

dence, particularly, as it was all black; but some malicious people said it was with culm. No matter, his wife and childers bless the day that I took him to hell."

"Faiks, you were better than Father Mathew to him, Shawn," said one.

"Strange things happen," said Mr. Freaney; "a little withered specimen of a fairy doctor, that had come to the neighborhood to practise his healing art upon some cows."

"Ah, it's you knows that, Mr. Freaney," said Mrs. Butler, with great deference; "shure they say you see the good people walkin' about."

"Indeed I do, ma'am," said Mr. Freaney; "they are about the room here this blessed minute; there is one little dawny fellow drinking out of your tumbler, Mrs. Butler."

"Lord protect us," exclaimed Mrs. Butler, drawing back, and making the sign of the cross upon her forehead.

"Don't be afeard, ma'am, he'll do you no harm; he is an innocent fellow; but there is a schemer trying to take a kiss from Miss Cahill." Mary bounced aside, and somehow into James Cormack's arms, who, I must say, took the start of the amorous fairy.

Mr. Freaney was distinguished in his way; he could cure the fairy-stricken; he could bring back butter, milk, or any other property unlawfully abstracted by these thieving little gentlemen. He certainly managed his business in a manner to impose upon the poor credulous peasantry. He lived near Killough Hill, a hill, he asserted, that grew all the "herbs" that were required in fairy medicine. His cabin contained two rooms; the inner one was separated, by a thin boarding, from the outer. When any person came for Mr. Freaney he was sure to be from home. His mother, in the meantime, drew a full history of the disease from the visitor. Mr. Freaney was all the time listening with his ear quite near the speaker; he then passed into an out-house, by a private door from the room, and went into the fields. The mother went out and ran in again. "Thank God you're in luck; he's coming. You might as well go out and meet him."

Our dupe goes out and finds Mr. Freaney on the side of the hill picking herbs, and laughing to himself. "Stay back, honest man, I know what you want." And then he would relate all the particulars of the disease, whether of person or beast, with an accuracy to astonish the other, and make him look up to him as infallible. When he went home he told how he knew the disease, the times the fits seized the patient, and the like unto his friends; so Mr. Freaney became famous and lived well upon the credulity of his dupes.

Mr. Freaney's class is now fast disappearing. However harmless they were in themselves, they were mischievous to society at large.

"Faiks, Mr. Freaney, it is not pleasant

to have them so near a body," said Mrs. Butler.

"Sorra a haporth they'll do to you, ma'am; they are the quiet, tricky cratu es unless they are vexed, then, nabockfish!"

"Faiks, I believe they are dangerous, then, Mr. Freaney," said a wag who had little faith in their boasted powers.

"Dangerous, you may well say that. I recollect I was sent for to cure a man, not far from this, either. He was one night walkin' out, when he heard the tramp of people comin' towards him; he waited until they came up, and there they were, a decent funeral. 'God save ye, neighbors,' says he, goin' over and puttin' his shoulder under the bearer. With that they all gave a shout, and left him, coffin and all. When he opened the coffin there was a stump of a stick in it. He took to the bed. I couldn't do anything for him; he was too far gone when they sent for me. Another man came to me. His cows used to be always milked by a white hare. I told him to go home, and when the cows would be milking to put the coultter in the fire, and then have some fast dogs and hunt the hare. They did so, and the dogs come up to her and tore a piece out of her leg; however, she escaped and ran into a house; they followed her, and instead of the hare there was an old woman stretched on the bed all covered with blood. The cows were not milked any more."

"Here, Mrs. Butler, this talking is dry work; bring me more drink," said James Cormack.

Mrs. Butler went to the kegs and found them empty. Mrs. Butler was not sorry for this, for she found that their money was all spent, and the only payment she got for the last two gallons were some strokes of chalk upon the back of a board. Mrs. Butler returned empty.

"Sorra another drop in it, James," said she.

"No matter; bring us a drop of the hard stuff."

"O, holy mother; do you hear this. Going to drink strong spirits after two half-barrels of beer."

"Come, come, ma'am; let us have it."

"Sorra a drop, James, sorra a drop; I wouldn't have it for a sin on my soul! So go home now, like decent boys. Shure ye wouldn't be keepin' the colleens out any longer."

All remonstrances were useless with Mrs. Butler; for she knew that she had emptied their pockets. But her chief defence was "the colleens. Shure it was time for decent girls of karakter to go home."

The decent girls supported Mrs. Butler; so the lords of creation were forced to yield to such influence.

"Oh, milla, murther!" said the Rover, as he plopped into a lough, on his way home. "Och, holy Saint Patrick! look at all I am sufferin' on your account."