

he was still in the dark. He reflected. Could it be that he had died in his drink, and that he was in hell. 'Oh, wurra, wurra,' said he, 'what will become of my poor wife and childers; oh, wurra, wurra; Lord have mercy on me, a poor sinner; O, the darlins, what will they do after me,—and to die in my drink; heaven have mercy upon me! O, Kitty, alanna, will you forgive me all I ever drank upon you and the poor childer. O the darlins, what will they do after me? O, holy Mother, intercede for me: oh, oh,' and he commenced a regular course of tears, prayers, and lamentations. After having prayed and cried himself just sick, he began to think. 'It's a curious place, anyway; I wonder is there anyone here but myself; well, I might as well see.' In attempting to stand up, he knocked his head against the roof, with such force, that he fell back again. 'Oh, wurra, wurra, I am kill now or never. Oh, murder, murder; my head is smashed. O, holy Saint Joseph, protect me; where am I, at all; it's as dark as pitch, and if I stir, maybe it is into some hole I'd rowl. O, Lord, O, Lord, have mercy upon me! oh, what will I do, at all, at all; O, Kitty, alanna; if I had you here to console me, asthore!' and he sat down sobbing and lamenting. I stuck some candles in my old hat, and tied chains to my body, and crept on all fours towards him. My face and body all covered with culm, the candles' glimmering light, and the rattling chains, made him take me for the devil. As I approached, he threw himself upon his knees before me exclaiming, 'My lord, spare me, and tell me where I am, or what brought me here?' 'Don't you see you are in hell?' said I, making my voice as strong as possible. 'O, Lord, have mercy upon me! am I to remain here always?' 'You are to remain here until your body is buried; you are then to be removed to a place filled with never quenching fire.' 'Oh, Mr, Devil,' says he, 'oh, darlin! what will become of my poor wife and childers?' 'How do I know?' says I; 'I am only the porter here; I can tell you that your wife will shortly be married again, and that your children will have to look sharp.' 'O, God help them.' 'Now, don't be mentionin' the name of God, if you please,' says I, very angrily. 'No, your honor, if you wish it; but you said that my body was to be buried, but here I am, body and all.' 'You are not well dead yet, man; but when your body is buried upon earth, you will depart from it here and go to hell, for ever and ever.' He burst into tears, and bewailed all his past crimes and sins; he beat his breast and tore his hair; he appeared in the greatest anguish and terror. 'O, my wife and childers, I have been a bad husband and father to you; I have spent your means in drink and folly. O, Lo—, ah you, what can I do? oh, oh; if I could see ye again,

oh, how changed I'd be.' So great was his paroxysm of grief, that I took compassion upon him.

'Have you any money?' said I to him. 'I had five shillings when I died; I can't say I have it now.' 'Search your pockets.' 'Begad, here it is, your honor.' 'Well, give me that; perhaps I could do something to get you out of this, for the devils scarcely know you are here at all; so if you promise to mend your life, I might get you off.' He threw himself upon his knees, exclaiming, 'May God Almighty bless you; 'tis I will make the good, kind husband and father; and devil,—oh, I beg pardon—sorra a drop of whisky I will ever touch agin.' 'Well, take care,' says I, 'and keep this in token of your promise,' and I gave him a purse with an old coin in it. I then went and brought the worth o' the five shillings of whisky for the boys; I brought down some that I mixed with tincture of opium, and gave it to him to drink. After drinking some, he remarked, 'Isn't this very like the whisky we had on earth. Och, but I'd nearly swear they are the same; no matter, shure I had better dhrink, anyway; your health, your honor,' and he finished his pint. He shortly began to sing and shake hands with me; calling me a good kind of a poor devil; then, when it began to work, he fell asleep. We then quietly hauled him up, and placed him in the car, and turned the mule homewards, for some of the men knew him.

When he went home, they took him out of the car, and put him to bed; he shortly awoke, and casting his eyes fearfully around, he asked where he was. 'Shure, you are at home, in your own warm bed, abhorra,' says his wife. He rubbed his eyes. 'I can scarcely believe it; am I alive at all, or who are you, woman?' 'Oh, avourcene, I am your poor wife; don't you know me?' 'Well, well, I don't know what to say,' and he felt for the purse; 'there you are, shure enough: all I can say, if I am alive, I am asther comin' out of hell, thanks be to God.' The wife hearing this, and seeing his wild looks, called in the neighbors. They all collected, and hearing him rave, as they thought, about the horrors of hell, and the like, noided to one another and tapped their foreheads, as much as to say, 'he's not right here, poor fellow.' At length he gave such good accounts of the place, and exhibited the purse as corroborative evidence, some began to think that perhaps he was taken there for a start in punishment for his sins; anyway, from that forward, he became a changed man, and led a pious, sober, good life. He is firmly resolved that the devil shan't catch him again. He often tells the story about his journey to hell; and if any one doubts him, he shows the purse he got from the devil, in confirmation of it. 'Who can doubt such evi-