

and he has been Jack Redburn all his life or he would perhaps have been a richer man by this time—has been an inmate of my house these eight years past. He is my librarian, secretary, steward, and first minister: director of all my affairs and inspector-general of my household. He is something of a musician, something of an author, something of an actor, something of a painter, very much of a carpenter, and an extraordinary gardener: having had all his life a wonderful aptitude for learning every thing that was of no use to him. He is remarkably fond of children, and is the best and kindest nurse in sickness that ever drew the breath of life. He has mixed with every grade of society and known the utmost distress, but there never was a less selfish, a more tender-hearted, a more enthusiastic, or a more guileless man, and I dare say if few have done less good, fewer still have done less harm in the world than he. By what chance Nature forms such whimsical jumbles I don't know, but I do know that she sends them among us very often, and that the king of the whole race is Jack Redburn.

I should be puzzled to say how old he is. His health is none of the best, and he wears a quantity of iron-grey hair which shades his face and gives it rather a worn appearance; but we consider him quite a young fellow notwithstanding, and if a youthful spirit surviving the roughest contact with the world confers upon its possessor any title to be considered young, then he is a mere child. The only interruptions to his careless cheerfulness are on a wet Sunday when he is apt to be unusually religious and solemn, and sometimes of an evening when he has been blowing a very slow tune on the flute. On these last-named occasions he is apt to incline towards the mysterious or the terrible. As a specimen of his powers in this mood, I refer my readers to the extract from the clock-case which follows this paper; he brought it to me not long ago at midnight and informed me that the main incident had been suggested by a dream of the night before.

His apartments are two cheerful rooms looking towards the garden, and one of his great delights is to arrange and re-arrange the furniture in these chambers and put it in every possible variety of position. During the whole time he has been here, I do not think he has slept for two nights running with the head of his bed in the same place, and every time he moves it, is to be the last. My housekeeper was at first well nigh distracted by these frequent changes, but she has become quite reconciled to them by degrees, and has so fallen in with his humour that they often consult together with great gravity upon the next final alteration. Whatever his arrangements are, however, they are always a pattern of neatness, and every one of the manifold articles connected with his manifold occupations, is to be found in its own particular place. Until within the last two or three years he was subject to an occasional fit (which usually came upon him in very fine weather) under the influence of which he would dress himself with peculiar care, and going out under pretence of taking a walk, disappear for several days together. At length after the interval between each outbreak of this disorder had gradually grown longer and longer, it wholly disappeared, and now he seldom stirs abroad except to stroll out a little way on a summer's evening. Whether he yet mistrusts his own constancy in this respect, and is therefore afraid to wear a coat, I know not, but we seldom see him in any other upper garment than an old spectral-looking dressing gown with very disproportionate pockets, full of a miscellaneous collection of odd matters, which he picks up wherever he can lay his hands upon them.

Every thing that is a favourite with our friend is a favourite with us, and thus it happens that the fourth among us is Mr. Owen Miles, a most worthy gentleman who had treated Jack with great kindness before my deaf friend and I encountered him by an accident to which I may refer on some future occasion. Mr. Miles was once a very rich merchant, but receiving a severe shock in the death of his wife, he retired from business and devoted himself to a quiet unostentatious life. He is an excellent man of thoroughly sterling character: not of quick apprehension, and not without some amusing prejudices, which I shall leave to their own development. He holds us all in profound veneration, but Jack Redburn he esteems as a kind of pleasant wonder, that he may venture to approach familiarly. He believes, not only that no man ever lived who could do so many things as Jack, but that no man ever lived who could do any thing so well, and he never calls my attention to any of his ingenious proceedings but he whispers in my ear, nudging me at the same time with his elbow—"If he had only made it his trade, sir—if he had only made it his trade!"

They are inseparable companions; one would almost suppose that although Mr. Miles never by any chance does any thing in the way of assistance, Jack could do nothing without him. Whether he is reading, writing, painting, carpentering, gardening, flute-playing, or what not, there is Mr. Miles beside him, buttoned up to the chin in his blue coat, and looking on with a face of incredulous delight, as though he could not credit the testimony of his own senses, and a misgiving that no man could be so clever but in a dream.

These are my friends; I have now introduced myself and them.

An amateur medical adviser at Boulogne has lately discovered an ingenious method of causing physic to remain on the stomach of a patient. His direction is, that when pills are making up, the chemist is to put a small fish-hook into each pill!

WATTY AND THE LAWYER.

In time this fine springer produced a calf, which he ought to have reared, but "light come, light go," was ever the proverb most applicable to Watty. Nor had this calf revelled more than two months in the enjoyment of existence ere Watty heard that there were great "goins on" in Limerick, and that balls, and other entertainments, had occasioned such a demand that a good "veal calf" was reported to be worth any money. Away he went; and having brought his calf into Limerick, drove it to that quarter of the city called Irish Town, where the butchers then had their slaughter-houses. Watty, clever as he was, did not know the value of his calf; probably he would have made a better guess had he paid for the milk it was fattened on. He entered a crowded street, looking about him like a country booby, and trusting to the chapter of accidents. By the by, this sort of character is more generally assumed by my honest countrymen than any other; Paddy knows, generally speaking, nothing till he is about to be cheated, and then back come his wits, accompanied by an army of auxiliaries. Fancy Watty driving his calf before him, his mouth open, and his whole appearance betokening simple ignorance. Also imagine a stout butcher throwing his knife down upon his block as he beheld this fine calf. Running up to Watty, he addressed him, "What do you want for the calf?"—"Eh-ah?" exclaimed Watty. "What'll ye give?" The butcher, handling it, told him "thirty shillings."

"Say thirty-five," replied Watty.—"Well," says the butcher, "as you're not so much out of the way; why, win or lose, I'll give you the money. Keep her there till I bring it out."

"Very well," cried Watty; and the moment the butcher disappeared he drove his calf on, having perceived another butcher on the watch farther up the street.

"Is that one sould, my man?"—"Eh-ah?" said Watty.

"Did you sell the calf?" cried the butcher.

"Not a half-penny I got for yet," replied Watty.

"What'll you have for her then?"—"Why, thin, by dad! I can hardly say," says Watty; "but under the two guineas there'll be no use our talking."—"Say thirty-five hogs, and it's a bargain," replied the butcher.—"Oiy eh!" said Watty, "a purty figure I'd be cutting with your thirty-five hogs. It 'ud be best for you to say the two guineas at wanst, and the fat calf 'll be yours."

"Do you know what it is?" says the butcher. "I never had any difference with a man that I'd see going about the thing fair; and so, if you'll wait, I'll go to a man that owes me money, and come back and pay you."

"With all my heart," answered Watty, who perceived another butcher eyeing him so, pushing forward as quick as possible, the third enquired the price of the calf?

Watty resolved to ask a fine price this time, and, at any rate, sure what can he do but refuse? Haven't I the calf sould? and what harm to knock some *devarsiun* out of it?

"What's the price?" says the butcher.—"Three pounds," replied Watty.

"That's a sight of money for that one," said the butcher.

"Did I ask you to give it?" answered Watty.

"I'll tell you what; I'll give you two guineas and a half," says the butcher.

"Begor, have her!" exclaimed Watty, pretty sure he had got a fair value for his calf,—a high price indeed, though the butcher knew what he was about also. Watty delivered up the animal, and was on the point of receiving the money, when up came the first butcher, cash in hand, followed by the second, equally prepared, and hereupon commenced a regular row. The country-people, among some of whom Watty was known, prepared to support his cause. The tranquility of this ancient city was, now, on the point of being disturbed, and Watty to Limerick might have proved as fatal as Helen to Troy. A few paving-stones already performed their gyrations in the air. Brickbats had begun to mingle with the storm; and Watty's fears increased in proportion as his arms were nearly pulled off by the two brawny specimens of "injured innocence." His cries of "murder" were piercing when a company of soldiers marched suddenly up, surrounded Watty and his accusers, suppressed the incipient war, and hurried the four principals into the castle guardhouse. Watty was now in a ticklish predicament; he had left his calf with the third butcher, and his money was in jeopardy. His wits, however, had not yet forsaken him; and he so earnestly implored the officer for time to go to his master's attorney, telling him in whose service he was, that the permission was finally granted, and two soldiers appointed to escort him to that man of law, whilst he sent the three butchers to the court-house.

The attorney practised frequently for Mr. O'Dowd, and knew Watty well.—His stature and rotundity were equally remarkable; his humour was inexhaustible, and his dear love for "a handsome fee" never diminished so long as he was able to shut his hand. Such was Mr. Gallagher; whose surprise was great when Watty was conducted into his presence between two grenadiers. Recognizing Watty, he took off his spectacles, and assuring the soldiers that he would be answerable for their prisoner, requested they would withdraw while he heard his case.

"Well, Watty," said Mr. Gallagher, "what brought you to Limerick. What's the matter?"

"Troth, your honour, 'twas an honest errand; I came upon, and that was to sell a calf of my own."

"All fair so far," said the lawyer; "but something else must have occurred?"

"Faix, and so there did, your honour; for myself not knowing the good prices that was going, I sould the calf, your honour, to a blackguard of a butcher, that did not give me near to a pound of its value; and then I sould it to another butcher, that was almost as big a *villyan* as the other; and then I sould it to another, that was the only honest man of the three."

"Sold your calf three-times over!" said Mr. Gallagher, amused with the scrape Watty had got into. "I never heard of such a thing!" Then looking very grave, "I fear this will be a very bad business for you, my man. I think we had better send off an express for Mr. O'Dowd."

"Oh, your honour, don't!—I'd as soon loose my life as trouble the master."

"Well, as you please," said Mr. Gallagher; "but I tremble for you."

"Ah, don't say that, your honour! Sure they can't do much to me."

"Why, the ancient laws of the city are very strict. Market riots are punished by a fine and imprisonment."

"Oh murder!" cried Watty. "But sure your honour can save me?"

"Save you? I don't know that; a long imprisonment, I fear—"

"Oh, your honour dear, don't talk of the jail!"

"Or a public whipping; or one hour in the pillory, would be sooner over, to be sure; but the risk of life," continued Mr. Gallagher.

"Oh, what'll become of me, your honour! Oh, your honour, *thry* again, and do something for me! Sure your honour would not wish to see a poor man humbugged by them blackguards of butchers? Oh, murder, murder! don't let me go to the jail!"

"Nor will I, if I can help it," replied the lawyer, relaxing to a smile; "but you well know I never work without a fee. I must go to court with you, for which you ought to pay me one guinea; but as you are serving my particular friend and client, my charges shall be only half a guinea if I get you off, and not one farthing if I lose. Is that fair, Watty?"

"Mighty fair, intirely," answered Watty.

"Well, then," said Mr. Gallagher, "while slipping on my coat, and changing my wig, I'll tell you what to do. Now mind every word I say."

"Never fear, your honour."

"Well, then, Watty, when we go into court, you must open your mouth, and stare about you like a fool."

"Troth, then, I think, I'll please your honour that way."—"Well, then, it's little more I have to say. Whatever question is asked you, make no other answer than, 'O please your worship, leave it so.' Now, do you perfectly understand?"

"I do, your honour. I'll go bail I'll look like a fool in court; and if the tongue o' me says any thing but 'Oh, please your worship, lave it so,' I'll cut it off for pickling."

"Very well, Watty, you have the words; now mind how well you will say them after any question asked you by the Mayor; and recollect our bargain,—half a guinea, Watty."

"Oh, never fear your honour."

And off they went, escorted by the soldiers.

The officer stated the circumstances of the row, and was thanked by the mayor for his interference.

The butcher triumvirate were now called upon to state their cases in turn; whereupon the first spoke as follows:—

"Please your worship, that scoundrel at the bar sould me a fine fat calf, and we had a regular bargain, your worship; and it was agreed I should give him thirty-five shillings for the calf; your worship, and while I went to fetch the money, and come out with it in my fist, the vagaboue was clean out of sight. Here's the very money itself, your worship, and I expect your worship will order me the calf."

Mayor (*with emphasis*). Prisoner, what say you to this?

Watty. Oh, please your worship, lave it so.

Mayor. Fellow, that is an admission.

Watty. Oh, please your worship, lave it so.

Mayor. He is evidently guilty.—Then addressing the second, he desired what he had to say.

2d Butcher. Please your worship, that thief of the world sould me that same fat calf, and after *bargaining* awhile, I agreed to buy it for two guineas, and by the same token here's the very two guineas themselves; and when I stopt a short distance for the money, your worship, the black-guard was gone, and he selling it to another; and so it's only honest justice and the calf I am asking for, your worship.

Mayor. Why, prisoner, you seem to be a finished swindler. What answer do you make to this?

Watty. Oh, please your worship, lave it so.

Mayor. Guilty again! I tell you, you have twice admitted your guilt now.

Watty. Oh, please your worship, lave it so.

Mayor (*turning to the aldermen*). The case appears distinct enough. But I should like to hear what the third has to say. Butcher, relate the facts.

3d Butcher. Please your worship, this man came to me fair, and open, and asy, with his calf; and, having a great call for *wale*, and besides, not knowing where to lay my hands on a fillet ordered for