

thinkin' every bush and rock was a ghost, for the night was as black as the ace of spades. And that was my first night o' goold seekin', but not my second, nor my last, I hope.

"As we wint by the orchard wall, what should I see, but poor Ramsay's ghost, as I thought in a shroud,—that was before the priest *laid* him,—and I fairly took to my scrapers, till Tim called me back laughin'; and there was a white puckawn goat standin' on his hind legs, clippin' the ivy from a tree. 'Here's the spot,' says Tim, when he came to an ould rumpike of an ellum. 'Here's the goold!' says he, 'and here goes, in the blessed Name!' And they did dig sure enough—troth if Andy Hagan handled his spade with half the haste, the corpses needn't be waitin' so long in the cowl'd to have their graves dug,—but they say he can take them out in half the time he puts them in. He was ever and always complainin' to Father Daly that the neighbours called him 'Lift-'em up'; but the priest made light of the thing, till he tazed and tazed to be cleared on the altar. So he says—his rivrence, I mane—to get shut of Andy, one day at a station: 'Be me word!' says he, 'I think you do, and ate them also; look at his long teeth,' says his rivrence,—the heavens be his bed!—he was the pleasant man! Andy said he'd write to the Bishop on the head of it, and Father Daly just calls him back, and takin' him by the shoulder, runs him head-foremost out in the doore, and gave him a kick as he was goin'. Oh! he was a handy man with his foot—God bless him!—or rest his sowl in glory! I mane—'Now put that in for a postscript,' says he.

"But where am I? aye at the ellum tree. I hild the candle as well as I cu'd, and at last they reached a nice round flag, as smooth as a plate; Tim threw it on the grass, and stooped to lay hould o' the treasure that was shinin' in the bottom o' the hole,—so they say—I didn't see it myself—when deed and deed! (I don't curse) it's as thrue as if I had the Book in my hand,—you'd think all the artillery in Ireland wur firin' about our heads; the thunder rowled and rowled, and I saw with my own two eyes, a black man comin' up by the castle wall, with a three cocked hat on his head; and wid that Tim was hoisted up out o' the hole, and rizing a parch in the air, was cast into a brake of briars, and a gush of wather spouted up in the pit. And there its to be seen to this day. Tim and Jack ran; I was left behind, and I gave myself over for lost, thinkin' every minit that the black spirit would nab the skirt o' my coat. And so ended my first night's goold-seeking.

"Next night we wint agin, but took good care

to make a ring of holy wather round the tree, but as fast as the clay was cast up, 'twas cast down you'd say twice as fast; so we give up, and Tim said he wouldn't go agin for a mint o' money. Poor fellow! he's dead now. The treasure is there to this day, and nobody knows it but myself?"

"Why don't you try your luck again?" said Mrs. Moriarty.

"I'm thinkin' of goin', ma'am, as soon as the night's get a little longer. But I never tould you, Miss Mary, of the time we dug at Parristown Churchyard. I had the dhrame for three nights successfully, and till after the third night, never opened my lips about it to man or mortal—well knowing if I did, the treasure would be turned into knucklebones and ashes; but I was give to understand a life should be lost. In due time I let Terry Malone, and Shemus Soolivan—he was called Buck Soolivan by some, and Soolivan the Rake, by others—any way I let them into the secret, but when I said there was a life to be lost they turned pale. 'If you meet any one on the way home,' says I, 'they'll wondher you got out o' your comfortable bed, this cowl'd night, or may be, ask if you had no nearer friend to appear to, for yer as white as a sheet,' says I. They didn't look a bit pleasanter, nor their faces less long, when I said that the goold was guarded by a headless blackamoor, and a black grey-hound. Terry said, 'Ketch me goin', if he got as much goold as wud break an asses back;' and Shemus swore dreadfully, for he'd curse and sware till you'd say he'd rise the roof off the house—God forgive him! He was an imp of Satan, if iver there was one. 'Twas him took seven skulls from Rosnacreena berrien ground for a wager, and whin the ghost cried out, 'that's me granmother's skull!' he swore like a throoper he didn't care whose it was, he'd take it; and so he did. A wild rogue he was surely, always roaming with the girls, or drunk as a lord, or cursin' till he'd rise the hair o' your head—but a good natured fellow for all; and a fine fighter. 'May I never handle shillelah again,' says Shemus, 'if I'll put one foot past t'other with you, Corny,' says he; 'no,' by the mortal man! for I'd sooner fight a legion o' devils than a headless crathur of that kind. *May I never see Sunday with my life!*' says he, 'if I stir a peg'—and he got his prayer—we niver should have a bad word in our mouths. By the dint of over persuasion, I got them to come at last, for I thought it might be all *moryeh*; and that when I turned my back they'd dig for the money themselves. I tould them 'for sartain that the ould Squire buried his goold there before he wint to the wars in Garmany and Portingale,' and axed them if they would let a chance of being made up forever,