

some nine hundred weary blank pages before my eyes, to fill as large a portion as possible, with a minute description of Tom, or as I should in such cases feel it my duty to call him, Mr. Thomas McEnciry, beginning with the soles of his feet, and ending upon the crown of his head, recording the colour of his eyes and hair, not failing to state whether his nose ran faithfully in the painter's line, or capriciously deviated in any degree to either side, if the mouth were straight or otherwise together with an accurate sketch of his costume, a full description of his house and furniture, and a copious history of his ancestors. I shall beg leave without further preamble, to leave all these elaborate details to the fertile imagination of the reader.

Tom McEnciry, then, was Tom McEnciry; once a comfortable farmer, as any in Knoe Fierna, but reduced by extravagance at first, and then by long continued reverses to a condition far from prosperous. In vain did he and his wife endeavour by a thorough economical reform, to retard their downward course in worldly fortune. At one time cattle died, at another, the potatoe crops failed, or the wheat was half smut; misfortune after misfortune fell upon him, until at length the change began to eat its way even into appearances themselves. Thomas McEnciry became Tom McEnciry, and at last, "poor Tom McEnciry," and his helpmate might have applied to herself, the well known stanza in which a lady in similar circumstances laments the changes of manner produced in her old friends, by a like alteration in her affairs

When I had bacon,
They called me Mrs. Akon,

But now that I have none, 'tis "How goes it Molly?" They grew thinner and thinner, and shabbier and shabbier until both in fortune and appearance they presented little more than the skeletons of what they had been. At length, they actually came to their last meal, and Tom sighed deeply, as he took his seat on the side of the table opposite his helpmate.

"Here, Mrs. McEnciry," he said, politely handing her a laughing *white-eye* across the table, "take it—'tis a fine maly one, an' make much of it—for I'm

sorely afeared, 'tis the last time I am ever to have the honour of presenting you with anything in the shape of aibles."

"'Tis your own fau't if you don't," said his wife.

"How so?" said Tom, "how do you make that out?"

"Why," replied his wife, "I'll tell you what I was thinking of this morning. I was turning over some of the old lumber in the next room, looking for a little firing, when I found an old harp that I remember you used to play upon, a long time ago."

"Oh, 'tis time for me to forget that now," said the husband.

"You're not so ould as that," replied Mrs. McEnciry, "you could play very well if you like it, and, you know yourself the great pay harpers and poets, and historians, and antiquarians, and *genologists*, an' people of that sort gets from the great lords and gentry in Ireland. 'Tis known to the world, the repute music is in, and the taste they have for it in this country."

"The more taste they has for it," says Tom, "The less chance I has of pleasing 'em when they hears me."

"Can't you put good words to it," says she, "an' 'twill pass."

"Why, that's harder than the music itself, woman," replied her husband, for the words must have some sense in them, whatever the music has—and where am I to get *idays*, a poor fellow o' my kind that never had any recourse to history, or other great authors, nor knows nothing of joggeraphy, nor the juice of the globes, nor mensuration, nor more branches of that kind."

"Many's the songs and pothery I hard myself," said Mrs. McEnciry, "and there wasn't much sense nor *idays* in 'em, an' they be well liked for all. Begin praising their ancesthors, an' they'll be well satisfied, I'll go bail, whatever way the varse runs."

"But when I do'n' know one o' the ancesthors, woman?"

What hurt? Can't you praise 'em so itself?"

"But sure I should have their names any way."

"You need'nt, I tell you, call 'em any name, an' praise 'em enough, an' I'll go bail they won't disown 'em. Do my