

LITERATURE.

A Tale of Irish Life.

BY SAMUEL LOVER, ESQ.

[Continued.]

Andy was in sad disgrace for some days with his mother; but like all mothers, she soon forgave the blunders of her son—and indeed mothers are well off who have not more than blunders to forgive. Andy did all in his power to make himself useful at home, now that he was out of place and dependant on his mother, and got a day's work here and there whenever he could. Fortunately, the season afforded him more employment than winter months would have done. But the farmers had soon all their crops made up, and when Andy could find no work to be paid for he set-to to cut the "scrap o' meadow," as he called it, on a small field of his mother's. Indeed it was but a "scrap," for the place where it grew was one of those broken bits of ground, so common in the vicinity of mountain ranges, where rocks, protruding through the soil, give the notion of a very fine crop of stones. Now, this locality gave to Andy the opportunity of exercising a bit of his characteristic ingenuity; for when the hay was ready for "cocking," he selected a good thumping rock as the foundation for his haystack, and the superstructure consequently cut a more respectable figure than one could have anticipated from the appearance of the little crop as it lay on the ground; and as no vestage of the rock was visible, the widow, when she came out to see the work completed, wondered and rejoiced at the size of her haystack, and said, "God bless you, Andy, but you're the natest hand for putting up a bit o' hay, I ever seen: throth, I didn't think there was the half of it in it!" Little did the widow know that the cock of hay was as great a cheat as a bottle of champagne—more than half bottom. It was all very well for the widow to admire her hay; but at last she came to sell it, and such sales are generally effected in Ireland by the purchaser buying "in the lump," as it is called, that is, calculating the value of the hay from the appearance of the stack, as it stands, and drawing it away upon his own cars. Now, as luck would have it, it was Andy's early acquaintance, Owny na Coppal, bought the hay;

and in consideration of the *lone woman*, gave her as good a price as he could afford, for Owny was an honest, open-hearted fellow, though he was a horse-dealer; so he paid the widow the price of her hay on the spot, and said he would draw it away at his convenience.

In a few days Owny's cars and men were sent for this purpose; but when they came to take the haystack to pieces the solidity of its centre rather astonished them,—and instead of the cars going back loaded, two had their journey for nothing and went home empty. Previously to his men leaving the widow's field they spoke to her on the subject, and said,

"Pon my conscience, ma'am, the centre o' your haystack was mighty heavy."

"Oh, indeed it's powerful hay," said she.

"Maybe so," said they; "but there's not much nourishment in that part of it."

"Not finer hay in Ireland," said she.

"What's of it, ma'am," said they.

"Faix, we think Mr. Doyle will be talkin' to you about it." And they were quite right; for Owny became indignant at being overreached, as he thought, and lost no time in going to the widow to tell her so. When he arrived at her cabin, Andy happened to be in the house; and when the widow raised her voice through the storm of Owny's rage, in protestations that she knew nothing about it, but that "Andy the darlin'," put the cock up with his own hands," then did Owny's passion gather strength.

"Oh! it's you, you vagabone, is it?" said he, shaking his whip at Andy, with whom he never had had the honor of a conversation since the memorable day when his horse was nearly killed. "So this is is more o' your purty work! Bad cess to you! wasn't it enough for you to nighhand kill one o' my horses, without plottin, to chate the rest o' them?"

"Is it *me* chate them?" said Andy.

"Throth, I wouldn't wrong a dumb baste for the world."

"Not he, indeed, Mither Doyle," said the widow.

"Arrah, woman, don't be talkin' your balderdash to me," said Doyle, "sure, you took my good money for your hay?"

"And sure I gave all I had to you; what more could I do?"

Tare an ounty, woman! who ever heerd of sich a thing as coverin' up a rock wid hay, and sellin' it as the rale thing?"