

TALES OF THE JURY ROOM

THE SIXTH JURYMANS TALE

CHAPTER III

When shall the day-star mildly spring, Warm our island with peace and love; Oh when shall heaven its sweet bell ring, Call my spirit to the fields above.

The children of Lir remained in the place where their father and their ancestors had lived, and where they had themselves been nursed and educated, and late at night they began to sing most melodious music.

When all was arranged they took leave of John of the Wine and his family, and departed. They had not proceeded a great way on the journey homeward, when the man turned round to the persons who were driving the cattle, and said:

"What is the matter with you, dear brethren?" said Fingula. "We cannot tell," they replied, "we know not how to account for the heavenly music we have heard."

"I will explain it to you," said she, "that is the bell of Macaoimh Og, and it is by him you shall be released from your pain and trouble, and you shall be comforted; and she said these lines—

LIST. list to the sound of the anchor-ets bell, Rise children of Lir from the wave where ye dwell, Uplift your glad wings and exult as ye hear.

And give thanks for the hour of your freedom is near, He merits our duty, the Mighty to save, From the rock and the surge, from the storm and the wave, Who clings to his doctrine with constant endeavour, His grief shall be turned into glory forever.

Past moments of anguish forever farewell, List children of Lir to the sound of the bell. The children of Lir were listening to the music of the bell until the saint had finished his prayers.

"Let us now," said Fingula, "sing our own music to the great ruler of the heavens and the earth;" and they sang the most melodious strains of praise and adoration. Macaoimh Og was listening, and in the morning early he came to the Lake of the Birds and saw them on the shore.

"We are, indeed," they answered. "I am most thankful to hear it," said he, "for it was to relieve you that I was sent to this island, rather than to any other part of Ireland. You may trust in me, for this is the place that was appointed for you to be released from your enchantment."

On hearing these words the children of Lir came to the shore, and depended on his word. He took them to his own residence, where they remained listening to his instructions and joining in his devotions day after day. Macaoimh Og sent for a craftsman and desired him to make two silver chains, which he accordingly did. One of them he put between Eugene and Fingula, and the other between Cornu and Fierra. The four swans were frequently in great spirits, rejoicing at the termination of their sorrows, and as happy as if they had forgotten all their previous misery.

The king who governed Conaet at that time was named Lairgnean, the son of Colman (the same of whom Fingula had spoken to her father on the Lake of the Speckled Oak), and his queen's name was Deochu, the daughter of Ingri, son of Black Hugh. Deochu came to hear of the wonderful birds, and being seized with a violent desire of possessing them, requested the king to procure them for her. He replied that he could never persuade himself to ask Macaoimh Og to give them up. Deochu, enraged at his refusal, declared that she never again would spend a night within the palace of Glairmea, as the king's residence was called, unless she got the swans; and leaving the palace, she travelled to Kill da Luadh, (now called Killaloe) and took up her abode at her own home. When Lairgnean found her so resolute, he sent a messenger three several times for the birds, but could not obtain them. Incensed at being thus refused, he came himself to the place where Macaoimh Og lived, and asked him if it were true he had refused his messengers?

me whether you are willing or otherwise. As he said this he rushed toward the altar near which they stood, and seized the two chains which coupled them together. No sooner had he done so, than the swans lost their plumage, the beautiful feathers disappeared, and the three sons of Lir appeared three withered old men, with their bones seeming to project through their skin, while Fingula instead of the graceful swan that sang such enchanting strains, became an old, shrivelled hag, fleshless and bloodless. The king, astounded at what he saw, let fall the chains, and returned home, while Macaoimh Og uttered many lamentations after the birds, and pronounced a malediction on Lairgnean. Fingula then said:

"Come hither, holy father, and give us baptism, for we are as much concerned at parting with you as you are in parting with us. You are to bury us in this manner. Place Cornu and Fierra at my back, and place Eugene before me," and, she again said, "baptize us, holy father, and make us happy, and I pray that He who made heaven and earth will prolong our lives until you can perform the holy rite, after which you are to bury us in the manner I desire."

After that, they departed this life, and the children of Lir were buried by Macaoimh Og as Fingula had desired; that is to say, Cornu and Fierra at her back, and Eugene before her. He raised the earth in the form of a tomb, and placed a stone over them on which he carved their names in the Ogham character, and wept bitterly above their grave. It is thought that the souls went to heaven. For Lairgnean, who was the immediate cause of their death, Macaoimh Og predicted his fate in the following lines:

MACAOIMH OG I'll shoot of Colman's royal line, The malison of heaven is thine; The grief which thou hast caused to mine, Thine own cold heart shall feel, Thou wast unholy zeal, Hath left me on this isle forlorn, My cherish'd darling's loss to mourn.

And she whose soul in evil strong, Hath prompted this unfeeling wrong To early dust consigned, shall long, Her fruitless rapine wall, A shivering spectre pale! The malison of heaven is thine, I'll shoot of Colman's royal line.

Not long after, Lairgnean and his wife died a sudden death, according to the prediction of Macaoimh Og, which concludes the history of the Swans of Lir.

Many of the jurors, at the conclusion of the tale, seemed to feel themselves much in the situation of persons who had been just listening to what it would be dangerous not to admire, and yet in their hearts were not sorry to find the whole brought fairly to a close.

"For my part," said one, taking one, taking the poker and stirring up the fire, "I thought I should have been frozen to death myself, with listening, I never longed half so much for my dinner as I did for an opportunity of poking up the turf, which I thought it would be meretricious to do, while our friend was making the air of the room chilly with his descriptions of the starvation of those poor Swans. I hope the heroes of the next tale will approach somewhat nearer to the tropics."

"They shan't go either north or south, I assure you," said the seventh juror, "further than the borders of our own green isle, and that is the height of summer, as you shall understand, when our friend on the right has favored us with his song."

"The sixth juror, in reply to this hint, said that he was sure the company must have anticipated him in the lyric which he proposed attempting, and which was the only one he could think of appending to the melancholy tale which they had heard.

With these words he cleared his throat, with one or two preparatory "bems," and in the genuine old Irish cadence, so different from the fashionable version of the air, delighted the company with the melody which Moore has furnished on the foregoing narrative:

Silent O Moyle be the roar of thy water! When the applause which followed his performance had subsided, the seventh juror was called on to redeem his pledge, which he did by relating the narrative which follows.

THE SEVENTH JURYMANS TALE

MCENEIRY, THE COVETOUS

CHAPTER I

Near the spirited little town of Rathkeale, in the county of Limerick, arises, as the whole universe is aware, the famous mountain of Knoc Fierna. Its double peak forms one of the most striking objects on the horizon for many miles around, and awful, and wonderful, and worthy of eternal memory are the numerous events connected with its history, as veraciously detailed in the adjacent cottages. But I have not now undertaken to give you a history of the place, or of its neighborhood. My soul business at present is with a certain Tom McEnairy, who formerly took up his abode near the foot of that majestic eminence. Were I writing a novel in three volumes, instead of relating a plain story here

by the fireside, to eleven of the most intelligent and patient hearers, that eversat in a jurybox, it might be prudent on my part, having the prospect of 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 case feel it my duty to call him Mr. Thomas McEnairy, 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. But as there is not a rogue amongst us, however grave a face he may put upon it, who does not in his heart love the stimulus of incident far better than the most exquisite display of mere pictorial fidelity, I shall beg leave without further preamble, to leave all these elaborate details to your own fertile imaginations.

Tom McEnairy, then, was Tom McEnairy; once a comfortable farmer, as any in the county of Knoc are 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 potato 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. Mr. Thomas McEnairy became Tom McEnairy, and at last, "poor Tom McEnairy," 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. McEnairy," he said, politely handing her a laughing white-eyed across the table, "take it—'tis a fine maly one, an' make much of it—for I'm sorely afeard 'tis the last time I an ever to have the honour of presenting you with anything in the shape of vittables."

"'Tis your own fault if you don't," said his wife. "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. "'Tis your own fault if you don't," replied Mrs. McEnairy, "you could play very well if you liked it, and, you know yourself the great play, harpers, and poets, and historians, and antiquarians, and genealogists, 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 have 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 ideas, a poor fellow o' my kind, that never had any recourse to history, or other great authors, nor the juice of the globes, nor mensuration, nor more branches of that kind."

"Many's the songs and pothery I ever hard myself," said Mrs. McEnairy, "and there wasn't much sense nor idays in 'em, an' they'd be well liked for all. Begin praisin' their ancestors, an' they'll be well satisfied, I'll go bail, whatever way the verse runs." "But when I do'n know one o' the ancestors, woman!" "What hurt? Can't you praise 'em so itself?" "But sure I should have their names any way."

"You needn't, I tell you, call 'em any name, an' praise 'em enough, an' I'll go bail they won't disown 'em. No widdin' an' I'll engage you'll soon have a pocket full of money." Tom McEnairy was prevailed upon, he searched for his old harp, set it in order, so as to produce sounds as nearly resembling music as could be reasonably expected from such a nature of the instrument. Now, in order to comprehend the full extent of Tom's presumption, and the nature of the competition which the eloquence of his helpmate urged him to set at defiance, it is necessary to bear in mind that the race of wandering bards in Ireland was not yet extinct. The printing press, and the newspaper had not yet rendered men independent of the talents of those locomotive geniuses, whose business it was to travel from castle to castle, entertaining the lordly host

or hostess, with the song, the tale, or the genealogical narrative, according to the mood in which they happened to find their hearers. The privileges and emoluments of those bards were considerable, and consequently, the candidates for the profession were numerous, and the course of education protracted and elaborate. They generally went in companies of twelve to the houses of the chieftains and petty princes about the isle, comprising in their number a poet or filea, a crotaire or harper, a seanachie or antiquarian, together with a jester, and persons skilled in various field sports; all of whom, when the times allotted had expired, shifted their quarters, and gave place to a new batch of rambling literati of the same description. The amount of their fees, and the degree of honour shown them in the number of their attendants, or persons who were appointed to wait on them, and in the length of time allowed them to remain as guests, were regulated by the number and quality of their compositions. The many privileges and emoluments attached to a degree of competition, which appears almost incredible. In the seventeenth century they are said to have comprised not less than a third of the male population of the kingdom; inasmuch, that the monarch of that day was obliged to resist their number by law. Nor is it to be supposed that all which is related of their laws and customs is a mere bygone legend. The practice continued to a period long subsequent to the English invasion, and even at the present day, some individuals of the class are to be found at rural wakes and weddings, and their compositions, though not limited to the entertainment of a humbler class of auditors, are not less popular than when told by the bedside of the monarch, desirous to forget the toils of state, or the provincial chief, returning weary from the pleasures of the chase.

At this moment yawning seemed about to become a favourite recreation amongst the jurors, observing which, the narrator prudently changed his tone.

But I perceive gentlemen, he continued, that you have heard enough for the present of the customs of the ancient bards of Erin, so to return to Tom McEnairy. He set off early on a winter morning, like the Minstrel Boy, with "his wild harp slung behind him," after bidding Mrs. McEnairy an affectionate farewell. The morning was fine, though the wind, and Tom felt something of the spirit of adventure buoy up his heart, as his footsteps rang upon the hard and lonely high-road. He remembered the outset of the renowned Jack and his eleven brothers, and found himself with a conscious elevation of mind, in much the same circumstances under which that favourite of Fortune and many other great historical personages had set out on their career. He had not gone far, indulging these thoughts, when his attention was suddenly attracted by the sound of a strange voice at a distance.

"Good morrow, Mr. McEnairy," said the voice. Tom looked up and beheld a man coming down the hill, dressed in a homely attire, but with something in his countenance and demeanour which riveted Tom's attention in spite of himself.

"Good morrow, kindly," replied Tom, "although I don't know how you came to know my name, for I never saw you before in my life, as I can call to mind." "I know you very well," said the stranger, "but pray tell me what is the reason of your leaving home so early in the morning, and at such a season of the year?"

"Hard times, then—the hard times," replied Tom, with a mournful look. "But it is hard times that make you carry that old harp on your back?" "The very same reason, I have nothing to get at home, an' I'm goin' buoy up to see what would I make by playin' a dhrass of an evenin' at the quality's houses."

"Oh, you know how to play then?" inquired the stranger. "Wisha, middlin'," said Tom, "in-different enough dear knows." "And what business have you going out as a harper if you don't know how to play?" "Wisha, I do'n know—what else am I to do?"

Let me hear you a little. Tom took down his harp, but he had scarcely struck a few notes, when the stranger put his hands to his ears and begged of him as a favor to play no more. "Oh," said he, "you're no good. What in the world put it into your head to set up for a musician. Why, man, you'd scandalize yourself the first place you'd come to. I never heard such bad music in all my life, unless it might be killing. Who in the world was it persuaded you to take up the profession of music?"

"Why, then, who else only my wife?" replied Tom, "sure 'tis as easily known that no one but a woman could ever think of anything so foolish." "Well, we must only see what can be done," said the stranger. "Show me your hands." He took Tom's hands between both his, and rubbed them a little, after he said: "Now try what hand you can make of it." Tom took up the harp, but such was the exquisite harmony which his touch now drew from the instrument,

that he had well-nigh lost his wits in ecstasy. "Oh," he exclaimed, "where am I? or is it a phoenix I hear? or one of the children of Lir singing upon the Sruh na Moile? I never hard such music all my days! I'm a made man—you're a jewel of a teacher to me this morning."

"I could teach you more than that," said the stranger. "Could you now?" asked Tom with a curious grin. "I could so." "What is it, by you please?" "I could teach you how to make ugly men handsome."

"In earnest?" "Not a word of a lie. Take me into your services and I'll show you how 'tis done." "Me take you?" cried Tom, "sure it would be much better for you to take me. What business would I have of a boy, that isn't able to keep myself, let alone a servant?"

"Don't mind that," said the stranger, "I have a fancy to serve you beyond others, and I'll ask only what wages may be reasonable according to the gains we make." "If that be the case," said Tom, "I'll take you and welcome, an' where are we to face now?"

"To some ugly man's house, to be sure," replied the stranger. "Where are we to find 'em?" asked Tom, "if it be our trade to make ugly people handsome, we'd starve in the county of Limerick for there's nobody in want of us."

"That's not the case with other parts," said the stranger—"and now I think of it, I'll tell you where we'll go. There's a gentleman they call Seaghan (or Shaun) an' Phiona, i. e., John of the Wine, who lives in Carrigoile, down by the river's side; and there's not an uglier man from this to himself, nor a good piece a past him. Let us go there, and do you begin playing a little upon the harp, and if they fault your music, you can offer to alter his lineaments, and I'll give the rest to me. He'll pay you well, I'll engage."

"With all my heart," said Tom, "you are a surprising man, and I depend my life upon you." They travelled along together, the stranger instructing Tom as they proceeded, in all that it behoved him to say and do when they should arrive at Carrigoile. Notwithstanding all the speed they could make, it was late in the evening when they reached the gate of Carrigoile Castle.

"There's some great givin' out here to-day, surely," said Tom, "McEnairy, there's such a fine smell o' griskins." "There always is; mostly," replied the stranger, "there isn't a better warrant in the country to keep an open house than John of the Wine, though he be so ugly."

They blew the horn at the gate and were admitted without question, that being a gala day, on which all persons were allowed to partake of the festivities of the castle without distinction or invitation. When they entered the castle hall, Tom had no difficulty in recognizing the lord of the castle amongst all his guests, and he could not help acknowledging in his own mind that report had not wronged him in the least, when it spoke of him as an ugly man. However he kept such reflections to himself, and took his place among the musicians, who all looked upon him with supercilious eyes as an impudent intruder on the scene of their number had any knowledge. After a little time John of the Wine, (who was so named in consequence of his hospitality,) observed a strange face amongst the harpers, and addressed himself to Tom McEnairy.

"Well, my good friend," said he, "what place do you come from?" "From a place convenient to Knock Fierna, please your honor." "Well, you can do anything to contribute to the entertainment of all these gentlemen and ladies?" "I'll do my endeavor to play a dhrass for 'em upon the harp, if they wishes it," said Tom.

"I'm sure they'll all be very happy to hear you," said John of the Wine; "music is always pleasing, more especially when people are disposed to spend a pleasant evening." Tom took his harp, not without some feeling of timidity, when he observed the eyes of all the ladies and gentlemen turned upon him, and above all, the eyes of the other great harpers, and poets, and the place as bright as the noonday with the blaze of the huge rush-lights, some of which were twisted to the thickness of a man's arm, and more. When he had played for a while, John of the Wine asked him from whence he was? McEnairy replied that he was from Knock Fierna, in the county of Limerick.

"And who is the best harper in your county?" asked Shaun. "They say I am," when I'm at home," said McEnairy, "but I don't believe 'em." "Upon my word then I believe you," replied his host. "You might as well stop," he added, "and not be spoiling whatever good music we have in the place without you."

that it was with great difficulty any degree of order could be restored. Some roared with laughter, others stopped their ears, and ran to the farthest end of the room, while not a few manifested a strong inclination to eject the manufacturer of such abominable discord from the banquet hall. This movement was highly applauded by the remainder of the company, and amidst general shouts of "Turn him out!" one or two of the most determined laid their hands on him, and were about to rough-handle him, when the stranger basted through the crowd, and rescued him from their grasp.

"Stop! stop!" said he, "let him alone—have patience—I often told you, master, not to offer ever to touch the harp, while your fingers were so stiff from the frost. Let me rub them a little, and then see what you can do. 'Tis a very sharp evening, gentlemen," he continued, rubbing his master's hands between his own, "and ye oughtn't to be too hard upon travellers. Try now, master, and see whether you can satisfy them better."

Tom took the harp, and played such ravishing strains, that the company thought themselves happy to hear him. "Well," exclaimed John of the Wine, "I give it an to you, and to your instructor, whoever he was. You're the finest touch of the harp of any man that ever set foot across our threshold."

"Ah," said Tom, smiling round on the company, with all of whom he had now become an object of great admiration. "I could do more than play a tune upon the harp." "And what else could you do?" "I could make an ugly man handsome," said Tom, fixing his eyes upon the master of the castle.

"Could you really?" "I could, by being reasonably considered for it." "Why, then," said John of the Wine, "there isn't a man in Ireland stands more in need of your art at this moment, than I do myself, and if you can make me handsome, my word to you, you'll not be sorry for it." "Poh," said Tom, "I could easily do it."

"And when will you begin?" "We may as well try it to-morrow morning," said Tom, "for my boy and myself will want to be going before night." CHAPTER II

It was agreed upon, and the remainder of the evening was spent in mirth and feasting, Tom McEnairy enchanting all who heard him with the music of his harp. In the morning, John of the Wine rose early, after spending a sleepless night in anticipation of the important change which he was about to undergo. When all was ready, he went with Tom and his servant into a private room, where they proceeded to business, after having locked the door. The boy, as Tom chose to call him, placed a large basin full of water on a table in the middle of the room, and near it a small quantity of a whitish powder, exactly resembling wheat flour. He then desired John of the Wine to lie down on the floor, and took a large knife in his hand.

"What are going to do with that?" said John of the Wine, looking somewhat surprised. "To cut off your ugly head," replied the boy, "and to give you a handsome one in place of it." "Nonsense, man," said Seaghan an' Phiona, "do you think I'd allow you to cut off my head?" "Oh, well, surely you can keep it if you wish," said the boy, "I didn't know you had such a value for it."

"And couldn't you perform the cure without cutting off my head?" "No—nor the most skillful man that walks Ireland. Sure it stands to reason you must root up the weed before you plant the good of it." "Well, cut away," said O'Connor, "I'd risk a deal to get rid of such a face I have at present."

He lay down, and the boy cut off his head, washed it carefully, shook upon the wound a little of the white powder already spoken of, and placed it once more upon the body. He then slapped O'Connor on the shoulder, and exclaimed: "Get up now, John of the Wine, look at yourself in the glass, and wish you joy of your fine face and fine poll of hair."

Shaun started up from the table, and McEnairy handed him over to the looking-glass. "Now, sir," said he, "do you rejoice at your change of features?" "Upon my honor," replied John of the Wine, "I never saw a finer face upon any man, though 'tis so like my own in all but its ugliness that the one would know me again. You are welcome now to stop at my house as long as you like."

McEnairy looked at his man. "We can't stop so long, master," said the man, "for you know we must go down to Ulster to the great O'Neil, who stands very much in want of your skill." "That's true," said McEnairy, "I would never do for us to make any delay here."

boots, one full of gold and the other full of silver. "Here," said he, "Mr. McEnairy is a small token of my gratitude for the favor I have received at your hands. There are two score of fat cattle, of which I request your acceptance, and a small sum of ready money, which may be of some use to you on the way home."

So saying he handed the two boots to McEnairy, who desired his man to carry them, with as much composure as he could use, although it was hard for him to avoid springing off his horse with surprise and joy. O'Connor next summoned four of his working men, and commanded them to drive the cattle home for the two gentlemen, and to be sure to show them all due respect upon the way. When all was arranged they took leave of John of the Wine and his family, and departed.

They had not proceeded a great way on the journey homeward, when the man turned round to the persons who were driving the cattle, and said: "Well, what are ye, my good men?" The four men all took off their hats, and bowed down almost to the ground before they answered, according to the instructions given them by their master.

"Place your honour's reverence and glory," said they, "we are labourin' men of the Seaghan an' Phiona." "I dare say now," said the man, "you may have some work to do at home for yourselves." "Place your majesty," said the four men, bowing down again to the earth, "it is true for you; we have so."

"What time," asked the man, "did your master allow you to go and come with us?" "He gave us one week, my lord," when the man heard this he put his hand into the boot that was full of gold. "Come here, my good man," said he.

They approached in the most respectful manner, with their hats off, bowing down to the knees, and he gave each of them a handful of gold and another of silver. "There," said he, "poor men, take that and go home and till your gardens until the week is out, and take the horses back with ye, likewise, and we'll drive the cattle home ourselves."

The four men broke out into a torrent of gratitude, showering down praises and blessings of all kinds upon the travellers, after which they all set off on their way home. For some time after their departure, McEnairy remained silent, following the cattle without turning his eyes on either side. At length he said to his man:

"Why then, you had very little to do that time, so you had." "Why so?" asked the man. "To be giving our money away to those fellows that had their day's hire to get when they'd go back." "Don't speak so uncharitable," said the man, "we earned all that in the course of a few hours without much labor or trouble, and we have plenty remaining after what we gave them."

"What do you call plenty?" said McEnairy. "If you had the one tenth of it when I first met you," replied the man, "you needn't go about with your harp upon your back as you did, and a bad hand you were at it too. There's gold and silver enough for us yet, besides the fat cattle we have on the road before us."

McEnairy said no more, but resumed his journey in silence, looking as he were rather defeated than convinced by the reasoning of his companion. At length they reached the foot of Knoc Fierna, and he beheld the smoke rising from the chimney of his own house. "Well I suppose we must be parting now," said the man, "so we might as well stop here and divide what we got."

"What do you mean by dividing it?" said McEnairy. "I'll tell you," replied the man, "do you take ten of those fat cattle for your part, and I'll keep the remaining half score, and we'll make two fair halves of the gold and silver, and you must get one of them also." At this proposal McEnairy looked like a man who was treated in a very unreasonable manner.

"Well," said the man, observing how he stared at him, "have I three heads on me?" "No," said McEnairy, "but the one you have hasn't much sense in it. Will you bear in mind, if you please, that in all this business I was the master an' you were only the man. It is I that should have the sharing of it an' not you; and I think," he continued, "the one twentieth part of that we got ought to be enough for you, more especially considering all you wasted on them fellows that had their hire growing for 'em while they were with us."