrated

for politeness, yet we meet with a *naïve* compliment of a Frenchman, which would have been accounted a bull if it had been found in Ireland.

A gentleman was complimenting Madame Denis on the manner in which she had just acted.

"To act that part," said she, "a person should be young and handsome."

"Ah, madame!" replied the complimenter, "you are a complete proof of the contrary."

Let us now have a look at a parish priest. His abode was in a small village through the little street of which we passed, and having turned to the right, we ascended a hill, until we reached the gate of the priest's garden.

Father Casey was at home, and in return to our inquiries he sent a message of invitation to his house. A straight pathway through a garden not in the best order led to the humble entrance of his low thatched residence.

An old woman met us at the door, and after greeting us with a hearty welcome, begged that we would wait a while, as the reverend father was engaged at his breviary. The front door (indeed the only door of the clerical dwelling) opened into a little chamber, which had a shelf for china on the left, and a row of pegs for cloaks and hats on the right. In front a little bed was placed, which was only half-sheltered from the draught from the door by a thin incomplete partition. Beside it, a step or two led to a little sitting-room, which was ornamented with a few portraits of saints, and a small picture of St. Patrick. There were also half a dozen shelves full of books, and a slanting looking-glass, suspended between the two windows by a thick black ribbon knotted to a nail. The furniture was scanty and poor,—a rumpled sofa, a quaint sideboard, upon which stood a few jugs, plates, and candlesticks, four chairs and a round table made up the simple inventory.

The little windows, which opened towards the fruit, flower, and vegetable garden, were free from blind or curtain of any description, and the fireplace was set out with boughs of trees, sprigs of heath, and large drooping fern leaves. The good father's breakfast, or breviary, or toilet, or rather all three together, occupied a considerable time, during which we inspected his collection of old books. They were chiefly in the Irish language and character. Although a perfect mystery to us, they had evidently been well thumbed. Before we had half concluded our examination of these books, so calculated to excite our curiosity, their owner made his appearance.

"Welcome, welcome, gentlemen," said Father Casey, as he entered by a side door, extending his hands to us as he approached. "Welcome, and heartily welcome to my cottage. I am sorry to have kept you so long. I am late this morning, and did not like to—pray sit down—may I ask what are your names? I was all yesterday working with the men to get in my little crop while the sun shone, and did not like to appear before you without making myself tidy."

Then the old gentleman paused as if out of breath from the exertion of having had to get up, read his breviary, shave, dress, and eat his breakfast, in the short time that we had been waiting for him.

We all commenced our apologies for our intrusion, and made various attempts to excuse ourselves for having thus surprised him, but all effort at explanation was in vain. He would hear of no apology.

"Pray be seated, gentlemen, pray be seated," he continued, interrupting us, and walking about the room searching for his keys, and apparently deaf to all we said. Then away he bustled to the cupboard by his front door and brought therefrom a bottle, then to his sideboard for glasses

and a corkscrew, then to his bell, which was answered by the old woman who received us, of whom he required that bread and butter should be set before us. About the room he fidgeted, first for one thing and then for another, evidently anxious to entertain us to the best of his means, until the round table was laid out with a supply of all that even a fastidious patroniser of luncheons could require. He pressed us to his "simple fare," as he termed it, and sitting himself beside us, listened to the reasons for our visit.

We explained to him that our object was to inspect the ancient remains which, we had been informed, existed in his neighbourhood. He expressed in the warmest terms his admiration of those who, like ourselves, would take the trouble to visit, and perhaps secure from oblivion, "the ruins of old Irish art," and see with their own eyes the memorials of Ireland's ancient glory.

It is a matter for wonder that there should be so few celebrated characters in a country teeming with talent and genius, where every peasant accosts one in the language of poetry, and with gestures of grace. The very dress, or rather semi-dress, of the country-people is picturesque. The large blue cloak worn by the women is sure to be held round their well-made figures in folds so easy and graceful as to furnish excellent models for the artist and sculptor. Their long beautiful hair is generally braided round their small heads, with a taste and simplicity truly classic, and there is an ease and grace in all their movements, which seem, I think, to denote a feeling of good taste and refinement far above the common level of their class in other countries. In an intercourse with the common people, a day, an hour cannot pass without one being struck by some marks of talent, some display of an imagination at once glowing and enthusiastic, or some touch of tender and

delicate feeling. How strange it is that such a people should be content to dwell in smoky hovels, when, if they chose to exert themselves and to employ the hours which they seem to possess, their condition might be improved! But they are generally happy, therefore why wish to alter their state? They find additional clothing an incumbrance. They often say that their Sunday dress gives them cold, and an old woman protested most vehemently that the first illness she ever had was occasioned by her wearing a pair of shoes and stockings!

The poor Irish are justifiably confused in their notions of clothes. The truth is, it would be difficult for them to have right ideas of the proper uses of the various articles of attire, seeing that their necessities compel them to turn any rag they get to the use in which it can be most serviceable. Perhaps we should rather say that, as the clothing of a poor Irishman is just a kind of mist of rags, a floating, flaunting, and indefinable vision of decussated and agglomerated apparel, it is a thing which, in some measure, defies proper classification. Upon what other principle can we account for such an expression as the following? A boy coming out of a cabin with a piece of coat (new to him), which he had just put on:—

"Och!" exclaimed his old mother, "sure, Pat, that is the first pair of breeches you ever had on your back."

Ragged and poverty-stricken as the people appear, those features seem very often to add to their picturesque effect.

We had one afternoon an agreeable walk by the river-side, and saw a group of women washing and beetling linen, in the full glee of their lively national temperament. Their dress showed that they were amongst the poorest of the poor. One very pretty girl had the tattered remnants of an old brown stuff gown, and scanty stripes of a bright crimson petticoat, hanging about her in picturesque disorder. Be-

neath the flimsy drapery appeared her well-formed bare legs, against which the stream was rippling. Her costume realised the expressive Irish definition of ragged attire I have often heard, "Plase your honour, I've hardly a tack to cover me, good or bad ; and as for Mary, she's *flying* !"

This picturesque washing-girl, despite her tatters, had her hair carefully arranged. It was gathered up behind her small head, in the classical knot of a Grecian statue. Her animated countenance sparkled with fun, and her lively sallies excited shouts of laughter from the merry group.

CHAPTER V.

IRISH TRAITS.

THE belief and trust in luck never quits the Irish from the cradle to the grave, and is the cause of many of their vices, and their virtues. If a poor man's crop fail in a bad season, or if his cattle die, he tells you—

"Sure it's no use fretting. It was my luck to have no luck at all this year."

And if the same misfortune happened in consequence of his having overworked his horses, still he would attribute it to his luck.

"How comes it," asks a landlord of his tenant, "that you did not apply to me at the proper time to renew your lease? now you have double fines to pay, as a penalty for omitting to renew."

"True for me," replies the careless tenant, "but I had never the luck to think of it at the right minute."

"How has your lawsuit with O'Brannaghan ended?"

"Ah, plase your honour, he cast me! I never had no luck at all at law!"

"Then I wonder you are so fond of going to law."

"Sure there's not a man in the kingdom hates law more than myself, plase your honour, but it's always my luck to be in law."

"Were you not in gaol some time ago?"

"I was, plase your honour. It was my luck to be put

in for no fault of my own at all, but just happening to be in bad company, that swore away my life behind my back."

"But you are alive still, I think."

"I am, plase your honour, by great luck, for there was enough again me to hang twenty such as I, but I had the luck to have the best lawyer in Ireland, who made out an alibi for me to the satisfaction of the jidge, who gave it in charge to the jury to bring in the verdict for me. So I got off, and was let out; and if I have any luck, I 'll never get in again, or put it in the power of any one to belie me, let alone hanging me."

"Right" and "reason" are often used as synonymous terms in Ireland, as they sometimes are among the common people in England. "I have a good right to be obliged to your honour, and a good right my wife has to be sorry after yees, for your going away."

"A good right the boy has to be sick, for he never spared himself early or late, anyway." "I have no right to thank the counsellor, for he never favoured me more than another."

There are the rights of things as well as the rights of persons. "The house had a good right to come down; was it not a hundred years old?" "That stool had a right to know me, for I made it every inch." "That saw had a right to be a good one, for I paid a great price, and twice as much as ever it was worth anyhow."

Often concerning the most important events of their lives the lower Irish can give no other account of the remote or proximate motive of their actions than that the *notion* took them one day and there was no help for it. "I took a notion I 'd buy a pig." "The notion came across me that I would make him take a bit of buttered toast for his cowld, and it cured him." "Then she took a notion one

day she'd go and be married to Bartly M'Doole, and there was no help for it."

In other countries and in other ranks those among the finer and fairer class of reasoners who talk of irresistible passions, and ruling stars, and fatalities only plead in other terms that the notion took them and there was no help for it.

The familiar use of the word *lost* in the common affairs of life would surprise and alarm those who are not aware of the manner in which it is to be understood. During a deep snow one winter a gentleman was informed by a gentleman's steward that a hundred men had been lost by the snow on the Dublin road. When some horror and astonishment was expressed, the steward confirmed the fact with—

"Sure it is true, every word of it, and it was Mr.—— set them to clearing the road, and stood out over them himself, and they shovelling away the snow, and he lost a hundred men by it, and more—every man of them that day."

In process of time, when he was made to understand what it was that excited horror in this statement, the steward laughed, and explained that by *lost* he did not mean that the men were dead, or lost in the snow, but that the labour of twenty men for five days, had been lost by means of the snow.

The custom of greeting with a benediction has been practised in Ireland from time immemorial. It is perhaps of eastern origin. Persons on a journey are saluted with various and peculiar phrases, appropriate to the time of day, the nature of the road they are pursuing, or other circumstances. Early in the morning, or on the approach of night, you hear such as "God speed you," "God and the blessed Virgin attend you," "The blessed Patrick go with you," etc.; but if the traveller has to apprehend danger on his

route, the expressions are more energetic, as "Safe home to you by the grace of God," "God guide and protect you, and lead you in safety to your home, with the blessing of all the saints."

The maledictions of the peasantry are very powerful, and embrace a climax of evils, gradually ascending to the most dreadful imprecations, as "May the grass grow upon the threshold of your dwelling," or "May you stand friendless and alone in the world." Their exclamations and apostrophies are singular and figurative, often poetical, and sometimes touching on the sublime. An Irish appeal is ever made to the feelings, not to the judgment, and the passions are assailed by a burst of thought that,

"Like unexpected light, surprises."

An instance of the effect produced by one of these vigorous exclamations occurred in an affair at a place called Ballyhacket, when some men were attacked by a party of police, sent to deprive them of a farm of which they were keeping forcible and illegal possession. On their trial at Limerick, it appeared in evidence that the resistance was chiefly owing to the interference of a woman, who, perceiving the advance of the police-officers and military, ran towards her husband and his brothers, "shouting out," said the witnesses —"Ballyhacket for ever, with the blue sky over it!" Thus calling forcibly into their minds the gloomy contrast of imprisonment, and sweeping, with a wild and rapid touch, the strings of freedom—that master chord of an Irish heart.

There is something remarkable in the ideas of freedom and independence vaguely floating in the mind of an Irish peasant. They seem only inferior to his pride, which exists in a degree wholly irreconcilable with his condition. A thousand evils are the result. "I would, since your

honour bids me, but that I scorn to demean myself," is a reply proof against any argument that reason or propriety can suggest. Bishop Berkeley mentions a kitchen-wench in his family who refused to carry out cinders because she was descended from the ancient kings of Ireland, and it would be ludicrous, were it not melancholy, to observe the consequence derived from this "pride of ancestry." The usual language of condolence on a change of fortune is—"He, whose father was a real and undoubted gentleman, and whose mother was born and bred a gentlewoman, ay, and her mother before her." Every person, therefore, in Ireland is a gentleman, or was a gentleman, or is related to a gentleman, and hence, unfortunately, arises a self-conviction that they are privileged to the enjoyment of *otium cum dignitate*, and that their ancestors having formerly possessed estates, they are, therefore, entitled to them. Commenting on this visionary importance, the writer of a memoir of Lord Ormond acutely remarks, "It may well deserve the diligence of politicians to inquire whether the remembrance of high birth and remains of hereditary honours, unsupported by wealth and power, have not been more frequently incentives of daring wickedness, than motives of heroic actions, and whether more have not endeavoured to restore the dignities of their families by shaking the government of their country, than by studying its interest or promoting its welfare."

A strange piece of evidence to this trait in the Irish character is afforded by a statute passed in Queen Anne's reign which directed the punishment of all loose vagrants, and such as pictured to be "Irish gentlemen, who will not work, but demand victuals and coshering from house to house."

Proud, poor, and sensitive, the Irish character would be one to excite our pity, were not those feelings in some

measure deadened by the counteraction of others, and yet no doubt can be entertained of their innate existence.

In communicating with the peasantry, every account given by them is in a strain of hyperbole. The resident of a mud cabin will speak with perfect assurance of his "drawing-room," an apartment in the roof to which he ascends by a ladder, while the footway through his half-acre of cabbage garden is "the road through his farm." A fair specimen of this "Hibernian importance" is afforded in the answer "Timber and fruit," given from a coasting-vessel freighted with birch-brooms and potatoes, when hailed by a revenue cruiser off Cork Harbour to ascertain her cargo.

The following letter of a village piper, requesting payment for his professional exertions at some *fête* given by the lady of the manor, is a curiosity in its way :—

"To the Hon. Mrs. B——.

"Madam,

The bearer hereof is the piper that played for your Lordable family at the Terrace on the 12th inst., and I am referred to your Honour for my hire. Your ladyship's pardon for my boldness would be almost a sufficient compensation for my labour.

PATRICK WALSH."

Miserable and destitute of comfort as the cabins are, the benighted peasant or houseless mendicant who raises the latch with the benediction, "God save all here," is confident of receiving shelter and every rite of hospitality as far as it is in the power of the inmates to bestow them. He is welcomed to the best seat the cabin affords, the largest potato is selected from the dish and placed before him, and that "reserve towards strangers which alike characterises the Englishman and his mastiff," is unknown. This hospi-

tality is not confined solely to the cottage, but seems a national trait, which those who have visited the country, whatever may be their condition, are bound in gratitude to acknowledge.

A love of drinking, which is said to be a prevailing passion with the Irish, may readily be ascribed to a variety of causes, to a natural fondness of excitement, to convivial feelings, or the extravagant notions too generally encouraged of universal hospitality. Added to the causes already enumerated, the cheap rate at which illicit spirit is sold in Ireland, and the facility of procuring this potent beverage which comes

> "From a still
> Just under the hill,
> Where the eye of the gauger saw it not,"

are strong temptations to indulgence; and indeed, the patrons, or meetings on saints' days, have many of the features of ancient bacchanalia.

A peasant, after suffering from the ill consequences of intoxication, will often forswear liquor of any kind for a given period, or will take an oath not to take spirits within a certain barony, or "in any house," or "either in or out of a house"; and though these vows are sometimes religiously observed, yet are they as frequently avoided by various and amusing stratagems. For instance, a man will walk ten miles with the whisky in his hand until arrived without the proscribed boundary, or, in the second case, will drink in the open air; and even where he has pledged himself to drink "neither in nor out of a house," his ingenuity has devised a mode of doing so, with one foot within the door and the other without; and when he swears by all he considers holy to drink "not a drop at all at all," he surmounts his difficulty by eating the bread he has sopped in "the cratur."

It is not surprising that wine or spirits should be considered an infallible remedy for every complaint, since the seat of every disease is believed to be in the heart. The universal comment beside the bed of an invalid is—"His poor heart just wants a little drop of comfort to nourish it," and accordingly, the doors of the country gentry are daily beset with squalid applicants, each presenting a vial bottle, and beseeching a drop of wine "for a poor man lying down in his sickbed yonder," and, whatever may be the state of his pulse, a refusal is considered as little short of barbarity.

Amongst the most striking remains of feudal manners are the contests between clans or factions, which so frequently occur in open defiance of the civil authority. A fair, a patron, or other public meeting, seldom concludes without a pitched battle. The weapons are commonly cudgels and stones.

After the patron has concluded, it is not unusual to seek a quarrel sufficient to authorise a general fight; and so inherent is the spirit leading to this kind of pastime, that, rather than remain an idle spectator of moderate enjoyment or return quietly home with a head unbroken, a man will sometimes, from a mere love of combat, and without any malice, take off his coat, and holding it by the collar, trail it through the assembly, challenging or beguiling any one to step on it, which insult he no sooner succeeds in obtaining, than he feels justified in knocking down the offender, and the "sport" begins. The pleasure derived from this sort of occupation may doubtless be felt by men who will tell you they carry a cudgel "just to keep the cold out of their hands."

There is in the Irish people a sort of luxurious *far niente* enjoyment, which they must certainly derive from ancestors of a Southern or Eastern clime. This spirit of innate happiness breaks out through all their external misery, and

by a strange feeling of contentment they create luxuries for themselves. One may often see a girl reclining against a heap of filth at a hovel door, in an attitude as graceful, and with a countenance beaming with as much intellectual happiness, as if she had been reposing on a Roman triclinium.

The Irish are not at the present day credited with being possessed of a high spirit of justice, yet let us mark what Lord Chief-Justice Coke could say concerning them on this matter.

"I have been informed," says he, "by many of those that had judicial places in Ireland, and know, partly of my own knowledge, that there is no nation of the Christian world that are greater lovers of justice than the Irish are, which virtue must needs be accompanied by many others."

And Baron Finglas, in his *Hibernica*, has the following passage :—

"It is a great abusion and reproach that the laws and statutes made in this land are not observed or kept after the making of them eight days ; which matter is one of the destructions of Englishmen, the whilst divers Irishmen both observe and keep such laws and statutes, which they make upon hills in their country, firm, stable, and without breaking them, for any favour or reward."

The fact may be that the modern Irishman draws a distinction between law and justice, to the discredit very often of the former. Of law, of a sort, the old Irish gentleman used to be very fond. Witness Sir Murtagh.—

"As for law, I believe no man, dead or alive, ever loved it so well as Sir Murtagh. He had once sixteen suits pending at a time, and I never saw him so much himself : roads, lanes, bogs, wells, ponds, eel-wires, orchards, trees, tithes, vagrants, gravelpits, sandpits, dunghills, and nuisances, everything upon the face of the earth furnished him

good matter for a suit. He used to boast that he had a lawsuit for every letter in the alphabet. How I used to wonder to see Sir Murtagh in the midst of the papers in his office! Why, he could hardly turn about for them. I made bold to shrug my shoulders once in his presence, and thanked my stars I was not born a gentleman to so much toil and trouble; but Sir Murtagh took me up short with his old proverb, 'Learning is better than house or land.' Out of forty-nine suits which he had, he never lost one but seventeen; the rest he gained with costs, double costs, treble costs sometimes; but even that did not pay. He was a very learned man in the law, and had the character of it; but how it was I can't tell, these suits that he carried cost him a power of money: in the end he sold some hundreds a year of the family estate; but he was a very learned man in the law, and I know nothing of the matter, except having a great regard for the family; and I could not help grieving when he sent me to post up notices of the sale of the fee-simple of the lands and appurtenances of Timoleague.

"'I know, honest Thady,' says he, to comfort me, 'what I'm about better than you do; I'm only selling to get the ready money wanting to carry on my suit with spirit with the Nugents of Carrickashaughlin.'

"He was very sanguine about that suit with the Nugents of Carrickashaughlin. He could have gained it, they say, for certain, had it pleased Heaven to have spared him to us, and it would have been at the least a plump two thousand a year in his way; but things were ordered otherwise—for the best to be sure. He dug up a fairy-mount against my advice, and had no luck afterwards."

In days when landlord and tenant were in accord, the former's prospering in a suit was the occasion of much rejoicing. One day, leaving the town of Castletown by a

road leading to the copper-mines of Allihies, we met a procession of men and boys on horseback, with branches of oak in their hands, and accompanied by women running alongside, uttering joyful shouts and acclamations. Not willing to encounter this merry but somewhat boisterous party, we retreated before their advance, and inquiring of a quiet, pretty-looking girl the reason of these doings, she informed us, while her fine eyes beamed with delight, that it was the O'Sullivan, the lord o' the soil, who had gained his cause. We discovered that this O'Sullivan was a descendant of the wide-famed O'Sullivans, who were the ancient lords of the soil, and that he had that day taken possession of a property near the town about which there had been a long lawsuit.

Soon after we had met this gay procession, we heard shouts of joy in another direction, and as we were turning the corner of a street, a number of little boys ran into us in their hurry and zeal to push forwards a large tar-barrel. We took refuge from the noisy crowd in the doorway of a house, where a woman was standing with a child in her arms. She seemed fully to participate in the general feeling of joy, and yet with true motherly fondness she looked every instant in her child's face, and smiled with more intense delight as she saw it clap its little hands, and crow at the unwonted noise and confusion. From here we watched the proceedings of the clamorous group which surrounded the tar-barrel. The boys placed it at the side of a gate, which was the entrance to the O'Sullivan's place, and filling it with hay and straw, set fire to it, and it was soon in a blaze. As the brilliant flames ascended the clamour and huzzas became louder than before. Other tar-barrels, in different parts of the town, also began to blaze, and the dim twilight around now closed in.

Every one who has had much, or even a little, to do with

Irishmen, must recognise the truth of the following remarks by an Irish writer :—

"A very striking characteristic of an Irishman is his unwillingness to be outdone. Some have asserted that this arises from vanity, but I have ever been unwilling to attribute an unamiable motive to my countrymen where a better may be found, and one equally tending to produce a similar result, and I consider a deep-seated spirit of emulation to originate this peculiarity. Phrenologists may resolve it by supposing the organ of approbation to predominate in our Irish cranium, and it may be so ; but as I am not in the least a metaphysician, and very little of a phrenologist, I leave those who choose to settle the point in question, quite content with the knowledge of the fact with which I started, viz. :—the unwillingness of an Irishman to be outdone. This spirit, it is likely, may sometimes lead some into ridiculous positions ; but it is equally probable that the desire of surpassing one another has given birth to many of the noblest actions and some of the most valuable inventions ; let us therefore not fall out with it."

It is this spirit which leads an Irishman to always cap anything wonderful with an account of something still more wonderful in his own country.

"Is not that a thin fellow?" said an Englishman to Paddy. "I do not think I ever saw, in all England, a man so very thin."

"Och!" said Paddy, with a chuckling whoop, "do you call *him* thin? why I know a man in Ireland that's as thin as two av him."

The notion that everything is done by favour and affection prevails universally in Ireland. From the lease for five hundred acres, to the smallest possible subdivision of land—a cow's grass, all setting of land is matter of favour and affection ; from the bargain with the architect, who

undertakes the county gaol, to the task-work of a ditch, every job, public or private, is supposed to be matter of favour and affection; every species of traffic, from the sale of an estate, to the selling of a pig; every act of justice, from the paying of a labourer his wages, to the liberating, or confining a culprit in prison, all are erroneously supposed to be in some incomprehensible way dependent upon favour and affection. This notion is in reality only another modification of the belief in luck; and the poor people waste half their time in endeavouring to propitiate the favour, or deprecate the ill-will of their superiors, instead of relying upon straightforward industry, and even-handed justice. Operose and incessant is the care they think necessary to contradict and counteract those who "belie them to your honour, behind their backs."

"Plase your honour, I know it was not the tree that I cut that turned your honour again me, though I beg your honour's pardon for that same, which I did, not knowing that it was on your honour's land at all, for I thought it was on the mearing betwixt you and Counsellor Flannigan that voted against your honour, else I would never have touched it, had I known it was your honour's, and this is what them that informed again me to your honour knew as well as myself and better. But, plase your honour, it was not the cutting that *donny* stick of a tree that set your honour again me, I'm sure and sinsible, for it was what your honour was told concerning what I said about voting for your honour's friend, by one in the parish of Killospugbrone, that had a spite again me since last Hollandtide was two years, on account of a foal of mine, that he went and swore kicked his cousin's mare coming from the fair of Tubberscanavan, which, plase your honour, he did not kick, no more than myself standing here prisent, plase your honour, did; but he, on account of that kick she got——"

"She! Who?"

"The mare, plase your honour. He had a grudge again me——"

"He! Who?"

"The man from the parish of Killospugbrone I was telling your honour of, that owned the mare that was kicked by the foal, plase your honour, coming from the fair of Tubberscanavan—and which was the whole reason, intirely, of his information again me about that switch of a tree; and it was just that made him strive so to belie me behind my back, to turn your honour, that was my only dependence, again me. Bad luck to him! and all belonging to him, for rogues and thieves, and slanderers as they are (saving your honour's favour), and ever was, and will be; and all their breed, seed, and generation, and that's no slander, anyhow!"

The present Irish character is a compound of strange and apparent inconsistencies, where vices and virtues are so unhappily blended, that it is difficult to distinguish or separate them. Hasty in forming opinions and projects, tardy in carrying them into effect, they are often relinquished before they have arrived at maturity, and are abandoned for others as vague and indefinite. An Irishman is the sport of his feelings; with passions the most violent and sensitive, he is alternately the child of despondency or of levity; his joy or his grief has no medium: he loves or he hates, and, hurried away by the ardent stream of a heated fancy, naturally enthusiastic, he is guilty of a thousand absurdities. These extremes of temperament Giraldus Cambrensis has correctly depicted when he says, "When they (the Irish) be bad, you shall nowhere meet worse; if they be good, you can hardly find better." With a mind inexhaustible to defeat difficulties and act as a substitute for the conveniences of life which poverty denies,

the peasant is lively in intellect, ardent in disposition, and robust in frame ; nor does he readily despond under disaster, or yield to obstruction, but moves forward in his rugged course with elevated crest and a warm heart ; with a love of combat and of inebriation, he is fond of excitement and amusement of any nature.

The virtues of patience, of prudence, and industry are seldom included in the composition of an Irishman. He projects gigantic schemes, but wants perseverance to realise any work of magnitude ; his conceptions are grand and vivid, but his execution is feeble and indolent. He is witty and imprudent, and will dissipate the hard earnings of to-day, regardless of to-morrow. An appeal made to his heart is seldom unsuccessful, and he is generous with an uninquiring and profuse liberality.

Such is an outline of the Irish character, in which there is more to call forth a momentary tribute of admiration, than to create a fixed and steady esteem. When excitement is withdrawn, a state of sullenness and apathy succeeds it, and hence an Irishman, surrounded by difficulties and dangers, associated with strangers in a foreign land, is full of energy and expedient, but, herding with his own countrymen, he no longer appears the same person, and were it not for the occasional flash of wit or invention elicited by some unexpected occurrence, the casual spectator would pronounce him to be an essence of stupidity and perverseness —yet the strength of attachment to their native land is wonderful, and in banishment, or even emigration, there is an air of romance thrown around every recollection of the country where they have toiled for mere existence.

The Irish are a most obliging, kind-hearted, and hospitable people. In all these qualities they are unequalled by any other nation in Europe. To have an opportunity of obliging or showing attention to a stranger affords an

Irishman a pleasure of the highest kind. Ask him to direct you to any place, and if he fancies you will have any difficulty in finding it, he will accompany you to the place, even should it be a mile off. Irishmen are a nation of practical philanthropists ; they rejoice in the happiness of others. They are happy if they can only promote the happiness of strangers. They vie with each other in their kindness to those who may be travelling in their country. Every one feels as if the character of Ireland was in his hands, and is afraid lest he should, by any inattention or omission, compromise its character. It is natural for them to be kindly ; they are so by instinct. As regards hospitality, the Irish have always been proverbial. They will share their last meal with you, and be miserable if you refuse to participate of it. Even the poor peasant who has only his one meal a day will cheerfully divide it with any poor creature who chances to pass his door. They are most kindly to one another, as well as to strangers. Were it not, indeed, for their hospitality to one another, thousands of them would perish of want when the potato crop fails, or when no employment is to be had. If one family happens to have a week or a month's provisions, every other destitute family in the neighbourhood cheerfully shares the supply as long as it lasts.

Going into a cabin one day, to visit a young woman who had lost her mother-in-law very lately, we found her and her children in great poverty, with scarcely any clothes to cover them.

"How comes it that you are in such rags?" asked one of us ; "what has become of all the good clothes that were given to the old woman shortly before she died?"

"I never touched one of them," answered the poor creature. "I gave 'em away, flannels and all, to poor people, for the good of her soul, the very week she left me."

It seemed very touching, the beautiful, if mistaken piety of this poor woman. There she stood shivering under the piercing blast of a bitter winter's day, and looking at her and *seeing* the sacrifice she had made, in giving away her mother's clothes, "for the good of her soul," it was impossible not to feel a pang of shame at one's own luxurious self-indulgence. How few have forgone ease or convenience for the good of a fellow-creature's soul!

They are a patient people. They endure the most extreme privations without a murmur. A tenth part of the privations they endure would goad any other people to acts of insubordination to the civil authorities, if not to open rebellion. When Irishmen complain loudly, it may always be taken for granted that they are suffering severely. It is surprising that human nature could patiently submit to the privations to which Irishmen are constantly subjected, and which they endure without a murmur or a frown.

Spenser noted this characteristic of patient endurance. "Yet surely," he says, "they are very valiant and hardie, for the most part great endurers of colde, labor, hunger, and all hardinesse, very active and strong of hand, very swift of foot, very vigilant and circumspect in their enterprises, very present in perils, very great scorners of death."

The failing of a love of drink may, perhaps, very largely find its origin in the Irishman's perception of his being worthy of a better lot than that to which an adverse fate has doomed him. The love of the "cratur" has carried much ruin along with it, an instance of which is the sad death of Sir Condy. "There was a great horn at the Lodge, ever since my master and Captain Moneygawl was in together, that used to belong originally to the celebrated Sir Patrick, his ancestor; and his honour was fond often of telling the story that he learned from me when a child, how

Sir Patrick drank the full of this horn without stopping, and this was what no other man afore or since could without drawing breath. Now Sir Condy challenged the gauger, who seemed to think little of the horn, to swallow the contents, and had it filled to the brim with punch ; and the gauger said it was what he could not do for nothing, but he 'd hold Sir Condy a hundred guineas he 'd do it.

"'Done,' says my master; 'I 'll lay you a hundred golden guineas to a tester you don't.'

"'Done,' says the gauger ; and done and done 's enough between two gentlemen. The gauger was cast, and my master won the bet, and thought he 'd won a hundred guineas, but by the wording it was adjudged to be only a tester that was his due by the exciseman. It was all one to him ; he was as well pleased, and I was glad to see him in such spirits again.

"The gauger—bad luck to him !—was the man that next proposed to my master to try himself, could he take at a draught the contents of the great horn.

"'Sir Patrick's horn !' said his honour ; 'hand it to me : I 'll hold you your own bet over again I 'll swallow it.'

"'Done,' says the gauger ; 'I 'll lay ye anything at all you do no such thing.'

"'A hundred guineas to sixpence I do,' says he : 'bring me the handkerchief.' I was loath, knowing he meant the handkerchief with the gold in it, to bring it out in such company, and his honour not very able to reckon it. 'Bring me the handkerchief, then, Thady,' says he, and stamps with his foot ; so with that I pulls it out of my greatcoat pocket, where I had put it for safety. Oh, how it grieved me to see the guineas counting upon the table, and they the last my master had ! Says Sir Condy to me, 'Your hand is steadier than mine to-night, old Thady, and that 's a wonder ; fill you the horn for me.' And so,

wishing his honour success, I did ; but I filled it little thinking of what would befall him. He swallows it down, and drops like one shot. We lifts him up, and he was speechless, and quite black in the face. We put him to bed, and in a short time he wakened, raving with a fever on his brain. He was shocking either to see or hear.

"'Judy ! Judy ! have you no touch of feeling? Won't you stay to help us nurse him?' says I to her, and she putting on her shawl to go out of the house.

"'I'm frightened to see him,' says she, 'and wouldn't nor couldn't stay in it: and what use? He can't last till the morning.' With that she ran off. There was none but my shister and myself left near him of all the many friends he had.

"The fever came and went, and came and went, and lasted five days, and the sixth he was sensible for a few minutes, and said to me, knowing me very well, 'I'm in a burning pain all withinside of me, Thady.' I could not speak, but my shister asked him would he have this thing or t'other to do him good? 'No,' says he, 'nothing will do me good no more,' and he gave a terrible screech with the torture he was in ; then again a minute's ease—'Brought to this by drink,' says he. 'Where are all the friends?—where's Judy? Gone, hey? Ay, Sir Condy has been a fool all his days,' said he ; and there was the last word he spoke, and died. He had but a very poor funeral after all."

Sir Patrick, too, a gentleman of the old school, is another example.

"Now it was that the world was to see what was *in* Sir Patrick. On coming into the estate he gave the finest entertainment ever was heard of in the country ; not a man could stand after supper but Sir Patrick himself, who could sit out the best man in Ireland, let alone the three kingdoms itself. He had his house, from one year's end

to another, as full of company as ever it could hold, and fuller; for rather than be left out of the parties at Castle Rackrent, many gentlemen, and those men of the first consequence and landed estates in the country—such as the O'Neills of Ballynagrotty, and the Moneygawls of Mount Juliet's Town, and O'Shannons of New Town Tully-hog—made it their choice, often and often, when there was no room to be had for love nor money, in long winter nights, to sleep in the chicken-house, which Sir Patrick had fitted up for the purpose of accommodating his friends and the public in general, who honoured him with their company unexpectedly at Castle Rackrent; and this went on I can't tell you how long. The whole country rang with his praises!—Long life to him! I'm sure I love to look upon his picture, now opposite to me; though I never saw him, he must have been a portly gentleman—his neck something short, and remarkable for the largest pimple on his nose, which, by his particular desire, is still extant in his picture, said to be a striking likeness, though taken when young. He is said also to be the inventor of raspberry whisky, which is very likely, as nobody has ever appeared to dispute it with him, and as there still exists a broken punch-bowl at Castle Rackrent, in the garret, with an inscription to that effect—a great curiosity. A few days before his death he was very merry; it being his honour's birthday, he called my grandfather in—God bless him!—to drink the company's health, and filled a bumper himself, but could not carry it to his head, on account of the great shake in his hand; on this he cast his joke, saying, 'What would my poor father say to me if he was to pop out of the grave, and see me now? I remember when I was a little boy, the first bumper of claret he gave me after dinner, how he praised me for carrying it so steady to my mouth. Here's my thanks to him—a bumper toast.'

Then he fell to singing the favourite song he learned from his father—for the last time, poor gentleman ; he sung it that night as loud and as hearty as ever, with a chorus :—

> He that goes to bed, and goes to bed sober,
> Falls as the leaves do, falls as the leaves do, and dies in October ;
> But he that goes to bed, and goes to bed mellow,
> Lives as he ought to do, lives as he ought to do, and dies an honest fellow.

"Sir Patrick died that night : just as the company rose to drink his health with three cheers, he fell down in a sort of fit, and was carried off ; they sat it out, and were surprised, on inquiry in the morning, to find that it was all over with poor Sir Patrick. Never did any gentleman live and die more beloved in the country by rich and poor. His funeral was such a one as was never known before or since in the country ! All the gentlemen in the three counties were at it ; far and near, how they flocked ! my great-grandfather said, that to see all the women, even in their red cloaks, you would have taken them for the army drawn out. Then such a fine whillaluh ! you might have heard it to the farthest end of the county, and happy the man who could get but a sight of the hearse ! But who 'd have thought it ? Just as all was going on right, through his own town they were passing, when the body was seized for debt—a rescue was apprehended from the mob ; but the heir, who attended the funeral, was against that, for fear of consequences, seeing that those villains who came to serve acted under the disguise of the law : so, to be sure, the law must take its course, and little gain had the creditors for their pains. First and foremost, they had the curses of the country : and Sir Murtagh Rackrent, the new heir, in the next place, on account of this affront to the body, refused to pay a shilling of the debts, in which

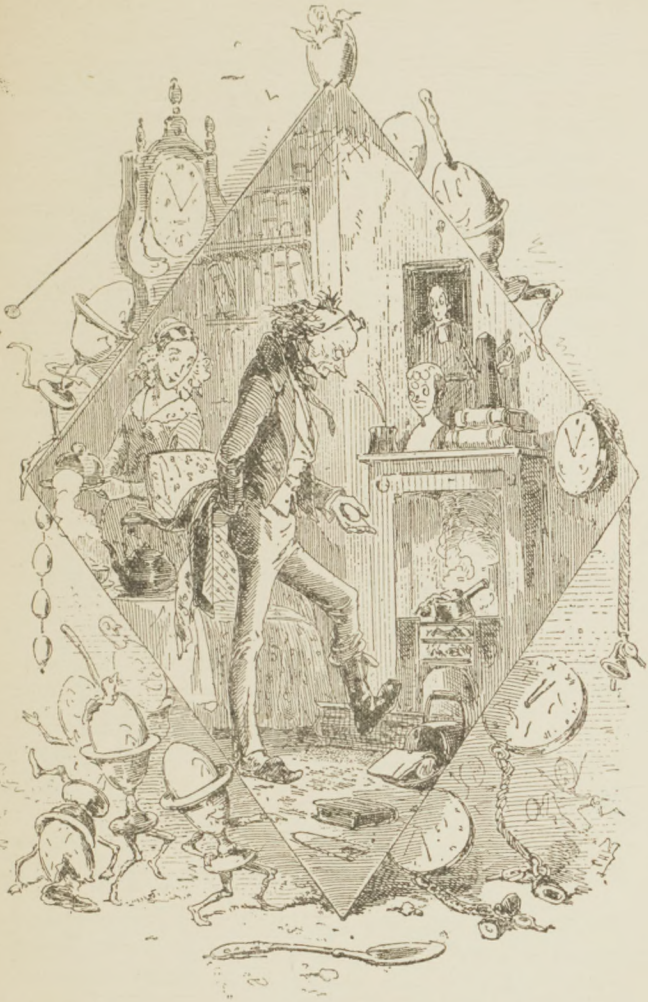
he was countenanced by all the best gentlemen of property, and others of his acquaintance; Sir Murtagh alleging in all companies that he all along meant to pay his father's debts of honour, but the moment the law was taken of him, there was an end of honour to be sure. It was whispered (but none but the enemies of the family believe it) that this was all a sham seizure to get quit of the debts which he had bound himself to pay in honour."

The Irish are people of retentive memory as far as benefits and injuries done to them are concerned. It is to be regretted that examples of the curse of immoderate drinking do not seem to dwell in their memories. Only one anecdote do I remember of a weak Irish memory, and that was possessed by a gentleman, who, setting out upon a matrimonial journey, wrote the following Mem. in his pocket-book—"Passing through Dublin, to remember not to forget to marry Miss O'Connolly." Even this gentleman, however, can hardly compare with the Englishman (or was he an American?) who, having put his watch instead of an egg into the saucepan, held the egg patiently in his hand for three minutes in order to time the boiling.

An Irish shoemaker who had been into town, where he had indulged rather too freely in the *cratur*, was returning to his village, reeling along the road from one side to the other, when he was met by a friend, who expressed his regret that he had so far to go so heavily laden.

"Och, bless your heart, my dear sor," replied the shoemaker, "it—hic—isn't the length of the way at all—hic—sure, it's the breadth that bothers me."

An Irish footman, being one dark night sent for some beer, took with him the key of the street-door to let himself in, but, having tipped off three or four glasses of gin and bitters at the bar, he could not, on his return home, open the door. After having tried in vain for some time, another



Boiling the Watch.

of the servants heard him, and, letting him in, asked him what he had been about so long.

"You may say that," replied the man, "you may, indeed, for I have been a quarter of an hour trying to unlock the door. While I was gone some rascally thief has stolen the keyhole, but it will be of no use at all to him, for I have the key in my pocket."

The morning after the fair-day, in any country town in Ireland, the neighbouring magistrate has a crowded levée. Men with black eyes and faces grimed with blood, and cut heads bound up with many-coloured garters, appear at his door, shouldering and thrusting themselves one behind another, into his honour's *prisence*, to get justice. Fumes of whisky and of wet trusties (frieze greatcoats) instantly fill the room. The figures, who all look like poverty-stricken demoniacs, stand still and silent for a moment till they are spoken to by his honour.

"What is your business with me?"

"Plase your honour, see this cut in my head, it is what I was last night, kilt and murdered by Terence M'Grath here."

"Plase your honour, I never lifted my hand against him, for good or bad at all at all, as all the witnesses here will prove for me on oath, so they will."

Then, all at once, in various brogues, some long, some short, some Connaught, some Cork, some Kerry, they bawl, they foam, they gesticulate ; possessed by the spirit of law and vengeance, they press forward to swear :—

"Plase your honour, if you 'll just take my examination again him."

"Give me the book till I swear, your honour."

Then, "by virtue of this book, and of all the books that ever were shut and opened," they swear, not according to the best of their belief, but according to the worst of their

wishes, and in terms such as turn what should be grave to farce. As, for instance, in the following extract from an examination taken by a Hibernian magistrate :—

"Deponent being duly sworn, deposeth that on the fair night of the 27th instant, he, the said Bartly Connor, did, in the presence of Garry M'Laughlin aforesaid, swear there several times that he would send deponent's soul into hell, which deponent verily believes he would have done if he had not been prevented by said Garry M'Laughlin."

After such examinations have been taken and sworn to, after deponent has bound himself in ten or twenty pounds to prosecute at the next sessions, he shrugs and twists his shoulders with the most satisfactory hope of lodging his adversary in gaol.

While the committal is making out, the adversary steps into the town, under favour of the constable, to look for bail among his friends. Deponent follows him to the whisky-shop, and the chances are that the deadly feud is made up in a few minutes by a few glasses of whisky.

The wounds of their minds and bodies seem on some occasions to heal with wonderful celerity, and "by the first intention." On other occasions, even a tradition of the slightest injury or insult forms a sufficient cause for swearing inextinguishable hatred between opposite factions. Many of the fights at fairs are not mere casual rencontres between drunken individuals, but pitched and premeditated battles between the *boys* of one town against the *boys* of another. It should be observed that the term *boys* includes men of all ages, to sixty and upwards. The beaten party at one fair, "kilt and murdered" as they are, live on in the hopes of getting satisfaction at the next, for which they take care to muster fresh boys among their friends and relations, and go in great force, armed as before with whisky and shillelas.

"Touch one Fagan, and you touch one hundred," exclaimed a saddler, who was bragging of some of his feats of arms at a fair.

During the rebellion, and for some months preceding it, the country was hushed in grim repose, no fighting at fairs was heard of. The "United-men" could not fight each other, and they dared not even get drunk, lest they should betray themselves. The recurrence of the fights was considered by those who knew the people best as a most favourable symptom of the loyal and *peaceable* disposition of the lower classes.

"Plase your honour," says a man, whose head is bound up with a garter, in token and commemoration of his having been at a fair the preceding night, "plase your honour, it's what I am striving since six o'clock and before, this morning, because I'd sooner trouble your honour's honour than any man in all Ireland, on account of your *character*, and having lived under your family, me and mine, twinty years, ay, say forty again to the back o' that, in the old gentleman's time, as I well remember before I was born; that same time I heard tell of your honour's riding a little horse in green with your gun before you, a-grousing over our townlands, which was the mill and abbey of Ballynagobogg, though 'tis now set away from me (owing to them that belied my father) to Christy Salmon, becaase he's an Orangeman—or his wife—though he was once (let him deny it who can), *to my certain knowledge*, behind the haystack in Tullygore, *sworn in* a United man by Captain Alick, who was hanged—Pace to the dead, anyhow!—Well, not to be talking too much of that, anyhow, only for this Christy Salmon, I should be living still under you."

"Very likely, but what has all this to do with the present business. If you have any complaint to make against Christy Salmon, make it—if not, let me go to dinner."

"Oh, it would be too bad to be keeping your honour from your dinner, but I'll make your honour sinsible immediately. It is not of Christy Salmon at all at all I'm talking. May be your honour is not sinsible yet who I am. I am Paddy M'Doole, of the Curragh, and I've been a flax-dresser and dealer since I parted your honour's land and was last night at the fair of Clonaghilty, where I went just in a quiet way thinking of nothing at all, as any man might, and had my little yarn along with me, and my wife's and the girls' year's spinning, and all just hoping to bring them back a few honest shillings as they disarved—none better! Well, plase your honour, my beast lost a shoe, which brought me late to the fair, but not so late but what it was as throng as ever. You could have walked over the heads of the men, women and childer, a-foot and a-horse-back all buying and selling, so I, to be sure, thought no harm of doing the like. So I makes the best bargain I could of the little hanks for my wife and the girl, and the man I sold them to was just weighing them at the crane and I standing forenent him. 'Success to myself!' says I, looking at the shillings I was putting into my waistcoat pocket for my poor family, when up comes the inspector, whom I did not know—I'll take my oath—from Adam, nor couldn't know, becaase he was the deputy inspector, and had been but just made, of which I was ignorant, by this book and all the books that ever were shut and opened—but no matter for that. He seizes my hanks out of the scales, that I had just sold, saying they were unlawful and forfeit, becaase by his watch it was past four o'clock, which I denied to be possible, plase your honour, becaase not one, nor two, nor three, but all the town and country were selling the same as myself in broad day, only when the deputy came up they stopped, which I could not, by rason I did not know him. 'Sir,' says I, very civil, 'if I had known you it would have been

another case, but anyhow I hope no gintleman will be making it a crime to a poor man to sell his little matter of yarn for his wife and childer after two o'clock, when he did not know it was contrary to law at all at all.'

"'I gave you notice it was contrary to law at the fair of Edgarstown,' said he. 'I ax your pardon, sir,' said I, 'it was my brother, for I was by.' With that he calls me liar, and what not, and takes a grip of me and I a grip of my flax, and he had a shillela and I had none, so he gave it me over the head, I crying, 'Murder, murder!' the while, and clinging to the scales to save me, and they set a-swinging and I with them, plase your honour, till the bame comes down atop o' the back o' my head, and *kilt* me as your honour sees."

"I see that you are alive still, I think."

"It's not his fault if I am, plase your honour, for he left me for dead, and I am as good as dead still. If it be plasing to your honour to examine my head, you'll be sinsible I'm telling nothing but the truth. Your honour never seen a man kilt as I was and am—all which I am ready (when convenient) to swear before your honour."

The reiterated assurances which this hero gives of his being killed, and the composure with which he offers to swear to his own assassination and decease, appear rather surprising and ludicrous to those who are not aware that *kilt* here is used in a metaphorical sense, and that it has not the full force of our word killed.

A lady some time ago received a petition worded in this manner :—

"To the right hon. lady E—— P——,

"Humbly showeth,

"That your poor petitioner is now lying dead in a ditch," etc.

A gallant commander who lived in the early part of the

century declared his opinion that nothing was more feasible than for a garrison to fight, or at least to surrender, after they are dead,—nay, after they were buried. Witness this public document—

"Liberty and Equality."

"May 29th, 30th Floreal, 6. Garrison of Ostend. Muscar commandant of Ostend, to the Commandant-in-chief of His British Majesty.

"General,

"The council of war was sitting when I received the honour of your letters. We have unanimously resolved not to surrender the place, until we shall have been buried in its ruins," etc.

With high-class Irish oratory we are all acquainted, but a specimen or two of the eloquence of the humble classes may be interesting.

A thin tall woman, wrapt in a long cloak, the hood of which was drawn over her head and shaded her pale face, came to a gentleman to complain of the cruelty of her landlord.

"He is the most hard-hearted man alive, so he is, sir," said she. "He has just seized all I have, which, God knows, is little enough! and has driven my cow to pound, the only cow I have, and only dependence I have for a drop of milk to drink, and the cow itself too, standing there starving in the pound, for not a wisp of hay would he give to cow or Christian to save their lives if it was ever so! and the rent for which he is driving me, plase your honour, has not been due but one week, and it is not for myself only I grieve or speak. Let alone myself, there 's five craturs that he has there in the same way, and under the same dread and distress. He is landlord and master over six of us, and a hard master he is, but these middlemen are all so, one and all. Oh, if it had but been my lot to be tenant to a gentleman

born, like your honour, who is the poor man's friend, and the orphan and the widow's, the friend of them that have none other. Long life to you, and long may you live to reign over us! Would you but speak three words to my landlord, to let my cow out of pound and give me a fortnight's time, that I might see and fatten her to sell against the fair? I could pay him then, all honestly, and not be racked entirely, and he would be ashamed to refuse your honour, and afraid to disoblige the like of you, or get your ill-will. May the blessing of Heaven be upon you, if you 'll just send and speak to him three words for the poor woman and widow, that has none other to speak for her in the wide world."

Moved by this lamentable story, the effect of which the woman's whole miserable appearance corroborated and heightened, the gentleman sent immediately for her hard-hearted landlord. The landlord soon appeared, not a gentleman, not a rich man, as the term landlord might denote. He was a stout, square, thick-limbed, gray-eyed man, who seemed to have come smoking hot from hard labour. The gentleman repeated the charge made against him by the poor widow, and mildly remonstrated with him for his cruelty. The man heard all that was said with a firm countenance.

"And now have you done?" said he, turning to the woman, who had recommenced her lamentations. "Look at her standing there, sir. It 's easy for her to put on her long cloak, and to tell her long story, and to make her poor mouth to your honour, but if you are willing to hear, I 'll tell you what she is, and what I am. She is one that has no one but herself to provide for. She is one that is able to afford herself a glass of whisky when she pleases, and she pleases it often. She is one that never denies herself the bit of *staggering bob* (slink calf) when in season. She is one that

has a snug house, well thatched, to live in all the year round, and nothing to do or nothing that she does ; and this is her way of life, and this is what she is. And what am I ? I am the father of eight children, and I have myself and a wife to provide for. I am a man who is a hard labourer of one kind or another from sunrise to sunset. The straw that thatched the house she lives in I brought two miles on my back. The walls of the house she lives in I built with my own hands. I did the same by five other houses, and they are all sound and dry, and good to live in, summer or winter. I set them for rent in order to put bread in my children's mouths, and after all I cannot get it. And to support my eight children, my wife, and myself what have I in this world ?" cried he, striding suddenly with colossal firmness upon his sturdy legs, and raising to Heaven arms which looked like foreshortenings of the limbs of Hercules— "what have I in this wide world but these four bones ?"

Demosthenes could not have used more striking action.

The Irish are a nation of orators.

A gentleman who some years ago canvassed a county in Ireland relates the following anecdote :—

"As I was riding through the country to canvass it, I heard a voice calling after me, 'Stop, stop, sir ! you have just passed one, sir.'

"'One what ?'

"'One who has a vote, a freehoulder, sure ! You must turn back a bit, and I'll show him you. His name's O'Neill.'

"My conductor pointed out the man who had a vote. I rode towards him. He was planting willows in a little garden by the roadside. His back was towards me, and he did not turn his head, but went on with his work till I called him by his name, which I had just learned.

"'Mr. O'Neill !'

"He turned, and I saw the pale countenance of a middle-aged, upright figure dressed in black. He stuck the willow he had in his hand into the ground, and came towards me with a deliberate pace. Upon a nearer view I saw that his clothes were old and shabby.

"'You have a vote, I am told, Mr. O'Neill?'

"'Sir,' said he gravely, 'I have a vote, and I have not a vote.'

"'How can that be?'

"'I will tell you, sir,' said he, leaning, or rather lying down slowly, upon the back of the ditch facing me, so that I could see only his head and arms.

"'Sir,' said he, 'out of this little garden, with my five acres of land and my own labour, I once had a freehold, but I have been robbed of my freehold, and who do you think has robbed me? Why, that man,' pointing to his landlord's steward, who stood beside me. 'With my own hands I sowed my own ground with oats, and a fine crop I expected; but I never reaped that crop. Not a bushel, no, nor half a bushel did I ever see, for into my little place comes this man, with I don't know how many more, with their shovels, and their barrows, and their horses and their carts, and to work they fell, and they ran a road straight through the best part of my land, turning all to heaps of rubbish, and a bad road it was, and a bad time of the year to make it! But where was I when he did this? Not where I am now,' said the orator, raising himself up and standing firm, 'not as you see me now, but lying on my back in my bed in a fever. When I got up I was not able to make my rent out of my land. Besides myself I had five children to support. I sold my clothes, and have never been able to buy any since, but such as a recruit could sell who was in haste to get into regimentals—such clothes as these,' looking down at his black rags.

'Soon I had nothing to eat; but that's not all. I am a weaver, sir. For my rent they seized my two looms; then I had nothing to do. But of all this I do not complain. There was an election some time ago in this county, and a man rode up to me in this garden as you do now, and asked me for my vote, but I refused him, for I was steady to my landlord. The gentleman observed I was a poor man, and asked me if I wanted for anything; but all did not signify, so he rode on gently, and at the corner of the road, within view of my garden, I saw him drop a purse, and I knew by his looking at me it was on purpose for me to pick it up. After a while he came back, thinking, to be sure, I had taken up the purse and had changed my mind, but he found his purse where he had left it. My landlord knew all this, and he promised to see justice done me, but he forgot. Then, as for the candidate's lady, before the election nothing was too fair speaking for me, but afterwards, in my distress, when I applied to her to get me a loom, which she could have had for the asking it, her answer to me was, "I don't know that I shall ever want a vote again in the county."

"'Now, sir,' continued he, 'when justice is done me (and no sooner) I shall be glad to assist my landlord or his friend. I know who *you* are, sir, very well. You bear a good character, success to you! but I have no vote to give you or any man.'

"As he spoke he had by degrees become more animated, till, his indignation inspiring him with new life, his action was suited to his words.

"'Mr. O'Neill,' said I, 'if I were to attempt to make you any amends for what you have suffered, I should do you an injury. It would be said that I had bribed you, but I will repeat your story where it will meet with attention.' At the same time I added that I could not tell it so well as he had done.

"'No, sir,' was his answer, 'for you cannot feel it as I do.'"

The over-abundant use of epithet is a striking peculiarity in most compositions in the Irish language. By some writers this has been ascribed to the nature and structure of the language, by others to the taste of the people. In a conversation held with some Irish scholars, one of them, stepping forward in the formidable gesture of an excited orator, spoke as follows, in an exalted tone of voice, in defence of epithets :—

"Worshipful sir," said he, with an outstretched arm, "these epithets are numerous in the original Irish, because they are enlivening and expressive, and are introduced by historians to decorate their histories, and to raise the passions of their readers. Thus were the youths at once instructed in the grand records of their lofty nation, in eloquence of style, and in sublimity of composition."

Picture this declaration coming from a poor, ragged schoolmaster, or, as he styled himself, "Philomath," whose miserable habitation of sods, cemented with mud, and constructed in a ditch, scarcely seemed a human abode ; yet, before the door of this hovel, surrounded by a group of admiring compeers and disciples, he harangued, with almost the eloquence of inspiration, on the superiority of the literature of his country, declaring "that some scribbling pretenders to knowledge had made it a determined point and standing rule to calumniate and throw as much dirt as they could on Irish history, laws, and morals, thereby imagining they did a mighty piece of service to England, and to the English government, by traducing the people who were once the terror of the Danes, and who gave kings to Scotland, and even to England itself."

As a fair example of the use of epithets, the following literal translation of some well-known Irish verses may be given :—

"Mineid (in Irish, Moighneid), the son of Deirg, and Goll, the active, the magnanimous and martial son of Moirne, met in this dreadful field of slaughter. The contest between these two intrepid champions was furious, foaming, and frightful, manly, mighty, and mortal, insomuch that broken, battered, and gory were the corslets, shields, and helmets of those impetuous chiefs, and their bearing swords of broad metal did wide-spread havoc in the strained grasp of their sinewy arms."

Instead of saying that a person is killed, or dead, they say, "You'll never hear him speak again," or, "He'll never taste a bit, or swallow a drop more;" or, "He'll never trouble anybody more—the life is out of him, the breath is gone out of him."

An Irishman is never at a loss for an answer, nor will he, on any account, when you ask him a question, confess, if he can help it, his inability to give you the desired information. A carman driving two strangers in the south of Ireland was asked by one of them whether there was any fine scenery to be seen on the road.

"Oh yes, sir, very fine," was the reply.

"What shall we see?"

"Oh! a grate dale, sir."

"Well, what will it be?"

"Oh, sir, you'll see everything that is to be seen."

In England such an answer would be looked upon as an insult; but this carman considered it equally civil and satisfactory.

A gentleman was travelling in the county of Wicklow in the beginning of August, when the coachman exultingly said—

"This, sir, is the earliest county in all ould Ireland. Harvest is always earliest here."

"What's the reason of that?"

"Was it the rason your honour wished to know?"

The gentleman answered in the affirmative.

"Oh, it's aisy to be telling you the rason."

"Then let's hear it."

"Och, sure, and it's the sun that does it."

"Oh, of course, the sun ripens all corn; but why ripen it here sooner than in any other county in Ireland?"

"Oh, it's his rays, sir."

"But what difference can there be between his rays here and in any other part of the country?"

"Oh, sir! they first fall on the say, and after being hated by the say, they fall on the corn, and that's the rason, sir, that the harvest is so early here."

An uninformed Irishman, hearing the sphinx alluded to in company, whispered to a friend.

"The sphinx! who is that?"

"A monster man."

"Oh, a Munster-man. I thought he was from Connaught," replied the Irishman, determined not to seem totally unacquainted with the family.

There is often a drollery in the evasiveness of an Irishman's answers which is very amusing to an Englishman. It is very difficult to get a direct answer to a direct question. A gentleman was one day going up the stairs of his hotel, and it being in the twilight, he stumbled over some object, which he correctly fancied to be a fragment of our common humanity.

"Who are you?" asked the gentleman.

"Please, sir," answered a voice which betokened the recent intimacy of its proprietor with something stronger than water, "please, sir, I'm the oldest woman in the house."

The Irish are a generous and confiding people. They are not suspicious; even after they have been repeatedly deceived, they are unwilling to entertain any suspicions of those who have betrayed them. They forgive and forget

the past, and hope against hope for the future. It is this excessive generosity that makes them the easy victims of political misrule. They take the most favourable view of human nature. Show them the least act of kindness, and their confidence is unbounded and enduring. Never were a people more sensible of kindly treatment.

They are not a moralising people, and yet most of their old legends and fairy tales contain a good moral. The following tale told me by a peasant-girl may be interesting at a time when various affairs have been reported which would not represent the Irish as being kind-hearted people as far as the "bastes" are concerned:—

"In the good old times there lived on the mountain opposite a man named Jerry Malone. A fine boy he was as ever danced at wake or sung at widdin, and as generous a heart as ever gave food and lodgin' to the poor. A power of riches he sure enough had, all got by the wool he cut from the flock of big grown sheep that used to feed on the mountain. Every blessed summer he sheared them himself under the forest trees, and the never a finger would he let nigh or next 'em but his own.

"Jerry Malone loved the dance and the song, and a merry heart had he. He thought of nothing in the wide world but devarting himself, until he was twenty-one, and then he began to think sure it was high time for him to begin to think o' changing his condition, and taking a wife. He hadn't to look far for one, for Mary Walsh, the prettiest girl in the place, lived only a mile off.

"Mary was mighty shy at first, as well became a dacent, well-behaved colleen like her ; but at last, after a good deal of courting and discoursing, she consinted to become Mistress Malone. Well, Jerry was the happy boy, sure enough, the night he got her to make the promise.

"'Tis you that are in luck now, Jerry Malone,' says he

to himself, an' he going home, 'an' 'tis an iligant girl you 've got, and long may you live to win and wear her. An' 'tis a fine widdin feast we 'll have. We 'll treat the whole country round, and have such tastings of mate and drink as will astonish the neighbours. Fit for a king's daughter the widdin shall be, and I 'll kill the ould big sheep for it—sure, we 'll hardly miss him out of the flock, that we won't.'

"So, the day before the widdin, Jerry goes to the fold, and takes hould of the ould big sheep intending to kill him ; but no sooner did the dumb baste see the knife in Jerry's hand than he knew 'twasn't the shears, and he sets up a bleating—such a bleating as never Christian sheep made in the whole wide world before him—and all the others joined in with him, till Jerry Malone was well-nigh stunned, and the ould sheep slipped his head out of the young man's hands as quiet and aisy as a lump of butter would slip off a hot pratie. Well, the minute the sheep got out of his grip, down he runs as swift as the stream of a waterfall, and all the flock tearing after him like mad, till they reached the entrance of the ould cave—that place you see there on the opposite hill—and then in they tumbled one after the other as quick as praties into the pot.

"Poor Jerry Malone was frightened out of his seven sinses, as well he might be, and ran off to call the neighbours as fast as he could lay leg to ground, and they tuck lights and exploded all over the cave again and again, but never heard tale or tidings more of the sheep.

"So Jerry Malone lost his flock, and lost his fortin, and what was worse than all, he lost his bride too, for her father would never consint to give his beautiful child, that was reared so tinder and dacent, to a spalpeen that had nothing. This was the worst stroke of all, and sure enough it went to poor Jerry's heart entirely. He took on the more because he thought he had brought all his

misfortunes upon himself, for not having been satisfied with his fine flock, an' for wanting to make mutton of them that way. 'Twould pity you to see him melting away day after day, till at last, poor craythur, he fairly died of pining and a broken heart."

I observed one day, when paying a visit to some old altars and edifices, that it was strange that none of the stones had been removed, but that they should have remained for centuries, when nothing would be easier than to take them away to build cottages or walls with them.

"Faix, then," said an old man who was accompanying me. "It would be aisy enough to do that same, but sure there's an ould spirit o' the place that do be always guarding every stone. It takes different forms, and may be, 'tis in that big black crow, that's perched upon the top of the stone this blessed minute, looking for all the world as wise as a Christian, and hearkening, perhaps, to every word we're saying, the Lord save us.

"I'll tell you," he continued in a lower tone, when we had left the spot a short distance behind us. "I'll tell you about a man that offended the spirit onst upon a time. 'Twas Mick Purcell, as likely and nate a boy as you'd see in your day's walk, and married to the purtiest girl in the County of Kerry.

"He lived in a little cabin down in that village you see yonder. The habitation was not so iligant as it might be, but 'twas there his father lived afore him, and he had been born and bred in it himself. Now Mick Purcell had two fine cows that fed in the commons out there, and the fine pratie-fields up here, so says his wife to him one fine morning—

"'Mick, dear, suppose you were to build a nice new little house up near the pratie-fields above. There's plenty of stones close by in those ould buildins, all convaynient to your hand.'

"'God forbid,' says Mick, 'that I should do the likes of that, or lay a finger on e'er a stone of the ould buildin'!'

"'An why so?' says she. 'Sure what better use in life could they be put to than to build a house, a nice little dawny house like Jim Ryan's, the boy who wanted to marry me afore I took you, Mick!'

"'I 'll have nothing to do with them stones, good nor bad,' said Mick, 'so don't be coaxing me now, woman. They say that there 's life in them. Don't ye remember hearing tell what happened near Dingle, the Lord save us! how the boy grew as big as the house in one minute for having taken away the bell-stone on the top o' the ould chapel?'

"'That was holy ground, and consecrated by the holy St. Patrick himself,' said the wife. 'No wonder he suffered for his bouldness. But I see how it is. Ye won't stir a step for my axing, or do the laste hand's-turn to content your own Jenny after her leaving all the other boys that was coorting her to marry a spalpeen like you. Twasn't that way Jemmy Ryan would have served me.'

"With that Jenny begins to cry, and to rock herself to and fro, and wipe her eyes with her blue apron. So Mick saw there was no use in going contrayry to her. He was a tinder-hearted *gossoon*, and next morning up he gits, and begins taking down the stones from the side of the ould building.

"Just as he was going to carry them to the place where his wife wanted to have the new house built, a beautiful bird came and perched on the top of the ould buildin'. Its feathers shone like gold, and its two eyes peered into Mick's face with such a tinder beseeching look, that it melted the heart within him, and made him stand stock still.

"'Arrah, what 's keeping you, Mick, dear?' calls Jenny from the other end of the field, 'and why don't you bring the stones to me, jewel?'

"Mick felt quite ashamed like of being knocked of a heap that way by a dumb creatur's eyes, so he takes courage and was going off, when the bird flutters out before him, and looked at him with the most threatening angry look ever you see.

"'A plague on you,' cries Mick, 'for all your fine gold feathers! Why, what is it that ails you at all, an' can't ye let me go in pace?'

"With that the bird fluttered nearer, and seemed fairly to block up the passage, while its eyes shone upon him like the eyes of hell. Mick's blood was up, for he thought Jenny would make game of him for being such a born fool and omedhaun as to be hindered by a bit of a bird. So he ups and he throws one of the stones at the craythur, but though it was close to him he missed it, and the two eyes blazed out with more anger than ever.

"With that, my dear, Mick seized a larger stone, and holding it up with both his hands aims a desperate blow at the beautiful bird. This time he succeeded. The stone struck the golden wings with a sound as if all the plates and dishes in Ireland, and the rocks and the valleys were striking together, and Mick fell all along upon the ground as if he had been shot.

"Even Jenny, at the distance she was standing, fell on her face quite stunned, and 'twas long afore she recovered her sinses enough to get up and look after her husband. At last she came to and went sarching about for Mick. She found him sitting on the heap of stones, the very picture of woe.

"'What's the matter with you, avourneen machree?' says she, looking in his face as coaxing as possible, and putting on a smile as sweet as the best lump of sugar, as if to make up for the mischief she had done with her fine vagaries about the new house.

"'What's the matter, indeed?' cries Mick. 'Why 'tis ruined I am, woman alive! Bad luck to yourself for putting me up to disturb those blessed stones, taking liberties with them, sure, like a cow with a haystack in winter. See what a holy show you've made of me! I can't stand no more than a trout or a salmon. 'Tis crippled I am for life intirely.'

"And so it was, sure enough. The moment Mick hit the golden bird, that moment he lost the use of his legs, and never recovered them to his dying day."

I was journeying one day through a district in the South when the driver remarked—

"Oh, sir, this is a great country for the gentry."

"Gentry," said I, "not a single house can my eye light on in which a gentleman could reside."

"Oh, yer honour, I don't mane squires, I mane the good people. It's by no manner of manes that I intend gintlemen, I mane the fairies."

"Well, what do you know of them?"

"Why, I'll tell you what I heard a man say one day, not long ago. I was bringing some Erris people on this very jaunting car from the fair of Ballina. They were talking, as they walked up this very hill, of accidents happening their cattle, and one of them tould what I am now going, as well as I can remember, to say to your honour. 'There was a neighbour of mine,' says he, 'coming one evening as we now are, from a fair in the Arable'—that, your honour, is the name the Erris mountaineers give the food land in our country about Ballina and Crosmolina—'and just on this very road he met a concourse of people and cattle coming along as if returning from a fair, and as he cast his eye on the drove of bastes, sure enough he saw, though he could scarcely believe his eyesight, two bullocks of his own, which sometime before were drowned in a bog-

hole. "By dad," says he, "this is quare; but anyhow here are my cattle—I'd swear anywhere to my own brand; I'm in the best of good luck this night, and home I'll drive them." So with his stick he tould off his two bullocks from the rest, and giving them a good welting to force them on, he was hastening away with his recovered property, when he hears a man following and shouting after him, "Where are you going with my bastes?" So he stopped a little, and up comes a man he knew once very well, but who was long ago dead and buried, and that he had good reason to know, for he was first husband to his own wife (Paddy being married to a widdy). "Och, then, Paddy M'Cormick, where are you going, you thafe, with my cattle?"

"'"They're not yours. I'd give my Bible oath, but they're my own. Wouldn't I swear to them anywhere, and my own brand on them? And why should you, Terry Barrett, be after claiming them, seeing as how you are long ago dead and buried, and I am married to your widdy?"

"'"What's that to you, you ignoramus, you? What call has the likes of you to know the ins and outs of these matters? And, at any rate, I have as good a right to your dead cattle, who died honestly in the bog-hole of Paulshesare, as you have to my living wife. I won't say, Paddy, who has the best of the bargain, but anyhow I'll have the cattle;" and with that he hits him a polthoge with his cudgel, and Paddy was not backward, you may swear; but they were not long left to themselves, for up comes a faction of Terry's people, and what was strange all out, every one of them Paddy knew to be long ago dead—shouldn't he know it, when he was at their wake and buryin'?—and they fell to a-beating of Paddy until down he went, the senses knocked out of him, and there he lay until morning, and

you may be sure when he woke there was neither man nor baste to be seen, but all around his head was a crop of fairy mushrooms growing. "Och, then, if ever I look," says he, "afther dead cattle again, may mushrooms be my bed instead of the best of feathers." He didn't do much good after this. He is alive still, but he is not himself since he had to do with his wife's dead husband and his own dead bullocks.'"

Another case somewhat like this was that of Phelim Barrett, a man well-to-do in the world, who was getting on like all his neighbours, that is, just as their fathers before them did. He was married, of course ; had his cabin full of children in one end of it, having room for the cow and two pigs at the other, not to say anything of a goat, a dog, and a cat. But Phelim's course was not all along fated to run smooth, for his cow fell over a precipice, and her leg was broken, and there was nothing for him to do but to cut her throat, and though she was anything but fat, yet, making the best of a bad bargain, and as half a loaf is better than no bread, Phelim salted the carcass, and if he was short of milk, at any rate he and his had plenty of beef while it lasted, barring that it was the least taste in life tough.

Well, Christmas-time was over, and Lent coming on, and Phelim was very lavish of his meat, seeing that it would be of no use after Shrovetide ; when one evening, long after the sun was set, he hears a noise at the door, just like the lowing of a cow, so, thinking that it was one of the neighbours' cattle that had got into his potato garden, he went out, and sure enough he saw, by the light of the moon, a beast standing at his door, for all the world like his own brindled cow. He felt her left horn, and found his own brand, he saw the same round white spot on her right hip, and her tail was short as was that of his own cow.

"Och, thin, Nanny Voe, my jewel, I'd swear that you were your own self, barrin' that I've been eating you these five weeks."

With this expression of hope and doubt, he called on his wife to come out and help to verify the fact, and, in the meantime, to ascertain whether Nanny Voe had any milk in her teats, Phelim began to pull underneath, and while doing so the cow bounced off. Phelim, not liking to part with her, made a grasp at her tail, which catching, and the cow still proving too strong to be stopped, off both man and beast went as fast as a cow could canter, and away to a rath she made her way with Phelim clinging to her tail. Now there was a round hole in the centre of the rath, about as wide as would admit a man's body. To this the cow made, and down she went, and Phelim would have gone with her, only that before he was sucked in he disentangled himself from the tail, and home he went very thankful to the Virgin, and all the saints, who saved him from being taken by the "gentry," who no doubt desired, as they had the ghost of his cow, to have his own also, to have and to hold till the day of judgment.

CHAPTER VI.

THE LATTER END.

"An easy death and a fine funeral," is a proverbial benediction amongst the lower orders in Ireland. Throughout life the peasant is accustomed to regard the manner and place of his interment as matters of the greatest importance, "to be decently put in the earth along with his own people," is the wish most frequently and fervently expressed by him. When advanced in life, it is usual, particularly with those who are destitute and friendless, to deny themselves the common necessaries of life, and to hoard up every trifle they can collect for the expenses of their wake and funeral. Looking forward to their death as to a gala given by them to their acquaintances, every possible preparation is made for rendering it, as they consider, "creditable." Their shroud and burial dress are often provided many years before they are wanted, nor will the owners use these garments whilst living, though existing in the most abject state of wretchedness and rags. It is not unusual to see even the tombstone in readiness, and leaning against the cabin wall, a perpetual *memento mori* that must meet the eye of its possessor every time he crosses his threshold.

There is evidently a constitutional difference in the composition of the English and Irish peasant, but this

peculiarity may be more satisfactorily accounted for by the prevailing belief with the latter of a future state being a material one, and subject to wants even more urgent than those of this life. Under this impression, shoes, considered a luxury quite unworthy a thought, are believed almost indispensable after death, when it is supposed much walking has to be performed, probably through rough roads and inclement weather. The superstition evidently proceeds from the tenet of purgatory or qualification for heaven, held by the Romish clergy, and on this particular the general belief of the Irish peasantry is somewhat at variance with the representations of their pastors. The priest describes it as a place of fire, but the people imagine it to be a vast and dreary extent, strewed with sharp stones and abounding in thorns and brambles. The attachment manifested towards particular burial-places arises from the same cause, and the anxiety amongst the vulgar to be interred with their deceased relatives, bestows, even on death, a feeling of social interest.

An old beggar woman, who died near the city of Cork, requested that her body might be deposited in White Church burial-ground. Her daughter, who was without the means to obtain a hearse or any other mode of conveyance, determined herself to undertake the task, and, having procured a rope, she fastened the coffin on her back, and, after a tedious journey of more than ten miles, fulfilled her mother's request.

This national trait may be recognised in an advertisement which appeared some years back in the *Sydney Gazette*, the regulations of which colony obliged every person to give public notice of their departure.

"Dennis Hurley, intending to quit the colony in the *Seringapatam*, to visit the land of his forefathers, where he hopes, after this life of toil and trouble, to rest under his

native turf, requests that all claims against him may be presented for payment."

Separate interests (as in the case of marriage) often cause disputes at funerals, and as no acknowledged rule exists in such cases, a battle usually ends the dissension, and the corpse is borne away in triumph by the victorious party to a cemetery perhaps twenty miles distant from that originally intended.

At a Roman Catholic clergyman's funeral which took place in the south of Ireland, the fathers of his order were opposed by the relations of the deceased, who wished the coffin to be conveyed to their family vault, but the attempt proved fruitless, as the fathers, anticipating opposition, had procured so strong a force that the assailing faction was beaten off, and a guard was stationed at the grave for some weeks after to prevent the resurrecting the dead man should it be attempted.

A contest is recorded as having occurred between a man and his wife, respecting the burial of their infant. The woman wished to have the child laid near some of her own relations, which the husband strongly opposed, concluding her attachment to her friends was superior to her love for him, but he was soon convinced by his wife's argument, that as her sister had died in childbirth only a few days previously, she would afford their poor infant suck, which nourishment it might not have if buried elsewhere.

Another instance of similar superstition occurred in the case of a woman, who presented several beggars with a loaf and porringer, that her deceased child might not want a porringer or bread in the next world. She accounted for her knowledge of the wants of an after state by saying that a very good man, who used to have occasional trances, in which it was known his soul left his body and became familiar with disembodied spirits, returning to its former

habitation after a short absence, told her, on his recovery from one of these fits, that children, dying at an early age, whose parents' neglect deprived them of the use of a porringer, were obliged to lap milk out of their hands, whilst others, who were provided in life with one, had a similar article prepared for their comfort in a future state, and "now," continued the woman, as she bestowed her last loaf and porringer on a mendicant, "my mind is eased of its burden, and my poor child is as happy as the best of them."

The belief also of a similarity between spiritual and mortal existence extends not merely to necessities but to points of etiquette.

It is a general opinion among the lower orders, that the last buried corpse has to perform an office like that of a "fag" in our public schools by the junior boy, and that the attendance on his churchyard companions is only relieved by the interment of some other person. The notion may seem too absurd, yet serious consequences have sometimes resulted from it. Two funerals proceeding to the same burial-ground arrived within view of each other a short distance from their place of destination. Both immediately halted, and a messenger was eventually despatched to demand precedence. The conference terminated in blows, and the throng on both sides, forsaking the coffins, rushed impetuously forward, when a furious contest ensued.

It is a prevalent notion that the ghost of a stranger is seldom well received by the ancient possessors of a churchyard, particularly if the place has long been preserved to a clan or sept, when the "cuggeriegh," or intruder, is sadly annoyed by his associates. There is in this a strange variation between life and death in the Irish character, as the trait of hospitality towards strangers is proverbially predominant while living.

When priests, or others noted for their sanctity, die, their graves are resorted to for some of the clay, which is mingled with water, and drunk for the cure of various diseases.

Sir Richard Musgrave mentions that earth from the grave of Father Sheeby, who was executed about the middle of last century as the leader of some White Boy outrages, was held in great repute, and taken away so rapidly, on account of its supernatural powers, that the sexton had more than once to renew the covering. In subsequent cases the custom was carried to such a length that it was interdicted under the threat of exemplary punishment.

The wake of a corpse is a scene of merriment rather than of mourning. The body lies exposed in the coffin for two or three nights previous to the interment, surrounded by many candles, and with the face uncovered. To avert misfortune arising from the death of the heads of families, when a man dies his head is placed at the foot of his bed, but this ceremony is not deemed necessary with women, and they are allowed to remain in the usual position. In the evening a general assembly of the neighbours takes place, when they are entertained with whisky, tobacco, and snuff. On these occasions songs are sung and stories related, while the younger part of the company beguile the time with various games and sports, such as blind-man's buff, or hunt the slipper.

An Irish funeral procession presents to the English traveller a very novel and singular aspect. The coffin is carried on an open hearse, with a canopy supported by four pillars. It is adorned with several devices in gold, and drawn by four horses, and is, perhaps, more impressive to the beholder than the close caravan-like conveyance used in England; but what is gained in solemnity by the principal feature is suddenly destroyed by the incongruity of

the rest of the train, generally composed of a few post-chaises, the drivers in their daily costume of a long great-coat and a slouched hat. In addition to these, perhaps there is a gig in which the clergyman, equipped in white scarf and hatband, drives a friend, while afterwards comes a crowd of persons of all descriptions on foot. No noise, no lamentation is to be heard, and the figure in the flowing white scarf, brandishing his whip, gives the procession, at a little distance, very much the effect of one of the old electioneering processions.

The open hearse is common throughout Ireland, and that used by the poorer classes becomes perfectly grotesque, from the barbarous paintings of saints and angels with which it is bedizened. The concourse of persons who attend the funeral of an opulent farmer, or a resident landlord, is prodigious. Not only those to whom the deceased was known, but every one who meets the procession, turns to accompany it, let his haste be ever so great, for a mile or two, as nothing is accounted as more unlucky, or more unfriendly, than to neglect doing so.

The funeral of a gentleman acknowledged as the head of a clan (an event of rare occurrence even at the early part of the century, and almost confined to Kerry) was one of those sights which it was impossible to behold without feeling sublime sensations. The vast multitude, winding through some romantic defile, or trailing along the base of a wild mountain, while the chorus of the death-song, coming fitfully upon the breeze, is raised by a thousand voices. On a closer view, the aged nurse is seen sitting on the hearse beside the coffin, with her body bent over it, her actions dictated by the most violent grief, and her head completely enveloped in the deep hood of her large cloak, which falls in broad and heavy folds, producing altogether a most mysterious and awful figure.

Then at every cross-road, such roads being considered symbolic of their faith, the men uncover their heads, and a prayer is offered up for the soul of the departed chief.

The Irish funeral howl is notorious, and although this vociferous expression of grief is on the decline, there is still in the less civilised parts of the country a strong attachment to the custom.

In the fourth volume of the *Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy*, the musical notation of the lamentation of a professional keener or mourner may be seen, and Dr. O'Brien, in his Irish Dictionary, describes the keen as—"a cry for the dead, according to certain loud and mournful notes, and verses, wherein the pedigree, land, property, generosity, and good actions of the deceased person, and his ancestors, are diligently and harmoniously recounted, in order to excite pity and compassion in the hearers, and to make them sensible of their great loss in the death of the person whom they lament."

In the early part of the century, a woman named Harrington was renowned for her skill in keening. She led a wandering life, travelling from cottage to cottage about the country, and, though in fact subsisting on charity, found everything not merely a welcome, but had numerous invitations, on account of the vast store of Irish verses she had collected, and could repeat. Her memory was extraordinary, and the clearness, quickness, and elegance with which she translated from Irish into English, though unable to read or write, is almost incredible. Before she commenced repeating, she mumbled for a short time, probably the beginning of each stanza, to assure herself of the arrangement, with her eyes closed, rocking her body backwards and forwards, as if keeping time to the measure of the verse. She then began in a kind of whining recitative, but as she proceeded, and as the composition required it,

her voice assumed a variety of deep and fine tones, and the energy with which many passages were delivered proved her perfect comprehension and strong feeling of the subject, but her eyes always continued shut, perhaps to prevent interruption to her thoughts, or her attention being engaged by any surrounding object. The following is the translation of one of this woman's keens. The subject is the lamentation of a man named O'Donoghue, of Affadown, or Roaring Water, in the west of the county Cork, for his three sons and son-in-law, who were drowned.

"It was on a rainy Monday, a fair gale blew, and my sons left the shore half an hour before sunrise to fish in the sea. My children were driven far away to be drowned. This year has been the year of my ruin for ever.

"Cormick (Charles), my eldest child, he could kill with his gun every bird that flew in air—the wild duck and the partridge, and the grouse, and the black plover of the lonesome mountain.

"Cormick, my dear! flower of young men, who was mild and well educated, who was just and pure, and good! O Glorious King of Heaven, if thou hadst but spared him to me! It was the loss of him that broke my heart entirely. I might—I could have parted with the rest.

"Daniel, my dear Daniel, the youngest of my sons, it was this day fortnight he was washed on shore, without strength or life in his body. I saw him as he lay lifeless on the shore, and my heart was cold and dumb and motionless at the sight!

"Children, dear children, do you pity me? do you see me? Look on me, your poor father, crying and lamenting for the sunshine of his eyes, for the life of his life, for the soul of his soul. What is he now? A poor, heart-broken old man, weeping alone in the cold corner of a stranger's house!

"Great is my grief and sorrow! sadness and tears weigh

heavy on my Christmas. To have my four young and stout men thrown on the will of the waves ! If the great ocean, or the dark caves of the ocean would restore the three bodies that now lie in its depths, how beautifully they would be keened and lamented over in Affadown !

"Great is my grief and sorrow that you did not all go from your father on board ship ! If my sons had left me for a season to go to a foreign land, then might I have expected from my Maker the help of my four mild and clever young men at some future time."

The account of the following lamentation, called the "Smith's Keenan," is at once simple and romantic. A young man (a smith) left his widowed mother and sisters, who resided at Killavullian on the Blackwater, and married in a distant part of the country. Some time after, one of his sisters, hearing that he was ill, set out to see him, but before she reached her destination the night came on, which compelled her, being ignorant of the way, to seek shelter at a cottage on the roadside. There she found the inmates preparing to proceed to a wake in the village where her brother resided, and, going forward with them, on arrival discovered it to be her brother's wake, at the sight of whose lifeless body she burst into the following exclamations. The conclusion is singular, nor is it possible for a translation to do justice to the strain of powerful sarcasm in the original, directed against the wife of the deceased.

"Brother, dear brother, your long absence from home did not raise you in this world ; you left us, and you found a wife who knew not how to love you. No one here knows your family, you are in the midst of strangers. They only know that you were a smith, and the son of a smith, from the Blackwater's side.

"Oh ! if I had your cold limbs by the Blackwater's side, or on the banks of the small river (the Awbeg), or by the

Bride ! Mary, and Kate, and Julia, would cry over you, and our mother would cry most sweetly for you, and I, oh ! I would cry more than them all for you.

"O brother, dear brother ! I might have known that you were laid low, when I did not hear the sound of your forge, or of your sledges, striking strong and noisy !

"Dear brother, and my darling brother, you have the marks of a wife that did not love you. She left my brother hungry in the winter and dry in the summer, without a Sunday dress, and the sufferer from long fasting.

"You woman, his wife ! my brother's wife, you woman with the dry eyes ! You woman who are both dumb and deaf, go home, go anywhere, leave your husband to me, and I will mourn for my brother !

"You woman with the dry eyes ! my brother's wife, come down and I will keen you. You will get another husband if you are young enough, but I can never get another brother."

(The priest comes forward and speaks.)

"Hold your tongue, stubborn stranger, why will you provoke your brother's wife ?"

(She answers.)

"Hold your tongue, stubborn priest ! read your litany and Confiteor, earn your half-crown and begone. I will keen my brother."

The national exclamations used on the death of a friend or an acquaintance are often very figurative. "May the heavens be his perch to-night !" is no uncommon ejaculation on first hearing of the death of such. What an original metaphor is this, and what a fine allegorical picture does it present ! The soul springing upwards like a bird, and resting its weary wings after the flight in some "bower of bliss."

A wake in Ireland does not, as in England, mean a dance,

a merry-making, but a sitting up with a corpse, a waking of the dead. Formerly in the Irish lamentations over the dead, the relations called upon the deceased to awake, as if they did but sleep. These meetings soon became parties of pleasure for the living, instead of mournings for the dead. Some years ago, every servant-girl in the town and middle ranks of life thought she had a right to be allowed to go to the wake of a relation or neighbour ; and with a certain air of confidence that she should not be refused, and a certain mixed tone of sorrow and real face of festivity, would come up to her mistress :—

"Ma'am, my shister's husband's dead, and I'd be glad if you'd be pleased to let me go to the wake to-night ;" or, "Ma'am, it's Cecily Gallaghu's wake to-night, that was a great neighbour of my mother's, and if you'd be pleased to give me leave—I'd be sorry not to be in it."

A gentleman was met one day in mourning.

"How now, Frank," said his acquaintance ; "who are you in mourning for ?"

"For my poor wife, honey," answered he.

"God bless me !" said the other.

"Indeed, it is quite true," continued the gentleman. "She would have been three weeks dead if she had lived till last Wednesday."

Macklin was very intimate with Frank Hayman (at the time one of our best historical painters), and happening to call on him one morning soon after the death of the painter's wife, with whom Frank had lived but on indifferent terms, he found him wrangling with the undertaker about his high charge for the funeral expenses. Macklin listened to the altercation for some time. At last, going up to Hayman—

"Come, come, Frank," said he, "this bill is, to be sure, a little extravagant, but you should pay it, if it were only

on account of the respect you owe your wife's memory ; for, I am sure," he added, with the utmost gravity, "she would have paid twice as much for your burial with the greatest gladness, if she had had the opportunity."

The wake being such an important event in a man's life (as an Irishman might express it), it is no wonder that it has occurred to persons, anxious to know what kind of a wake they would receive, to sham death in order to enjoy the lamentations of their neighbours. Honest Thady has recorded the experience in this way of his master, Sir Condy.

"'Thady,' says he, 'I've a notion I shall not be long for this world anyhow, and I've a great fancy to see my own funeral afore I die.' I was greatly shocked, at the first speaking, to hear him speak so light about his funeral, and he to all appearance in good health ; but recollecting myself, answered—

"To be sure it would be as fine a sight as one could see, I dared to say, and one I should be proud to witness, and I did not doubt his honour's would be as great a funeral as ever Sir Patrick O'Shaughlin's was, and such a one as that had never been known in the country afore or since. But I never thought he was in earnest about seeing his own funeral himself, till the next day he returns to it again.

"'Thady,' says he, 'as far as the wake goes, sure I might without any great trouble have the satisfaction of seeing a bit of my own funeral.'

"'Well, since your honour's honour's so bent upon it,' says I, not willing to cross him, and he in trouble, 'we must see what we can do.'

"So he fell into a sort of sham disorder, which was easy done, as he kept his bed, and no one to see him ; and I got my shister, who was an old woman very handy about the

sick, and very skilful, to come up to the Lodge to nurse him; and we gave out, she knowing no better, that he was just at his latter end, and it answered beyond anything; and there was a great throng of people, men, women, and childer, and there being only two rooms at the Lodge, except what was locked up full of Jason's furniture and things, the house was soon as full and fuller than it could hold, and the heat, and smoke, and noise wonderful great; and standing amongst them that were near the bed, but not thinking at all of the dead, I was startled by the sound of my master's voice from under the greatcoats that had been thrown all at top, and I went close up, no one noticing.

"'Thady,' says he, 'I've had enough of this; I'm smothering, and can't hear a word of all they're saying of the deceased.'

"'God bless you, and lie still and quiet,' says I, 'a bit longer, for my shister's afraid of ghosts, and would die on the spot with fright was she to see you come to life all on a sudden this way without the least preparation.'

"So he lays him still, though well-nigh stifled, and I made all haste to tell the secret of the joke, whispering to one and t'other; and there was a great surprise, but not so great as we had laid out it would. 'And aren't we to have the pipes and tobacco, after coming so far to-night?' said some; but they were all well enough pleased when his honour got up to drink with them, and sent for more spirits from a shebeen-house, where they very civilly let him have it upon credit. So the night passed off very merrily, but to my mind Sir Condy was rather upon the sad order in the midst of it all, not finding there had been such a great talk about himself after his death as he had always expected to hear."

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