

plazes to hang him, sure that's no business of ours to ax the raison."

"Surely, surely," assented McEnciry. "The quollity an' us is different."

At this moment, casting his eyes towards the door of the Castle, he beheld O'Connor coming forth with his handsome new countenance looking very mournful. He went towards him, and John of the Wine brightened up a little on seeing him, and received him very cordially.

"I am very glad to see you," said O'Connor, "whatever brought you here but I have not time to say much to you, now, for I am in great trouble of mind. There is a servant of my own, for whom I have a great regard, in prison in my castle for some offence he gave my brother, O'Connor of Connaught, who is come to demand satisfaction for the affront he gave him, and I am very much afraid he must be hanged in the morning. I can't tell you how sorry I am for it; for he was one of the wittiest men I ever had in my service, besides being an excellent poet, and you know yourself what respect I have for poets and bards, and all branches of science and learning. However, I'll tell you what you'll do. Go into the castle and stop there to-night. I'll give orders to have you well taken care of, and in the morning I'll hear whatever you have to say to me."

McEnciry did as he was desired, and was entertained for the night in princely style. In the morning, hearing a bustle in the court yard, he arose, and looking through a window, saw the people gathering to behold the execution. He dressed himself as quickly as he could and coming down to the court yard found the two brothers, John of the Wine, and O'Connor of Connaught, standing before the castle, surrounded by knights and gentlemen, kerns and galloglass, waiting to have the prisoner brought forward.

"Well, brother," said John of the Wine, "this is too bad. I hope you won't go any further with the business now. He got punishment enough for what he did, in the fright you gave him without carrying it any further."

"You may defend him, and have him hanged or no, just as you like," said O'Connor of Connaught, "but if you

refuse me satisfaction for the affront I have received you must be content to incur my displeasure."

"Oh, well, sooner than that," said John of the Wine, "if you insist upon it, he must of course be hanged and welcome, without further delay."

He turned to some of his attendants, and was just about to give directions that the prisoner should be brought forward, when Mr. McEnciry having heard what passed, stepped boldly forward and made his bow and scrape in the presence of the two brothers.

"Pray, my lords," said he, "might I make so free as to ask what the fellow did, that he is going to be hanged for?"

O'Connor of Connaught started at him for some moments, as if in astonishment at his impudence and then said, turning to his brother:

"What kind of a fellow is this, that has the assurance to speak to us in that manner?"

"He is a man of a very singular profession," replied John of the Wine.

"And what profession is it?"

"Why," answered Seaghan an Fhiona, "he has that degree of skill, that if a man had the ugliest features Nature ever carved out upon a human head, he could change them into the fairest and most becoming you ever looked upon. I have reason to know it," he added, "for he tried the same experiment upon myself, and executed it very much to my liking."

"Indeed," said O'Connor of Connaught, "you may well say it is a singular profession, and since you speak of yourself, sure enough, I remarked the great change for the better in your countenance, although I did not like to speak of it before, for fear you might think me impertinent; and what most surprises me is, that he should have preserved the resemblance so completely, notwithstanding the great alteration."

"Yes," said John, "everybody says I am a handsome likeness of what I was."

"Please your lordship," McEnciry said, addressing O'Connor of Connaught, "might I make so bold as to ax again, what is it he done amiss, an' if it be left to my decision," he added with a tone half jesting, and half serious, "I'll do my endayvours to get at the rights of it."

O'Connor of Connaught commanded