

"Harkaway, harkaway, tallyho, my boys!
I hear th' cry of the fox and hounds."

"The seventeenth of March is Patrick's day,
And he was the gr. at him of our isle,
Shure never a word to us does he say,
While we are drinkin' and sportin' the
while."

"Say your prayers, the huntsman an I,
Shure the hounds will hunt you;
I have no prayers, poor s-ynard said,
For I was bred a Quaker.
Harkaway, tallyho, harkaway!

"O, you wor the -ain, acushla machree;
T' handle an alpeen, shure you wor able;
You hunted over varmint, and allowed us
a sphree.
Here's your hear th, while there's a drop
on the tabl-
Cean't mille fe' the, acushla machree

Whooro, tallyho, harkaway,
Sweet tipperary and the shty over it!"
"The's a purty song, Shemus," said
one.

"It is, the Lord be praised; but it is so
hard to sing the two together; you see the
hounds, bad scran to them, do be running
in on the saint."

"Never mind, Shemus, he'll keep out
of th-ir way."

"Faith he ought, for Dido would not
respect him one bit. Shure one day she
caught myself in the kennel, and she
ought to know me better than the
saint."

"Will you go to the election, Shemus,"
said another.

"Faiks an' that I will; din't Father
Phil say to-day that every one ought to
go and not allow themselves to be walked
over, an' driven like so many pigs by
shomeen landlords and agents."

"It's hard for the people to know what
to do, boys," said James Cormack; "there
is Mr. Ellis after sending word to all the
tenants to vote for Sir W. Crasly, and
there is the priest after advising the
people to vote against him. Now, if the
people vote against the landlord, they are
shure of being turned out, and if they vote
for him, or his man, rather, they are
shure to be balkragged by the priest."

"It is unpleasant business, no doubt,"
said Ned Burkem; "I am thinking of
giving up my situation; I never felt any-
thing so much as to have to go and tell
the tenants to vote against themselves and
their priest."

"It is hard enuff on you, Ned," said an-
other; "but shure you can't help it; and
if you left, they would get some one else;
so you might as well keep your place."

"Sorra a one of me would keep it twenty-
four hours, only that I can do some little
good for the tenants, now and then."

"Good look to you, Ned, there is noth-
ing like the kind word."

"Are all the tenants to meet at Mr.
Ellis's, Ned?" said another.

"They are to be there on Tuesday morn-
ing, at eight o'clock; that is the word he
sent, and to have them not disappoint at
their peril; if they do, they know what
will happen then."

"It is a drele country," said the Rover;
"the landlord ought to tell the tenant
that he must get his vote as well as his
rent. If he made these conditions when
lettin' the land the thing would not be so
bad afterwards. I know if I had a vote,
I'd see him to the dhoul before I'd give it
to him. Ay, indeed, vote for a man to
tyrannize over yourself and your relig-
ion!"

"Thru for you, Shawn, thru for you!"
was the exclamation of the whole party.

"We are little-fellows to put up wid
it," said a little fellow with a lame leg.

"What can we do?" said another.

"Not to let the voters go wid them,"
said the Rover.

"All balderdash," said another; how
soft you sphuke!"

"Faith, maybe it's no balderdash at all!"
said a young fellow, who, with his hands
leaning on the table, was silently listen-
ing all through; but who now raised his
head, and there was a flashing kind of an-
ger in his eye, "maybe it's no balderdash
at all," and he slapped the table with his
clenched hand.

"Pooh! what could you do, Lawlor?"
said another.

"We could rescue them; shure, I know
that the poor wretches of tenants must go
against their grain."

"Bravo, Bill," said Burkem; "give me
the hand! I wished I could join ye; but
ye see I must be on the other side; but,
faith, if it comes to a fight, I know who
I will help," and he gave a nod, as much as
to say, depend upon me, boys.

"Come, boys, we have enuff about it,
let us have a song or a story. Did I ever
tell ye how I made a tectoter of the great-
est drunkard in the whole country?"

"No, no, hawn; out wid it."

"Hem! hal! I'll drink yer health, boys,
first, and then the story—mighty good
drink it is, the Lord be praised." Shawn
hem'd and haw'd, and wiped his mouth with
his sleeve, and then commenced—

"Tis, let me see, about twenty years gone,
since I was working at the Mardyke col-
liery. One day a man was passin' by, in
a car, and he blind drunk. The mule
stood gazin' about the banks of the pit. I
went over, but not a stir was in him. So
as I was always fond of a joke, I got some
of the boys to take him down into the pit
with me. When we reached the bottom,
we took him about two hundred yards
farther, and then tied chains to his hands
and feet. He slept very soundly for about
two hours; when he came to himself he
thought he was in the mule's car. 'Prooh!
prooh!' said he. He then felt the chains.
So he rubbed his eyes, tried to look about,
rattled his chains, but could make noth-
ing of it! he was perfectly bewildered.
'Where am I?' said he to himself; then
he felt himself, to make sure of his
identity, and felt the place about him to
see could he make out wher he was, but