

hands, when she was nearly knocked down by M'Garry himself, who rushed from his own door, at the same moment that an awful smash of his shop-window, and the demolition of his blue and red bottles, alarmed the ears of the bystanders, while their eyes were drawn from the late belligerent parties to a chase which took place down the street, of the apothecary roaring 'Murder!' followed by Squire O'Grady with an enormous cudgel.

O'Grady, believing that M'Garry and the nurse-tender had combined to serve him with a writ, determined to wreak double vengeance on the apothecary, as the nurse had escaped him; and, notwithstanding all his illness and the appeals of his wife, he left his bed, and rode to the village to 'break every bone in M'Garry's skin.' When he entered his shop, the pharmacoplist was much surprised, and said, with a congratulatory grin at the great man, 'Dear me, Squire O'Grady, I'm delighted to see you.'

'Are you, you scoundrel!' said the squire, making a blow of his cudgel at him, which was fended by an iron pestle the apothecary fortunately had in his hand. The enraged O'Grady made a rush behind the counter, which the apothecary nimbly jumped over, crying 'Murder;' as he made for the door, followed by his pursuer, who gave a back-handed slap at the window-bottles *en passant*, and produced the crash which astonished the widow, who now joined her screams to the general hue-and-cry; for an indiscriminate chase of all the ragamuffins in the town, with barking curs and screeching children, followed the flight of M'Garry and the pursuing squire.

'What the devil is all this about?' said Tom Durfy, laughing. 'By the powers! I suppose there's something in the weather to produce all this fun,—though it's early in the year to begin thrashing, for the harvest isn't in yet. But, however, let us manage our little affair, now that we're left in peace and quietness, for the blackguards are all over the bridge afther the hunt. I'll go to Dick the Divil immediately, squire, and arrange time and place.'

'There's nothing like saving time and trouble on these occasions,' said the squire. 'Dick is at my house, I can arrange time

and place with you this minute, and he will be on the ground with me.'

'Very well,' said Tom; 'where is it to be?'

'Suppose we say, the cross-roads, half-way between this and Merryvale? There is very pretty ground there, and we shall be able to get our pistols and all that, ready in the mean time between this and four o'clock,—and it will be pleasanter to have it all over before dinner.'

'Certainly, squire,' said Tom Durfy; 'we'll be there at four—Till then, good morning, squire;' and he and his man walked off.

The widow, in the mean time, had been left to the care of the apothecary's boy, whose tender attentions were now, for the first time in his life, demanded towards a fainting lady; for the poor raw country lad, having to do with a sturdy peasantry in every day matters, had never before seen the capers cut by a lady who thinks it proper, and delicate, and becoming, to display her sensibility in a swoon; and truly her sobs, and small screeches, and little stampings and kickings, amazed young gallipot.—Smelling salts were applied—they were rather weak, so the widow inhaled the pleasing odor with a sigh, but did not recover.—Sal volatile was next put in requisition—this was somewhat stronger, and made her wriggle on her chair, and throw her head about with sundry ohs! and ahs!—The boy, beginning to be alarmed at the extent of the widow's syncope, bethought him of *asafoetida*, and, taking down a goodly bottle of that sweet-smelling stimulant, gave the widow the benefit of the whole jar under her nose.—Scarcely had the stopper been withdrawn, when she gave a louder screech than she had yet executed, and, exclaiming 'faugh!' with an expression of the most concentrated disgust, opened her eyes fiercely upon the offender, and shut up her nose between her fore-finger and thumb against the offence, and snuffled forth at the astonished boy, 'Get out o' that, you dirty cur!—Can't you let a lady faint in peace and quietness?—Gracious heavens! would you smother me, you nasty brute?—Oh, Tom, where are you?—and she took to sobbing forth, 'Tom! Tom!' and put her handkerchief to her eyes, to hide the tears that were *not* there, while from behind the corner of the cambrick she kept a