

seven gowns, sundry shawls, handkerchiefs, hose, &c., and a smartly trimmed straw bonnet nearly new; and the patrol declared that from the very unsatisfactory manner in which he accounted for his possession of these articles, they verily believed he had stolen them. They also pointed out to the magistrate a round hole, about the size of a shilling, in the inside of his hat crown, which they strongly suspected had been made by a pistol-ball.

"What is your name, friend?" said his worship, to the brilliant-eyed, smiling prisoner.

"Jemmy Sullivan! your honor," was the instantaneous reply, in rich Tipperary brogue, and a tone so loud, that all the office echoed, "Jemmy Sullivan!"

"And pray where did you bring these clothes from, and to whom do they belong?"

"From Portsmouth, your honor—and they belongs to the wife o' me."

The magistrate doubted the correctness of this statement—it was not likely that the wife of such a man could have such a wardrobe.

"Sure enough it's truth, every bit of it, your honor," replied Jemmy Sullivan.

"How came this hole in your hat?" asked his worship.

"Is it the hole your honor's axing about?—Faith then the mice made it, to get at the bread and the cheese, your honor—bad luck to 'em!"

"What! do you carry your bread and cheese in your hat?"

"No faith, your honor, not a bit of it at any time, barrin that time the mice stole it all; and then, your honor, it was not in it, that's the hat, at the same time, but on the shelf, your honor, and I'd none of it left for me breakfast at all. Gad's blood, says I to meself, but ye shan't do that to me again, says I, for I'll put it under me hat all the night; and so I did, your honor; but bad luck to them, the craturs, they bored the hole clean through the side of it, which your honor's axing about."

"Are you sure it was not on your head when the ball was fired at it?" asked his worship; without seeming to have listened to his bread and cheese adventure.

"Was it on me head, your honor! Faith if it was, meself wouldn't be here speak-

ing to you about the mice," replied Jemmy Sullivan.

The officers, in searching his pockets, had found a number of English and Irish pawnbrokers' duplicates; and the magistrate, selecting one of them, asked—

"Where did you get this ticket for a pelisse?"

"Bought it, your honor, of Myke Dermot, in Donaghadee—*He's a bagpipes*, your honor."

"And pray what are you?"

"A tailor, your honor," was the reply. But one of the patrol, who is skilful in such matters, having examined his hands, declared that if he was a tailor he had not used the needle for twelve months at least.

"What have you to say to that, Mr. Sullivan?" asked his worship.

"Bad luck to the *tailoring*, your honor, it wouldn't agree with me at all, any how, an I discharged meself clean out of it by the same token, sir."

"And how have you got your living since?"

"I walks down be the water side, your honor, an gets me little bits o' reeds an things and ties 'em up like little bagpipes, an plays on 'em, your honor, *Thaddy you Gander an Gramachree*, and the likes of 'em; as the jontelmen plases to hear me, your honor; an some gives me a shilling, an some half-a-crown, may be, an some buys the little bagpipes for themselves, your honor."

Honest Jemmy endeavoured to make the nature of these "little bagpipes" very plain to his honor; but he did not seem to understand it exactly himself, and so he made nothing of it. Neither could he account for his bringing his wife's wardrobe up to London whilst she remained herself in Portsmouth; and eventually he was committed for further examination.

Even this order for his imprisonment he took in perfect good humor; and having carefully counted the ten or twelve shillings which the magistrate ordered to be returned to him, he replaced them at the very bottom of his pocket, and said "I hopes your honor 'll take care o' me things?" The magistrate assured him that he would, and honest Jemmy Sullivan then followed the turnkey, blithely as if he had been going to Donnybrook Fair instead of to prison.