

the wind; I tho't she'd tare the stones out o' the road, but there was my gentleman side by side—over river, rough-stick palin', or stone wall, he pass'd like a bird, and ——”

“It was your shadow, you *omedhaun!* you were drunk—what else?”

“D'ye think I wouldn't know my own shadow? and I as sober as a judge; 'you or I for it,' says I, and I never dhrew a rein till I came to the town, and that was good eight miles in less than an hour. I always tho't a sperit couldn't crass the runnin' wathur, but my jewel! he flew over the river with a hop and a jump that was surprisin'; he didn't care the top of a sthraw for runnin' sthrames. When I come to the Bollough-a-voidha, I pulled up to give Weasel a dhrink, and the crathur! she stagger'd a bit; while I was whistlin' for her, I looks over at the churchyard, and what does I see there but two sperits, black and white! Oh! may it be my last word if it aint thrue! and they fightin' and wrastlin' wid one another; I rubb'd my eyes, 'Cornny,' says I to myself, 'is it dramin' you are, or what do I behould?' says I. Now if I was a little overtaken in licker or that, you'd say

'twas all in my eye; at last the white sperit seem'd to be gettin' the worst of it, and he beckoned to me to fly. No sooner said than done; I gives Weasel a dig o' the spurs in the ribs, and down the avenu I dashed, and as I came near the house, I hears a blast sweepin' up afther me; 'it's the black sperit,' says I, and when I rached the hall door, I threw myself out o' the saddle, darted in, and slapped the door; the whirlwinds tore round the house, and I wint shivering and shaking to bed; at the brake o' day I got up, and found the pony stiff and cowl'd by the orchard. The black sperit was my evil genius, and the white my good one, or may be my guardian angel; so there was a life to be lost, and thanks be to God! it fell upon Weasel.”

Lucy got married to John Madigan, soon after, and Corny blew horns, and beat kettles at her wedding, saying, “The devil may care! she was no great shakes,—and there was as good fish in the say as ever was caught; but that whiniver he'd find the *crook o' goold*, he wouldn't give her as much as a cross to bless herself,—and so he wouldn't.”

ON THE ARRIVAL OF HIS EXCELLENCY THE EARL OF ELGIN.

BY C. F.

Thrice welcome o'er the waters !

Thou hast braved them in their power,
When the threatening blast,
Athwart them pass'd,
And roar'd around the bending mast,
In winter's sternest hour.

Thrice welcome o'er the waters !

How oft, 'twixt hope and fear,
Thy gentle bride—in hall and bower,—
A lonely though a shelter'd flower—
Shall list, ere tidings reach that shore,
That thou art safe, and here.

Thrice welcome o'er the waters !

Such tasks await thy hand,
As might woo the first of mortal men,
Could he breathe to tread the earth again,
That patriot-king who quell'd the Dane,
From his own fair England's strand.

Thrice welcome o'er the waters !

And when, with lofty prow,
On some far distant day shall come,
A bark, to waft thee proudly home;
May garlands round thy shield be wreath'd,
And wishes for thy weal be breath'd,
By all who greet thee now !